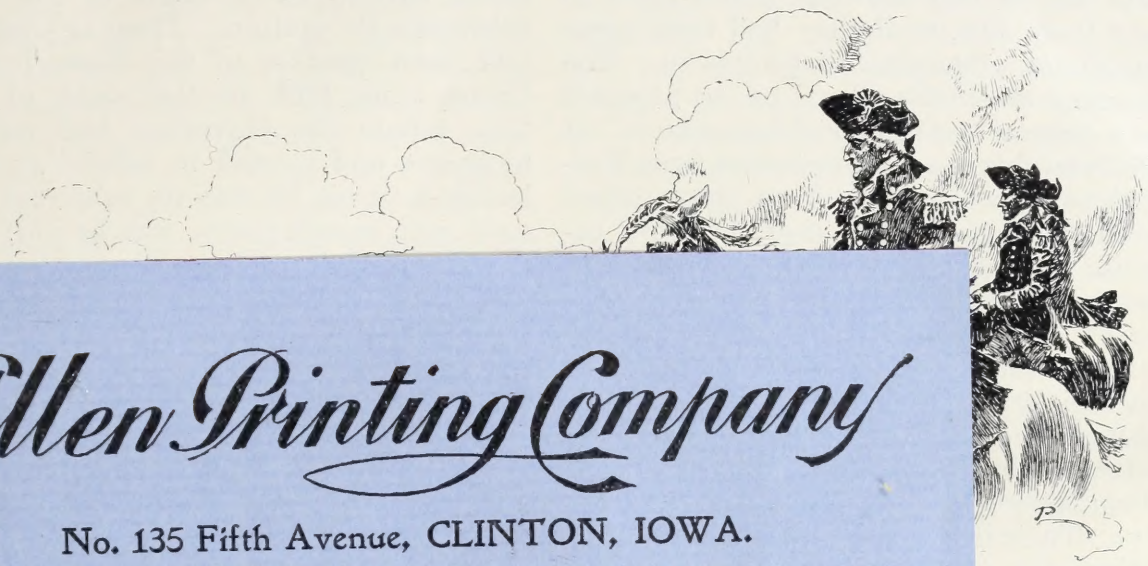
DAVID O. McKAY
LIBRARY
AUG 20 2003
BYU-IDAHO


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/harpersnew093various

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIII JULY, 1896 No. DLIV



Allen Printing Company

No. 135 Fifth Avenue, CLINTON, IOWA.

Keep this Card in the Book to which it belongs until delivered to the Owner.

TITLE Harpers

NAME Mrs M J Gates

STYLE OF BINDING Like a sample

VOLS. TO BE FINISHED

DIRECTIONS

free South-
Mr. Bland
sible man,"
n to study
men, artless
ht country
eld so high

all gone home before the call for a congress could reach them. But in 1774 they were not to be so cheated. They had themselves issued the call for a congress this time, and dissolution could not drive them home. Their leaders could at least linger at the Raleigh and concert means to have their way. A convention took the place of the Assembly; and seven leading members of the House were sent to Philadelphia, with as full authority to speak and act for the colony as if the Burgesses themselves had commissioned them. Mr. Harrison declared in Philadelphia that "he would have come on foot rather than not come"; and quiet Richard Bland, that "he would have gone if it had been to Jericho." Colonel Harrison struck his new colleagues from the a fancy for the business of the congress, it was easy to conclude what the hastier, younger men would be likely to plan and do; and the Massachusetts delegates found themselves greatly heartened.

John Adams, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, and Robert Treat Paine were the representatives of Massachusetts. It was their people who had most provoked Parliament to be high-handed and aggressive. The struggle with the ministry at home had taken shape in Boston. It had come to actual riot there. All the continent and all England had seen how stubborn was the temper, how incorrigible the spirit of resistance, in that old seat of the Puritan power, always hard set and proud in its self-willed resolution to be independent; and all eyes were turned now upon

Copyright, 1896, by Harper and Brothers. All rights reserved.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIII JULY, 1896 No. DLIV



General Washington

By Woodrow Wilson

THE congress of 1774 was the first in which the leaders of Virginia had come into face to face conference with the men of the other colonies. In 1765 Fauquier had dissolved the Burgesses with such sharp despatch, upon the passage of Mr. Henry's resolutions, that they were all gone home before the call for a congress could reach them. But in 1774 they were not to be so cheated. They had themselves issued the call for a congress this time, and dissolution could not drive them home. Their leaders could at least linger at the Raleigh and concert means to have their way. A convention took the place of the Assembly; and seven leading members of the House were sent to Philadelphia, with as full authority to speak and act for the colony as if the Burgesses themselves had commissioned them. Mr. Harrison declared in Philadelphia that "he would have come on foot rather than not come"; and quiet Richard Bland, that "he would have gone if it had been to Jericho." Colonel Harrison struck his new colleagues from the North as a bit rough in his free Southern speech and manner; and Mr. Bland seemed to them "a plain, sensible man," such as would be more given to study than to agitation. If such men, artless and steady as any downright country gentleman of old England, held so high a fancy for the business of the congress, it was easy to conclude what the hastier, younger men would be likely to plan and do; and the Massachusetts delegates found themselves greatly heartened.

John Adams, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, and Robert Treat Paine were the representatives of Massachusetts. It was their people who had most provoked Parliament to be high-handed and aggressive. The struggle with the ministry at home had taken shape in Boston. It had come to actual riot there. All the continent and all England had seen how stubborn was the temper, how incorrigible the spirit of resistance, in that old seat of the Puritan power, always hard set and proud in its self-willed resolution to be independent; and all eyes were turned now upon

Copyright, 1896, by Harper and Brothers. All rights reserved.

Cushing and Paine and this "brace of Adamses," who had come, it was thought, to hurry the congress into radical courses. Kindness, applause, hospitality, "studied and expensive respect," had attended them at every stage of their long ride from Boston to Philadelphia. Men of every rank and degree had crowded about them to pay them suit, as if they had been great magnates, governors of provinces. The country was much stirred by the prospect of a general "congress of committees" at Philadelphia; and the delegates from Massachusetts were greeted as they passed even more generously than the rest, because their people, every one knew, had been the first to suffer in this bad business; because their chief port at Boston was closed, and red-coated sentries were on their streets. It behooved the Massachusetts men, however, not to suffer themselves to be misled. Many looked upon them askance; some distrusted them heartily. Their own hot-headed mob had provoked the "massacre," of which they made so much. They had wantonly destroyed private property when they threw the tea into their harbor to show the government their spirit. There had been more than a touch of violence, more than a little turbulence, and a vast deal of radical and revolutionary talk in attendance upon all that they had done; and the colonies were full yet of men who had no tolerance for anything that transgressed, were it never so little, the moderate limits of constitutional agitation. "There is an opinion which does in some degree obtain in the other colonies that the Massachusetts gentlemen, and especially of the town of Boston, do affect to dictate and take the lead in continental measures; that we are apt, from an inward vanity and self-conceit, to assume big and haughty airs," said Joseph Hawley, who, for all he had grown old as a quiet Massachusetts lawyer amongst his neighbors, had kept his shrewd eyes abroad. "It is highly probable," he told John Adams, with a wholesome bluntness, "that you will meet gentlemen from several of the other colonies, fully equal to yourselves or any of you in their knowledge of Great Britain, the colonies, law, history, government, commerce. . . . By what we from time to time see in the public papers, and what our Assembly and committees have received from the Assemblies and committees of the more southern colonies, we must be satisfied that they have men of as much sense and literature as any we can, or ever could, boast of." It was mere counsel of prudence that they should play their part in the congress with modesty and discretion.

Not Cushing and Paine, but the Adamses, carried the strength of the Massachusetts delegation. Thomas Cushing had been Speaker of the Massachusetts House since 1766, in the stead of Mr. Otis, whom the Governor had refused to accept, and seemed in official eyes its leader, because he was its preferred servant and mouth-piece; but he only followed, and followed timidly at that, like other men of property. He had a singular capacity for knowing always what was afoot, and was very useful on occasion, but no action got its impulse from him. Robert Treat Paine, once a merchant, then a militia chaplain and preacher, now a lawyer, had been much more bold and forward than Cushing—had taken the public prosecutor's place in the proceedings against Captain Preston for firing into the mob upon that fatal day in 1770; had been one of the managers in the attempt to impeach Peter Oliver, the commonwealth's Chief Justice, for receiving a stipend from the crown when he should, in the opinion of the popular leaders, have taken pay and instructions from the commonwealth alone; had given himself over very heartily in many ways to the popular agitation against the government in England. But it was his pointed wit and his ability to serve, not qualities of mastery or of origination, that had given him a place at the front of affairs. These were not the men who formed parties or shaped action. That was the part, rather, of that "brace of Adamses," whom all Massachusetts men knew to be the real leaders of the agitation among the "patriots" in Boston.

And it was Samuel Adams, rather than John, who was just now the effective master in the great Bay Colony—"master of puppets," his enemies called him. Hale, bluff, adroit, plain, a man of the people, he had grown old in the business of agitation. Fifty-two years he had lived, planning always for others, never for himself. He had "never looked forward in his life," he frankly said; "never planned, laid a scheme, or framed a design of laying up anything for himself or others after him;" had let all his private business go

neglected, and lived upon the good offices of the friends and neighbors who loved him, the petty salary of a small public office, the indulgence of fortune; and was now in Philadelphia wearing the plain suit and spending the modest purse with which his friends and partisans had fitted him out—the very impersonation of the revolution men were beginning so to fear. No man had ever daunted him; neither could any corrupt him. He was possessed with the instinct of agitation: led the people, not the leaders; cared not for place, but only for power; showed a mastery of means, a self-containment, a capacity for timely and telling speech, that marked him a statesman, though he loved the rough ways of a people's government, and preferred the fierce democracy of the town meeting to the calm of senates. He was a sort of eagle in his high building and strength of audacious flight, but in instinct and habit a bird of the storm. Not overnice what he did, not too scrupulous what he devised, he was yet not selfish, loved the principles he had given his life to, and spent himself without limit to see them triumph. John Adams, his cousin, was of a very different mould: a younger man by thirteen years; no man of the people, but with a taste rather for the exclusive claims of education and breeding; self-regardful; a thought too calculating; too quick-witted to be patient with dull men, too self-conscious to be at ease with great ones; and yet public-spirited withal, and generous in action if not in judgment; of great powers, if only he could manage to use them without jealousy. Samuel Adams thought only of his end, not of himself; seldom spoke of himself, indeed; seemed a sort of subtle engine for the people's business. John Adams thought of himself always, and yet mastered himself to play a great part with the nobility of a man of genius, if not with the grace of a man of modesty and self-forgetful devotion. For the time he could even hold back with his wily cousin; resign leadership in the congress to Virginia; and act in all things the wise part of those who follow.

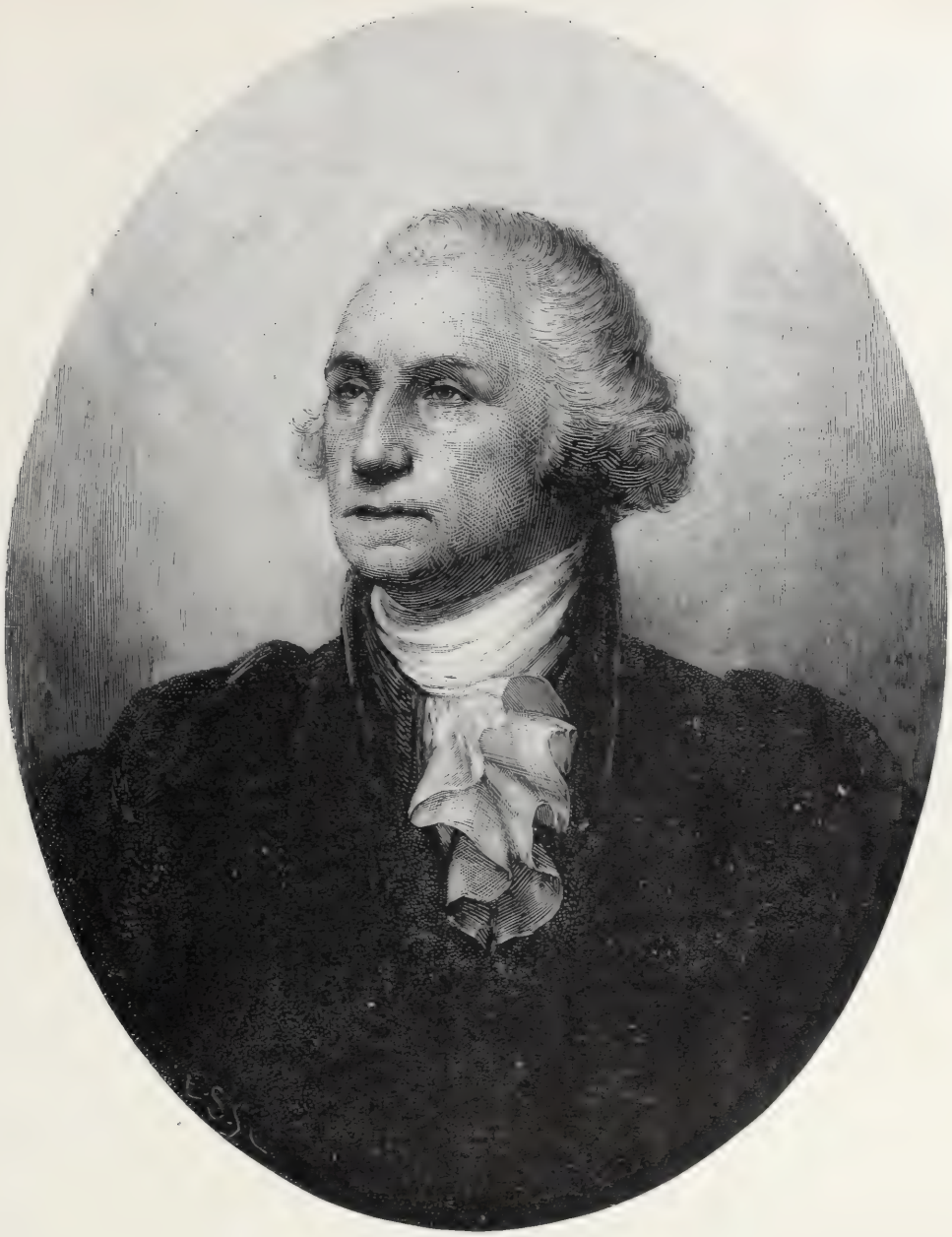
It was a circumstance full of peril that the delegates of the several colonies should at such a juncture be strangers to one another, and provincials all, nowhere bred to continental affairs. Only since the passage of the Stamp Act had they taken any thought for each other. There was no assurance that even the best leaders of a colony could rise to the statesman's view and concert measures to ensure the peace of an empire. Rising lawyers like John Adams, brusque planters like Colonel Harrison, well-to-do merchants like Thomas Mifflin, might bring all honesty and good intention to the task and yet miserably fail. A provincial law practice, the easy ascendency of a provincial country gentleman, the narrow round of provincial trade, might afford capable men opportunity to become enlightened citizens, but hardly fitted them to be statesmen. The real first business of the delegates was to become acquainted, and to learn how to live in the foreign parts to which most of them had come. There was a continual round of entertainment in the hospitable town—a universal exchange of courtesies, a rush of visiting and dining, a flow of excellent wine, a rich abundance of good cheer, such as for a while made the occasion seem one of festivity rather than of anxious counsel. Many of the delegates had come to town a week or more before the date set for the congress, and had settled to an acquaintance before it was time to effect an organization; but the gentlemen from Maryland and Virginia, more familiar with the journey, arrived almost upon the day. They made an instant impression upon their new colleagues. John Adams promptly declared them "the most spirited and consistent of any," and deemed Mr. Lee particularly "a masterly man." Joseph Hawley's prediction was fulfilled. "The Virginia and indeed all the southern delegates appear like men of importance," said Silas Deane; "I never met, nor scarcely had an idea of meeting, with men of such firmness, sensibility, spirit, and thorough knowledge of the interests of America." Mr. Lynch of South Carolina, though he wore "the manufacture of this country," and was in all things "plain, sensible, above ceremony," seemed to Mr. Deane to carry with him "more force in his very appearance than most powdered folks in their conversation."

The high bearing and capacity of the Southern delegates came upon the New England men like a great surprise: where they had expected to see rustic squires they found men of elegance and learning. But there was, in fact, no good reason to wonder at the natural leadership of these men. Their life had bred them more lib-

erally than others. It required a much more various capacity and knowledge of the world to administer a great property and live the life of a local magnate in the South, than sufficed to put a man at the front of trade or of legal practice in Boston or New York or Philadelphia. The Southern colonies, besides, had lived more in sympathy with the life of the empire than had their Northern neighbors. Their life had depended upon that of England hitherto, and had partaken of it with a constant zest. They had no rival trade; they had wanted no rival government. The general air of the wide empire had blown in all ordinary seasons through their affairs, and they had cultivated none of that shrewd antagonism towards the home government which had so sharpened the wits and narrowed the political interests of the best men in New England. They had read law because they were men of business, without caring too much about its niceties or meaning to practise it in litigation. They had read their English history without feeling that they were separate from it. Their passion for freedom was born not of local feeling so much as of personal pride and the spirit of those who love old practices and the just exemptions of an ancient constitution. It was the life they had lived, and the conceptions of personal dignity and immemorial privilege that had gone always with it, that gave them so striking an air of mastery. It was not simply because the Massachusetts delegates kept themselves prudently in the background and the rest yielded to her pretensions that Virginia was accorded primacy in the congress: it was also because her representatives were men to whom power naturally fell, and because she had won so honorable a place of leadership already in the common affairs of the continent.

Colonel Washington, striking and forceable man though he was, did not figure as a leader among the Virginian delegates. Peyton Randolph was elected president of the congress; Richard Henry Lee and Patrick Henry stood forth as the Virginian leaders on the floor. "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor," was Henry's confident and generous verdict; but Washington was no politician, and did not stand in exactly the same class with the rest. He had headed committees and presided over popular meetings amongst his own neighbors in Fairfax, and had been prompt to join them in speaking with high spirit against the course of the ministry in England; he had been forward in urging and punctiliously careful in practising non-importation; and he had declared Gage's conduct in Boston "more becoming a Turkish bashaw than an English Governor." But he was a man of action rather than of parliaments. "I will raise one thousand men, enlist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston," had been his impetuous utterance in the Virginia convention — "the most eloquent speech that ever was made," Mr. Lynch declared. "I have heard he said," reported an admiring Philadelphian—"I have heard he said he wished to God the liberties of America were to be determined by a single combat between himself and George!" But his fellow-Virginians understood him better. He had not been put upon their committee of correspondence, or been appointed with Nicholas and Pendleton and Lee and Henry to draw resolutions and remonstrances; but when it came to choosing those who should represent the Old Dominion in the congress, but two names stood before his in the vote. Peyton Randolph, 104; Richard Henry Lee, 100; George Washington, 98; Patrick Henry, 89; Richard Bland, 79; Benjamin Harrison, 66; Edmund Pendleton, 62—such had been the preference of the convention. They had chosen him for force and sobriety; not as an orator, but as the first soldier and one of the first characters of the commonwealth; and he had made the impression they expected. The Northern delegates admired his "easy soldierlike air and gesture" and his modest and "cool but determined" style and accent when he spoke; and wondered to see him look scarce forty, when they recalled how his name had gone through the colonies twenty years ago, when he had met the French so gallantly at Great Meadows, and with Braddock at the forks of the Ohio.

The Massachusetts delegates had reason to admire his manly openness too, and straightforward candor. An old comrade in arms whom he esteemed—a Virginian now in regular commission, and stationed with the troops in Boston — had written him very damaging things about the "pa-



WASHINGTON.

Engraved by E. Schladitz from the portrait by Rembrandt Peale in the Vice-President's room at the Capitol, Washington.

triot" leaders of the beset town; of their "tyrannical oppression over one another," and "their fixed aim at total independence," and had charged them roundly with being no better than demagogues and rebels. Washington went at once to the men accused, to learn from their own lips their principles and intentions, taking Richard Henry Lee and discreet Doctor Shippen along with him as his sponsors and witnesses. "Spent the evening at home with Colonel Lee, Colonel Washington, and Dr. Shippen, who came in to consult us," was John Adams's entry in his diary for September 28th. No doubt Samuel Adams found the interview a trying one, and winced a little under the examination of the calm and steady soldier, going so straight for the point, for all his Virginian ceremony. There had been many outward signs of the demagogue in Adams's career. He had been consciously and deliberately planning and scheming for independence ever since 1768, and had made public avowal of his purpose no longer ago than last year. It must have taxed even his adroit powers to convince these frank Virginians that his purpose was not rebellion, but liberty; that he venerated what they venerated, and wished only what they wished. But the truth somehow lay open before the evening was gone. There was no lack of cordiality in the parting: Washington was convinced of their genuineness and sobriety. "Though you are led to believe by venal men," he replied to Captain Mackenzie, "that the people of

Massachusetts are rebellious, setting up for independency, and what not, give me leave, my good friend, to tell you that you are abused, grossly abused. This I advance with a degree of confidence and boldness which may claim your belief, having better opportunities for knowing the real sentiments of the people you are among, from the leaders of them, in opposition to the present measures of the administration, than you have from those whose business it is not to disclose truths, but to misrepresent facts in order to justify as much as possible to the world their own conduct."

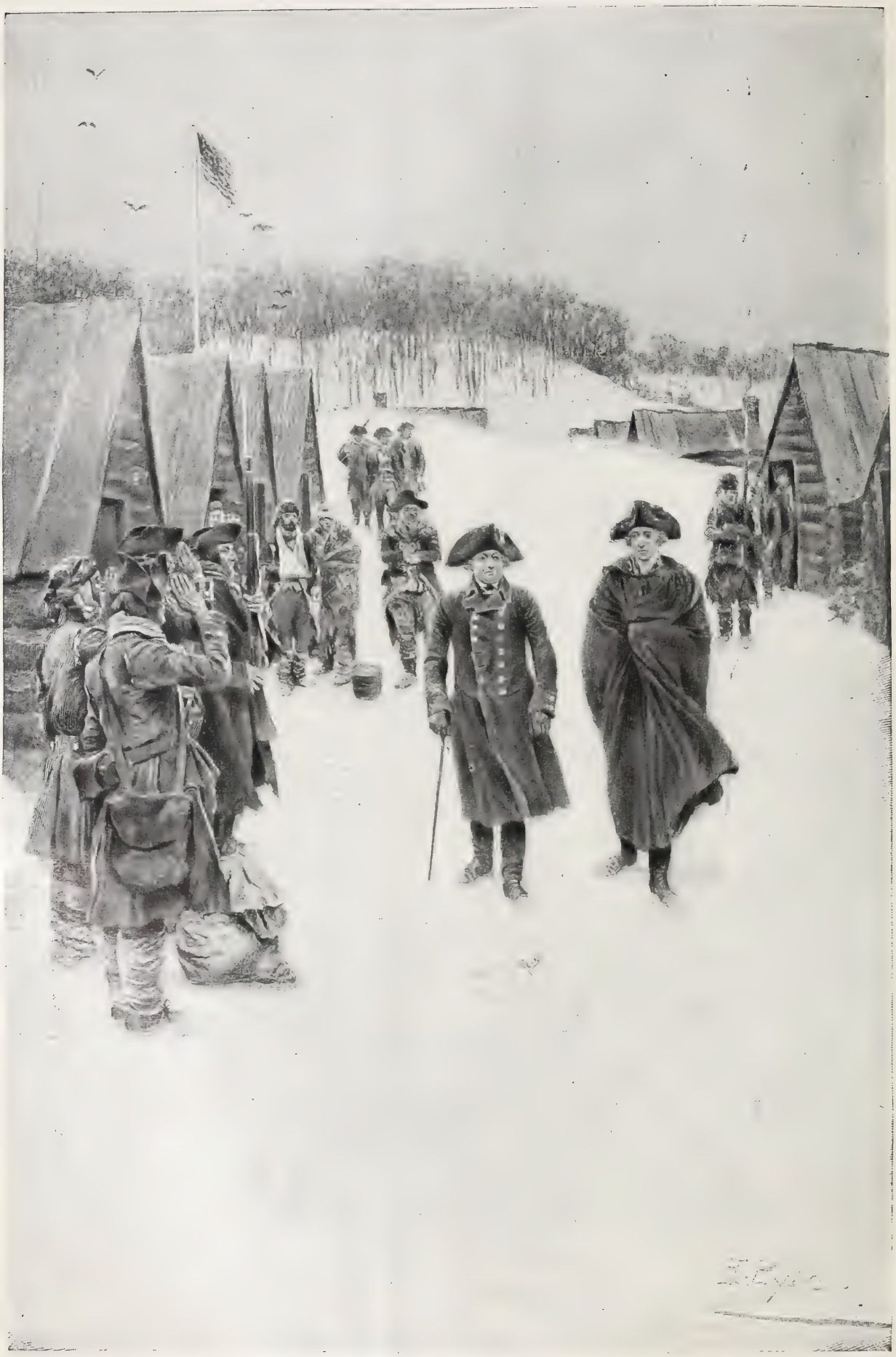
The Massachusetts men had evidently come to a better understanding of the game—began to see how cautiously it must be played, how slowly and how wisely. It was a critical business this of drawing all the colonies into a common congress, as if to create a directing body for the continent, without constitution or warrant. The establishment of committees of correspondence had seemed little short of seditious, for it was notorious the committees were formed to concert action against the government at home; but this "congress of committees" was an even more serious matter. Would the colonies venture a continental organization to defy Parliament? Dangerous differences of opinion were blown hot between neighbors by such measures. Some of the best men in America were opposed to the course which was now evidently to be taken. So long as it was merely a matter of protest by the colonies severally, they had no criticism to make—except perhaps that Mr. Otis and Mr. Henry had held unnecessarily high language, and had been bold and defiant beyond measure; but when they saw how the opposition gathered head, hastened from protest to concerted resistance, put popular conventions into the place of lawful legislative assemblies, and advanced at length to a continental organization, they deemed it high time to bestir themselves, vindicate their loyalty to his Majesty's government, and avert a revolution. They were not men to be trifled with. Had they been able to unite upon active measures, had they advanced from defence to aggressive action, they might have rendered themselves formidable beyond possibility of defeat. Everywhere men of substance and of influence were to be found by the score who were opposed to a revolutionary agitation, such as this that now seemed to be gathering head. Even in Massachusetts men who bore the best and the oldest names of the commonwealth were of this number; in New York and Pennsylvania, at the very heart of the continent, they could, it was believed, boast a majority, as well as to the far southward, in the low country of South Carolina and Georgia. No one but designing politicians and men without property, those who had much to gain and nothing to lose by the upsetting of law and ordered government, wished to see this contest with the ministry pushed to extremes, they declared. They wished no less than others to see the colonies keep their chartered and rightful liberties, but the thing must be accomplished soberly, and without loss of things equally dear, of honor, and the maintenance of an unbroken English Empire.

The nice balance of parties was disclosed in the congress itself. The Pennsylvanian delegation was led by Joseph Galloway, a man in the prime of life, full of force and learning, who had been Speaker of the provincial House these eight years by the almost unanimous choice of his colleagues, and who now stood forth to utter the real voice of his colony in proposing measures of accommodation. He proposed that the home government be asked to sanction the establishment of a confederate parliament for America, composed of delegates to be chosen every third year by the legislatures of the several colonies, and acting under a governor-general to be appointed by the crown. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, hot orator for liberty though he was, declared it an "almost perfect plan," and was eager to see it adopted; influential members from almost every quarter gave it their hearty support, Mr. John Jay, of New York, among the rest; and it was defeated only by the narrow majority of a single colony's vote. Chatham might very justly commend the congress of 1774 as conspicuous amongst deliberative bodies for its "decency, firmness, and wisdom," its "solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances," for the complication of circumstances was such as even he did not fully comprehend. For seven weeks of almost continuous session did it hammer its stiff business into shape, never wearying of deliberation or debate, till it could put forth papers to the world—an

address to the King, memorials to the people of Great Britain and the people of British America, their fellow-subjects, and a solemn declaration of rights—which should mark it no revolutionary body, but a congress of just and thoughtful Englishmen, in love not with license or rebellion, but with right and wholesome liberty. Their only act of aggression was the formation of an "American Association" pledged against trade with Great Britain till the legislation of which they complained should be repealed. Their only intimation of intention for the future was a resolution to meet again the next spring, should their prayers not meanwhile be heeded.

Washington turned homeward from the congress with thoughts and purposes every way deepened and matured. It had been a mere seven weeks' conference; no one had deemed the congress a government, or had spoken of any object save peace and accommodation; but no one could foresee the issue of what had been done. A spirit had run through those deliberations which gave thoughtful men, as they pondered it, a new idea of the colonies. It needed no prophet to discern beyond all this sober and anxious business a vision of America united, armed, belligerent for her rights. There was no telling what form of scornful rejection awaited that declaration of rights or the grave pleading of that urgent memorial to the crown. It behooved every man to hold himself in readiness for the worst; and Washington saw as clearly as any man at how nice a hazard things stood. He had too frank a judgment upon affairs to cheat himself with false hopes. "An innate spirit of freedom first told me that the measures which administration hath for some time been and now are most violently pursuing are repugnant to every principle of natural justice," had been his earnest language to Bryan Fairfax ere he set out for the congress; "whilst much abler heads than my own hath fully convinced me that it is not only repugnant to natural right, but subversive of the laws and constitution of Great Britain itself, in the establishment of which some of the best blood of the kingdom hath been spilt. . . . I could wish, I own," he had added, "that this dispute had been left to posterity to determine;" but he knew more clearly than ever before, as he rode homeward from the congress through the autumn woods, that it had not been: that Lee and Henry and Mason were rightly of the same mind and purpose with the men from Massachusetts; that conference had only united and heartened those who stood for liberty in every colony; that there could be no compromise—perhaps no yielding either—and that every man must now take his soberest resolution for the times to come. He turned steadily to his private business for the winter, as was his wont—pushed forward the preparation and settlement of his western lands; stood guard, as before, over the soldiers' grants upon the Ohio against official bad faith and negligence. "For a year or two past there has been scarce a moment that I could properly call my own," he declared to a friend who solicited his promise to act as guardian to his son. "What with my own business, my present ward's, my mother's, which is wholly in my hands, Colonel Fairfax's, Colonel Mercer's, and the little assistance I have undertaken to give in the management of my brother Augustine's concerns, together with the share I take in public affairs, I have been constantly engaged in writing letters, settling accounts, and negotiating one piece of business or another; by which means I have really been deprived of every kind of enjoyment, and had almost fully resolved to engage in no fresh matter till I had entirely wound up the old." He promised to undertake the charge, nevertheless. It was stuff of his nature to spend himself thus, and keep his powers stretched always to a great compass.

With the new year (1775) public affairs loomed big again, and ominous. The petitions of the congress at Philadelphia had been received in England almost with contempt. Chatham, indeed, with that broad and noble sagacity which made him so great a statesman, had proposed that America's demands should be met, to the utmost length of repeal and withdrawal of menace, and that she should be accorded to the full the self-government she demanded in respect of taxation and every domestic concern. "It is not cancelling a piece of parchment," he cried, "that can win back America," the old fire burning hot within him; "you must respect her fears and her resentments." The merchants, too, in fear for their trade, urged very anxiously that there should be instant and ample concession. But



WASHINGTON AND STEUBEN AT VALLEY FORGE.

the King's stubborn anger, the Parliament's indifference, the ministry's incapacity, made it impossible anything wise or generous should be done. Instead of real concession there was fresh menace. The ministry did, indeed, offer to exempt from taxation every colony that would promise by its own vote to make proper contribution to the expenses of public defence and imperial administration, in the hope thereby to disengage the lukewarm middle colonies from the plot now thickening against the government. But Massachusetts was promptly proclaimed in rebellion, every port in New England was declared closed against trade, New England fishermen were denied access to the Newfoundland fisheries, and ten thousand fresh troops were ordered to Boston. Neither the pleas of their friends nor the threats of their enemies reached the ears of the colonists promptly from over sea that portentous spring; but they were not slow to perceive that they must look for no concessions; and they did not wait upon Parliament in their preparation for a doubtful future. Upon the very day the "congress of committees" at Philadelphia adjourned, a "provincial congress" in Massachusetts, formed of its own authority in the stead of the House of Delegates the Governor had but just now dissolved, voted to organize and equip the militia of the colony and to collect stores and arms. Virginia was equally bold, and almost equally prompt, far away as she seemed from the King's troops at Boston. By the end of January Charles Lee could write from Williamsburg: "The whole country is full of soldiers, all furnished, all in arms.... Never was such vigor and concord heard of, not a single traitor, scarcely a silent dissentient."

"Every county is now arming a company of men for the avowed purpose of protecting their committees," Dunmore had reported to the ministry before the year 1774 was out, "and to be employed against government if occasion require. As to the power of government which your lordship directs should be exerted to counteract the dangerous measures pursuing here, I can assure your lordship that it is entirely disregarded, if not wholly overturned. There is not a justice of peace in Virginia that acts except as a committee-man; the abolishing of courts of justice was the first step taken, in which the men of fortune and pre-eminence joined equally with the lowest and meanest." Company after company, as it formed, asked Colonel Washington to assume command over it, not only in his own county of Fairfax, but in counties also at a distance—and he accepted the responsibility as often as it was offered to him. "It is my full intention," he said, simply, "to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in, if needful;" and he had little doubt any longer what was to come. He found time, even that stirring year, to quicken his blood once and again, nevertheless, while winter held, by a run with the hounds: for he was not turned politician so sternly even yet as to throw away his leisure upon anything less wholesome than the hale sport he so loved.

On the 20th of May, 1775, the second Virginian convention met, not in Williamsburg, but at Richmond, and its chief business was the arming of the colony. Maryland had furnished the ironical formula with which to justify what was to be done: "Resolved, unanimously, that a well-regulated militia, composed of the gentlemen freeholders and other freemen, is the natural strength and only stable security of a free government; and that such militia will relieve our mother-country from any expense in our protection and defence, will obviate the pretence of a necessity for taxing us on that account, and render it unnecessary to keep any standing army—ever dangerous to liberty—in this province." Mr. Henry accepted the formula with great relish in his resolution "that the colony be immediately put into a posture of defence," introduced in the convention at Richmond; but he broke with it in the speech with which he supported his measures of preparation. In that there was no plan or pretence of peace, but, instead, a plain declaration of war. Once more did Edmund Pendleton, Richard Bland, Mr. Nicholas, and Colonel Harrison spring to their feet to check him, as in the old days of the Stamp Act. Once more, nevertheless, did he have his way, completely, triumphantly. What he had proposed was done, and his very opponents served upon the committee charged with its accomplishment. It was not doing more than other colonies had done; it was only saying more; it was only dealing more fearlessly and frankly with fortune. Even slow, conservative men like John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, shield-

ed themselves behind only an "if." "The first act of violence on the part of administration in America," they knew, "or the attempt to re-enforce General Gage this winter or next year, will put the whole continent in arms, from Nova Scotia to Georgia."

What they feared very speedily came to pass. 'Twas hardly four weeks from the day Mr. Henry proclaimed a state of war in the convention at Richmond before the King's regulars were set upon at Lexington and Concord and driven back in rout to their quarters by the swarming militia-men of Massachusetts. On the 19th of April they had set out across a peaceful country to seize the military stores placed at Concord. Before the day was out they had been fairly thrown back into Boston, close upon three hundred of their comrades gone to a last reckoning; and the next morning disclosed a rapidly growing provincial army drawn in threatened siege about them. The week was not out before the numbers of that army were swelled to sixteen thousand. In the darkness of that very night (April 20th), at the command of Dunmore, a force of marines was landed from an armed sloop that lay in James River, in Virginia, to seize the gunpowder stored at Williamsburg. The Virginians in their turn sprang to arms, and Dunmore was forced, ere he could rid himself of the business, to pay for the powder taken—pay Captain Patrick Henry, at the head of a body of militia under arms. On the 10th of May the second Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, with business to transact vastly different from that to which the first "congress of committees" had addressed itself—not protests and resolves, but quick and efficient action. The very day it met, a body of daring provincials under Ethan Allen had walked into the open gates at Ticonderoga and taken possession of the stout fortress "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"; and two days later a similar exploit secured Crown Point to the insurgents. Active war had begun; an army was set down before Boston; the country was united in a general resistance, and looked to the congress to give it organization and guidance. Colonel Washington had come to the congress in his provincial uniform, and found himself a great deal sought after in its committees. The mustering and equipment of an army, quick fortification, the gathering of munitions and supplies, the raising of money and organization of a commissariat, the restraint of the Indians upon the frontier, as well as the drawing of state papers which would once more justify their cause and their resort to arms in the eyes of the world—such was the business in hand, and Washington's advice was invaluable when such matters were afoot. He showed no hesitation what should be done. His own mind had long ago been made up; and the sessions of the congress were not ended before Virginia was committed beyond all possibility of drawing back. The first of June saw her last House of Burgesses convene: for by the eighth of the month Dunmore was a fugitive—had seen the anger of a Williamsburg mob blaze hot against him, and had taken refuge upon a man-of-war lying in the river. The province was in revolution, and Washington was ready to go with it.

It meant more than he thought that he had come to Philadelphia habited like a soldier. It had not been his purpose to draw all eyes upon him: it was merely his instinctive expression of his own personal feeling with regard to the crisis that had come. But it was in its way a fulfilment of prophecy. When the first Virginian convention chose delegates to attend the congress of 1774, "some of the tickets on the ballot assigned reasons for the choice expressed in them. Randolph should preside in congress; Lee and Henry should display the different kinds of eloquence for which they were renowned; Washington should command the army, if an army should be raised; Bland should open the treasures of ancient colonial learning; Harrison should utter plain truths; and Pendleton should be the penman for business." No wonder the gentlemen from Virginia, coming with such confidence to the congress, made the instant impression they did for mastery and self-poise! "There are some fine fellows come from Virginia," Joseph Reed had reported, "but they are very high. We understand they are the capital men of the colony." Washington alone awaited his cue. Now he was to get it, without expecting it. The irregular army swarming before Boston was without standing or government. It had run hastily together out of four colonies; was subject to no common authority; hardly knew what allegiance it bore; might fall to

pieces unless it were adequately commanded. The congress in Philadelphia was called upon to recognize and adopt it, give it leave and authority to act for all the colonies, call upon the whole country to recruit it, and give it a commander. There was an obvious political necessity that the thing should be done, and done promptly. Massachusetts did not wish to stand alone; New England wanted the active assistance of the other colonies; something must be attempted to secure common action. The first thing to do was to choose an acceptable and efficient leader, and to choose him outside New England. To John Adams the choice seemed simple enough. There was no soldier in America, outside New England — nor inside either — to be compared, whether in experience or distinction, with Washington, the gallant, straightforward, earnest Virginian he had learned so to esteem and trust there in Philadelphia. He accordingly moved that congress "adopt the army at Cambridge," and declared that he had "but one gentleman in mind" for its command — "a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us," he said, "and very well known to all of us; a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the union." Washington was taken at unawares, and rose and slipped in confusion from the room. Some of his own friends doubted the expediency of putting a Virginian at the head of a New England army, but the more clear-sighted among the New-Englanders did not, and the selection was made, after a little hesitation, unanimously.

Washington accepted the commission with that mixture of modesty and pride that made men love and honor him. "You may believe me, my dear Patsy," were his simple words to his wife, "when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity. . . . But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. . . . It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself and given pain to my friends." He spoke in the same tone to the congress. "I beg it may be remembered," he said, "by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." His commission was signed on the 19th of June; on the 21st he was on the road to the north — the road he had travelled twenty years ago to consult with Governor Shirley in Boston upon questions of rank, and to fall into Mary Philipse's snare by the way; the road he had ridden after the races, but three years ago, to put Jacky Custis at college in New York. "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington," exclaimed John Adams; and it was wholesome for the whole country that such a man should be put at the head of affairs. Many ignoble things were being done in the name of liberty, and an ugly tyranny had been brought to every man's door—"the tyranny of his next-door neighbor." There were men by the score in the colonies who had no taste or sympathy for the rebellion they now saw afoot—common men who knew little or nothing of the mother-country, as well as gentlemen of culture who loved her traditions and revered her crown; farmers and village lawyers, as well as merchants at the ports who saw their living gone and ruin staring them in the face. But the local committees and the "Sons of Liberty" everywhere saw to it that such men should know and dread and fearfully submit to the views of the majority. Government was suspended: there was nowhere so much as a justice of the peace acting under the authority of the crown. There might have been universal license had the rabble not seen their leaders so noble, so bent upon high and honorable purposes. It was an object-lesson in the character of the Revolution to see Washington ride through the colonies to take charge of an insurgent army. And no man or woman, or child even, was likely to miss the lesson. That noble figure drew all eyes to it: that mien as if the man were a prince; that sincere and open countenance, which every man could see was lighted by a good

conscience; that cordial ease in salute, as of a man who felt himself brother to his friends. There was something about Washington that quickened the pulses of a crowd at the same time that it awed them, that drew cheers which were a sort of voice of worship. Children desired sight of him, and men felt lifted after he had passed. It was good to have such a man ride all the open way from Philadelphia to Cambridge in sight of the people to assume command of the people's army. It gave character to the thoughts of all who saw him.

Matters had not stood still before Boston to await a commander sent by congress. While Washington waited for his commission and made ready for his journey there had been fighting done which was to simplify his task. General William Howe had reached Boston with reenforcements on the 25th of May, and quite ten thousand troops held the city, while a strong fleet of men-of-war lay watchfully in the harbor. There was no hurry, it seemed, about attacking the sixteen thousand raw provincials, whose long lines were drawn loosely about the town from Charlestown Neck to Jamaica Plain; but commanding hills looked across the water on either hand, in Charlestown on the north and in Dorchester on the southeast, and it would be well to secure them, lest they should be occupied by the insurgents. On the morning of the 17th of June, while leisurely preparations were a-making in Boston to occupy the hills of Charlestown, it was discovered that the provincials had been beforehand in the project. There they were in the clear sun, working diligently at redoubts of their own upon the height. Three thousand men were put across the water to drive them off; but though they mustered only seventeen hundred behind their unfinished works, three several assaults and the loss of a thousand men was the cost of dislodging them. They withheld their fire till the redcoats were within fifty—nay, thirty—yards of their lines, and then poured out a deadly blazing fire no man could face and live. They were ousted only when they failed of powder and despaired of reenforcements. Veteran officers who had led the assault declared the regulars of France were not more formidable than these militia-men, whom they had despised as raw peasants. There was no desire to buy another American position at that price; and Washington had time enough for the complimentary receptions and addresses and the elaborate parade of escort and review that delayed his journey to headquarters.

He reached Cambridge on the 2d of July, and bore himself with so straightforward and engaging a courtesy in taking command that the officers he superseded could not but like him: jealousy was disarmed. But he found neither the preparations nor the spirit of the army to his liking. His soldierly sense of order was shocked by the loose discipline, and his instinct of command by the free and easy insolence of that irregular levy; and his authority grew stern as he labored to bring the motley host to order and effective organization. "The people of this government have obtained a character," his confidential letters declared, "which they by no means deserved—their officers, generally speaking, are the most indifferent kind of people I ever saw. I dare say the men would fight very well (if properly officered), although they are an exceedingly dirty and nasty people. . . . It is among the most difficult tasks I ever undertook in my life to induce these people to believe that there is, or can be, danger till the bayonet is pushed at their breasts. Not that it proceeds from any uncommon prowess, but rather from an unaccountable kind of stupidity in the lower class of these people, which, believe me, prevails but too generally among the officers of the Massachusetts part of the army, who are nearly of the same kidney with the privates." He had seen like demoralization and slackness in the old days at Winchester, on the wild frontier, but he had expected to find a better spirit and discipline in the New England levies.

His first disgust, however, soon wore off. He was not slow to see how shrewd and sturdy these uncouth, intractable ploughboys and farmers could prove themselves upon occasion. "I have a sincere pleasure in observing," he wrote to congress, "that there are materials for a good army, a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage." There was time enough and to spare in which to learn his army's quality. "Our lines of defence are now completed," he could tell Lund Washington on the 20th of August, "as near so at least as can be—we now wish them to come out as soon as they

please; but they discover no inclination to quit their own works of defence; and as it is almost impossible for us to get at them, we do nothing but watch each other's motions all day at the distance of about a mile." He could even turn away from military affairs to advise that "spinning should go forward with all possible despatch" on the estate at home, and to say, "I much approve of your sowing wheat in clean ground, although you should be late in doing it." Once more he settled to the old familiar work, this time upon a great scale, of carrying a difficult enterprise forward by correspondence. Letters to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, letters to the provincial congresses of the New England colonies, letters to subordinate officers at distant posts, letters to intimate friends and influential men everywhere, setting forth the needs and situation of the army, advising measures of organization, supply, and defence, pointing out means that might be used and mistakes that must be avoided, commanding, dissuading, guiding, forecasting, poured steadily forth from those busy headquarters, where the commander-in-chief was always to be found, intent, deeply employed, calmly imperative, never tiring, never hesitating, never storming, a leader and master of men and affairs. He was in his prime, and all the forty-three years of his strenuous life he had been at school to learn how such a task as this was to be performed. He had found the army not only without proper discipline and equipment, but actually without powder; and the winter had come and was passing away before even that primary need could be supplied. The men of that extemporized army had been enlisted but for a few months' service. When their brief terms of enlistment ran out they incontinently took themselves off; and Washington's most earnest appeals to the continental and provincial congresses to provide for longer enlistments and an adequate system of recruitment did not always suffice to prevent his force from perilously dwindling away under his very eyes. It was a merciful providence that disposed the British to lie quiet in Boston.

Such authority as he had, Washington used to the utmost, and with a diligence and foresight which showed all his old policy of Thorough. Under his orders a few fast vessels were fitted out and armed as privateers at the nearest safe ports. Marblehead volunteers in the army were put aboard them for crews, and the enemy's supplies were captured upon the seas and brought overland — the much-needed powder and all — into the American camp, while men-of-war which might have swept the coast lay just at hand in the harbor. No opportunity was missed either to disturb the British or to get what the army needed; and the ministers at home, as well as the commanders in Boston, grew uneasy and apprehensive in the presence of so active and watchful an opponent. He was playing the game boldly, even a bit desperately at times. More than once, as the slow months of siege dragged by, he would have hazarded a surprise and sought to take the city by storm, had not the counsel of his officers persistently restrained him. Only in the north was there such fighting as he wished to see. Montgomery had pushed through the forests and taken Montreal (November 12, 1775). At the same time Washington had sent a force of some twelve hundred men, under Benedict Arnold, to see what could be done against the little garrison at Quebec. The journey had cost Arnold four hundred men; but with what he had left he had climbed straight to the Heights of Abraham and summoned the British at their gates. When they would neither surrender nor fight, he had sat down to wait for Montgomery; and when he came, with scarce five hundred men, had stormed the stout defences, in a driving snow-storm, in the black darkness that came just before the morning on the last day of the year. Had Montgomery not been killed in the assault, the surprise would have succeeded; and Arnold had no cause to be ashamed of the gallant affair. Failure though it was, it heartened the troops before Boston to think what might be done under such officers.

The monotony of the long, anxious season was broken at Cambridge by a touch now and again of such pleasures as spoke of home and gracious peace. In midwinter Mrs. Washington had driven into camp, come all the way from Virginia, with proper escort, in her coach and four, her horses bestridden by black postilions in their livery of scarlet and white; and she had seemed to bring with her to the homely place not only the ceremonious habit, but the genial and hospitable air of Virginia as well. Many a quiet

entertainment at headquarters coaxed a little ease of mind out of the midst of even that grim and trying winter's work while she was there. With the first month of spring Washington determined to cut inaction short and make a decisive stroke. He had been long enough with the army now to presume upon its confidence and obedience, though he followed his own counsels. Siege cannon had been dragged through the unwilling forests all the way from Ticonderoga; the supplies and the time had come; and on the morning of the 5th of March, 1776, the British stared to see ramparts and cannon on Dorchester Heights. "It was like the work of the genii of Aladdin's wonderful lamp," declared one of their astonished officers. Why they had themselves neglected to occupy the hills of Dorchester, and had waited so patiently till Washington should have time and such guns as he needed, was a question much pressed at home in England; and their stupidity was rewarded now. They had suffered themselves to be amused all night by a furious cannonading out of Roxbury, Somerville, and East Cambridge, while two thousand men, a battery of heavy ordnance, and hundreds of wagons and ox-carts with timber, bales of hay, spades, crowbars, hatchets, hammers, and nails, had been gotten safely to the Dorchester hills. When they saw what had happened they thought of the assault upon Bunker's Hill, and hesitated what to do. A violent storm blew up while they waited, rendering an attack across the water impracticable, and when the calmer morning of the 6th dawned it was too late; the American position was too strong. Neither the town nor the harbor could safely be held under fire from Dorchester Heights. There was nothing for it but to evacuate the place, and no one gainsaid their departure. By the 17th they were all embarked, eight thousand troops and nine hundred loyalist citizens of Boston, and had set sail towards the north for Halifax. They were obliged to leave behind them more than two hundred cannon and a great quantity of military stores of every kind—powder, muskets, gun-carriages, small-arms—whatever an army might need. When Washington established himself in General Howe's headquarters, in Mrs. Edwards's comfortable lodging-house at the head of State Street, he could congratulate himself not only on a surprising victory brilliantly won, but on the possession, besides, of more powder and better stores and equipments than he could have dreamed of in his camp at Cambridge. He caught up his landlady's little granddaughter one day, set her on his knee, as he liked to do, and asked her, smiling, which she liked the better, the redcoats or the provincials.

"The redcoats," said the child.

"Ah, my dear," said the young general, a blithe light in his blue eyes, "they look better, but they don't fight. The ragged fellows are the boys for fighting."

But he did not linger at Boston. He knew that its capture did not end but only deepened the struggle. Re-enforcements would be poured out of England with the spring, and the next point of attack would unquestionably be New York, the key to the Hudson. Here again was a city flanked about on either hand by water, and commanded by heights—the heights of Brooklyn. A garrison must be left in Boston, and New York must be held for the most part by a new levy, as raw, as ill organized and equipped, as factious, as uncertain in capacity and purpose, as that which had awaited his discipline and guidance before Boston. It was an army always a-making and to be made. The sea was open, moreover. The British could enter the great harbor when they pleased. The insurgents had no naval force whatever with which to withstand them on the water. There were a score of points to be defended which were yet without defence on the long island where the town lay, and round about the spreading arms of the sea that enclosed it; and there were but eighteen thousand militiamen mustered for the formidable task, in the midst of an active loyalist population. The thing must be attempted, nevertheless. The command of the Hudson would very likely turn out to be the command of the continent, and the struggle was now to be to the death. It was too late to draw back. The royal authority had, in fact, been everywhere openly thrown off, even in the middle colonies, where allegiance and opinion hung still at so doubtful a balance. For Washington the whole situation must have seemed to be summed up in what had taken place in his own colony at home. Dunmore, when he fled to the men-of-war in the bay, had called upon all who were loyal to follow him;

had even offered freedom to all slaves and servants who would enlist in the force he should collect for the purpose of "reducing the colony to a proper sense of its duty." Unable to do more, he had ravaged the coasts on either hand upon the Bay, and had put men ashore within the rivers to raid and burn, making Norfolk, with its loyalist merchants, his headquarters and rendezvous. Driven thence by the provincial militia, he had utterly destroyed the town by fire, and was now refuged upon Gwynn's Island, striking when he could, as before, at the unprotected hamlets and plantations that looked everywhere out upon the water. Virginia's only executive, these nine months and more, had been her Committee of Safety, of which Edmund Pendleton was president.

Washington had hardly begun his work of organization and defence at New York before North Carolina (April 23, 1776) authorized her delegates in the congress at Philadelphia to join in a declaration of independence; and the next month (May 15th) the congress advised the colonies to give over all show and pretence of waiting for or desiring peace or accommodation: to form complete and independent governments of their own, and so put an end to "the exercise of every kind of authority under the crown." The next step was a joint Declaration of Independence, upon a motion made in congress by Richard Henry Lee, in eager obedience to the express bidding of a convention met in the hall of the Burgesses at Williamsburg to frame a constitution for Virginia. The motion was adopted by the votes of every colony except New York. It was a bitter thing to many a loyal man in the colonies to see such things done, and peace rendered impossible. Not even those who counted themselves among the warmest friends of the colonial cause were agreed that it was wise thus to throw off one government before another was put in its place—while there was as yet no better guidance in that distracted time than might be had from a body of gentlemen in Philadelphia who possessed no power but to advise. But the radicals were in the saddle. Washington himself came down from New York to urge that the step be taken. He deemed such radicalism wise; for he wished to see compromise abandoned, and all minds set as sternly as his own in the resolve to fight the fight out to the bitter end. "I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation," he said, "since I heard of the measures which were adopted in consequence of the Bunker's Hill fight;" and his will hardened to the contest after the fashion that had always been characteristic of him when once the heat of action was upon him. He grew stern, and spoke sometimes with a touch of harshness, in the presence of his difficulties at New York, because he knew that they were made for him in no small part by Americans who were in the British interest, and whom he scorned even while scrupulous to be just in what he did to thwart and master them. "It requires more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough to ride in this whirlwind," said John Adams; and the young commander-in-chief had them all. But his quiet was often that of a metal at white heat, and he kindled a great fire with what he touched.

But no strength of will could suffice to hold New York and its open harbor against a powerful enemy with such troops as Washington could drill and make between April and July. On the 28th of June British transports began to gather in the lower bay. Within a few days they had brought thirty thousand men, armed and equipped as no other army had ever been in America. It was impossible to prevent their landing, and they were allowed to take possession of Staten Island unopposed. Men-of-war passed untouched through the Narrows, and made their way at will up the broad Hudson, unhurt by the batteries upon either shore. General Howe remembered Dorchester and Charlestown heights, and directed his first movement against Washington's intrenched position on the hills of Brooklyn, where quite half the American army lay. For a little space he waited, till his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, should come to act with him in negotiation and command. Lord Howe was authorized to offer pardon for submission, and very honorably used a month and more of good fighting time in learning that the colonists had no desire to be pardoned. "No doubt we all need pardon from Heaven for our manifold sins and transgressions," was Governor Trumbull's Connecticut version of the general feeling, "but the American who needs the pardon of his Britannic Majesty is

yet to be found." On the 22d of August, accordingly, General Howe put twenty thousand men ashore at Gravesend Bay. On the 27th, his arrangements for an overwhelming attack succeeding at every point, he drove the five thousand Americans thrown out to oppose him back into their works upon the heights, with a loss of four hundred killed and wounded and a thousand taken. Still mindful of Bunker's Hill, he would not storm the intrenchments, to which Washington himself had brought re-enforcements which swelled his strength upon the heights to ten thousand. He determined, instead, to draw lines of siege about them, and at his leisure take army, position, stores, and all. Washington, seeing at once what Howe intended, and how possible it was, decided to withdraw immediately, before a fleet should be in the river and his retreat cut off. It was a masterly piece of work. The British commander was as much astounded to see Brooklyn heights empty on the morning of August 30th as he had been to see a force intrenched on the heights of Dorchester that memorable morning six months before. Washington had taken ten thousand men across that broad river, with all their stores and arms, in a single night, while a small guard kept up a sharp fire from the breastworks, and no sound of the retreat reached the dull ears of the British sentries.

But the sharp fighting and bitter defeat of the 27th had sadly, even shamefully, demoralized Washington's raw troops, and he knew he must withdraw from New York. All through September and a part of October he held what he could of the island, fighting for it almost mile by mile as he withdrew—now cut to the quick and aflame with almost uncontrollable anger to see what cowards his men could be; again heartened to see them stand and hold their ground like men, even in the open. The most that he could do was to check and thwart the powerful army and free fleet pressing steadily upon his front and threatening his flanks. He repulsed them at Harlem Heights (September 16th); he kept his ground before them at White Plains, despite the loss of an outpost at Chatterton Hill (October 28th); he might possibly have foiled and harassed them the winter through had not General Greene suffered a garrison of three thousand of the best trained men in the army to be penned up and taken, with a great store of artillery and small-arms besides, in Fort Washington, on the island (November 16th). After such a blow there was nothing for it but to abandon the Hudson and retreat through New Jersey. His generals growing insubordinate, Washington could not even collect his divisions and unite his forces in retreat. His men deserted by the score; whole companies took their way homeward as their terms of enlistment expired with the closing of the year; barely three thousand men remained with him by the time he had reached Princeton. Congress, in its fright, removed to Baltimore; hundreds of persons hurried to take the oath of allegiance upon Howe's offer of pardon; and the British commanders deemed the rebellion at an end.

They did not understand the man they were fighting. When he had put the broad Delaware between his dwindling regiments and the British at his heels, he stopped, undaunted, to collect force and give his opponents a taste of his quality. Such an exigency only stiffened his temper, and added a touch of daring to his spirit. Charles Lee, his second in command, hoping to make some stroke for himself upon the Hudson, had withheld full half the army in a safe post upon the river, in direct disobedience to orders, while the British drove Washington southward through New Jersey; but Lee was now happily in the hands of the enemy, taken at an unguarded tavern where he lodged, and most of the troops he had withheld found their way at last to Washington beyond the Delaware. Desperate efforts at recruiting were made. Washington strained his authority to the utmost to keep and equip his force, and excused himself to Congress very nobly. "A character to lose," he said, "an estate to forfeit, the inestimable blessing of liberty at stake, and a life devoted must be my excuse." What he planned and did won him a character with his foes. Before the year was out he had collected six thousand men, and was ready to strike a blow at the weak, extended line—Hessian mercenaries for the most part—which Howe had left to hold the river. On Christmas day he made his advance, and ordered a crossing to be made in three divisions, under cover of the night. Only his own division, twenty-five hundred strong, effected the passage. 'Twas ten

LADY WASHINGTON'S ARRIVAL AT HEADQUARTERS, CAMBRIDGE.

hours' perilous work to cross the storm-swept river in the pitchy darkness, amidst the hazards of floating ice, but not a man or a gun was lost. There was a nine miles' march through driving snow and sleet after the landing before Trenton could be reached, the point of attack, and two men were frozen to death as they went. General Sullivan sent word that the guns were wet: "Tell him to use the bayonet," said Washington, "for the town must be taken." And it was taken—in the early morning, at the point of the bayonet, with a loss of but two or three men. The surprise was complete. Colonel Rahl, the commander of the place, was mortally wounded at the first onset, and nine hundred Hessians surrendered at discretion.

When he had gotten his prisoners safe on the south side of the river, Washington once more advanced to occupy the town. It was a perilous place to be, no doubt, with the great unbridged stream behind him; but the enemy's line was everywhere broken, now that its centre had been taken; had been withdrawn from the river in haste, abandoning its cannon even and its baggage at Burlington; and Washington calmly dared to play the game he had planned. It was not Howe who came to meet him, but the gallant Cornwallis, no mean adversary, bringing eight thousand men. Washington let him come all the way to the Delaware without himself stirring, except to put a small tributary stream between his men and the advancing columns; let him go to bed saying, "At last we have run down the old fox, and we'll bag him in the morning"; and then, while a small force kept the camp-fires burning and worked audibly at the ramparts the cold night through, he put the whole of his force upon the road to Princeton and New Brunswick, where he knew Cornwallis's stores must be. As the morning's light broadened into day (January 3, 1777) he met the British detachment at Princeton in the way, and drove it back in quick rout, a keen ardor coming into his blood as he saw the sharp work done. "An old-fashioned Virginia fox-hunt, gentlemen," he exclaimed. Had his troops been fresh and properly shod to outstrip Cornwallis at their heels, he would have pressed on to New Brunswick and taken the stores there; but he had done all that could be done with despatch, and withdrew straight to the heights of Morristown. Cornwallis could only hasten back to New York. By the end of the month the Americans were everywhere afoot; the British held no posts in New Jersey but Paulus Hook, Amboy, and New Brunswick; and Washington had issued a proclamation commanding all who had accepted General Howe's offer of pardon either to withdraw within the British lines or to take oath of allegiance to the United States. Men loved to tell afterwards how Frederick the Great had said that it was the most brilliant campaign of the century.

Congress took steps before the winter was over to secure long enlistments, and substitute a veritable army for the three months' levies with which Washington had hitherto been struggling to make shift. After the affair at Trenton, Washington had been obliged to pledge his own private fortune for their pay to induce the men whose terms of enlistment were to expire on New-Year's day—more than half his force—to stay with him but a few weeks more, till his plan should be executed. Now he was authorized to raise regiments enlisted till the war should end, and to exercise almost dictatorial powers in everything that might affect the discipline, provisioning, and success of his army. There was need, for the year witnessed fighting of tremendous consequence. The British struck for nothing less than complete possession of the whole State of New York, throughout the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk. General Howe, who had above twenty thousand men in New York city, was to move up the Hudson; General Burgoyne, with eight thousand men, from Canada down Lake Champlain; Colonel St. Leger, with a small but sufficient force, down into the valley of the Mohawk, striking from Oswego, on Ontario; and the colonies were to be cut in twain, New England hopelessly separated from her confederates, by the converging sweep of three armies, aggregating more than thirty-three thousand men. But only the coast country, it turned out, was tenable ground for British troops. Sir Guy Carleton had attempted Champlain out of Canada the year before, and had gone back to Quebec without touching Ticonderoga, so disconcerted had he been by the price he had had to pay for his passage up the lake to a small force and an extemporized fleet under Benedict Arnold. This time Bur-

goyne, with his splendid army, made short work of Ticonderoga (July, 1777), and drove General Schuyler and his army back to their posts beyond the Hudson; but the farther he got from his base upon the lake into the vast forests of that wide frontier, the more certainly did he approach disaster. No succor came. St. Leger was baffled, and sent in panic back the way he came. Howe did not ascend the river. The country swarmed with gathering militia. They would not volunteer for distant campaigns; but this invading host, marching by their very homes into the deep forest, roused and tempted them as they had been roused at Concord, and they gathered at its rear and upon its flanks as they had run together to invest Boston. A thousand men Burgoyne felt obliged to leave in garrison at Ticonderoga; a thousand more, sent to Bennington to seize the stores there, were overwhelmed and taken (August 16th). Quite twenty thousand provincials presently beset him, and he had but six thousand left wherewith to save himself. He crossed the river, for he still expected Howe; and there was stubborn fighting about Saratoga (September 19th, October 7th), in which Arnold once more made his name in battle. But the odds were too great; his supplies were cut off, his troops beaten; there was nothing for it but capitulation (October 17th). He had been trapped and taken by a rising of the country.

Howe had not succored him, partly because he lacked judgment and capacity, partly because Washington thwarted him at every turn. From his position at Morristown, Washington could send re-enforcements to the north or recall them at will, without serious delay; and Howe, in his hesitation, gave him abundant time to do what he would. It was Sir William's purpose to occupy the early summer, ere Burgoyne should need him, in an attack on Philadelphia. On the 12th of June, accordingly, he threw a force of eighteen thousand men into New Jersey. But Washington foiled him at each attempt to advance by hanging always upon his flank in such a position that he could neither be safely ignored nor forced to fight; and the prudent Howe, abandoning the march, withdrew once more to New York. But he did not abandon his project against Philadelphia. He deemed it the "capital" of the insurgent confederacy, and wished to discredit Congress and win men of doubtful allegiance to his standard by its capture; and he reckoned upon some advantage in drawing Washington after him to the southward, away from Burgoyne's field of operations in the north. Though July had come, therefore, and Burgoyne must need him presently, he put his eighteen thousand men aboard the fleet and carried them by sea to the Chesapeake. Washington was sorely puzzled. He had taken it for granted that Howe would go north, and he had gone south! "Howe's in a manner abandoning Burgoyne is so unaccountable," he said, "that I cannot help casting my eyes continually behind me;" and he followed very cautiously, ready upon the moment to turn back, lest the movement should prove a feint. But there was no mistake. Howe entered the Delaware, and being frightened thence by reports of obstructions in the river, went all the long four hundred miles about the capes of Chesapeake, and put his army ashore at Elkton for its advance upon Philadelphia. It was then the 25th of August. Washington met him (September 11th) behind the fords of the Brandywine, and, unable to check Cornwallis on his flank, was defeated. But for him defeat was never rout: his army was still intact and steady; and he held his foe yet another fortnight on the road ere the "capital" could be entered (September 27th). Burgoyne was by that time deep within the net spread for him at Saratoga. On the morning of the 4th of October, in a thick mist, Washington threw himself upon Howe's main force encamped across the village street of Germantown, and would have overwhelmed it in the surprising onset had not two of his own columns gone astray in the fog, attacked each other, and so lost the moment's opportunity. General Howe knew very soon how barren a success he had had. The end of November came before he had made himself master of the forts upon the Delaware below the "capital" and removed the obstructions from the river to give access to his fleet; the British power was broken and made an end of in the north; and Washington was still at hand as menacing and dangerous as ever. Dr. Franklin was told in Paris that General Howe had taken Philadelphia. "Philadelphia has taken Howe," he laughed.

Philadelphia kept Howe safely through

the winter, and his officers made themselves easy amidst a round of gayeties in the complacent town, while Washington went to Valley Forge to face the hardships and the intrigues of a bitter season. A deep demoralization fell that winter, like a blight, upon all the business of the struggling confederacy. The congress, in its exile at York, had lost its tone and its command in affairs. It would have lost it in Philadelphia, for it was no longer the body it had been. Its best members were withdrawn to serve their respective states in the critical business, now everywhere in hand, of reorganizing their governments; and it itself was no government at all, but simply a committee of advice, which the states heeded or ignored as they pleased. Oftentimes but ten or twelve members could be got together to transact its business. It suffered itself to fall into the hands of intriguers and sectional politicians. It gave commissions in the army not according to merit, but upon a plan carefully devised to advance no more officers from one section than from another—even men like John Adams approving. Adams denounced claims of seniority and service as involving "one of the most putrid corruptions of absolute monarchy," and suggested that the officers who did not relish the idea of seeing the several states given "a share of the general offices," proportioned to the number of troops they had sent to the army, had better take themselves off, and see how little they would be missed. Worst of all, an ugly plot was hatched to displace Washington; and the various distempers of different men for a brief season gave it a chance to succeed. Some were impatient of Washington's "Fabian policy," as they called it, and would have had him annihilate, instead of merely checking, these invading hosts. "My toast," cried John Adams, "is a short and violent war." Others envied Washington his power and his growing fame, resented their own subordination and his supremacy, and intrigued to put General Gates in his place. Had not Gates won at Saratoga and Washington lost at the Brandywine and at Germantown? Schuyler had prepared the victory in the north; Arnold and Morgan had done the fighting that secured it; but Gates had obtained the command when all was ready, and was willing to receive the reward.



FORT HUNTINGTON, VALLEY FORGE.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

With a political committee-congress in charge of affairs, nothing was impossible.

Washington and his army were starving the while at Valley Forge, in desperate straits to get anything to eat or anything to cover them in that bitter season—not because there were no supplies, but because congress had disorganized the commissary department, and the supplies seldom reached the camp. The country had not been too heavily stricken by the war. Abundant crops were everywhere sown and peacefully reaped, and there were men enough to do the work of seed-time and harvest. It was only the army that was suffering for lack of food and lack of men. The naked fact was that the confederacy was falling apart for lack of a government. Local selfishness had overmastered national feeling, and only a few men like Washington held the breaking structure together. Washington's steadfastness was never shaken; and Mrs. Washington, stanch lady that she was, joined him even at Valley Forge. The intrigue against him he watched in stern silence till it was ripe and evident, then he crushed it with sudden exposure, and turned away in contempt, hardly so much as mentioning it in his letters to his friends. "Their own artless zeal to advance their views has destroyed them," he said. His soldiers he succored and supplied as he could, himself sharing their privations, and earning their love as he served them. "Naked and starving as they are," he wrote, "we cannot sufficiently admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers." And even out of that grievous winter some profit was wrung. Handsome sums of French money had begun of late to come slowly into the confederate treasury —for France, for the nonce, was quick with sympathy for America, and glad to lend secret aid against an old foe. Presently, she promised, she would recognize the independence of the United States, and herself grapple once more with England. Meanwhile French, German, and Polish officers hurried over sea to serve as volunteers with the raw armies of the confederacy—adventurers, some of them; others sober veterans, gentlemen of fortune, men of generous and noble quality—among the rest the boyish Lafayette and the distinguished Steuben. Baron von Steuben had won himself a place on the great Frederick's staff in the Seven Years' War, and was of that studious race of

soldiers the world was presently to learn to fear. He joined Washington at Valley Forge, and turned the desolate camp into a training-school of arms, teaching, what these troops had never known before, promptness and precision in the manual of arms, in massed and ordered movement, in the use of the bayonet, the drill and mastery of the charge and of the open field. Neither Washington nor any of his officers had known how to give this training. The commander-in-chief had not even had a properly organized staff till this schooled and thorough German supplied it, and he was valued in the camp as he deserved. "You say to your soldier, 'Do this,' and he doeth it," he wrote to an old comrade in Prussia; "I am obliged to say to mine, 'This is the reason why you ought to do that,' and then he does it." But he learned to like and to admire his new comrades soon enough when he found what spirit and capacity there was in them for the field of action.

The army came out of its dismal winter quarters stronger than it had ever been before, alike in spirit and in discipline; more devoted to its commander than ever, and more fit to serve him. At last the change to a system of long enlistments had transformed it from a levy of militia into an army steadied by service, unafraid of the field. The year opened, besides, with a new hope and a new confidence. They were no longer a body of insurgents even to the eye of Europe. News came to the camp late in the night of the 4th of May (1778) that France had entered into open alliance with the United States, and would send fleets and an army to aid in securing their independence. Such an alliance changed the whole face of affairs. England would no longer have the undisputed freedom of the seas, and the conquest of her colonies in America might turn out the least part of her task in the presence of European enemies. She now knew the full significance of Saratoga and Germantown. Washington's splendid audacity and extraordinary command of his resources in throwing himself upon his victorious antagonist at Germantown as the closing move of a long retreat had touched the imagination and won the confidence of foreign soldiers and statesmen hardly less than the taking of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Parliament at last (February, 1778) came to its senses—resolved to renounce the right to tax the colonies, except for the regulation of trade, and sent commissioners to America to offer such terms for submission. But it was too late; neither congress nor the states would now hear of anything but independence.

With a French fleet about to take the sea, it was necessary that the British commanders in America should concentrate their forces. Philadelphia, they had at last found out, was a burden, not a prize. It had no strategic advantage of position; was hard to defend, and harder to provision; was too far from the sea, and not far enough from Washington's open lines of operation. Before the summer's campaign began, Sir William Howe resigned his command and bade the town good-by, amidst elaborate festivities (May 18, 1778). General Clinton, who succeeded him, received orders from England to undo Howe's work at once, abandon Philadelphia, and concentrate his forces at New York. 'Twas easier said than done. There were not transports enough to move his fifteen thousand men by sea: only the three thousand loyalists who had put themselves under his protection could be sent in the ships, with a portion of his stores; he must cross the hostile country; and his march was scarcely begun (June 18th) before Washington was at his heels, with a force but little inferior to his own either in numbers or in discipline. He might never have reached New York at all had not Charles Lee been once more second in command in the American army. He had come out of captivity, exchanged, and now proved himself the insubordinate poltroon he was. He had never had any real heart in the cause. He owned estates in Virginia, but he was not of the great Virginian family of the Northern Neck. He was only a soldier of fortune, strayed out of the British service on half-pay to seek some profit in the colonies, and cared for no interest but his own. While a prisoner he had directed Howe's movement against Philadelphia, and now he was to consummate his cowardly treachery. Washington outstripped his opponent in the movement upon New York, and determined to fall upon him at Monmouth Court House, where, on the night of the 27th of June, Clinton's divisions lay separate, offering a chance to cut them asunder. On the morning of the 28th, Lee was ordered forward with six thousand men

to enfold Clinton's left wing—eight thousand men, the flower of the British force—by gaining its flank, while Washington held his main body ready to strike in his aid at the right moment. The movement was perfectly successful, and the fighting had begun, when, to the amazement and chagrin alike of officers and men, Lee began to withdraw. Lafayette sent a messenger hot-foot for Washington, who rode up to find his men not attacking but pursued. "What is the meaning of all this?" he thundered, his wrath terrible to see. When Lee would have made some excuse, he hotly cursed him, in his fury, for a coward, himself rallied the willing troops, and led them forward again to a victory; won back the field Lee had abandoned, and drove the enemy to the cover of a morass. In the night that followed, Clinton hastily withdrew, leaving even his wounded behind him, and Washington's chance to crush him was gone.

"Clinton gained no advantage except to reach New York with the wreck of his army," commented the observant Frederick over sea; "America is probably lost for England." But a great opportunity had been treacherously thrown away, and the war dragged henceforth with every painful trial of hope deferred. A scant three weeks after Clinton had reached New York, the Count d'Estaing was off Sandy Hook with a French fleet of twelve ships of the line and six frigates, bringing four thousand troops. The British fleet within the harbor was barely half as strong; but the pilots told the cautious Frenchman that his larger ships could not cross the bar, and he turned away from New York to strike at Newport, the only other point now held by the British in all the country. That place had hardly been invested, however, when Lord Howe appeared with a stronger fleet than the French. D'Estaing was obliged to draw off to meet him; a great storm sent both fleets into port to refit instead of to fight; and the disgusted militia-men and Continentals, who had come to take the town with the French, withdrew in high choler to see the fleet, without which they could do nothing, taken off to Boston. When the autumn came Clinton felt free to send thirty-five hundred men to the Southern coast, and Savannah was taken (December 29, 1778). Only in the far West, at the depths of the great wilderness beyond the mountains, was anything done that promised decisive advantage. George Rogers Clark, that daring Saxon frontiersman, who moved so like a king through the far forests, swept the whole country of the Illinois free from British soldiers and British authority that winter of 1778–9, annexing it to the states that meant to be independent; and a steady stream of immigration began to pour into the opened country, as if to prepare a still deeper task of conquest for the British at far New York.

But few noted in the East what gallant men were doing in the valley of the Mississippi. They saw only that the British, foiled in New England and the middle colonies, had changed their plans, and were now minded to try what could be done in the South. There at last their campaigns seemed about to yield them something. Savannah taken, they had little trouble in overrunning Georgia, and every effort to dislodge them failed; for Washington could not withdraw his army from before Clinton at New York. Spain joined France in offensive alliance in April, 1779; in August a combined French and Spanish fleet attempted an invasion of England; all Europe seemed about to turn upon the stout little kingdom in the universal fear and hatred of her arrogant supremacy upon the seas; everywhere there was war upon the ocean highways—even America sending forth men of desperate valor, like John Paul Jones, to ravage and challenge her upon her very coasts. But her spirit only rose with the danger, and Washington waited all the weary year through for his French allies. In 1780 it looked for a little as if the British were indeed turned victors. In the spring Clinton withdrew the force that had held Newport to New York, and leaving General Knyphausen there with a powerful force to keep Washington and the city, carried eight thousand men southward to take Charleston. There were forces already in the South sufficient to swell his army to ten thousand ere he invested the fated town, and on the 12th of May (1780) it fell into his hands, with General Lincoln and three thousand prisoners. Washington had sent such succor as he could, but the British force was overwhelming, and South Carolina was lost. The Carolinas teemed with loyalists. The whole country was swept and harried by partisan bands. The men who should have swelled General Lincoln's



THE ESCAPE OF ARNOLD.

force knew not when their homes might be plundered and destroyed if they should leave them. The planters of the low country dared not stir for fear of an insurrection of their slaves. In June, Clinton could take half his force back to New York, deeming the work done. General Gates completed the disastrous record. On the 13th of June he was given chief command in the South, and was told that the country expected another "Burgoynade." His force was above three thousand, and he struck his blow, as he should, at Camden, where Cornwallis had but two thousand men, albeit trained and veteran troops; but the end was total, shameful rout (August 16, 1780), and men knew at last the incapacity of their "hero of Saratoga." "We look on America as at our feet," said Horace Walpole.

Certainly things looked desperate enough that dark year. The congress was sinking into a more and more helpless inefficiency. Definitive articles of confederation had been submitted to the states nearly three years ago (November, 1777), but they had not been adopted yet, and the states had almost ceased to heed the requisitions of the congress at all. Unable to tax, it paid its bills and the wages of its troops in paper, which so rapidly fell in value that by the time the hopeless year 1780 was out, men in the ranks found a month's pay too little with which to buy even a single bushel of wheat. Washington was obliged to levy supplies from the country round him to feed his army; and in spite of their stanch loyalty to him, his men grew mutinous, in sheer disgust with the weak and faithless government they were expected to serve. Wholesale desertion began, as many as one hundred men a month going over to the enemy, to get at least pay and food and clothing. The country seemed not so much dismayed as worn out and indifferent; weary of waiting and hoping; looking stolidly to see the end come. Washington was helpless. Without the co-operation of a naval force, it was impossible to do more than hold the British in New York. France was bestirring herself again, indeed. On the 10th of July a French fleet put in at Newport and landed a force of six thousand men, under Count Rochambeau, a most sensible and capable officer, who was directed to join Washington and put himself entirely under his command. But a powerful British fleet presently made its appearance in the Sound; the French admiral dared not stir; Rochambeau dared not leave him without succor; and the re-enforcements that were to have followed out of France were blockaded in the harbor of Brest. Then, while things stood so, treason was added. Benedict Arnold, the man whom Washington trusted with a deep affection, and whom the army loved for his gallantry, entered into correspondence with the enemy; arranged to give West Point and the posts dependent upon it into their hands; and, his treason suddenly detected, escaped without punishment to the British sloop of war that waited in the river for the British agent in the plot. Washington was at hand when the discovery was made. His aides were breakfasting with Arnold when the traitor was handed the note which told him he was found out, and Arnold had scarcely excused himself and made good his flight when the commander-in-chief reached the house. When Washington learned what had happened, it smote him so that mighty sobs burst from him, as if his great heart would break, and all the night through the guard could hear him pacing his room endlessly, in a lonely vigil with his bitter thoughts. He did not in his own grief forget the stricken wife upstairs. "Go to Mrs. Arnold," he said to one of his officers, "and tell her that though my duty required that no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting *her* that he is now safe on board a British vessel." Arnold had deemed himself wronged and insulted by Congress—but what officer that Washington trusted might not? Who could be trusted if such men turned traitors?

But a sudden turning of affairs marked the close of the year. Cornwallis had penetrated too far into the Carolinas; had advanced into North Carolina, and was beset, as Burgoyne had been, by a rising of the country. He lost twelve hundred men at King's Mountain (October 7, 1780), as Burgoyne had lost a thousand at Bennington; and everywhere, as he moved, he found himself checked by the best officers the long war had bred—Nathanael Greene, who had been Washington's right hand the war through; Henry Lee, the daring master of cavalry, whom Washington loved; the veteran Steuben; Mor-

gan, who had won Saratoga with Arnold; and partisan leaders a score, whom he had learned to dread in that wide forested country. He was outgeneralled; his forces were taken in detail and beaten, and he himself was forced at last into Virginia. By midsummer, 1781, all his interior posts were lost, and he was cut off from Charleston and Savannah by a country he dared not cross again. In Virginia, though at first he raided as he pleased, he was checked more and more as the season advanced by a growing force under Lafayette; and by the first week in August he had taken counsel of prudence, and established himself, seven thousand strong, at Yorktown, near the sea, his base of supplies. Then it was that Washington struck the blow which ended the war. At last Rochambeau was free to move; at last a French fleet was at hand to block the free passage of the sea. The Count de Grasse, with twenty-eight ships of the line, six frigates, and twenty thousand men, was in the West Indies, and in August sent word to Washington that he was about to bring his whole fleet to the Chesapeake, as Washington had urged. Either the Chesapeake or New York, had been Washington's prayer to him. Making as if he were but moving about New York from north to south for some advantage of position, Washington suddenly took two thousand Continentals and four thousand Frenchmen, under Rochambeau, all the long four hundred miles to York River in Virginia, to find Cornwallis already entrapped there, as he had planned, between Grasse's fleet in the bay and Lafayette intrenched across the peninsula with eight thousand men, now the French had loaned him three thousand. A few weeks' siege and the decisive work was done, to the admiration of Cornwallis himself: the British army was taken. The generous Englishman could not withhold an expression of his admiration for the extraordinary skill with which Washington had struck all the way from New York with six thousand men as easily as if with six hundred. "But, after all," he added, "your Excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them."



CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

A WAY-SIDE GRAVE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUR upland journey wound its way
Past hills that wore the green of May.

The dogwood starred the shadowy copse;
The light breeze rocked the pine-tree tops.

Far off we saw the village spires
And fluttering smoke of household fires;

But here of voice or tool no sound
Fell on the cloistered hush profound.

Sudden I drew my bridle-rein.
Dim, shining out from moss and stain,

Alone amid a fallow field,
And half by brier and weed concealed,

I saw a rough stone cross that bore
One little dear home name; no more.

Some heart had ached, some house had known
The desolate hunger for its own,

When, hollowed out this narrow grave,
They laid, whom love had died to save

But could not, one whose name had been
To her own people "Josephine."

A ruined chimney, and the bloom
Of a pale purple lilac plume

Close by, and this small way-side cross
Told all the tale of love and loss,

While near and far the fragrant day
Was golden glimmering with May.

TWO MORMONS FROM MUDDLETY.

BY LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL.

PART I.

FOR a fortnight the cold down the valley of the Big Thunder, and, indeed, throughout the forests of West Virginia, had been severe. The Big Thunder froze even at Barr's Crossing, where the current at its lowest was rapid and powerful.

Barr's house—it was a log cabin of one room—stood facing downstream, just above the point where the little Buffalo Branch slipped into the larger river. Behind Barr's cabin there lay a wide meadow. The mountains hemmed river and meadow in, rising steeply on all sides, covered with forest—hemlock below and hard-wood above. Through this mountain gorge, past the meadow and cabin, the Big Thunder poured its swift stream. For a short distance below the sweeping turn it made at the cabin it flowed smoothly and silently in the summertime and fall; but a little further on it broke into undulations, and hastening its pace, swept into the white water and the myriad confused noises of a long river rapid. During such time as the river was open, Nicholas Barr was ferryman. But every morning for the past ten Nicholas had measured the thickness of the ice at the centre of his "crossing," and

at length he was satisfied that the ferryman would not be needed for a month, and, if the cold endured, for perhaps longer.

The following morning, having thrown water on the fire and nailed his cabin door fast from the outside, he and his mule crossed on the ice to the right bank of the stream, and made up the steep road toward Carr's Mill, seven miles away. The week before, he had driven his cows, a team of horses, and a yoke of oxen up to his brother Reuben's, and having made such other preparations as were needful, he could now leave the meadow and the little group of log buildings to the wildcats and foxes.

Nicholas Barr was in his thirties, a heavy six-foot and odd, shaggy-headed and bushy-browed, with a reddish-brown skin, a thick brown beard, and a look of slow and serious good-will. When he had first married he had gone clean-shaven, and held himself erect, despite his heavy shoulders. After eighteen months of married life with a woman some ten years his senior he began to stoop slightly, and he acquired a new look—a look of dogged perseverance. The wife had been of a fretful, uneasy disposition, taking life hard, but an excellent cook and worker; and this was a main matter, for her husband was the clumsiest creature in the world where victuals were concerned; he could scarcely bake his own bread when forced to do so by some temporary absence of his wife, and though a powerful man and used to hardship, he was cursed with an inconstant and feeble digestion. After three years of childless married life the wife had died. Barr straightway began to suffer—from grief a little, and mightily from the loss of so excellent a cook. He cried once or twice for the wife whom he had lost, and forgetting that he had ever suffered from anything like ill temper on her part, was moved to a degree of sincere sorrow. But, sitting upright in his bed in the night, he was far more moved by the attacks of heartburn and indigestion, which, as his own cook, he began now to bring upon himself.

It took him but a short while to have it borne in upon him that he must get a cook. He accordingly came to an understanding with a boy, who was to help him in the farm-work, as well as prepare both their meals. Two years passed over this arrangement. When, this second winter, Barr saw that the river had frozen solidly, he told the boy he might go home and see his people: he wouldn't need him again.

As Nicholas arrived at Carr's Mill, Amri Carr, the miller, came out on the stone steps. Amri was large and ruddy, with a twinkle in his eye. He looked well fed and fortunate. The dust of the flour whitened him from head to foot. Even his eyelashes were white. He greeted Nicholas heartily, blowing the flour from his beard, and speaking as if Nicholas were some thirty feet further away than he was.

"Aren't had no Mormons down the Big Thunder?"

Nicholas said he had seen none such.

"Well," said Amri, dusting his sleeve, "you will; there's two of 'em perusin' these parts—prowlin' round to pervert women folk to be Saints. Tell ye, Nic, these two Mormon elders—youngest elders ye ever saw—they've been a-carryin' on up at Muddlety like time and a jackknife. Yes, sir! Where are ye p'intin' to?" Amri took a sack of flour by the neck and threw it over his shoulder.

"P'intin' to Rich Valley," replied Nicholas, looking down at his stirrup with some appearance of embarrassment. Amri let the bag of flour drop with a thump, and appeared to prepare himself for a shock. "Just reckoned I'd ride across and see if—she looks as she did—that day. If she looks about the same—why—"

"You won't!" said the miller.

"Reckoned I just would," replied Nicholas.

Amri drew a long breath, stuck his hands in his pockets, and squared himself.

"Why, she was a little green stick of a gal when you saw her! Little winch, little rod of a thing— Hell-to-find, Nic, time flies; sun's been a-shinin' since then—come summer, come fruit; she'll be all—well, so to say, all bust out into a woman by this!"

"Ride over with me," said Nicholas, irrelevantly to the effect of the sun's shining on the little rod of a thing. Amri replied that nothing would suit him better. Nicholas should stay overnight, and the two of them would set out in the morning.

When Amri's family of eleven were



"JUST RECKONED I'D RIDE ACROSS AND SEE."

packed off to sleep, and while he was preparing his traps for the early start, Nicholas gave him a fuller account of his feelings than he had as yet done.

"No, he had not seen or heard of 'her' since the evening, four years before, when she and her father, old Sammy, had come to the Crossing with Amri. But he had always remembered the little girl's face. At first he had wished he had a daughter like that; but, as Amri said, she was a grown-up girl now; and as far as asking her to become his wife was concerned, no doubt when he saw her again he *would* feel differently; but, at all events, he was going to see her."

Amri had seen her the winter before, and he affirmed now that his cousin D'liss was just as pink and white and pretty as a plum-tree blossom, and that her father, old Sammy, he'd taught her to fish and swim, and she could do most anything that was no use to do. "Yes, sir, and she's about as useful round the house as a tame 'coon or a catamount—providin' his will was good."

To this Nicholas made no answer. He remembered a face in the twilight on the raft crossing the Big Thunder. He was going to see that face again.

Three days of hard riding through a snow-storm brought the two men to Rich Valley. The valley was thickly settled, and was tapped at the southern end by a railroad. "Old Sammy," a little man with a red face, and yellow hair streaked with gray, greeted his cousin Amri with warmth, and said, abruptly, that he liked his friend's look. His four daughters—with a wave of his hand toward the farm-house—would be glad to make them welcome. But when he heard the quest upon which Cousin Amri's friend had come, he said frankly that he "didn't think his chances amounted to those of a gone 'coon; but, dang him, he might try! If D'liss chose to live in a log cabin, why, dang her, let her do it! Did he know D'liss? Well, D'liss *looked* frail, but whip-cord wasn't in it! D'liss was quiet, but she was better company, begol! than a dog and a gun; and D'liss was a gal o' spirit; and if D'liss couldn't bow her fiddle—well, then, he, old Sammy, hadn't ever been thirsty in his danged life; and D'liss, though she had a pinky color, and though she was slim as a young hickory—well, never mind, it didn't make any difference to old Sammy; but if she didn't have an arm and a will—like a rib o' steel—oh, geepheu!"

After this statement they had drinks all round, as if to prepare Nicholas for the will the strength of which was connoted by the power and oddity of the oath employed.

In the evening they sat about the stove in the parlor. As Nicholas looked about the room, and saw the rich crimson and pink wall-paper, the six chromos, and the Persian carpet, the chairs, and, above all, the red-hot stove, he began to have visions of his own log cabin; he could hear the Big Thunder roaring coldly; faint exasperated tones of his first wife's voice became audible to his inner ear. How cheerless the gorge and the gray woods must look! . . . . Nicholas's eye dwelt meditatively on the red sofa. There was no sofa at Barr's Crossing.

Suddenly he gave up all hope. His heart sank; he concluded he was on a fool's errand; and at the same moment the door opened, and Sammy's youngest daughter entered.

She was slim and frail-looking, with soft yellow hair, long narrow eyes, and a bright color. There was a dreamy expression upon her face that might have gone with a drooping figure; but she held herself erect, and apparently suffered from no hesitations or embarrassment. Nicholas knew her at once. That was how she had looked years ago, even to the wisp of hair which strayed down one cheek. He determined he would try his luck.

Delia Delissa May, as her mother, Mrs. Sammy Cartright, had called her, after the heroines of three novels, read opportunely before the birth of this her last baby, was, above all else in the world, her father's friend. This filial amity had been at first based on the fact that she never talked when he was fishing. In time she learned to fish herself, and became therewith his chosen and constant companion. She was tireless, and enjoyed the open air. Moreover, when her father had drunk as much as Delissa, from long and necessary observation, thought was wise, she made a habit of stealing his flask out of his coat, which generally lay on the bank, and of hiding it. Old Sammy, on discovery of the theft, always acted as if it had never happened before. He swore roundly, accused Delissa, called her a thief, to which she responded on



"TO PREPARE NICHOLAS."

each new occasion with a set form of words—that she had not seen the bottle; and she hated the sight of it; and she wished it was dead. Old Sammy made a point of accepting this statement without demur; and the fishing, with no drinks between fish, went on as before.

The girl's mother had died while she was still a child. Her elder sisters had thus grown into the habit of taking care of the house, marketing, sewing, and the like; and Delissa, accordingly, had time to fish, to read novels and adventures, to play her violin, to comb her yellow hair before a little looking-glass in her own room, and occasionally to be rather more flattering in her manner to some young farmer of the neighborhood than her lack of special interest in him warranted.

It happened that her grandmother, who survived the mother, had made the trip across the Alleghanies in a wagon while yet she was a girl, and she often related to her grandchild the many pleasures and

hardships of the journey. The child's picture of the old woman's story, with the lives of Dave Crockett and Daniel Boone, and yet other accounts of more obscure heroes of the woods, had entered into her mind deeply. Her father's manner of bringing her up contributed to foster this influence, as did certain traditions of the family; for her father's grandfather had fought a pitched battle with the Indian chief Shaweengo in the old days in Kentucky, and even now there was an uncle who had sold his wretched house and farm in "old" Virginia, and was prospering deep in the woods and mountains behind the Alleghany Ridge, and who every fall wrote to her father to come out and kill deer and go bee-hunting with him. It was to this uncle's log cabin she had been taken four years before. She remembered it as the most wonderful place in the world. There was a tame bear cub there, and the men were very gentle and respectful to little girls. Since her earliest childhood she had always cast her eyes longingly, therefore, toward the sun as it set over the unbroken forest, and felt in her little heart that there, where the sun seemed to hasten in his going down, there lay a world of wonder, of romance, danger, hardship, and pleasure —all very different from the life of Rich Valley, with its railroads, hotel, and corner grocery.

She was therefore not a little pleased when she heard that Nicholas had ridden across the mountains and through the winter snows to "see her face." She remembered him only as a bearded giant who had poled her across a dusky great river in the winter-time; but when she understood that he had buried his first wife she drew back, and told her father that the sooner his friend went home the better for all concerned.

Nicholas was sorely put to it how to win the girl, and this saved him; for he ended by making no effort whatsoever. But his astonishing skill with an axe and his very considerable strength had an effect, as did his easy good-humor. The girl was piqued also that he was not more jealous of her; for he appeared to be rather kindly disposed towards her other admirers. And after a month or more she began to hate him. This hate caused her many sleepless nights, and it was not long before she looked pale, and presently the day came when she seemed to herself to have lost her pleasure in fishing. They were married a week after this. Nicholas had intended to stay yet another week with old Sammy; but the spring thaw had set in, and he began to hear the Big Thunder in his dreams, and men hallooing vainly on the opposite bank.

They started, therefore, the morning after the wedding. The two mules stood saddled in front of the house in the early twilight. Her sisters wished Delissa every sort of happiness, and gave her keepsakes without number. Her father told Nicholas to be good to his little girl; he kissed her, and told her to be a good woman, and to think o' him; and gol dang him if he'd ever go fishin' again as long as he lived! Delissa gave a happy sob or two as she rode off into the morning twilight with her husband. Old Sammy retired to the wood-shed, sat down on the chopping-block, and cried like a child for five minutes.

On the evening of the fourth day Delissa found herself on the sandy shore of Big Thunder, and presently she was sitting before a sparkling fire in her husband's cabin. She was cold, tired, and hungry; but she was moving in a strange dream of happiness. The rough-hewn logs of the cabin, the pegs with Nicholas's fishing-rod and powder-horn and rifle, the strings of onions and beans which appeared through the cross-slabs of the loft, the buck-horns and bear-hides, the immense chimney-place, and the unceasing roar of the waters outside—all this was just as she had foreseen it. When Nicholas bore a heavy log in for the fire, she remembered the picture at page 110 in her *Life of Daniel Boone.* She wondered if the hero was as large as her husband.

Nicholas thought that they had best cook them some supper. The two went out to the "kitchen," which was merely a second log cabin of the same size and shape, standing about a rod from the "house," as Nicholas called the first one. Here Delissa again watched her husband light the fire, and lost herself in her new happiness.

"Now, then," said Nicholas.

"Now, then," repeated Delissa, softly.

"I'll get the stuff out o' the saddle-bags," said he, "and then you might cook us supper."

"Who?—I?" cried the girl. "Why, of course I will, Nic; only I'm afraid I can't!"

"Can't cook, D'liss?" said her husband. "Why not?"

"Why, yes, I *can*—if you'll teach me," she returned.

Nicholas cooked their supper, and at the same time showed his wife how it was done. She listened to him, and said, "Yes, yes," very intelligently; while all the time she kept wondering if Daniel Boone could have been as powerful a man as Nicholas.

Her husband for his part thought he had never heard anything as sweet as her laugh of happiness as she hung her fiddle on a peg beside his long rifle, and placed the small looking-glass she had brought beside that. When she turned he was looking at her with an odd expression.

"Why, Nic, what's wrong?"

"I b'lieve I never did know just how lonesome I was all those years!"

Delissa was about to throw her arms round his neck, when the door, which had been on the crack, was pushed open, and a gaunt, lean, bedraggled yellow cat entered, with such a yowl as might have meant either joy or despair. Delissa gave rather a start, and Nicholas looked concerned.

"That's that cat!" said he. "He's had to forage for himself since I went courtin' you. 'Pears like he hadn't done himself no great credit."

His ribs could be counted with certainty. Delissa stooped down and stroked the puss. Puss purred.

"What's his name, Nic?"

"Well," said her husband, twining his fingers in his beard and looking somewhat embarrassed, "I called him Old Rusty, but *she* called him—"

"Oh yes!" said Delissa, realizing that this was the wreck of the first Mrs. Barr's cat. "Poor, poor puss!"

Stroking the cat, she wondered vaguely



"SHE MADE A HABIT OF STEALING HIS FLASK."

if the first Mrs. Barr had perhaps had a yellow complexion and green eyes; and what in the world should they call him now?

"He's a perfect Misery," said Nicholas.

Delissa laughed.

"We'll call him Misery," she said; and Misery, who was ready to respond to any title so it called him to food, had then and there his first honest meal for many a week.

The next morning Delissa ran joyfully down to the sandy beach, and looking back, saw her new surroundings by daylight—the two log cabins; some distance apart from these, and up the river-bank, the log stable; and beyond, a dozen bee-gums, a long low shed, and a scattering orchard of apple, pear, and plum trees. The meadow, which was all of the farm, widened from the point of sand where she stood as a triangle from its apex, the remote irregular base of which was a line of hills covered with a growth of sapling and laurel, and at no great distance rising into a mountain ridge. On her left—she was still looking back across the meadow—flowed the Big Thunder; on her right, the shallow rippling waters of the Buffalo Branch.

It was gray and cold—for the sun had not yet risen—but the girl's heart was beating with excitement and pleasure. It was so unlike Rich Valley; it was the real backwoods! She turned and faced down the river. How much darker the water of the Big Thunder was than that of the Buffalo Branch! And what a tremendous, swift, hurrying river! And there was the great raft upon which they had come over. The long boat was a dug-out; the little fat one must be the boat Nic had always called the "tub."

Across the Buffalo Branch she caught glimpses of the road they had descended the night before. The continuation of the same road, which ran out of the water and up the mountain on the other side of the river, must lead to Cousin Amri's mill. And the girl discovered now the little rocky island which her husband once had described to her. It lay more than a hundred paces from the slip of sand where she stood, and in the swift mid-current of the Big Thunder. It was covered with a thickety growth, except for a broad face of rock at the near end. Delissa watched how the lumbering ice-blocks, of which the river was now full, bore heavily down against this rocky surface, and then, divided by it, swept round upon either side, and beginning to receive the undulatory motion of the rapid, danced heavily, and finally disappeared in the whiteness and roughness of the foaming water below. She thought she would like to sit upon this island. She could see the two cabins, the wide meadow, and Nicholas at work from thence. No doubt they would both sit there and fish.

The sun must have risen; for the cones of the hemlocks, high above her on the mountain-side, were a brilliant clear green in the early light. Delissa stretched her long arms upward, and stood a moment smiling at the blue sky.

"Oh, oh," she cried, softly, "I'm so happy! I'm just crazy to go fishin'!"

"Breakfast, Liss," cried Nicholas, from the cabin door.

"I certainly ought to have cooked it!" thought the girl.

The days passed rapidly and smoothly. The life, it is true, was rough; there was not a convenience of any sort; but it was free, it was new, it was in the open air, and it was what she had dreamed.

Nicholas taught her all the art of cooking he knew. After a week's tuition he thought she must have learned a good deal, and perhaps she had better commence to cook for the two. Pretty soon he would have a job of timbering on the Oak Ridge across the river. It would take him a fortnight, and after that he would have the timber to haul to the mill. Delissa therefore took the cooking into her own hands. She worked early and late at it, and hoped for improvement. She was not sensible of any. She lost, however, several pounds of weight; for it was impossible to escape from the heat of the open fire.

But she persevered. Nicholas devoured whatever was placed before him. It cost him sometimes an effort. But he felt that he owed as much to his wife. If she tried her best to cook for him, he must certainly try his best to eat what she prepared. Without, however, becoming aware of it, he gradually ate less and less; and this left him hungry, at the same time that several severe attacks of indigestion unnerved him, and brought him finally to the pass of being physically afraid of his food. This hunger, which began to grow upon him, was mild at first, but presently

it became gnawing. He wished to God his hens would lay.

About the end of their third week, and of the second week of Delissa's cooking, Nicholas took of necessity to surreptitious midnight repasts. He would slip out of bed and spend an hour in the other cabin, cooking, or endeavoring to cook, for himself. On one of these occasions, Delissa, happening to awake, and finding herself alone, slipped out after him; but as she came round the corner she saw Nicholas through the window cooking and eating. She scurried back to bed, with cold feet, and something of an ache at her heart—an ache that soon changed itself into a determination to cook a more palatable meal for him the next day.

But the next day at breakfast she had no luck at all. And when in the evening Nicholas came home from his work on the mountain, hungry and tired, the supper was as bad as possible. He said nothing, and he ate all that he could: it was not much. His appetite now, burning—or rather, as it seemed to him, prowling about restlessly within him — kept him wide-awake all night. Yet he was afraid to rise and cook himself another midnight meal; for he judged by his wife's breathing that she was either awake or sleeping lightly, and he had no mind that she should guess how empty he was, or to what a pass his sufferings had brought him.

Indeed, it had gone beyond mere emptiness with him now. He appeared to himself to feel hunger not only in his centre, but in all his extremities. His hands and feet tossed about hungrily. His neck was hungry, that he knew; and he had a sensation of ravin at the back of his head.

All night long Delissa lay by his side, wakeful, and feeling exhausted from lack of nourishment; for her cooking found no more favor in her own eyes than it did in her husband's.

The next morning Nicholas felt cross, and could scarcely help showing that he was so. The breakfast was more eatable than usual; but unfortunately Delissa had forgotten, the night before, to feed the former Mrs. Barr's cat, who accordingly strolled in as soon as he smelled the fumes of meat upon the fire. Rubbing up against Nicholas's chair, he purred loudly, and with a kind of chirrup midway in the purr, rose lightly and seated himself in the man's lap. Nicholas was out of humor, and seizing Misery by his scruff, shied him somewhat loosely; the animal laid manfully about him in all directions as he whirled sideways, and catching the table-cloth with half a claw, fetched it after him, the meat and batter falling with the cloth.

Both lay in the ashes. Nicholas for a moment thought he would slay the cat. Instead of doing so, he jumped up and hurriedly left the cabin. With half an explanation to his wife outside, he rowed himself across the river.

When the girl, running in, saw her own breakfast, as well as her husband's, in the ashes, and Misery thievishly slinking round the corner, it was almost more than she could bear. She determined that the next morning her husband should take her up to his "law-sister's," Mrs. Reuben Barr. Mrs. Reuben lived with her husband and five young ones just off the road to Carr's Mill. She had promised to come down and help get Delissa settled when first the latter had come to the Crossing. But her husband, Reuben, was still away, at work in the lumber camps, and till he returned she couldn't leave the children. For, as she said to Nicholas, "to leave the chaps with their eldest brother"—this was General Floyd Barr—"was the same as to give them into the charge of a wild-cat, and a mighty keerless wild-cat at that!"

But Delissa, in view of the mistakes she made, thought that if she could merely see Mrs. Reuben, it might be a help to her. She could at least learn from one such visit to bake bread.

As for Nicholas, he felt, as he crossed the Big Thunder breakfastless, that his hunger had ceased to be a joke. Come what might, he must be fed. He made, therefore, for his brother's house, and arriving there, said casually that he'd come to stay the day out. He would not give the true reason for his coming; that would be to prove disloyal to his wife.

As toward noon they sat down at the table, Mrs. Reuben asked him if he had heard of the two Mormon preachers who were up in Muddlety. And had he heard that Dolly Stout was down with a fever? "Yes, sir, and 'that man'" ("that man" was Mrs. Reuben's phrase for one not a husband)—"that man was away, and the woman there, sick to death, with her two weaklin' brats."

Nicholas said he had heard that Thomp-

son was away, but not that Miss Stout was down with fever.

"Not a God's soul o' goodness in the place!" cried Mrs. Reuben. "She'll die for want o' wood, or food, or both; and surely I wouldn't want the worst minx alive to starve like that!"

Mrs. Reuben, a rosy, fat little body, spoke roughly, but from a heart which was large and maternal; and when she had concluded her statements, looked with round, wide-open eyes steadily at her brother-in-law, as much as to say, "Now, then, do your part."

Nicholas said he would go down and see to her wants. He did so later in the day. Although the worst was over, the woman was miserably ill; but she could scrape along if Mrs. Reuben would come for an hour every morning, and if she could get her next month's firewood hauled and sawed. Nicholas felt sorry for her, and at the same time it occurred to him that the performance of this duty to the sick woman would enable him to get his dinner every day for a week or more at his brother's, and afford at the same time an excellent excuse to Mrs. Reuben for his so doing. He told Dolly to count on him for the wood.

For several mornings after this Nicholas spent an hour or two splitting and sawing firewood for Dolly Stout, and doing other small, needful chores about her rickety, foul cabin. And each day he got his dinner at his brother's. As Dolly and the dinner were all one thing in his mind, he said nothing about her to his wife, pretending always to take a cold snack or lunch with him to his work.

But in a few days Dolly was up and about, and needed no more help; and Nicholas, when he came in as usual one morning, saw, to his surprise, an odd-looking, black, fat little figure of a man sitting on the wood-pile, reading a dirty newspaper. He liked Dolly little enough as it was, and taking a good look at the new-comer, and noticing especially a pair of white hands, he took the blaze to his brother's without more ado.

Nicholas's timbering on the mountain was now finished, but the road was not yet in condition to haul over. This left him all day at home, and if he was still to get his noonday meal at his brother's he would have to invent and give to Delissa a new reason for being away from her a large part of each day. He told her that he thought he would fish some. He explained with some difficulty that the best fishing lay down the river, and that by noon he would be too far away to return to the cabin for dinner. Accordingly he started off every forenoon in the tub. He did, in fact, fish for an hour or more, after which he would stride off through the forest to Mrs. Reuben's, where a hot dinner awaited him, thinking as he went that perhaps now in a few days his wife would have learned how to cook, and thereafter he could abide at home.

Delissa begged him more than once to take her to Mrs. Reuben's, and Nicholas said, yes, she ought to go there some day; but he put the day off, and generally with the same phrase: "he would take her there to-morrow, after breakfast, if it was clear." His wife had never known any one so procrastinative. She was puzzled. Perhaps he had some reason for not taking her to Mrs. Reuben's. In the mean time Mrs. Reuben had come to suspect that there was some hidden reason for the daily visit. General Floyd had his suspicions too. And Nicholas found it more and more difficult with each ensuing day to satisfy Delissa on the one hand, and his sister-in-law on the other. Being naturally a speaker of the plain truth, he became feebly evasive to his wife, and the more so when she inquired of him why was he obliged to fish every day? and why not take her? and why did he never catch anything worth mentioning? and why did he spend such a long time catching the little he did? What happy days she had spent fishing with her dear old Sammy! Delissa would have given the world to go fishing with him. She was hurt that he didn't seem to want her. It was now not at all the life she had expected to lead. She even began to wonder if he did possibly get his midday meal somewhere else. How else account for his loss of appetite? Perhaps if she gave him a better supper— At all events, she would try.

About noon of a warmish day General Floyd Barr appeared on the far bank of the Big Thunder. Delissa had no trouble in playing ferryman when her husband was away. She had learned how to pole from old Sammy. She brought the raft over to the bank with a swing. As she looked up she saw a shock-headed, sandy-haired, freckle-faced boy, with a pair of



"ACCORDINGLY HE STARTED OFF EVERY FORENOON IN THE TUB."

keen gray eyes, warts on his hands, and square knee patches on his trousers.

"How d'ye?" said the General. "Thought you were goin' to drown yerself! My name's Barr. You must be awful tough!"

The General eyed Delissa all over approvingly.

"I guess you could wrastle me," he said. Then, after a moment or two of serious meditation, and while the girl, now on the return trip, was still struggling with the force of the mid-current, "If I ever have to marry, I'll pick out a woman like you."

As they landed, General Floyd said he'd come to go fishing with Nic.

"Heard the news?"

Delissa said she hadn't.

"The Mormonisers is come! Hoo!"

The advent of the Mormons appeared to fill General Floyd with some savage longing, for he seized a stool and brandished it at Misery, who, having kept his eye on the General from the moment he had entered the cabin, now scrabbled out the door and sought safety on the roof.

"Yes, sir," said the General, "they say they just eat young gals! They're sta'in' with Dolly Stout now."

"Who's she?" said Delissa.

"Why, she's Red Dolly—Thompson's wife, or somephthin' like it."

"Who's Thompson?" asked Delissa.

"Why, Thompson's just Thompson," replied the boy, cracking his knuckles with an expression of martyrdom endured in a good cause. "He lives beyond us. Nic, he's been there every day for a week — guess he told ye 'bout Thompson's Red Dolly."

"So Dolly is Thompson's wife?" said Delissa, busying herself with the fire.

"I don't know. She's young; and she's

good-lookin'; and she cooks for him; and they fight—ought to be his wife if she isn't."

"And where's Thompson these times?" said Delissa.

"Oh, he's away—somewhere," replied the General, the subject not holding him; "and these two Mormonisers, they're a-Mormonisin' along with her!"

When Nicholas found that he had the General for a companion on his morning's fishing, he told Delissa that he would be back by noon, for dinner.

Delissa, as later on in the morning she set about preparing the meal, felt that a great unhappiness had fallen upon her. Of course there was nothing between Nic and this Red Dolly. But if he had been there every day, he had surely gotten his dinner there—cooked, and no doubt well cooked, by Red Dolly. It was for Red Dolly, then, or for her cooking, that Nicholas had left Delissa alone—for whole days! No, there was nothing between them; but why hadn't he spoken out? Why hadn't he said—Delissa's hands trembled as she took the kettle off the fire—"I can't eat your victuals!" "Dolly! Red Dolly!" and "Thompson's wife, or somethin' like it." Delissa began to sob, trembling as she walked across the room, carrying the kettle with both hands. "Oh, it was bitter. It was not nice of Nic;—it was just devilish of Nic! Oh!"

At the same moment Misery slipped silently in at the door. The girl, moving rapidly across the room, was beginning to cry, and the tears filling her eyes, she saw hazily, and before she could set the kettle on the fire, trod heavily on Misery's soft stomach, who at the moment was rolling about on his back on the floor in a kind of agony or delirium of pleasure. Misery responded with a yell and a struggle for freedom. The girl staggered, upset, and fell, almost in the fire; and the kettle, flying from her, struck the stone hearth and spilled its contents in the ashes. As Nicholas, coming home to dinner, entered the cabin from without, the cat disappeared between his legs. Nicholas was none too early; the girl's skirt had flirted into the ashes, and was aflame. Dragging her to her feet, he tore the dress from her body and swung her into the middle of the cabin, and clear of the fire. The burning dress he kicked into the fireplace.

Delissa, her face crimson, her eyes full of tears, her yellow hair tumbled down, stood before him in her short red petticoat—much less startled and in fear than still sorrowful and angry.

One hand having been slightly scalded, and then plunged into the hot ashes, she held it out—not because it was covered with ashes, but because it hurt her.

"In the good Lord's name!" cried Nicholas, looking at her; "how'd ye do it, D'liss?"

Delissa made at first no reply. She looked at the fire, and at the contents of the kettle, now mingling with the ashes, and then at Nicholas himself. Finally she said, in a trembling voice,

"Misery!"

"I'll slay that cat!" said Nicholas, expressing that determination for the hundredth time.

Delissa looked again at the fireplace, in which the dress was flaming brightly, again at Nicholas, who was looking at her, and last surveyed herself—her short red petticoat and gray stockings, and her wounded hand held out to one side. Her face began to twitch with sympathy for the poor girl whom she saw in this horrible plight. She suddenly burst into tears.

"I knew it would come to this," she sobbed.

Nicholas, for the life of him, couldn't tell why, but he began to feel guilty.

"I don't know what you brought me here for! I could do well enough if it wasn't for—her cat. Nothing I can do suits you, or him; he—he's a wicked devil, and he knows it! I'm heart-sick of it all; and where you spend your time nobody knows, nor I don't know if you know yourself; when you fish, even, you catch nothing!"

The child spoke the words in a gentle, low voice, and brokenly, for she was sobbing. The tears streamed down her cheeks, although her face was uncontracted; only her lips quivering, and her breath coming irregularly.

"Maybe you're tired of me; or you think I might learn quicker how to—c-cook. I should ha' thought if a man loved a girl he would put up with—with—'most anything." Through Delissa's mind passed visions of all the unmistakably palatable dishes she had prepared. Nicholas thought of the hungers he had endured. "Rather than to go philandering off up there with a Red Dolly woman.

I've had lovers too; I'm not so poor but I can have 'em yet, if I've a mind to."

Delissa's eyes lightened through her tears, and she gave her head a little toss.



"YOU MUST BE AWFUL TOUGH!"

But the threat was made in a voice and tone which would have perfectly carried the words, "I love you still, and you might say you're sorry."

Nicholas hesitated, feeling dumb and confused. The girl wanted him to come to her, so she moved a step back, her heel, as she did so, striking the tall wooden cupboard. The china ranged along the shelves rattled ominously; and the big tin dish-pan, filled with boiling water to be ready for the cleaning up after dinner, shook and splashed. "Don't — don't!" said Nicholas, seeing her elbow approaching the dish-pan.

But Delissa had derived a certain confidence from the thought of her former admirers. Her voice took a clearer tone, and she pushed the dish-pan further back on the shelf of the cupboard with her elbow, without looking round. This brought the pan too near the corner. Nicholas motioned to her to take care.

"I don't care for anything now," said she, with as much defiance in her manner as her natural gentleness and the sweetness of her voice would admit of. "No, sir; I don't!" with a flirt of her body, and another light toss of her yellow head; and, her burned hand hurting her suddenly, she held it out in the most pitiable manner, as she continued: "Things must change. If you want to go and live with Red Dollies—"

"Live with Dollies!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"I hope she cooks all right!"

"Cooks all right!" said Nicholas, repeating her words in astonishment.

"So you did get your dinner from her?" cried the girl.

Nicholas was about to say where he had got his meals, when his wife broke in upon his preparations for speech, which at the best of times were slow.

"You can cook for yourself after this. I can catch fish, if I can't cook! And I hate it, and I've just a mind to give up, and leave off, and quit, and do nothin' never any more!"

Delissa's eyes began to sparkle, and though she still held the burned hand to one side, she threw the other bravely forward, as if to loosen it from the thraldom of her sleeve—a gesture indicative of her new determination to give up, leave off, quit, and do nothing never for evermore.

"It's too much for—for a girl!" she continued, looking reproachfully at her husband. "You might ha' tried to eat; you might ha' pretended. It wouldn't ha' hurt me to have encouraged me a little teeny bit! And you never drowned the cat, when you said you would, and you know he thrusts himself between us. Maybe you like him better'n you do me—"

Delissa had become softer again, and, having exhausted all her real pleas, was engaged in manufacturing others against Nicholas, as this of his not drowning the cat—she having made him solemnly, and with a kiss, swear to her, only the day before, that he would harm Misery under no circumstances. She now ended up with saying, as she looked tearfully down and away from Nicholas,

"Why don't you say something?"

Nicholas held out his hands deprecatingly. He had things to say, but he had first to marshal and compose them into a proper order; and he was tortured with fear of the china's upsetting above Delissa's head in one of her erratic movements of despair. So that finally—partly from real affection, and partly out of a desire to avoid the impending smash—he said, as the girl stood looking away from him and drying her tears,

"Come over to me, D'liss; come here!"

The girl caught something in the tone of his voice that was not altogether what she wished or expected; it was not loving. She turned half round from him and burst into a storm of sobs, repeating again and again:

"You don't love me now—you don't love me any more—not any more, never any more—never! I half believe you d-do care for that r-red thing! She can c-cook."

Nicholas was distracted. He had never seen her really cry before. The first Mrs. Barr's tempests had all been dry, and in the nature of anger. As he saw the tears wetting Delissa's cheeks, and chin even, and her blue eyes looking at him reproachfully, he felt that he could better endure slow death by fire, and that he loved her Heaven knows how much! But he was still frightfully anxious about the china; and, indeed, before he was able to do more than say the girl's name in a pacifying manner, her burned hand, as she turned to lean against the cupboard, came between the wood-work and her petticoat, and paining her smartly, she withdrew it upward. The dish-pan of hot water was in the way, and tilted with the force of the blow her elbow gave it. Nicholas rushed forward, with both hands stretched out, to save it from falling.

Delissa, supposing he meant the outstretched hands for her, drew as suddenly away, and over went the tin pan, deluging the floor of the cabin, and in its course downward washing Nicholas's two hands with water hot enough to burn a little and to make him suppose that he was burned badly.

He uttered a growl and wrung his hands. Delissa, seeing what had happened, stopped crying in a flash, and looked at him, aghast with the fear that he was really burned.

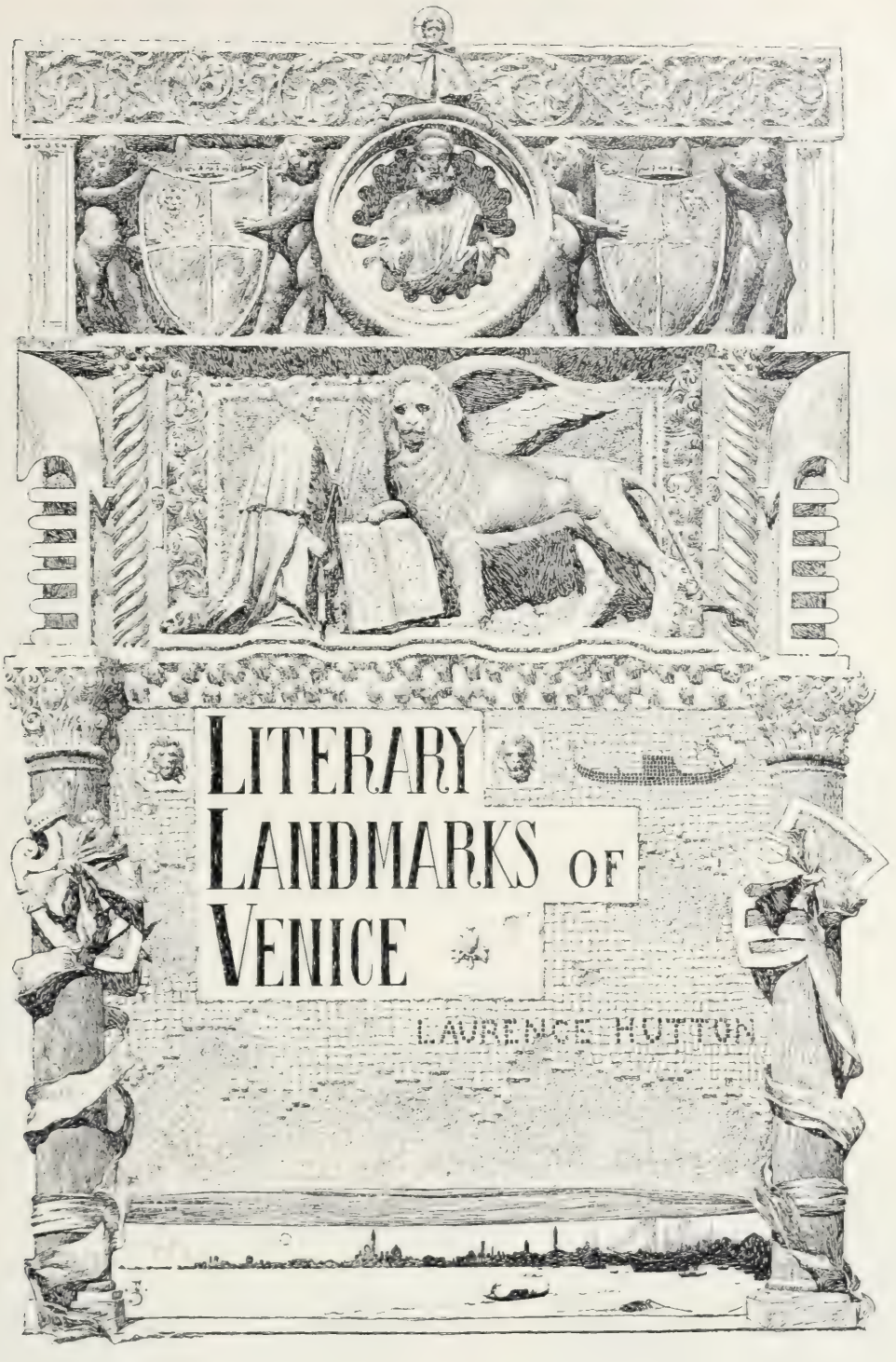
"Burned 'em," said Nicholas, savagely, and as if to himself.

"No, no!" cried the girl, and ran to a shelf to get a bottle of oil. She brought it to Nicholas, her face changed suddenly from self-pity to the tenderest fear and compassion. Nicholas looked at the bottle. It was really too much for him. He regarded Delissa with some severity, and then said, dryly,

"Vinegar?"

The girl looked innocently at the bottle, which she had uncorked. There was no label. She smelt it; it was vinegar. As she turned hastily to the shelf, Nicholas took up his hat, and, with a call to the boy outside to accompany him, strode down to the beach, and rowed angrily across the river in the tub.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IT is almost impossible for any one who is at all familiar with the voluminous literature relating to Venice to refrain from quoting, voluntarily or involuntarily, what he has read and absorbed concerning "the dangerous and sweet-charmed town," which Ruskin calls a golden city paved with emerald, and Goethe said is a city which can only be compared with itself. Comparisons in Venice are certainly as odorous as are some of its canals, while many of its streets are not only paved with emerald, but are frescoed now with glaring End-of-the-Nineteenth-Century advertisements of dentifrice and sewing-machines.

That which first strikes the observant stranger in Venice to-day is the fact that the Venetians have absolutely and entirely lost their grip upon the beautiful. Nothing on earth can be finer than the art of its glory; nothing in the world can be viler than the so-called art of its decadence. That the descendants of the men who decorated the palaces of five or six hundred years ago could have conceived, or endured, the wall-papers, the stair-carpets, and the hat-racks in the Venetian hotels of the present, is beyond belief. Whatever is old is magnificent, from the fresco of St. Christopher by Titian in the Chapel of the Doges, to the window of the



DEL PETRARCHA. E. DI M. LAVRA.

Cicogna Palace on the Fondamenta Briati. Whatever is new is ugly, from the railway station at one end of the Grand Canal, to the gas-house at the other. And the iron bridges, and the steamboats, and the band-stand in the Square of St. Mark, are the worst of all.

When the English-speaking and English-reading visitors to Venice, for whom this paper is written, overcome the feeling that they are predestined to fall into one of the canals before they leave the city; when they grow accustomed to being driven about in a hearse-shaped, one-manned row-boat; when they have been shown all the traditional sights, have bought the regulation old brass and old glass, have learned to draw smoke out of the long, thin, black, rat-tailed, straw-covering things the Venetians call cigars—when they have seen and have done all these, they will find themselves much more interested in the house in which Byron lived, and in the perfectly restored palace in which Browning died, than in the half-ruined, wholly decayed mansions of all the Doges who were ever Lord Mayors of Venice. The guide-books tell us where Falieri plotted and where Foscari fell, where Desdemona suffered and where Shylock traded; but they give us no hint as to where Scott lodged or where Rogers breakfasted, or what was done here by the many English-speaking men of letters who have made Venice known to us and properly understood. Upon these chiefly it is my purpose here to dwell.

Venice, with all her literature, has brought forth but few literary men of her own. There are no poets among her legitimate sons, and few were the poets she adopted. The early annalists and the later historians were the only writers of importance who were entitled to call her mother; and to most of these she has been, though kindly, only a step-mother or a mother-in-law.

Shakespeare, who wrote much about Venice, and who, no doubt, never saw it, remarked once that all the world's a stage. Venice, even now, is a grand spectacular show; and no drama ever written is more dramatic than is Venice itself. Mr. Howells prefaces his *Venetian Life* by an account of the play, and the by-play, which he once saw from a stage-box in the little theatre in Padua, when the prompters and the scene-shifters and the actors in the wings were as prominent to him as were the tragedians and comedians who strutted and mouthed, and sawed the air with their hands, in full view of the house; and he adds: "It has sometimes seemed to me as if fortune had given me a stage-box at another and grander spectacle, and that I had been suffered to see this Venice, which is to other cities like the pleasant improbability of the theatre to every-day, commonplace life, to much the same effect as that melodrama in Padua." It has been my own good fortune to spend a short time in the pit—"on a standee ticket"—just to drop in for a moment, when the performance is nearly over, and to look not so much at the broken-down stage and its worn-out settings, not so much at the actors and at the acting, as to study the audiences, the crowds of men and women in parquet, gallery, and boxes, who have been sitting for centuries through the different thrilling acts of the great plays played here; and have applauded or hissed as the case might be.

The modern Venetian dealers in second-hand portraits and the venders of bric-à-brac of all kinds seem to have learned their strict and universal Economy of Truth from the memorial tablets over their shops. If you are offered here an article of original, home-made, present-time antiquity for five lire, you may depend upon getting it for two lire and a half, and you may be sure that it costs you, even then, about twice as much as it is worth. If an inscription in old Latin or in choice Italian tells you that "Here lived" some particular Venetian hero of sword or pen, you may put down in your

diary that he probably visited next door, or that he died over the way.

Petrarch is known to have made several visits to Venice, and he is said to have been very familiar with it, and very fond of it, even in his youth. In 1353 he came here from Genoa as an ambassador, to arrange a treaty of peace between the Venetians and the Republic of Padua; and documentary evidence clearly proves that he settled in Venice in 1362—a cholera year—and remained here until 1368, making annual excursions to Padua, and spending certain of the summer and autumn months with friends at Pavia. During this period he determined to bequeath a portion of his rich library to Venice for the use of students and the general public, and as an example to other men. He was highly esteemed by the Venetians, and his house was the meeting-place of the wise and the powerful. Boccaccio was his guest for many months; they talked and walked, and they sailed the canals and the lagoons together in perfect sympathy; and there still exists a letter of Petrarch to Boccaccio, asking the latter poet to come again, and to stay longer next time.

Signor N. Barozzi, in a volume entitled *Petrarca e Venezia*, published in Venice in 1874, reprints, from the old plan of the city, now in the Archæological Museum, a rough sketch of Petrarch's house during his residence here between 1362 and 1368; and he seems to establish the fact that it was hired by the poet, not presented to him by the city, as is generally believed. It was then called the Palazzo del Molin, and it stood near to the Ponte del Sepolcro, on the Riva degli Schiavoni, a broad promenade and wharf a short distance east of the Doge's Palace. This house, according to Petrarch himself, was humble enough; it had two towers, a style of architecture not uncommon in those days, and according to Signor Barozzi it was, later, a monastery, and at the present time is occupied as a barrack. If Signor Barozzi and the plan are correct, it is *not* the house marked by the tablet and pointed out in the guide-books as Petrarch's, but the building on the corner of the little Calle del Dose, and



THE HOUSE OF PETRARCH.

some sixty paces to the east of the generally accepted spot. Its two towers have disappeared, and the entire front is new and ugly; but the rear portion of the original palace remains in all its original Fourteenth-Century grandeur and beauty, with its court-yard and its cloisters and its old marble well. It is not seen of the public, except by permission of the military authorities, but it is one of the most interesting of the Landmarks of Venice, because of its intimate association with the two immortal men who once adorned it.

Petrarch from his tower had a perfect view of the city and of the Adriatic, watching as he did the navies of the then known world as they entered and left the harbor, and looking out over the sea and down upon the crowds of busy men. His life here was, no doubt, a happy one, as must be the life of any man who brings to Venice some knowledge of its history, some idea of its art, some fondness for its traditions, and letters of introduction to some of its men of mind in all professions. Signor Giuseppe Tassini, in his *Curiosità Veneziane*, published in 1863, says that while Petrarch lived here he often enjoyed the society of his natural daughter, Francesca, who once in this house, and in the absence of her father, received the sad news of the death, at her home in Pavia, of her infant child, when Boccaccio acted as comforter, and tried in vain to stay her maternal tears.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Howells both quote a letter, written in Latin, by Petrarch to his friend Pietro Bolognese, in which he describes a famous festival held in the Piazza of St. Mark to celebrate a victory over the Greeks in Candia. The poet was seated in the place of honor, at the right of the Doge, in the gallery of the Cathedral, and in front of the bronze horses; and he tells of the many youths decked in purple and gold, ruling with the rein, and urging with the spur, their horses in the then unpaved square, and watched by a throng of spectators so great that a grain of barley could not have fallen to the ground. There is not a horse in all Venice to-day; the youths wear ulsters when it is cold, and very little of anything when it is hot; and every grain of barley which falls to the ground is ravenously devoured by the doves, who alone of all the Venetians wear the purple now. If tradition, for the once, speaks truly, these very doves are the direct descendants of the carrier-pigeons which brought to Admiral Dandolo information from spies in Candia leading to the capture of the island, and which may have received grains of barley from the hand of Petrarch himself. As such do the doves of the present receive grains of barley from me.

According to tradition, says Signor Tassini, when Tasso came to Venice with Alfonso di Ferrara to meet Henry III. of France, he lodged in what is now known as the Fondaco dei Turchi, an Italio-Byzantine structure of the Ninth Century, and one of the oldest secular buildings in the city. It stands on the Grand Canal, on the left-hand side as one sails from St. Mark's to the railway station, and past the Rialto; but it was entirely modernized about a quarter of a century ago; and it now contains the Museo Civico.

Mr. Horatio F. Brown, author of the admirable *Study of the Venetian Printing-Press*, says that Aldus is not known, of a certainty, to have lived in the house, or on the site of the house, No. 2311 Rio Terra Secondo, in the parish of S. Agostino, which is marked with a tablet as his. But the fact that there still exists a letter addressed to Gregoropoulos at the little narrow Calle del Pistor, close by, and written while Gregoropoulos was employed by Aldus as corrector of Greek manuscript and Greek proof, would seem to imply that the famous printing-press stood in the latter street, if such a gutter can be called a street at all. It resembles no thoroughfares elsewhere in the world except the closes of Edinburgh; but it is not unlikely to have been the scene of the birth of the Aldines so dearly prized by the bookworms of to-day. The original Aldus is believed to have settled in Venice about 1488. As Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement remarks, he was no mere printer, and although it is by that name now that he is most frequently regarded, he was a scholar before he was a printer, and he became a printer because of his scholarship. Concerning the many troublesome visitors to his place of business who went there to gossip and to kill their time, Aldus wrote, "We make bold to admonish such in classical words, in a sort of edict placed over our door, 'Whoever you are, Aldo requests you, if you want anything, ask for it in a few words and depart, un-



THE OTHELLO HOUSE.

less, like Hercules, you come to lend the aid of your shoulders to the weary Atlas. Here will always be found, in that case, something for you to do, however many you may be.'"

A certain Hercules named Erasmus came once to lend his shoulder to the load, and found something to do. Erasmus in the workshop of Aldus, printing, perhaps, his own *Adages*, is a picture for a poet or a painter to conjure with. Venice in all its glory never saw a greater sight.

So strange and so strong is the power of fiction over truth, in Venice, as everywhere else, that Portia and Emilia, Cassio, Antonio, and Iago, appear to have been more real here than are the women and men of real life. We see on the Rialto Shylock first, and then its history and its associations; and the Council-Chamber of the Palace of the Doges is chiefly interesting as being the scene of Othello's eloquent defence of himself.

It is a curious fact, recorded by F. K. Elze, and quoted by Mr. Horace Howard Furness, in his Appendix to *The Merchant of Venice*, that at the time of the action of that drama, Shakespeare's own day, there was living in Padua a professor of the University whose characteristics fully and

entirely corresponded with all the qualities of "old Bellario," and with all the requisites of the play. In his concluding passages Elze described the University of Padua at the close of the Sixteenth Century, when there were representatives of twenty-three nations among the students. He said that not a few Englishmen took up their abode in Padua for a longer or a shorter time for the purposes of study; all of whom must naturally have visited Venice. "And," he added, "if it has been hitherto impossible to prove that Shakespeare drew his knowledge of Venice and Padua, and the region about, from personal observation, it is quite possible to suppose that he obtained it by word of mouth, either from Italians living in England, or from Englishmen who had pursued their studies at Padua."

Among the significant names given by Elze as students at Padua are Rosenkranz, in 1587 to 1589, and Guldenstern, in 1603.

Signor Tassini gives the following account of what is known as "Othello's house," which has in all probability never before been put into English, and is here roughly translated. At the right-hand side of the Campo del Carmini, or on the little canal of the same name, he says, in effect, stands what is left of an ancient palace supposed, but incorrectly, to have belonged once to an influential family called Moro. Cristoforo Moro, a young cadet of the house, was sent to Cyprus in 1505; and he returned in 1508 to relate to the magnificos of his native city his adventures there, having in the mean time lost his first wife. In 1515 he was married again, and to Demonia Bianco, daughter of Donato da Lazze. Rawdon Brown and other writers, continues Signor Tassini, believe that upon this hint Shakespeare spoke, making Othello a Moor as a play upon the name Moro, and turning Demonia Bianco into Desdemona. But, he adds, the Goro, not the Moro, family lived here in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, the latter occupying a palace in the Campo di S. Giovanni Decollato, now the Campo S. Zan Degolà, some distance away.

Confusing the names of Goro and Moro, and fancying that the ancient figure of a warrior standing on the corner of the Campo del Carmini house, now blackened by time, although not so black as he is painted, represents a Moor, the guides and the gondoliers and even the antiquaries of Venice have given to "Othello's house," according to Signor Tassini, a local reputation and a name which it does not deserve.

The beautiful little Gothic Palazzo Contarini-Fasan, built in the Fourteenth Century and done over at the end of the Nineteenth, on the right bank of the Grand Canal, going towards the Rialto, and near the Grand Hotel, seems to have no excuse, either from tradition or from any confusion of names, for calling itself "the House of Desdemona" at all. Its only dramatic interest to-day consists in the fact that it is the home of Signora Eleonora Duse, the leading actress of Italy, who is called by her admirers the Italian Sara Bernhardt, although she has genius enough of her own to warrant her being compared with no one but herself.

And thus perish, at the hands of a transatlantic present-day iconoclast and grubber after the truth, two of the most cherished of the Landmarks of Venice.

Mr. Hare is also of the opinion that the Doge Cristoforo Moro, buried in the Church of S. Giobbe in the Canareggio district, is the Moro of the Othello legend, although he died in 1470, almost half a century before Tassini married him to Desdemona; and his tomb, in the chancel of the church, as Mr. Hare points out, "is ornamented with the moro or mulberry, which was his family device." It will be remembered that Othello inherited from his mamma a handkerchief spotted with strawberries (mulberries?) which played an important part in the great tragedy of his life.

Cristoforo Moro lies under a large flat stone in front of the altar of the church. The slab has been greatly defaced by the tread of generations of priests and of acolytes, but its carvings still bear distinct traces of fruits which to-day look as much like strawberries as mulberries, while certain of its leaves are decidedly of the strawberry form. A portrait of Doge Moro hangs in the sacristy of S. Giobbe. It exhibits a face in which there are no signs of the duskiness which dramatic tradition has given to Othello during all these years, but which is hard enough to have silenced the most dreadful belle who ever frighted the isle from its propriety.

Mr. Hare also explains that a story very like to that of Shakespeare's *Othello* was told in the seventh novella of the third

decade of Giovanni Battista Cinthio's collection of stories, called the *Ecatomiti*, in which the name of the heroine is the same, and in which the original Iago



CALLE DEL PISTOR.

suggests to Othello that a stocking filled with sand might be an admirable weapon against his wife, if it were judiciously applied to her back. Mr. Hare quotes Bishop Bollani as writing in 1602—June 1st—"The day before yesterday, a Sanudo, living in the Rio della Croce, on the Giudecca, compelled his wife, a lady of the Cappello family, to go to confession, and the following night, towards the fifth hour, plunged a dagger into her heart and killed her. It is said that she had been unfaithful to him, but the voice of her neighborhood proclaimed her a saint." The voice of the gallery has proclaimed Desdemona a saint ever since.

The Venetians still believe implicitly in the statue of the sunburnt warrior, and in Shakespeare's history of his life. And Mr. Howells's gondolier not only



GOLDONI'S STAIRCASE.

showed him the house of Cassio, near the Rialto Bridge, but was ready to point out the residence of the amiable Iago and of Emilia his wife. Cassio, I may remark, is said here to have been Desdemona's cousin, and Iago is believed to have been the major-domo of the distracted household.

Montaigne arrived in Venice in 1580, and his remarks about the city and its inhabitants three centuries ago are quaint and entertaining. He was somewhat disappointed in the show places, but greatly interested in the people. He recorded that he hired for himself a gondola, which he was entitled to the use of night and day, for two lire *per diem*, about seventeen sous, as he explained, including the boatman. Provisions here he found as dear as at Paris; but then, in other respects, he considered it the cheapest place in the world to live in, for the train of attendants which one required elsewhere was here altogether useless, everybody going about by himself, which made great saving in clothes, and, moreover, one had no occasion for horses. His stay here was very short. He said of Italy generally that he had never seen a country in which there were so few pretty women. And the inns he found far less convenient than those of France or Germany. The provisions were not half so plentiful, and not nearly so well dressed. The houses, too, in Italy were very inferior; there were no good rooms, and the large windows had no glass or other protection against the weather; the bedrooms were mere cabins, and the beds wretched pallets, running upon casters, with a miserable canopy over them; "and Heaven help him who cannot lie hard!"

Milton was in Venice in the months of April and May, 1639, but the only incident of his stay here which he recorded is that he shipped to England a number of books which he had collected in different parts of Italy; and some of them, we are told, by one who saw them later in the lodging-house in St. Bride's Church Yard, London, were curious and rare, "including a chest or two of choice music-books from the best masters flourishing then in Italy." Among the volumes which Milton bought

and studied in Venice must have been a history of the town, in Latin, printed by the Elzevirs in 1631. It contains folding-plates of the Rialto, and of the interior of the Council-Chamber of the Doges; and the well-preserved copy of the same work, bought behind the Cathedral by the present chronicler in 1893, for a few lire, he highly prizes, as presenting views of the public places of Venice contemporary with Shylock and Othello, and as, perhaps, having passed, here, through Milton's own hands. It was the latest and the most authentic chronicle of its kind when Venice received Milton on the bosoms of its canals.

John Evelyn came to Venice in the month of May, 1645, and, as he put it, as soon as he got ashore his portmanteaus were visited at the Dogana, and then he went to his lodging, which was at honest Signor Rhodomante's at the Black Eagle, near the Rialto, one of the best quarters of the town. The journey from Rome to Venice, he stated, cost him seven pistoles and thirteen julios. "Two days after, taking a gondola, which is their water-coach," he said, "we rode up and down their canals, which answer to our streets. These vessels are built very long and narrow, having necks and tails of steel, somewhat spreading at the beak, like a fish's tail, and kept so exceedingly polished as to give a great lustre." His first visit was to the Rialto. "It was evening, and the canal where the Noblesse go to take the air, as in our Hyde Park, was full of ladies and gentlemen. . . . Next day I went to the Exchange, a place like ours, frequented by merchants, but nothing so magnificent. . . . Hence I passed through the Merceria, one of the most delicious streets in the world for the sweetness of it [!]; and is all the way, on both sides, tapestried, as it were, with cloth of gold, rich damasks, and other silks, which the shops expose and hang before their houses from the first floor; . . . to this add the perfumes, apothecaries' shops, and the innumerable cages of nightingales, which they keep, that entertain you with their melody from shop to shop, so that shutting your eyes you could imagine yourself in the country, when indeed you are in the middle of the sea." Evelyn left Venice at the end of March, 1646.

Addison's remarks upon Italy are entertaining but of the guide-book order.



BYRON'S STUDY AT THE ARMENIAN MONASTERY.

He came to Venice in the winter of 1699-1700, but he was uniformly silent regarding his experiences here. As Walpole said of him, he travelled through the poets and not through Italy; all his ideas were borrowed from the descriptions, not from the reality, and he saw places as they had been, not as they were.

Goldoni is one of the few native actors of Venice who merit an encore here, and who is as interesting to-day as are the audiences who crowded, and still crowd, the theatres of Venice to witness his performances.

Goldoni seems really to have been born in the fine old house on the Calle dei Nomboli, near the Frari, which contains the medallion portrait of the poet, and an inscription stating that here Carlo Goldoni first saw the light in 1707. It is still known as the Palazzo Centani, and possesses a beautiful Gothic staircase, upon the railing of which a little marble lion still placidly sits. But, as Mr. Howells points out, the dramatist could hardly have written many of his immortal comedies here, unless he was unusually precocious even for a poet, for he was a small child when his family moved to Chioggia.

Signor Tassini says that Goldoni was once a resident in the Campo Rusolo, called also Campo Canova. The modern statue to Goldoni, 1883, with its harmonious base, stands in the Campo S. Bartolommeo, near the Rialto Bridge. And there is a tradition that Goldoni was at one time in some way associated with the present Teatro Minerva, in the Calle dei Teatro S. Moisè, off the Via 22 Marzo, and now the home of the intellectual Marionettes.

In an elaborate and very carefully prepared volume, entitled *J. J. Rousseau à Venise*, 1743–1744, written by M. Victor Cérésole, and published in Geneva and Paris in 1885, the writer proves very conclusively that Rousseau did not remain so long in Venice as Rousseau declared he did in the *Confessions;* and he points out, upon contemporaneous documentary evidence, that Rousseau occupied the tall thin house in the Canareggio quarter, which is to-day on the Fondamenta delle Penitente, and bears the number 968. It is the warehouse of a firm of wood-merchants, who have removed the grand staircase and have utilized a greater part of the aristocratic old mansion, which was once the home of a powerful family, and later of the Spanish ambassadors, as a storehouse for their merchandise, imported from the mountains of Cadore, the land of Titian, and retailed by the innkeepers of the present at seventy cents an armful. Rousseau lived long enough in Venice to have added to his own innate power of invention some of the Venetian love of exaggeration, and if in his *Confessions* he increased the length of his stay here by at least one-third, it is not easy to say how much of what he said he did here is fiction or fact.

Upon the Ramo dei Fuseri side of the Hotel Victoria, and upon the little bridge of the same name, is a tablet bearing the following inscription: "Goethe Wohnte Hier 28 Sep.—14 Oct. MDCCLXXXVI." Notwithstanding the bad reputation for veracity which the Venetian tablets generally have achieved for themselves, and despite the extraordinarily free and phonetic translation of a distinguished American artist from Hartford, Connecticut, to the effect that Goethe "weren't here," it seems from his own confessions that Goethe *was* here, on this identical spot, and at that particular period of his existence, for he wrote: "I am comfortably housed in 'The Queen of England' [so named in honor of the grandmother of her present Majesty], not far from St. Mark's Square, and this is the greatest advantage of my quarters. My windows look out on a small canal between high houses; directly under me is an arched bridge, and opposite a densely populated alley. So live I, and so shall I for some time remain, until my packet is ready for Germany, and until I have had a surfeit of the pictures of the city. The loneliness I have sighed for with such passionate longing I now enjoy. I know perhaps only one man in Venice, and I am not likely to meet him in some time."

How much Goethe did for Venice and for the hotel of the English Queen, Goethe himself probably never knew. But ever since Goethe expressed, in print, his romantic love for the place, German brides have been coming here on their wedding-trips, and have been trying to see Venice as Goethe saw it, and have been quoting Goethe to their husbands-of-a-day-or-two, and have been pretending an enthusiasm for Venice which they do not always feel, simply because this is somehow considered, on Goethe's account, the proper thing for German brides to do.



BYRON'S PALACE, VENICE.

The biographers of Samuel Rogers have printed only fragmentary portions of the *Diary and Letters* written during his visit to Italy in 1814, and very few of his personal experiences here have been preserved. We learn that Venice greatly delighted him, and that he was particularly fond of loitering about the Square of St. Mark. No doubt he was wont to break his fast at the Caffe Quadri, and very likely he was accustomed to break the fast of the doves who loiter there too.



Byron spent the winter of 1816-17 in Venice. On the 17th of November, 1816, he wrote to Moore: "I have fallen in love, which, next to falling into the canal (which would be of no use, as I can swim), is the best, or the worst, thing I could do. I have got some extremely good apartments in the house of a Merchant of Venice, who is a good deal occupied with business, and has a wife in her twenty-second year." He speaks more than once of these lodgings, but he gives no hint as to where they were, and he asks Murray to address him *Poste Restante.* Moore, however, says that for many months he continued to occupy the same rooms "in an extremely narrow street, called the Spezzeria, at the house of a linen-draper." In December Byron wrote to Murray: "I have begun, and am proceeding in, a study of the Armenian language, which I acquire, as well as I can, at the Armenian Convent here, where I go every day to take lessons of a learned friar, and have gained some singular and not useless information with regard to the literature and customs of that Oriental people."

On the 14th of June, 1817, he wrote to Murray again, this time "from the banks of the Brenta, a few miles from Venice, where I have colonized for six months to come." He was again in Venice in 1818 and 1819, and he wrote, "I transport my horse to the Lido bordering the Adriatic

(where the fort is), so that I get a gallop of some miles daily along the strip of beach which reaches to Malamocco." At this period he was occupying the centre of the three Mocenigo Palaces, on the Grand Canal.

Moore met Byron in Venice in 1819, and he describes the five or six days they spent together here. He found Byron with whiskers, and fuller both in face and person than when he had seen him last, and leading anything but a reputable life. In Venice portions of *Manfred*, *Childe Harold*, and *Don Juan* were written.

The gondolas of Venice have frequently been compared with hearses, but Shelley likened them to "moths, of which a coffin might have been the chrysalis." Clara Shelley, a daughter of the poet, died "at an inn" in Venice in 1818, and "she sleeps on bleak Lido, near Venetian Seas." But Shelley did not state where the family lodged then, or during their other brief visits here.

Scott arrived in Venice on the 19th May, 1832, and he remained here until the 23d. His biographer says that he showed no curiosity about anything but the Bridge of Sighs and the adjoining dungeons—down into which latter he would scramble, though the exertion was exceedingly painful to him. It is not recorded where he lodged here, and he went slowly and sadly home to die.

Dickens came first to Venice in 1844, when he wrote to Forster, "Here I sit in the sober solitude of a famous inn, with the great bell of St. Mark ringing twelve at my elbow; with three arched windows in my room (two stories high) looking down upon the Grand Canal, and away beyond, to where the sun went down to-night in a blaze." He did not tell the name of the famous inn; but it sounds like Hotel Danieli. Elsewhere he said to the same correspondent: "My Dear Fellow, nothing in the world that you have ever heard of Venice is equal to the magnificent and stupendous reality; the wildest visions of the Arabian Nights are nothing to the Piazza of St. Mark, and the first impression of the inside of the Church. The gorgeous and wonderful reality of Venice is beyond the fancy of the wildest dreamer. Opium couldn't build such a place, and enchantment couldn't shadow it forth in vision." In 1853 he wrote to Forster: "We live in the same house I lived in nine years ago, and have the same sitting-room—close to the Bridge of Sighs and the Palace of the Doges. The room is at the corner of the house, and there is a narrow street of water running round the side." Again, no doubt, Hotel Danieli.

In 1845 Mrs. Jameson wrote to Catherine Sedgwick: "Did you visit Venice? I forget. In the world there is nothing like it. It seems to me that we can find a similitude for everything else, but Venice is like nothing else—Venice the beautiful, the wonderful. I had seen it before, but it was as new to me as if unbeheld; and every morning when I arose I was still in the same state of wonder and enchantment." She made several visits to Venice, but she gave no hint as to her places of lodgement here.

George Eliot and Lewes arrived in Venice on the night of the 4th June, 1860. "What stillness!" she wrote; "what beauty! Looking out from the high windows of our hotel I felt it was a pity to go to bed. Venice was more beautiful than romance had feigned."

On the 15th May, 1864, she wrote to the Trollopes, from the Hôtel de Ville: "We reached Venice three days ago, and have the delight of finding everything more beautiful than it was to us four years ago." Her last visit to Venice was made with Mr. Cross, in the summer of 1880, when her husband was very ill at the Hotel Europa.

Nearly opposite the Europa, on the Grand Canal, stands the Casa Simitecolo, in the parish of S. Gregorio, where Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson died on the 24th January, 1894. She had, during the preceding year, occupied apartments in the Casa Biondetti, on the same side of the Canal, but nearer the Suspension-Bridge. As was her own desire, Miss Woolson was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome.

In the month of May, 1869, Helen Hunt wrote: "We are most comfortably established at the Hotel Vittoria, *not* on the Grand Canal, thank Heaven! When N——, at first, said that she did not dare to stay on the Grand Canal, because she feared too much sea air, I was quite dismayed. But now I am thankful enough to have dry land, that is, a stone floor laid on piles, on *one* side of our house. I look down from my window into one of the cracks called streets; the people look as

if they were being threaded into the Scriptural needle's eye, and a hand-organ looks like a barricade." "Cracks called streets" is good.

On "Thanksgiving Day," 1873, Lowell wrote to Mr. Thomas Hughes: "To-day the weather is triumphant, and my views of life consequently more cheerful. It is so warm that we are going out presently in the gondola, to take up a few dropped stitches. Venice, after all, is incomparable, and during this visit I have penetrated into little slits of streets in every direction on foot. The canals only give one a visiting acquaintance. The *calli* make you an intimate of the household."

In October, 1881, Lowell wrote to Mr. Gilder from Hotel Danieli: "It is raining; never mind, I am in Venice. Sirocco is doing his worst; I defy him, I am in Venice. I am horribly done, but what can I expect? I am in Venice."

Lord Houghton was living in 1878 at the Pension Suisse, or Hôtel de Rome, on the Grand Canal.

In 1878 Browning was at the Albergo dell' Universo, the Palazzo Brandolin-Rota, on the shady side of the Grand Canal, just below the Accademia and the Suspension-Bridge. Here he remained for a fortnight; and he visited the same hotel again in 1879, 1880, and 1881, when, according to Mrs. Sutherland Orr, "the old Palazzo passed into other hands, and after a short period of private ownership was consigned to the purposes of the Art Gallery." In 1885 Browning occupied a suite of rooms in the Palazzo Giustiniani, on the other side of the canal, and during the same year he entered into negotiations for the purchase of the Palazzo Manzoni, next door to the Albergo dell' Universo, which he used to frequent. He wrote: "It is situated on the Grand Canal, and is described by Ruskin—to give no other authority—as 'a perfect and only rich example of Byzantine Renaissance: its warm yellow marbles are magnificent.' And again, 'an exquisite example [of Byzantine Renaissance] as applied to domestic architecture.' So testifies *The Stones of Venice*." He never, however, owned the palace, the foundations of the house proving insecure.

During the last years of his life he lived in a beautifully restored palace on the Grand Canal. It is one of the finest private residences in Europe; but as it is now the home of the poet's son, it is not, of course, open to the public view. It contains many original portraits of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by different artists and at different ages, a number of bronze and marble busts of them by the present occupant, and notably their private libraries. Never was seen such a collection of absolutely invaluable "presentation-copies" from all the writers of note who were the contemporaries and the friends of the wonderfully gifted husband and wife. To at least one visitor to Venice it is the most interesting spot in the interesting city, and he would rather be the possessor of that private library than of all the rest of the great treasures of Venice put together.

Off the library, and on what, for want of a better term, may be called the drawing-room floor, has been built a bow-windowed recess delicately and exquisitely decorated in white and gold. It was dedicated, by the husband and the son, to the memory of Mrs. Browning; and it is plainly visible from both the larger and smaller canal; but it was not intended for the world to see, and what is its nature, and what are its contents, I have no right yet, and no wish here, to disclose. On the S. Barnaba Canal side of the Browning Palace, and immediately below the windows of the poet's bedroom, is a tablet with this inscription: "Robert Browning died in this house 12th December, 1889.

> "Open my heart and you will see
> Graved inside of it 'Italy.'"

This Rezzonico Palace, that of Pope Clement XIII., was purchased by Mrs. Robert Barrett Browning in 1888, and here at the close of the next year, as we have seen, the poet died. He had said to Miss Browning, not very long before, that he wished to be buried wherever he might chance to breathe his last: if in England, by the side of his mother; if in France, by the side of his father; if in Italy, by the side of his wife. Further interments having been prohibited in the English Cemetery in Florence, where lies his wife, his body was placed temporarily in the chapel of the Mortuary Island of S. Michele here. A few days later he was laid at rest in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, with "Italy" graved inside his heart.

THE DOWAGER'S COMPANION.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

A VERY large number of distinguished personages took the trouble to attend Luke Rudd's funeral -- he himself having been so distinguished in his own particular line, and having earned the wondering admiration of his fellow-countrymen by nothing more than by the supreme and heartfelt contempt which he had ever displayed for all earthly distinctions. Editor of a brilliant monthly review which owed its brilliancy chiefly to him, a fine scholar, something of a wit, and a professed republican, he had, during the last ten years of his life, been greatly sought after by givers of dinners, and if—as he always declared was the case—an earl, a duke, or even a royal prince were in his estimation neither greater nor smaller specimens of the race than crossing-sweepers or shoeblacks, that had not prevented him from partaking freely of the hospitality extended to him—with satisfaction and edification, it may be hoped, on both sides.

So when he somewhat suddenly succumbed to influenza and resultant pneumonia, these grand people put on black clothes, paid him the last compliment that it was in their power to pay, and straightway forgot all about him. Of his only daughter most of them had not so much as heard, while the few who were aware of her existence naturally assumed that she had been left comfortably provided for. This, however, was unfortunately very far from being the fact. During his lifetime Mr. Rudd had always earned enough by his pen to defray the expenses of a modest establishment; but he had saved nothing; he had probably looked forward to his demise as a remote event, before the occurrence of which Lucinda might be expected to have married somebody, and, for the rest, he had possessed a soul far above mere sordid and terrestrial cares. The consequence was that, after a rather distressing interview with Mr. Warner, her late father's lawyer and executor, that young lady realized the impossibility of housing, feeding, and clothing herself upon an income which, it was feared, would barely exceed £100 a year.

Poor little Lucinda, with her soft brown eyes, her rather pretty face, and her neat figure, had up to that point been so absolutely unimportant, save in the character of a diligent amanuensis, that it was a novel and anything but agreeable sensation to her to find herself the subject of anxious thought. Yet there was a clear head above her diminutive shoulders, and she was not wanting in courage. What was to be done? Evidently nothing but to take kindly old Mr. Warner's advice, and put an advertisement in the papers. Fairly well educated though she was, she scarcely possessed the special accomplishments which are demanded of governesses in these exacting days; but as companion to an elderly lady she might hope to make both ends meet, *en attendant mieux*. Independence would, of course, be preferable; but independence was not to be thought of yet, notwithstanding the occasional cheques for £10 or £15 which she had received in acknowledgment of her contributions to sundry magazines, and which she had taken very good care not to mention to that rigid and sarcastic literary critic, her father. Some day, she thought, she would perhaps write a novel, and perhaps make enough thereby to justify reliance upon the fruits of her imagination for future self-support. Meanwhile, temporary servitude must be faced. So she drew up her advertisement and published it, and it was responded to with a promptitude which would have astonished her had she been less inexperienced, or had she suspected for a moment that the worthy Mr. Warner, prior to offering her counsel, had been at the pains of recommending her to one of his most influential clients.

The Dowager Countess of Collumpton, who presented her compliments by post to Miss Rudd and requested her to call in Cadogan Place forthwith, was generally deemed to be a very alarming old lady, and indeed her shaggy black eyebrows, contrasting vividly with the mass of snow-white hair above them, her keen little eyes, and her abrupt manner, would, when taken in conjunction with the exalted social position which she enjoyed, have sufficed to terrify most humble aspirants to her favor. But Lucinda, taught from her earliest years to smile at the childish symbols by means of which one son of Adam strives to make himself out

of a breed superior to the rest of humanity, only saw a woman of advanced age whose manners displayed a comic and rather fascinating disregard for conventionality, and she answered the quick questions put to her without losing countenance.

"Oh, I think you'll do, my dear," was Lady Collumpton's satisfactory verdict, in the course of a few minutes. "I'm sure I don't know what I want with a companion, except to go out driving with me, and to save my old eyes by reading to me sometimes in the evening; but my nephews and nieces seem to be of opinion that I ought to have somebody, and I'm very glad to give you a helping hand. I used to meet your father occasionally, before I gave up dining out—a clever man, but too self-conscious. You don't appear to have inherited that tiresome defect; but then, I dare say you ain't clever."

Lucinda was sufficiently clever to surmise that she had fallen upon her feet; and indeed, if servitude can ever be tolerable, it was in the sequel rendered so for her. A few days after she had accepted the situation (at which time the London season was nearing its end), she travelled down, in attendance upon Lady Collumpton, to the family place in Devonshire, a fine old castle which had been adapted to modern requirements by the aid of builders and upholsterers.

"I don't live at the castle, you know," the dowager explained to her; "I turned out ages ago, when my poor eldest son succeeded. But now he is gone, and his wife too, and as there isn't anybody else to receive my grandson's guests, I have come into residence again for a time. There will be a large house party towards the end of August; until then we shall inhabit a small corner of the house and amuse one another to the best of our ability. I imagine, from what I have seen of you, that you are pretty sure to amuse me; but it is a great many years since I gave up endeavoring to amuse others. What do I care whether they are amused or not?"

Lady Collumpton hardly did herself justice; for—whether intentionally or not—she was a delightful old person to associate with. She had seen a great deal; she had been acquainted with almost every famous man and woman of the century; she was not unwilling to dilate upon her reminiscences; she had a shrewd wit, a keen sense of humor, and that species of good-humored philosophy and resignation which is sometimes, though not very often, met with amongst those who have survived all the great joys and sorrows of life. During long drives on sultry summer afternoons (it was possible to take quite a long drive without quitting the vast stretches of park and moorland which formed the private demesne of Collumpton Castle), Lucinda learnt what a large share of each had fallen to the lot of her octogenarian patroness. The far-away days when her husband had been first Ambassador in Paris, then Viceroy of Ireland; the decade of widowhood and comparative retirement, which had been closed by her son's sudden death through an accident in the hunting-field and the almost immediate demise of his wife, "a sickly woman, who had neither courage nor stamina, poor soul!" her grandson's long minority, the termination of which had compelled her once more to undertake somewhat fatiguing social duties—all these events, and a hundred incidents and episodes connected therewith, the old lady related in a style at once humorous and pathetic to a wondering, not unsympathizing listener, who had very little indeed to relate by way of return. Lucinda had kept house for her father; she had likewise been in the habit of copying out his manuscripts, and had imbibed his teaching. There was not much more than that to be said about her; for the truth was that in the eyes of the late Mr. Rudd she had been a shadowy, albeit useful, adjunct to existence. Yet she had plenty of character, Lady Collumpton averred, and undoubtedly she had opinions, which she did not hesitate to express, when asked for them. The beauty of her was that she did not express them unless she was asked for them, and that she combined the most comically democratic ideas with a full sense of her personal insignificance. What more diverting companion could a weary old *grande dame*, who was herself something of a Radical, but who was unable to tolerate the vulgar bumptiousness of modern Radicalism, desire?

So these two became friends, and one of them had a very easy and pleasant time of it in her new home. Lady Collumpton's eyes were still pretty serviceable; she preferred talking to being read to, and she never made her appearance before the luncheon hour. Every day, therefore,

until two o'clock Lucinda was free to follow her own devices, and she devoted her leisure time partly to that novel, towards the construction of which her employer had unwittingly furnished her with some valuable hints, and partly to wandering about the gardens and shrubberies which surrounded young Lord Collumpton's magnificent abode. The magnificence of it all, the endless succession of brilliant parterres, the acres of rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, the vast expanses of smooth-shaven lawn, impressed this democratic young woman with a strong sense of admiration, tempered by a still stronger conviction that it was altogether wrong for a single individual to be dowered with such luxuries merely as a reward for having deigned to be the son of his father. Leaning over a low granite balustrade, one morning, and gazing forth at the long stretches of useless pleasure-grounds before and beneath her, she was moved to exclaim aloud,

"Who and what, after all, is Lord Collumpton that he should keep miles of country out of cultivation just because it is pretty to look at?"

"Who, indeed!" said a voice behind her. "I'm quite with you there—though you must bear in mind that a lot of labor is employed upon gardens like these. Still, as you very truly say, who am I to be such a swaggering swell? All I can say for myself is that I'm doing my best to fulfil the duties of a position in life which I didn't choose, and that it's no fault of mine if my revenues have been accumulating for a great number of years."

Lucinda turned round with a start to find herself faced by a tall, broad-shouldered, fair-complexioned young man in knickerbocker breeches and leather leggings. He carried a rook-rifle under his arm, and he was, if not precisely handsome, of good-humored and engaging appearance.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I suppose you are Lord Collumpton?"

The young man nodded. "I came down by the night mail," he explained, "so as to be in good time to receive the crowd of visitors who are expected this afternoon, and as there wasn't anything particular to do, I thought I would come out and pot a few rabbits. Granny ain't up yet, of course?"

"Not yet, I think," answered Lucinda. She thought it right to add, "My name is Rudd; I am Lady Collumpton's new companion."

"Oh, yes, I know," said the new-comer. "She wrote to me about you, and told me you weren't a great admirer of established institutions. But we'll leave politics alone, if you don't mind. I hate 'em myself, and I'm always warned that I can't say too little about them. Isn't it a jolly day!"

His manner was so simple and friendly that Lucinda's heart warmed towards him, and she pardoned him for being, as he appeared to be, a little unmindful of the dignity and responsibility which formed a portion of his inheritance. He seated himself sideways upon the granite balustrade beside her, and began to talk as if he had known her all his life. He was a keen sportsman, she gathered; he was very fond of hunting, shooting, fishing, and yachting; he was very well pleased with a world which provided him with so many amusements, and he was not entirely dissatisfied with himself.

"Although," he added, modestly, "there's no denying that I'm scarcely the man for the place. No brains, I mean. I always tell Price, my agent—have you met Price yet? he's an awfully clever chap—I always tell Price that he and I ought to change parts."

"I dare say Mr. Price agrees with you," remarked Lucinda.

"Shouldn't wonder if he did. Well, as I said before, I didn't put myself where I am, and I'm doing my little best to behave properly." He sighed, and resumed presently: "I suppose Granny didn't happen to mention to you who was coming this evening, did she? Any people with good-looking daughters, I mean."

Lucinda shook her head. "I have heard nothing about it," she answered, gravely. "Do you object to people with good-looking daughters, then?"

"No words of mine," returned the young man, with great emphasis, "can convey any idea to you of how I object to them! I'm bound to marry soon—I quite admit that, and I admit, too, that my wife is bound to be a lady—but I won't let one of those smart London girls jump down my throat if I can possibly help it. You have seen nothing of them, and of course you don't know what they are. I *do!*"

"If I were in your place," said Lucinda, "I should marry just exactly whom I chose and when I chose. Why shouldn't you?"

There were several reasons why this complete liberty of choice should be, and was, denied to one who was ostensibly a free agent, and Lord Collumpton, who seemed to be a singularly communicative person, endeavored to explain what they were. He was not able to convince Miss Rudd that he was really afraid of his grandmother, or that, if beggars must not be choosers, millionaires are in the same unhappy plight; but he did convince her that he was honest, manly, and unselfish, and that the future Lady Collumpton, whoever she might be, would have cause for heartfelt thankfulness. Half a dozen times he interrupted a prolonged colloquy to take a shot at one of the rabbits which stole out from beneath the shade of the distant trees, and not once did he miss his aim. When Lucinda asked him whether he did not think that sort of thing rather cruel, he replied:

"Not a bit, if you kill them clean, and I'm pretty sure of doing that. Besides, rabbits must be kept down. Just you ask the head gardener what his views are upon the subject."

Lucinda did not consult the head gardener: perhaps his views upon that or any other subject would not have interested her much. On the other hand, she was greatly interested in hearing the views of Lord Collumpton, who, for his part, asked nothing better than to unfold them to so intelligent a listener. They were, upon the whole, creditable alike to his head and heart; the only question seemed to be whether he possessed obstinacy enough to translate them into action, and with this Lucinda endeavored to imbue him. Since she had been forbidden to touch upon politics, she refrained from saying a word about those measures of public importance which, in her opinion, an enlightened and disinterested nobleman was bound to promote; but, so far as private life went, she cordially agreed with him that great noblemen are entitled to the privileges which are granted to humbler persons, and she gave him to understand that she would think poorly of him if he suffered himself to be deprived of them. In a word, she strongly urged him to marry—since marry he must—for love, and for nothing else.

"That is what I mean to do, if I ever marry," she remarked, "and surely it is easier for you to nail your colors to the mast than it is for me!"

The young man declared that she gave him fresh courage. He added that he was extremely grateful to her for rendering him that service, and promised to bear her exhortations in mind, although the course which she recommended was a little less easy and simple than she supposed.

"The worst of it is, you see," he explained, "that I am almost sure to fall in love with somebody who isn't a personage; or connected with personages—and then there will be a nice row! Still, as you say, one ought to have pluck enough to carry one through rows."

Lucinda, as has been intimated, was by no means devoid of physical beauty; assuredly she could not be called a personage; while young Lord Collumpton was visibly and undisguisedly in sympathy with her. It was therefore scarcely possible either for her or for her interlocutor to prevent certain obvious reflections from entering into their heads; but these were, of course, far too vague to be in any degree embarrassing; and when the approach of the luncheon hour drew them back to the house together, they were conscious of nothing more than the pleasant initiation of a promising friendship.

The dowager would have been much amused, and not in the least alarmed, had she been told that a friendship between her magnificent grandson and her humble little companion was in contemplation; but subsequent events suggested no such fantastic notion to her. The arrival of a host of guests, and consequent demands upon her time and conversational powers, caused her almost to forget, during the ensuing week, the very existence of Lucinda, who, indeed, was relegated completely to the background, and could take notes from that post of observation without danger of being interrupted. Once, to be sure, the old lady caught sight of her, and patting her kindly on the shoulder, asked her what she thought of all these fine birds in their fine feathers.

"I don't think there would be much to choose between them and other birds if they were plucked," replied Lucinda.

"But they aren't going to be plucked, my dear," rejoined the dowager, laughing. "Not yet awhile, at all events; and it isn't for the likes of you to refuse to be dazzled by their plumage in that impertinent way. I'm different; *j'en ai vu bien d'autres!*"

It was satisfactory to find that Lord Collumpton, whose opportunities of forming a just judgment of his equals (social superiors he could scarcely be said to have) had been less extensive, remained unimpressed either by the jewels or by the personal charms of that carefully selected assemblage.

"It's just what I expected," he told Lucinda, overtaking her one evening on the staircase on his way up to dress for dinner. "Granny has got all the most eligible girls down, so that I may have my pick. Thoughtful of her, isn't it? But she forgot that there was safety in numbers, and I'm dividing my attentions so impartially that I shall give the whole crew the slip this time, I hope. I'm off to Scotland in a day or two, thank Heaven!"

His tactics proved very successful, and it was as a free and uncompromised man that he was able to depart for the moors, after courteously taking leave of ladies some of whose expectations may have been a little disappointed; but he took occasion on his last evening to say a few words to Miss Rudd, which, had they been addressed to a less insignificant person, might have been considered distinctly compromising.

"Don't forget me while I'm away," said he, raising his clear, boyish eyes to hers. "You're the only human being in the house—except old Granny, of course—whom I should like to remember me, and I shall often think of you. I suppose you wouldn't drop me a line every now and then?"

"There won't be very much to write about, will there?" said Lucinda.

"H'm—perhaps not. Anyhow, we shall meet again in autumn or the beginning of winter, I hope. You haven't got such a thing as a photograph of yourself to spare, have you?"

Lucinda had such a thing, and it presently passed into the possession of Lord Collumpton, who very kindly presented her with his own portrait in return. Her conduct, it must be owned, was lacking in discretion; but she was absolutely ignorant of the manners and customs of society. His lordship, on the other hand, ought perhaps to have known better.

II.

Mr. Price, the land agent, was what old Lady Collumpton, who had a sincere esteem for him, called "quite tidy." By this she did not mean that he dressed neatly and took care of his finger-nails (although he did both, and was a spruce, well-preserved, middle-aged man into the bargain), but that he was almost, if not altogether, a gentleman, and was the sort of person who could perfectly well be asked to dinner from time to time. He was, as a fact, asked to dinner frequently during the autumn, when the big house was once more abandoned to the occupancy of the dowager and her companion and a vast army of unemployed servants—so frequently, indeed, that Lucinda could not doubt what was the kindly object of this hospitality. Had she felt any uncertainty it would have been removed by the behavior of Mr. Price himself, whose intentions and attentions were of a straightforward, unequivocal character. A widower on the wrong side of forty who wants a nice sensible little woman to keep house for him, and whose own common-sense forbids him to fall desperately in love with anybody, does not waste time over needless sentimental preliminaries.

Lucinda, however, did not mean to marry Mr. Price. He was all very well in his way. He discharged his duties, so she was told, with conspicuous zeal and ability; he was not disagreeable as an occasional companion, and she was grateful to him for paying court to her after the sober, matter-of-fact fashion which accorded with his years; but he was rather dull, rather limited—perhaps she would even have pronounced him to be rather plebeian, if that adjective had any place in a republican vocabulary. A contrary and equally inadmissible adjective seemed to apply to the photograph which it must now be confessed that Miss Rudd was in the habit of contemplating for a quarter of an hour or more every evening before she went to bed. Alas, poor little republican, with the time-honored ineradicable prejudices of a whole great nation against her!—besides a very fair share of personal pride to back them up. Sometimes, it is true, she would say to herself: "Why not? He is his own master; nobody in the world has the right or the power to dictate to him." But at the bottom of her heart she knew that between the Earl of Collumpton and Lucinda Rudd there yawned a huge social chasm, only to be bridged over by heroic efforts which Lucinda Rudd could

not, in common self-respect, raise a finger to supplement. Still, if she was debarred from being heroic in that sense, she might easily prove herself so in another; and this she was resolved to do, discharging her not very onerous daily functions to the satisfaction of her employer, working away at her novel during spare hours, and assuring herself that, come what might, she would show a brave face to fate. Only, in the secrecy of her self-communings, she did not care to deny that her heart was no longer her own to dispose of, nor did she feel as much ashamed of what had happened to her as the dowager and Mr. Price would doubtless have considered that she ought to be.

"His lordship," the latter told her, on one occasion, "will, I firmly believe, do credit to the family and hold high offices at some future time. He has ability, and his conduct, so far, has been, I may say, irreproachable. He is young, of course, and cares more for games and field-sports than for anything else at present; but that will pass. What strikes me as of primary importance is that he should marry soon, and that he should form a suitable alliance. That will tend to fix him in his proper groove, if I may so express myself."

"If I were he," remarked Lucinda, "I shouldn't allow any one to trace grooves for me, and I should think the alliance that suited my inclinations the most suitable one I could make. That was what the Lord of Burleigh, who knew his own mind, thought, I suppose."

"Ah, my dear Miss Rudd," returned Mr. Price, shaking his rather blunt forefinger at her playfully, "you are a sad radical, I fear! We must clear your head of these subversive notions. Like, you may depend upon it, ought to mate with like, and the romantic marriage to which you allude did not turn out much of a success, if you remember. No, no!—let us all keep to the stations in which we have been placed by Providence. I myself, I can assure you, would not wed a duke's daughter if I were given the chance to-morrow. I should greatly prefer—"

But Lucinda slipped away without waiting to hear what it was that Mr. Price would greatly prefer. She suspected that he would not at once take "no" for an answer, and she was somewhat in dread of the cross-questioning to which he was only too likely to subject her. Fortunately, her unimpassioned wooer was in no hurry, while Lady Collumpton frankly owned that Lucinda was becoming more and more essential to her personal comfort.

"You are such a dear, quaint little soul," the old lady said, "and you amuse me so much at times with your funny ideas about people and things, that it will be a bad day for me when I have to marry you to some decent man and send you off about your business. But I have quite made up my mind not to be selfish about it. At my age one must be prepared to make one's final bow any day, and I should not like to leave you quite alone in the world when I depart from it."

There was one expedient by means of which Lucinda might both marry and continue to bestow upon Lady Collumpton those attentions of which the aged stand in need. A very bright vision of the future flitted before her mental sight; but she hastened to dismiss it. After all, what right had she to assume that she was even remembered by a young man who had been friendly with her for a few days and had asked for her photograph?

Early in November, when southwesterly gales, succeeded by a few frosty nights, had brought down the withered leaves from the branches by millions, Lord Collumpton arrived to vindicate himself from all suspicion of forgetfulness. He was looking hale and sunburnt; he had been deer-stalking in Scotland; he had been racing at Newmarket and elsewhere; he was now about to shoot his own well-stocked coverts; and he was delighted—or, at all events, he said so—to be once more under the same roof with the only real friend of the opposite sex whom he had in the world.

"I've been upon the point of writing to you over and over again," he declared; "only I thought you wouldn't want to be bored with the sort of thing that I should have had to tell you. And how have you been amusing yourself all this long time? Have you seen a lot of people?"

"Scarcely a soul, I think," answered Lucinda, smiling, "except Mr. Price."

"Oh—ah—Price, yes!" said the young man, with a quick contraction of the brows. "Granny was speaking to me about him. Good fellow, Price, and a sharp man of business; but—but I shouldn't have thought he was much in *your* line."

Lucinda replied that, to the best of her belief, Mr. Price was not at all in her line, a statement which appeared to give satisfaction.

If she gave satisfaction, she certainly received it during the next few days, the greater part of which she spent in the society of one whom, to her joy, she could admire and respect, as well as love. Lord Collumpton was, in truth, both admirable and respectable; he was not unmindful of the duties and responsibilities attaching to his station; he devoted some time to them every morning, and his inability to include in their number that high matrimonial alliance which he was expected to contract could scarcely be accounted a defect by his present confidante. How was Lucinda to do otherwise than sympathize with him and exhort him to stand to his guns when he informed her, with a rueful countenance, that one of the most dangerous of the many young women whose vicinity he dreaded was coming to stay in the house immediately?

"It's Lady Muriel Beverley—old Petersfield's daughter, you know," he said. "Perhaps you may have heard of her. No? Well, oddly enough, I haven't met her yet myself; but I've been told a lot about her by other fellows. Granny wanted to invite the whole family—in fact, I suspect she did invite them before she mentioned the subject—and I couldn't very well object to Petersfield, who is a fine game-shot. But, of course, one can guess what Granny and Lady Petersfield are after. Oh, dear! I wish I was well out of it!"

Lucinda was of opinion that Lady Muriel might be treated with distant politeness; but the young man shook his head sorrowfully.

"You don't know how difficult that is," said he. "These women aren't like you; one could treat them in a very different way if they were."

It was, at any rate, not with distant politeness that Miss Rudd was treated by her host until the advent of another numerous house-party swept him away from her side. This fresh batch of guests, which consisted chiefly of shooting-men, included also a fair sprinkling of ladies, conspicuous amongst the latter being Lady Muriel Beverley, whom Lucinda naturally scrutinized with a good deal of curiosity. Upon the whole, Lady Muriel, though startling in some respects and striking in all, did not convey to her the impression of being a formidable rival. Tall, rather broad, and remarkably handsome, with her rippling chestnut hair, her large brown eyes, and her full red lips, this fine specimen of modern English girlhood might have been found attractive by most men, but was obviously as far from being in Lord Collumpton's line as Mr. Price was from being in the line of her observant critic. Her manners were abrupt, her voice was loud, and she made use of it not only to take some strange liberties with her mother-tongue, but to discuss subjects which are usually hinted at rather than spoken of. So at least it appeared to Lucinda, who was imperfectly acquainted with fashionable slang, and who was unaware that no conceivable subject is now forbidden in really good society. Lord Collumpton might be pardoned for snubbing her—as indeed he did.

"Times are changed," the dowager took occasion to remark, with a smile and a sigh, when Lucinda and she chanced to be left without auditors for an instant. "In my young days Muriel Beverley would have been thought—well, I really shouldn't like to say what would have been thought of her; but she is quite what she ought to be in these last years of the nineteenth century, I believe, and I am ready to bestow my ancestral blessing upon her at the proper moment. Of course your sharp little eyes have discovered by this time why she is here."

"But I don't think Lord Collumpton likes her any better than you do," replied Lucinda.

"Oh, I like her well enough. She isn't a bad sort of girl *au fond*, and, as far as connections go, she is unexceptionable. As for him, poor boy!" The dowager snapped her finger and thumb and shrugged up her shoulders. "He is beginning with a little aversion," she explained, "but that is only because Muriel, who knows what she is about, thinks it advisable to start by provoking him. He will come as soon as it pleases her to whistle for him, you'll see."

Lucinda had reasons which seemed to her sufficient for holding a diametrically opposite opinion. That Lady Muriel, who chose to flirt openly and outrageously with sundry other young men who were staying in the house, might have ulterior designs in so doing was possible; but that Lord Collumpton, who was almost sav-

age in his demeanor towards her, would ever be reduced to submission by such tactics was more than a certain intimate friend of his could believe; and indeed he himself stated in so many words that if there was one class of human beings whom he loathed more than another it was fast unmarried women.

"One doesn't so much mind the frisky matrons," he said; "they know their own business best, one supposes, and some fellows find them very good fun, I dare say. But how any girl can imagine that she will get a man in his sober senses to marry her by behaving as Lady Muriel does beats me!"

It was in a sequestered corner of the drawing-room, after dinner, that Lord Collumpton delivered himself of these and other equally severe strictures. His custom was to seek out Lucinda at that hour of the day, and refresh himself, as he said, by converse with the only person in the house to whom he could venture to express his thoughts and feelings. Lucinda, at such times, would put in a good word for Lady Muriel, who had been kind enough to talk to her more than once while the men were out shooting, and who had impressed her as being at least good-natured, if not over-refined.

"I think you are a little bit hard upon her," said she. "From what she has told me, I doubt whether she is really what you call 'fast'; she only behaves as it seems to be the fashion to behave. And perhaps, after all, she doesn't want to marry you."

"Well, goodness knows *I* don't want to marry *her!*" Lord Collumpton would rejoin, rather tartly. "If I could but feel sure of being refused, I'd propose to her to-morrow, and have done with it."

He refrained, however, from resorting to such heroic measures, and in justice to Lady Muriel, it had to be confessed that she gave him no excuse for resorting to them. At the end of a week, Lucinda began to suspect that, whatever treaty might have been concluded between Lord and Lady Petersfield on the one side and Lady Collumpton on the other, the two persons chiefly concerned therein were of one mind in their determination to reject it. Lady Muriel lost no opportunity of showing what a complete matter of indifference her host's rudeness was to her. At the outset she responded to his uncivil speeches by retorts quite as uncivil and a good deal more smart, but after a day or two she simply ignored them and him, being apparently very well satisfied to derive what amusement she could from the society of less unamiable people. She had, it is needless to say, as many admirers as there were available men, with one solitary exception, and she may have reflected that, big fish though Lord Collumpton undoubtedly was, there were other fish in adjacent waters as big as he.

One evening, it is true, when a large dinner party was followed by an impromptu dance, she waltzed repeatedly with her inhospitable entertainer; but this, she informed Lucinda, to whom she seemed to have taken a fancy, was merely owing to the circumstance that Lord Collumpton happened to be the one and only individual present who had the faintest notion of dancing in time. Lucinda's own education had been sadly neglected in that respect; yet she also had the honor of being once whirled round the room by the same skilled partner, and when she apologized, not without mortification, for her inability to keep step with him, he answered, laughing, that he would very much rather sit out somewhere with her than dance with anybody else.

So they sat together in the hall, under the shade of a spreading palm, for some little time, and Lord Collumpton was, as usual, extremely communicative. Lucinda, on her side, was for once rather silent and shy. It struck her that the people who passed and repassed glanced at them curiously; for all her pride and independence, she could not help feeling a little like the beggar-maid in the presence of King Cophetua; she foresaw, with an anticipatory shiver, the ordeal through which she must needs pass before ascending the steps of the throne, and heard in advance the unanswerable charges which were sure to be brought against her. But she was very happy, all the same.

What cast a wholly unexpected shadow over her happiness was a revelation, quite equally unexpected, which was forced upon her after everybody had gone away and she had retired to her bedroom to dream awhile over the fire. She was rather astonished at receiving a nocturnal visit from Lady Muriel, who stated that she couldn't sleep, and wanted to talk to somebody; but far greater was her astonishment when, at the end of an

hour or so, she discovered what it was that Lady Muriel wanted to talk about.

"The confession that I am going to make to you is disgraceful and ridiculous, I know," the girl wound up a series of somewhat disconnected remarks by saying, "but it has the merit of being true, anyhow. I am clean bowled over at last —and I came to ask you whether you think I have the ghost of a chance. You will know, if anybody does—for he unbends to you as he does to no one else—and I am sure you are too honorable to betray my secret."

"Do you—do you mean Lord Collumpton?" gasped Lucinda, with dilated eyes.

"Of course I do; whom else could I mean? I was brought here to become engaged to him, if I could; everybody understands that much, and he himself understands it only too well. I dare say I shouldn't have been unwilling, for he is very rich and very nice, and I could hardly have hoped to do better; but I saw at once that he had taken a perfect horror of me, and really I am not quite humble enough to fight against that sort of thing. So I raised my thumb to my nose and spread my fingers out, like the little vulgar boy in the *Ingoldsby Legends;* and then—then—oh, I don't know how it has come about!" The girl suddenly covered her face with her hands. "Men are allowed to fall in love; it's acknowledged that they can't help it," she groaned. "Why should it be considered so degrading for women, who can't help themselves either, to do the same?"

"Oh, I don't think it is degrading," said Lucinda, gently, conscious that if it was, she herself was in no better case.

But she could not in honesty say much more; she could not pretend to believe that there was any probability of poor Lady Muriel's sentiments being reciprocated; all she could do was to sympathize and listen patiently while she was told that Lord Collumpton's manner had undergone a certain change that evening.

"It seemed to me that he might be coming round. He said one or two things while we were dancing, and once or twice he looked at me—oh, I don't suppose it meant anything. He didn't speak to you at all about me, did he?"

Lucinda was obliged to shake her head. She had no comfort to give, and the only comfort she could take to herself was that Lady Muriel was evidently free from the remotest suspicion of the truth.

"Well," said the latter, rising at length, with a sigh, "I must let you go to bed now, you poor little thing! I don't know what you think of me; but I believe you are sorry for me, and you may be able to do me a good turn yet. He has a high opinion of you, you see—and quite right too! Perhaps you might manage to give him a rather higher opinion of me than he has at present without telling any lies."

III.

It happens to most of us, sooner or later, to be placed in such a situation that strict loyalty seems to be almost beyond our powers of achievement; and then, after disconsolately asking ourselves what is to be done, we generally come to the conclusion that there is nothing for it but a more or less unsatisfactory compromise. Poor Lucinda really was not to blame because she chanced to love and be loved by the object of Lady Muriel Beverley's affections; still she felt a good deal ashamed of herself, and she became very red in the face when, at breakfast on the following morning, Lord Collumpton announced that he meant to drive her to the meet.

Everybody was going to the meet that day, and most people, including Lady Muriel, were going to follow the hounds. Lucinda, of course, as beseemed her humble position in the household, had not contemplated joining the party; but it was impossible to resist such an invitation —especially when Lord Collumpton added, in an eager undertone, "I have something very particular to say to you." How could she help guessing what it was that he wanted to say? What more could she do than resolve to speak in the highest and most generous terms of her defeated rival?

And indeed she was no sooner seated in the high gig, where there was no place for a groom, and bowling across the park behind a fast-trotting cob, than she embarked upon a somewhat hurried and nervous eulogy of Lady Muriel. "I am sure you are quite mistaken about her; she is not at all what you think she is. I have seen a good deal of her in the last few days, and—"

"So have I," interrupted Lord Collumpton. "I'm awfully glad to hear that you agree with me. Women know

one another so much better than we can possibly know them; and besides, I'd rather have your opinion than anybody else's. You really think, then, that she's —er—honest and disinterested?"

"I haven't a doubt about her being both," answered Lucinda, warmly.

"Well," returned her companion, with a smothered sigh, "that's good hearing! A bachelor with a title and a lot of money is bound to be suspicious—I defy him to help it—and then, don't you know, he is apt to impute motives which very likely don't exist. That is, unless he happens to be exceptionally good-looking or fascinating—which I'm not. I'll tell you what it is, Lucinda—you don't mind my calling you Lucinda, do you? I always think of you by that name—I'll tell you what it is. I am perfectly well aware that Lady Muriel isn't in love with me, and there's a sort of satisfaction, which perhaps you won't understand, in fancying that she wouldn't marry me without loving me." As Lucinda remained silent, the young man went on: "I dare say I'm very simple and behind the times; but it does seem to me downright wicked to marry without love. So, although I'm sorry to disappoint Granny, and fail in my duty and all the rest of it, yet since there *is* one person whom I love, I can but say to myself that it must be her or nobody. And I'm afraid it can't possibly be her."

"Why not?" asked Lucinda, faintly.

"Well, for the reason that I gave you just now. Other fellows can afford to ask; I can't. It's too great a temptation to put before a girl, you see; one would never feel sure afterwards that the coronet and the money-bags hadn't been irresistible. No; I shall hold my tongue and remain single — unless by any happy chance you were able to convince me that I might safely speak."

Lucinda drew in her breath and clasped her small fingers together tightly. What did it behoove her to do or say? From a worldly point of view, no doubt, Lord Collumpton would make a terrible misalliance in espousing his grandmother's companion; but that thought did not seem to trouble him, and the barrier which he had chosen to raise between them was surely a most fantastic one.

"I cannot see that great wealth is such an irresistible temptation," she began at length, speaking slowly, and with some difficulty. "As for coronets, I was brought up to think very little of them. My father always used to say that these distinctions of rank were mere meaningless survivals of a state of society which has clean passed away—"

"Oh, yes," broke in Lord Collumpton, a trifle impatiently; "I can quite believe that *you* feel like that; but it is very different for Lady Muriel, who has had quite another sort of education. After the way in which I began by behaving, I doubt whether she would even believe me if I told her that I loved her, and what is still worse is that I am afraid I shouldn't believe her if she said that she loved me."

The gray sky, the brown autumnal landscape, and the misty horizon rose and fell in a most extraordinary manner before Lucinda's dimmed vision. After having received a violent and wholly unexpected blow on the head, one cannot think of everything all at once, and she was scarcely conscious of pain—only of profound thankfulness that, by good luck, not good guidance, she had been arrested on the very brink of a precipice. Presently she heard herself saying, in a voice which astonished her by its steadiness and composure:

"You may safely speak. I must not tell you more than that; but you may take my word for it that it will be safe for you to speak."

Looking back afterwards upon this tragic and decisive moment of her life, she had a confused impression that Lord Collumpton thanked her profusely, went near to embracing her, and questioned her with great eagerness and persistency, notwithstanding her firm refusal to grant him further enlightenment. But in truth she hardly knew what she was doing or saying at the time, and what remained most vividly impressed upon her memory was the intense relief with which she saw him mount his horse and move off towards the covert-side in company with Lady Muriel and a number of others. Whether that covert was drawn blank or not she had no idea; she was only vaguely aware that somebody had been told off to drive her home, and that that accommodating person, who spoke with the voice of Mr. Price, asked her whether she cared about hunting on wheels for half an hour or so.

"Not in the least," she made haste to reply. "I should like to be taken back to the castle as quickly as possible, please."

It appeared that Mr. Price—though of sporting proclivities in a general way, and unwilling to leave hounds so long as there was any prospect of keeping them in sight—was prepared on this occasion to do as he was requested. "Because," he explained, "I have been wishing for some time past to have a few minutes of private conversation with you, Miss Rudd, and it strikes me that his lordship must have been aware of that when he very considerately suggested that I should take the reins in his place."

Lucinda heard, as in a dream, the full and very lucid statement which followed this exordium. Mr. Price—so she was informed—was quite conscious of being no longer young, and of lacking those personal advantages with which juvenile suitors may flatter themselves that they start equipped. On the other hand, he was sober, thoroughly domesticated, free from encumbrances, and well-to-do. He believed he might fairly claim to be a man who, in the character of a husband, was likely to prove more indulgent as well as more trustworthy than the common run of hot-headed young lovers. For his own part, he neither asked for nor expected to win a wife of high rank or large fortune; he only wished to confer a position which, as he had been given to understand, a large number of ladies considered desirable upon one who, in his opinion, was eminently qualified to adorn it. Would Miss Rudd make him happy by accepting what he had to offer?

Nothing could have been more explicit or more modestly put. It only remained for Miss Rudd to express, in such appreciative language as she could command, her sense of the compliment paid to her, and her regret that it was out of her power to comply with Mr. Price's wishes. This she did to the best of her ability, and she was scarcely surprised, though she was a good deal annoyed, to find Mr. Price both incredulous and inquisitive.

"My dear young lady," he wound up a discussion which had been extremely distressing to her by saying, "it is very evident to me that you do not realize what you are throwing away. Your private means, I gather, are insufficient for your support; you at present occupy a situation from which, unhappily, you may, in the course of nature, be ousted at any moment, and you are so kind as to assure me that I do not inspire you with positive repugnance. Under all the circumstances, I shall feel justified in continuing to hope—unless, indeed, there is somebody else who has forestalled me in your affections."

If Lucinda had had all her wits about her she would doubtless have held her tongue; but she had not all her wits about her, and she was anxious to be set free from the importunities of this elderly dullard. So she answered, desperately:

"There *is* somebody else! You will be amused, I dare say, to hear that it is Lord Collumpton, who has never dreamt of marrying me; but such is the fact, and I don't know that your being informed of it makes me feel at all more humiliated than I did before. Of course you will not betray me, and I hope you will understand now that never—*never* so long as I live!—can there be the remotest possibility of my marrying any other man."

Probably Mr. Price was not very much amused; yet he could not—or, at all events, did not—restrain himself from breaking out into loud laughter.

"That's a capital joke!" he cried, as soon as his hilarity had subsided. "Nobody less than the Earl of Collumpton, if you please! Why, my good girl, you might just as well have lost your heart to the Emperor of all the Russias while you were at it! No wonder you can't stoop so low as to notice a mere humble land agent—although I venture to think that my parentage and social standing are at least equal to your own."

"It isn't a question of rank," answered Lucinda, quietly; "to me emperors and earls don't mean what they do to you. I only wished you to see that I am out of the question."

"Thank you very much; you may rest assured that I see that," returned Mr. Price, who was, naturally enough, exasperated. "For my own part, I am not such a fool as to wish for anything that is out of the question, and I am sorry I can't congratulate you upon having the same amount of ordinary common-sense."

Lucinda could very well dispense with congratulations; happy would she have been to escape from the impending duty of congratulating others! But from that trying duty no way of escape was, or could be, open to her, and when Lady Muriel, in a mud-stained riding-habit, invaded her bedroom just before the dinner hour that evening, she was fully prepared for what was coming. Lady Muriel was

flushed and radiant; her eyes were sparkling, her red lips were parted in a joyous smile; she threw her arms round Lucinda's neck, and exclaimed:

"Guess what I have to tell you! But you never will!—it is much too wonderful and delightful!"

"I think I can guess," answered Lucinda, forcing out a sympathetic little laugh. "You and Lord Collumpton are engaged; isn't that it?"

"Yes!—but you really must not pretend to be less amazed than I am. Last night you were perfectly certain that he abhorred me; honestly, now, weren't you certain that he abhorred me? All the same, I believe we have you to thank for the clearing up of a complete misunderstanding. In fact, he told me that he would never have had the courage to speak out—just imagine his being afraid! doesn't it show what geese men are?—but for something that you said to him on the road to the meet. Well, it's all right now, and I suppose I'm about the happiest girl in the whole world! We had two grand runs in the afternoon; then we rode home together, he and I—and the rest I can't tell you, because my brain is still in a whirl. What can I ever have done to deserve such extraordinary good fortune!"

The most superficial observation of the conditions under which our destinies work themselves out here below suffices to convince most of us that merit and good fortune have uncommonly little to say to one another. On the other hand, it is a proverbial and universally recognized truth that virtue is its own reward. Lucinda Rudd might very easily have prevented Lord Collumpton from marrying Lady Muriel Beverley; there was some comfort (in default of a better) to be derived from the thought that she had refrained from yielding to a peculiarly base form of temptation.

For the rest, she had to brace herself up as best she might to face three more days of almost uninterrupted suffering. It was bad to be obliged to associate herself with the jubilant satisfaction of the dowager; it was worse to be assured, as she frequently was, that it would be her turn next, and that a certain highly estimable man of Lady Collumpton's acquaintance cherished hopes which would doubtless be announced ere long; it was worst of all to be thanked over and over again in warm terms by the man whom she loved, and to listen patiently to his interminable rhapsodies. But what must needs be borne always is borne, and army surgeons, who are apt to run short of chloroform when chloroform is required, declare that there are far fewer cowards in the world than might be supposed. Lucinda neither disgraced herself by crying out nor winced perceptibly; only when it was all over, when Lord Collumpton and his *fiancée* and the rest of the large house party had gone their several ways, and the castle had resumed its normal aspect of peaceful slumber, she intimated, gently but decisively, to the dowager that she wished to resign her present post.

"Indeed, my dear, you will do no such thing!" returned the old lady, good-humoredly. "Go away and live all by yourself? That is a pretty idea! And what do you propose to live upon, pray?"

Lucinda, flushing a little, confessed that she proposed to earn the necessaries of life by contributing to contemporary literature. She had been making calculations, she said, and she was convinced that the thing could be done, although great care and economy would doubtless be required at the outset. As for living alone, she was not afraid of that, and, in fact, believed that she was rather better fitted than most people to face the drawbacks of solitude.

"It will be time enough for you to talk like that," answered Lady Collumpton, patting her on the shoulder, "when you have reached my age, and when solitude has become inevitable. Do you think I don't understand what all this nonsense means? I shall see Price to-morrow morning, and give him a hint which I don't think he will be very slow to take. Now don't begin to protest; it really isn't worth while. I am much too old to waste time in making believe, and you are much too young to know your own mind. Leave it to me, and all shall be arranged quite comfortably."

"I may as well tell you at once," said Lucinda, with a sigh of despair, "that Mr. Price has already proposed to me, and that I have refused him."

This announcement, however, had no discouraging effect upon the kind-hearted, imperious old lady, who only laughed and returned: "The more fool you, my dear girl! Thank your lucky stars that

you will not be allowed to hang yourself so long as I am at hand to cut you down."

Lucinda, recognizing the futility of opposing her, said no more, and presently slipped away. Lady Collumpton's threatened interview with the land agent would have to take place; but Mr. Price's wounded vanity might be relied upon to put an end to the matrimonial scheme which had been so thoughtfully hatched on his behalf. The difficulty, no doubt, would be to make the dowager understand why she should be deprived of her companion; for honor and wounded vanity alike would close Mr. Price's lips upon that point, while Lucinda herself could only plead an unbecoming desire for independence.

"I must go, though, whether I am thought ungrateful or not," she said to herself. "I couldn't bear to stay on here while all the preparations are being made for the wedding; I couldn't bear to meet him and talk to him again, or to run the risk of his discovering, as very likely he would, what a lunatic I have been."

After all, retreat was rendered unexpectedly easy for her. On being summoned to the presence of the dowager on the following afternoon, she was informed by the latter, who was looking grave and rather distressed, that no further obstacles would be placed in her path.

"I have been having a little talk with Mr. Price, my dear," the old lady said, "and I believe you are right in wishing to leave me, although I shall be very sorry to lose you. Upon the whole, I am not so sorry that my project has fallen through. Price means well; but, to confess the truth, he is a vulgar fellow."

Wounded vanity finds expression in more ways than one, and what constitutes honor is, unfortunately, more or less a question of individual appreciation. Neither then nor at any subsequent time did Lady Collumpton allude to what she had heard from the land agent; but Lucinda knew well that she had been betrayed, and could not help perceiving also that her kind old friend had been slightly shocked by her audacity. That was natural enough, and there was no need to feel sore about it; still, pride is a luxury in which humble companions as well as dowager countesses must be permitted to indulge, if it so pleases them, and Lucinda could by no means be brought to accept the pecuniary assistance which was at first gently and afterwards somewhat angrily urged upon her. Her obstinacy in that particular brought about a certain coolness and estrangement which lasted until the death of old Lady Collumpton, under whose will she benefited to the extent of five thousand pounds. By that time she was comfortably provided for, moderately famous, and required no great accession of fortune.

For Lucinda Rudd outraged all probability and gave the lie to every reasonable prediction by developing at the first bound into a successful and popular authoress. Such renown as belongs to writers of novels which everybody reads was speedily hers—likewise such remuneration. The former is, perhaps, apt to be excessive; the latter, though seldom open to objection in that respect, proved more than sufficiently high to meet Lucinda's modest requirements. Both were so pleasant to her, and her life in London amongst people who were charmed to throw their doors open to the celebrated daughter of a celebrated father was so busy and full of variety, that a truthful biographer may feel justified in describing her somewhat brief literary career as a happy one. Happiness, as we all know, is for ninety-nine hundredths of the human race a relative term; few indeed are they who in the darkening hours of life's day can boast of having known what it means in its absolute sense. Whether Lucinda Rudd would have been numbered amongst that very select band, had it pleased the Fates to elevate her to the rank of Countess of Collumpton, can, of course, never be determined; but one may conjecture that some of the adjuncts of so lofty a position would have proved a little irksome to her.

The actual Countess of Collumpton, who corresponded with her regularly and sometimes saw her in London (she could never be induced to pay a visit to Collumpton Castle), burst into tears on hearing of the well-known authoress's sudden death of heart-disease.

"How dreadfully sad!" she exclaimed. "And how touching of her to have left directions that your photograph was to be placed in her coffin! I suppose she must have felt that she was under great obligations to the family."

"I suppose so," agreed Lord Collumpton; "Granny left her five thousand, you know. But I really think she was at-

tached to me, as I'm sure I was to her, poor little soul!—though she wasn't quite the same after our marriage as she used to be. I have noticed, Muriel, that the friends of one's bachelor days never *are* quite the same after one marries."

"Not even the Lucinda Rudds?" asked her ladyship, laughing a little through her tears. "You may be thankful that jealousy isn't one of my failings; but you must be prepared to be chaffed about the photograph by people who don't know you as well as I do."

Lord Collumpton answered quite gravely that he should not allow anything of that kind.

"Hang it all! some respect must be shown for the dead, and I should consider it very bad form of any fellow to chaff me about a thoroughly respectable girl, whom, of course, I never could have thought of marrying."

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

BY HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE.

WE have in our Eastern States a few newspapers, with a small number of persons who presumably read those newspapers, which are not only greatly dissatisfied with things American, but which always compare our shortcomings with the bright standard of perfection which they tell us exists in England. One of the many subjects of their criticism has been the conduct of our elections, and here, as usual, they are fond of referring us to England, in order to show us by that shining example how far we are from an ideal condition. I happened to be in England last summer while the last general election was in progress, and always having been much interested in all matters relating to the conduct of our own elections, I availed myself of the opportunity thus presented to examine the English methods which have been held up to us by our Anglo-American critics at home as the standard to which we should strive to attain.

The charges usually brought against us by these critics are the violence and disorder of our election contests, the personalities in which we indulge, the campaign stories set afloat to affect votes, and other sharp practices of a like nature; frauds of various kinds in registration and voting, the lavish use of money, and the relentless character of our party discipline. I studied these various points in the English elections which were going on everywhere around me, and tried to make myself familiar with all those features which Anglo-Americans think we should imitate. I intend here to give very briefly the results of my observations.

As to the first point of violence and disorder, I take the following cases as reported in the *London Times*, in order to show the contrast between the quiet and order which prevail in England and the violence and disorder which are said by our critics to characterize our elections. These cases, I admit, present features very different from anything that occurs in American elections. On that point there can be no doubt. Whether we should desire to imitate them is another question, which I will not now discuss.

Here is the first case I find among my clippings from the *Times*: "*Mr. Disraeli, M.P., Assaulted.* — Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, M.P. for the Altrincham division of Cheshire, was assaulted on leaving the Conservative Club at Altrincham after the close of the poll on Monday. Mr. Disraeli's carriage was surrounded by a disorderly mob, which a force of Cheshire constabulary were unable to keep in check. Stones and bricks were thrown as the carriage drove away, and Mr. Disraeli, besides being struck with a stick, was momentarily stunned by a stone which struck him on the back of the head. The crowd afterwards smashed the windows of the Conservative Club, and a member of the club was struck by a stone and conveyed to the hospital unconscious. The street was ultimately cleared by the police."

Passing from Altrincham to Croydon, we learn that "Excitement is rising in Croydon. Some of Mr. Hutchinson's more violent partisans proceeded to the front of the Central Conservative Club in North End on Saturday, and indulged in hooting and yelling, which was kept up until midnight. Several members of the club attempted to address the gathering, but were pelted with eggs and apples for their

trouble. Yesterday morning both Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Hutchinson attended divine service at the parish church, and it is stated that the Liberal candidate, while walking down the aisle on his way out at the conclusion of the service, was hissed by a number of ladies, who took up positions on either side of the vestibule."

The next relates to a London division: "*Tower Hamlets* (*St. George's*).—In consequence of the many serious disturbances that have occurred in this division during the progress of the contest, a large number of police were yesterday drafted into the division with a view of maintaining order. Mr. Marks, who was struck in the eye Tuesday night with a large stone, was yesterday driving about the constituency, accompanied by his wife, with a shade over the injured eye. This unprovoked assault has caused great indignation throughout the division. Several petty disturbances occurred at one or two of the polling-stations, but owing to the presence of the strong force of police, nothing serious took place. The excitement became intense as the close of the poll approached, each party exerting itself to the utmost in order to secure the attendance of the electors at the polling-booths."

Now comes a case with a touch of humor; but the polite reply of Mr. Hay to an interruption is a not uninteresting example of English platform manners which we are so often told our campaign speakers ought to copy: "Of the 'dogs of war' most people have heard, but the dog of politics is new. Hitherto that friend of humanity has been remarkable for faithfulness, but he would be a bold man who would answer for him after certain political associations, and his first introduction to public affairs has not been promising. There was a Unionist gathering at Hoxton Church on Saturday, attended by fully two thousand persons, when serious disturbances occurred, owing to a respectably dressed man forcing his way through the crowd with a large mastiff having attached to his collar a card urging the electors to 'Vote for Stuart.' This occasioned a scuffle, ending in a free fight, which the police had to put down. The Hon. Claude Hay, Unionist candidate, then proceeded with his speech, dismissing personal affronts with the declaration that he did not care a button for them, and describing the methods of his interrupters as 'cowardly and un-English.' Pointing to one of the disturbers, he said he could only tell that gentleman he was a liar when he stated that he would not carry out his pledges."

That these disturbances were not mere horse-play the following case at Luton shows plainly: "*Bedfordshire* (*Luton*).—Some rioting took place at Luton on Friday night after the declaration of the poll, and in addition to the reading twice of the Riot Act, the local authorities found it necessary to send for fifty metropolitan police. A local solicitor, who had been previously identified with the Liberal-Unionist party, published on the eve of the poll a pamphlet which the Conservatives considered reflected upon their candidate, Colonel Duke. An angry mob besieged his office, broke his windows, and attempted to gain an entrance. The disturbance continued until one o'clock, when the combined London and local police charged the crowd and dispersed it. At Dunstable, where the solicitor in question lives, the mob entered his house and wrecked the furniture."

At Camborne, where Mr. Conybeare was defeated, the contest was heated. A gentleman told me that he happened to meet the election agent of Mr. Strauss, the successful Unionist candidate, and observing that he had a black eye, asked him how he got it. The agent said he was hit at Camborne, and that there were twenty men in the hospital there as a result of election fighting.

On August 9th Mr. E. Garnet Man wrote to the *Times* that he and Mr. Gretton were "stoned and hustled," and had their meeting broken up at Church Gresley and Swadlincote by a mob excited by the harangues of a non-conformist minister.

These incidents which I have just cited were chronicled in the newspapers, but seemed, so far as I could observe, to pass without comment and quite as matters of course. There was one case, however, which not only drew forth a great deal of correspondence, but also excited some little remark. This was the East Norfolk election, where Mr. Rider Haggard was the Conservative candidate. He and his party were mobbed at Ludham and Stalham. He had ladies with him, and one of them, Mrs. Hartcup, was seriously injured by stones which struck her in the head. The party took refuge from the arguments of their political opponents in the Swan Hotel at Stalham. There they

were besieged by a crowd for several hours, and were only rescued by constables armed with cutlasses, who dispersed the mob. Mr. Haggard wrote with his accustomed force and eloquence to the *Times* about the almost African dangers to which he had been exposed, and the injuries which he and his party had received from the attacks of the mob. His opponent, Mr. Price, replied, and a long controversy followed. Among others who took part in it was one who signed herself "A Lady Sufferer," and who seemed disposed to laugh at Mr. Haggard for his complaints, because she too had been stoned when canvassing in the Liberal interests in the same division some years before. She said, "I took it as part of what I had to bear in the battle of politics," and her letter exhibited a philosophy in regard to being made a target for stones and other missiles which, I think, would hardly be shown by American women, even by those anxious to possess the suffrage, under like circumstances.

Mr. Haggard's misfortunes were not, however, the only incidents of the East Norfolk election. In the division of which North Walsam is the political centre a Unionist meeting was held in the market-place. While it was going on, Lord Wodehouse, the eldest son of the Earl of Kimberly, demanded that Mr. John Gaymer, who presided, should come down from the chair, and on the latter gentleman's displaying some hesitation, "Lord Wodehouse," in the language of the newspaper, "forcibly removed him from the rostrum." Mr. Gaymer returned, by some method not described, to the chair, and then remonstrated with Lord Wodehouse, who continually interrupted him, and also called out: "Come down and have it out with me. I will fight you for fifty pounds." A few days after, Mr. Gaymer made a complaint against Lord Wodehouse before the magistrates, and the noble lord was fined five pounds for assault. The matter did not, however, end here. Some time after the election was over, the Conservative ministry had Lord Wodehouse removed from the Commission of the Peace, of which he was a member. I think I may go so far as to say, although I have no desire to criticise English election methods, that Lord Wodehouse was guilty of what has been called in this country "offensive partisanship." Yet even here, I think, it would be thought that we were pushing the spoils system pretty far to remove a man from a judicial position on account of his political conduct.

This practice of pelting a candidate and the ladies who accompany him, according to the English custom, is apparently a common diversion in the English elections. Sir William and Lady Harcourt were pelted at Derby, and I saw many allusions to similar instances. There is no need, however, of multiplying examples. I have given, I think, enough cases to show the orderly methods of political discussion in England which our Anglo-American critics would have us imitate.

I now come to the matter of charges made against public men during the canvass for the purpose of affecting votes. The correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in a letter written at the time, sums up some of the campaigning as follows: "Campaign literature by the ton; roorbacks sprung in Ireland; press extracts showing how bad an opinion Lord Salisbury once had of Mr. Chamberlain, and how cordially that dislike was reciprocated by the Birmingham leader; parallel columns brought into play against one Unionist leader after another; and criminations about the purchase of the Ulster votes answered by recriminations about the government cordite contracts." This list, however, does not cover by any means all the charges of a personal character put forward during the canvass.

Mr. Benn, who was running in one of the London divisions, was attacked by his opponents because his insane brother had in a fit of madness killed their father. Even in the politics of "our violent people" a charge of this sort for political purposes would, I think, be considered cruel.

But attacks of this sort were not confined to the lesser candidates. It was freely charged that Sir H. Naylor-Leyland had changed from the Conservative to the Liberal side because the Liberal government had given him a baronetcy. As to the truth of this charge I have no opinion to express. I only know that Sir H. Naylor-Leyland was recently made a baronet, and that this pleasant accusation against him and the Liberal government was freely made.

Much more serious, however, was the charge made against Lord Rosebery, which played a large part in the campaign, that he had made four peers, in

consideration of the gift by these gentlemen of one hundred thousand pounds to the campaign fund of the Liberal party. Lord Rosebery's secretary, in a letter to the *Times*, said that two of these peerages were given to gentlemen whose merits no one could question, and who were also poor men, and that the other two were given in pursuance of an arrangement made by Mr. Gladstone with which Lord Rosebery had nothing to do. There were persons who found this answer unsatisfactory, and the matter was much discussed both in the press and on the stump. The charge was not made merely by irresponsible orators and newspapers. Mr. Chamberlain said in a speech at Birmingham, on August 3d, "How can you grant sincerity to a man who in one breath denounces the House of Lords and seeks to abolish it, and in another gives reason for the suspicion that he has been selling peerages to the highest bidder." I have no knowledge whatever as to the foundation of this charge, but considered merely as a campaign attack on the leader of one of the two great parties, a man of the very highest character, I think it will be admitted that even the violence of the American Presidential election can hardly show anything more serious.

As to the point of illegal practices at registration and elections, I found that they were not unknown in England. In Durham, where the seat was won by one vote, it appeared that the name of a man who was in jail at the time had been voted upon, and it was freely charged that the names of men who were dead were used for the same purpose. This election, I believe, was to be contested. I saw it stated in the *Times* that a man was charged with personation at Birkenhead, and from a single issue of the same newspaper I take the following cases:

At Hartlepool, where the question of presenting a petition against the return of the Unionist candidate was considered, the allegations referred to the distribution of free drinks and other illegal practices.

In the Litchfield division of Staffordshire it was decided to present a petition against the return of Mr. Fulford, and counsel were of the opinion that there was ample evidence of corrupt and illegal practices.

In the Falkirk Burghs a petition was decided upon against the return of Mr. John Wilson, on the ground of alleged bribery by the Unionist agent.

At Wigan, Henry Litherland was summoned before the magistrate for bribing voters.

These cases, as I have said, are taken from a single issue of the *Times*. But under the head of "Ireland," on another day, I find the following statement: "*Mayo* (*North*).—Our Dublin correspondent, telegraphing last night, says: The defeat of Mr. Egan, the Parnellite candidate, is attributed to clerical intimidation. In a speech to his supporters, after the declaration of the poll, he declared that the intimidation that had been practised plainly showed that there was no liberty of the franchise in North Mayo. Acting under the advice of counsel, he has lodged with the subsheriff an objection against the return of the votes. The validity of more than 400 ballot papers is impugned, and objection is made to blocks of illiterate voters recorded in Belmullet. It is further explained that in certain specific cases the voting was illegally conducted. The people of Ballina do not regard the declared result as at all conclusive, and it is stated that on the disputed votes Mr. Egan would have a small majority. Mr. Egan is determined to fight in the higher courts the gross clerical intimidation practised in Belmullet, Ballycastle, and Crossmolina, the strongholds of Mr. Crilly and Healyism."

These examples merely show that fraudulent practices in elections are known as well in England as in the United States.

I come now to the question of the expenditure of money. This possesses a double interest, because it not only shows us the English practice, but it also throws a great deal of light on the charge so freely made of late years in this country that protection was not only bad economically, but that it led to great corruption, owing to the lavish expenditure in the campaigns of the protected interests. The example of England will enable us to see not only the practice there as to election expenses, but also what the effect of a free-trade system is in keeping down the amount of money expended for campaign purposes.

The corrupt-practices act in England fixes the maximum amount which each candidate can spend in each division of the United Kingdom. The candidates are required by law to make a return of all their

expenses, and these returns are published officially. In 1892 the official returns show that there were 670 seats and 1307 candidates. Fifty-six seats were uncontested, and the expenses, therefore, in those cases were little or nothing. The official returns include all the seats, although, of course, if these 56 seats were deducted it would increase the average expenditure for the others. The 1307 candidates in 1892 spent £958,532 (in round numbers, $4,792,660), including the returning officers' charges, and £761,058, or $3,805,290, exclusive of the returning officers' charges —that is, for purely political purposes. The total number of votes polled was 4,605,442, and the amount of money spent per vote was four shillings one penny, or just about one dollar a head. The official returns for 1895 have not yet been published, and I am obliged to take my figures for this last election from a careful article which appeared in the Sunday *Times*, giving an estimate of the 1895 figures, and putting the total expense of Great Britain at £960,200, a trifle more than was spent in 1892. As election expenses have been declining in England, it is probable that the expenses of 1895 will be less rather than more, especially as there were more uncontested seats in 1895 than in 1892. But for our purposes the official figures of 1892 are sufficient, assuming, as we may, that those of 1895 do not differ from them materially. From them we find that the average expenditure of a candidate for a county seat was a trifle over £1091, and for a borough seat £582, and the cost per voter, as has been already stated, was four shillings one penny.

It must be remembered, however, that these are only the official returns of the expenses allowed to each candidate by the law. The central committees of the two great parties and other political committees interested in special objects of legislation, such as bimetallism or the liquor traffic, spend a great deal of money for political purposes of which no return is made. I was told by good judges, including leaders of both the great parties, that the election expenses of one general election in England, exclusive of returning officers' charges and of the expenditures by organizations interested in special subjects, would reach at least a million pounds. The central committees, whose funds are very large, furnish, of course, a great deal of the money to the candidates which appears in the official returns, but they also necessarily spend a good deal of money which does not appear in the returns. Nor does the expenditure of money cease here. I was told, for instance, that in the Newmarket division, where two very rich men were running, a great deal of money was being spent on both sides. I asked how this could be done under the corrupt-practices act, and was informed that in this case one of the candidates gave employment to all the unemployed in the division, thus encouraging many voters in the support of correct political principles and at the same time relieving the rate-payers. This may be called a special instance, but it indicates that evasion of the corrupt-practices act is at least possible. One other fact which I derive from official returns seems to be of more general application. For the week ending July 15th the increase of the revenue from beer (there having been no change in the law) over the same week of the previous year was £337,000, indicating an increased consumption of about one million barrels. The first pollings of the general election took place on July 13th, and continued for about three weeks. The Liberals charged that their opponents were giving free beer to the voters, and this extraordinary rise in the revenue just at election time seems at least to indicate that the consumption of beer increases marvellously in England when voting is to be done.

There is nothing certainly in these facts and figures to indicate that free trade has a depressing or lowering effect on election expenditures. But in making a comparison with our own expenditures I will limit myself to the totals of the official returns, which are very far from representing the amount of money actually spent. According to those returns an election in England costs as nearly as possible one dollar for every voter. On that basis we were entitled, if we followed the English example of moderation in election expenditures, to have spent in the last campaign $12,154,542. As a matter of fact there has never been a campaign in which the national committees of the two great American parties have spent between them three million dollars. Allowing, however, three million to the two national committees, and two million more to cover all that is spent in addition out-

side the two great committees, we have five million dollars for the expenditures of an American Presidential election. This is an excessive estimate, for most of the money of the national committees is sent to the poorer States and Congressional districts, in very few of which, indeed, candidates are to be found who can afford anything like the average expenditure of an English division. Taking, then, five million dollars as the expenditure of the Presidential election, we find that it is just about the amount actually spent at a general election in England, and only half what we should be entitled to spend if we took the scale of the English official returns per vote as our standard of expenditures. When, in addition, it is remembered that in this country we have great distances to cover, which are unknown in England, and which add enormously to the expense of campaigning, it will be seen that in the United States, despite the corrupting influences of protected industries, we do not spend half the money which we should spend if we lived up to the English standard.

As to party discipline and party feeling, it seemed to me that they were much the same in England as in the United States. The great body of voters there, as here, remain firm in their party allegiance. Between them is the shifting vote which cannot be depended on, and which usually determines the fate of elections, except in a case of a great party revolt. In all the political talk which I heard, and at the time I was in England everybody was talking politics, I should say that there was an even keener partisanship shown than in this country. In Parliament party discipline is much stronger than with us, although, as I have said, there is no perceptible difference in the discipline of the great body of voters. The cause of this severer discipline in Parliament lies, of course, in the English system of government. The ministry is a committee of both Houses. They have power to dissolve at any moment, and they therefore hold over all their followers the great control which comes from the ability to turn them out of office and force them to the expense of an election and possibly to the loss of their seats. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that party discipline in Parliament is so very strong.

In writing thus of some of the facts in regard to the English elections I have not had the slightest intention of criticising their methods or finding fault with them. They are not perfect; they have their defects, like our own; but also, like our own, I have no doubt whatever that English elections in the main are fair and free, and that they express, as ours do, the honest will of the voters. I took occasion to go over to the Battersea division in London, where John Burns was running, in order to see the polling. The officers in charge of the polling-booth which I visited very kindly admitted me behind the rail, so that I could see the voting in progress. The system is exactly the same as that of my own State. It is the secret or Australian ballot, and proceeds much more rapidly than with us, because they vote only for one, or at the most two or three offices. All the proceedings were quiet and orderly. There was a small crowd outside the polling-place who chaffed the voters good-naturedly as they went in, but there was not the slightest sign of disorder of any kind. I also visited some polling-places in the adjoining Clapham division. Here the voting was proceeding even more quickly and quietly, if possible, than in Battersea.

My purpose in what I have said here of English elections, and in the analysis which I have given of their election expenditures, has been merely to show that they do not differ materially from ours, although money is so much more freely used than with us. The moral to be drawn from it all is that we should seek by every means in our power to remedy any evils in our own system and to guard against all dangers to the ballot-box. But this can best be done by attending to our own affairs, guided by general standards of what is wise and right, and not by nervously and weakly seeking to imitate other people. There is no perfection to be found in English election methods. They have their problems as we have ours. We can manage our own troubles best in our own way, and despite the outcries of the Anglo-Americans in some of our larger cities, it may be safely said that English election methods are very much like those of English-speaking people elsewhere, and that human nature is not materially different in England from that in the United States, so far as election contests are concerned.

THE CABINET ORGAN.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

IT was a June day. Not one of those perfervid June days that simulate the heat of July, and try to show the corn what June can do, but one of Shakespeare's lovely and temperate days, just warm enough to unfurl the rose petals of the Armstrong rose-trees and ripen the grass flowers in the Beaumonts' unmowed yard.

The Beaumonts lived in the north end of town, at the terminus of the street-car line. They did not live in the suburbs because they liked space and country air, nor in order to have flowers and a kitchen-garden of their own, like the Armstrongs opposite, but because the rent was lower. The Beaumonts were very poor and very proud. The Armstrongs were neither poor nor proud. Joel Armstrong, the head of the family, owned the comfortable house, with its piazzas and bay-windows, the small stable and the big yard. There was a yard enclosed in poultry-netting, and a pasture for the cow, and the elderly family horse that had picked up so amazingly under the influence of good living and kindness that no one would suspect how cheaply the car company had sold him.

Armstrong was the foreman of a machine-shop. Every morning at half past six Pauline Beaumont, who rose early, used to see him board the street car in his foreman's clothes, which differ from working-men's clothes, though only in a way visible to the practised observer. He always was smoking a short pipe, and he usually was smiling. Mrs. Armstrong was a comely woman, who had a great reputation in the neighborhood as a cook and a nurse. In the family were three boys—if one can call the oldest a boy, who was a young carpenter, just this very day setting up for a master-builder. The second boy was fifteen, and in the high-school, and the youngest was ten. There were no daughters; but for helper Mrs. Armstrong had a stout young Swede, who was occasionally seen by the Beaumonts hiding broken pieces of glass or china in a convenient ravine. The Beaumont house was much smaller than the Armstrongs', nor was it in such admirable repair and paint; but then, as Henriette Beaumont was used to say, "*They* had not a carpenter in the family."

It will be seen that the Beaumonts held themselves very high above the Armstrongs. They could not forget that twenty-five years ago their father had been Lieutenant-Governor, and they had been accounted rich people in the little Western city. Father and fortune had been lost long since. They were poor, obscure, working hard for a livelihood; but they still kept their pride, which only increased as their visible consequence diminished. Nevertheless, Pauline often looked wistfully across at the Armstrongs' little feasts and fun, and always walked home on their side of the street. Pauline was the youngest and least proud of the Beaumonts.

To-day, as usual, she came down the street, past the neat low fence of the Armstrongs; but instead of passing, merely glancing in at the lawn and the house, she stopped; she leaned her shabby elbows on the gate, where she could easily see the dining-room and sniff the savory odors floating from the kitchen. "Oh, doesn't it smell good?" she murmured. "Chickens fried, and new potatoes, and a strawberry short-cake. They have such a nice garden." She caught her breath in a mirthless laugh. "How absurd I am! I feel like staying here and smelling the whole supper! Yesterday they had waffles, and the day before beefsteak—such lovely, hearty things!"

She was a tall girl, too thin for her height, with a pretty carriage and a delicate irregular face, too colorless and tired for beauty, but not for charm. Her skin was fine and clear, and her brown hair very soft. Her gray eyes were alight with interest as she watched the finishing touches given the table, which was spread with a glossy white cloth, and had a bowl of June roses in the centre. Mrs. Armstrong, in a new dimity gown and white apron, was placing a great platter of golden sponge-cake on the board. She looked up and saw Pauline. The girl could invent no better excuse for her scrutiny (which had such an air of prying) than to drop her head as if in faintness—an excuse, indeed, suggested by her own feelings. In a minute Mrs. Armstrong had stepped through the bay-window and was on the other side of the fence, listening with vivid sympathy to Pauline's

shamefaced murmur: "Excuse me, but I felt so ill!"

"It's a rush of blood to the head," cried Mrs. Armstrong, all the instincts of a nurse aroused. "Come right in; you mustn't think of going home. Land! you'll like as not faint before I can get over to you. Hold on to the fence if you feel things swimming!"

Pauline, in her confusion, grew red and redder, while, despite inarticulate protestations, she was propelled into the house and on to a large lounge.

"Lay your head back," commanded the nurse, appearing with an ammonia-bottle in one hand and a fan in the other.

"It's nothing—nothing at all," gasped Pauline, between shame and the fumes of ammonia. "The day was a little warm, and I walked home, and I was so busy I ate no lunch"—as if that were a change from her habits—"and all at once I felt faint. But I'm all right now."

"Well, I don't *wonder* you're faint," cried Mrs. Armstrong; "you oughtn't to do that way. Now you just got to lie still— Oh, that's only Ikey. Ikey, you get a glass of wine for this lady; it's Miss Beaumont."

The tall young man in the gray suit and the blue flannel shirt blushed a little under his sunburn as he bowed. "Pleased to meet you, miss," said he, promptly, before he disappeared.

"This is a great day for us," continued the mother, releasing the ammonia from duty, and beginning to fan vigorously. "Ike has set up as master-builder—only two men, and he does most of the work; but he's got a house all to himself, and the chance of some bigger ones. We're having a little celebration. You must excuse the paper on the lounge; I put it down when we unpacked the organ."

"Oh, did the organ come?" said the son.

"It surely did, and we've played on it already."

"Why, did you get the music? Was it in the box too?"

"Oh, we 'ain't played *tunes;* we just have been trying it—like to see how it goes. It's got an awful sweet sound."

"And you ought to hear me play a tune on it, ma."

"You! For the land's sake!"

"Yes, me—that never did play a tune in my life. Anybody can play on that organ." He turned politely to Pauline, as to include her in the conversation. "You see, Miss Beaumont, we're a musical family that can't sing. We can't, as they say, carry a tune to save our immortal souls. The trouble isn't with the voice; it's with our ears. We can hear well enough, too, but we haven't an ear for music. I took lessons once, trying to learn to sing, but the teacher finally braced up to tell me that he hadn't the conscience to take my money. 'What's the matter?' says I. 'You've lots of voice,' says he, 'but you haven't a mite of ear.' 'Can't anybody teach me to sing?' says I. 'Not unless they hypnotize you, like Trilby,' says he. So I gave it up. But next I thought I would learn to play; for if there's one thing ma and the



"SHE LEANED HER SHABBY ELBOWS ON THE GATE."

boys and I all love, it's music. And just then, as luck would have it, this teacher wanted to sell his cabinet organ, which is in perfect shape and a fine instrument. And I was craving to buy it, but I knew it was ridiculous, when none of us can play. But I kept thinking. Finally it came to me. I had seen those zither things with numbers on them; why couldn't he paint numbers on the keys of the organ just that way, and make music to correspond? And that's just the way we've done. You're very musical. I— I've often listened to your playing. What do you think of it?" He looked at her wistfully.

"I think it very ingenious — very," said Pauline. She had risen now, and she thanked Mrs. Armstrong, and said she must go home. In truth, she was in a panic at the thought of what she had done. Henriette never would understand. Her heart beat guiltily all the way home.

There were three Beaumonts—Henriette, Mysilla, and Pauline. Henriette and Mysilla were twins, who had dressed alike from childhood's hour, although Mysilla was very plain, a colorless blonde, of small stature and painfully thin, while Henriette was tall, with a stately figure and a handsome dark face that would have looked well on a Roman coin. Yet Henriette was a woman of good taste, and she spent many a night trying to decide on a gown which would suit equally well Mysie's fair head and her glossy black one. Both the black and the brown heads were gray now, but they still wore frocks and hats alike. Henriette held that it was the hall-mark of a good family to clothe twins alike, and Henriette did not have her Roman features for nothing. Mysilla had always adored and obeyed Henriette. She gloried in Henriette's haughty beauty and grace, and she was as proud of both now that Henriette was a shabby elderly woman, who had to wear dyed gowns and darned gloves, as in the days when she was the belle of the Iowa capital, and poor Jim Perley fought a duel with Captain Sayre over a misplaced dance on her ball-card. Henriette promised to marry Jim after the duel, but Jim died of pneumonia that very week. For Jim's sake, John Perley, his brother, was good to the girls. Pauline was a baby when her father died. She never remembered the days of pomp, only the lean days of adversity. John Perley obtained a clerkship for her in a music-store. Henriette gave music lessons. She was a brilliant musician, but she criticised her pupils precisely as she would have done any other equally stupid performers, and her pupils' parents did not always love the truth. Mysilla took in plain sewing, as the phrase goes. She sometimes (since John Perley had given them a sewing-machine) made as much as four dollars a week. They invariably paid their rent in advance, and when they had not money to buy enough to eat they went hungry. They never cared to know their neighbors, and Pauline cringed as she imaged Henriette's sarcasms had she seen her sister drinking the Armstrongs' California port. Henriette had stood in the hall corner and waved Pauline fiercely and silently away while the unconscious Mrs. Armstrong thumped at the broken bell outside, and at last departed, remarking, "Well, they must be gone, or *dead!*"

Therefore rather timidly Pauline opened the door of the little room that was both parlor and dining-room. Any one could see that the room belonged to people who loved music. The old-fashioned grand-piano was under the protection of busts of Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner; and Mysie's violin stood in the corner, near a bookcase full of musical biographies. An air of exquisite neatness was like an aroma of lavender in the room, and with it was fused a prim good taste, such as might properly belong to gentlewomen who had learned the household arts when the rule of three was sacred, and every large ornament must be attended by a smaller one on either side. And an observer of a gentle mind, furthermore, might have found a kind of pathos in the shabbiness of it all; for everything fine was worn and faded, and everything new was coarse. The portrait of the Lieutenant-Governor faced the door. For company it had on either side small engravings of Webster and Clay. Beneath it was placed the tea table, ready spread. The cloth was of good quality, but thin with long service. On the table a large plate of bread held the place of importance, with two small plates on either corner, the one containing a tiny slice of suspiciously yellow butter, and the other a cone of solid jelly. Such jelly they sell at the groceries out

of firkins. A glass jug of tea stood by a plated ice-water jug of a pattern highly esteemed before the war. Henriette was stirring a small lump of ice about the sides of the tea-jug. She greeted Pauline pleasantly.

"Iced tea?" said Pauline. "I thought we were to have hot tea and sausages and toast. I gave Mysie twenty-five cents for them this morning." She did not say that it was the money for more than one day's luncheon.

"Yes, Mysie said something about it," said Henriette, "but it didn't seem worth while to burn up so much wood merely to heat the water for tea; and toast uses up so much butter."

"But I gave Mysie a dollar to buy a little oil-stove that we could use in summer; and there was the sausage; I don't mean to find fault, sister Etty, but I'm ravenously hungry."

"Of course, child," Henriette agreed, benignly; "you are *always* hungry. But I think you'll agree I was lucky not to have bought that stove and those sausages this morning. Who do you think is coming to this town next week? Theodore Thomas, with his own orchestra! And just as I was going into that store to buy your stove—though I didn't feel at all sure it wouldn't explode and burn the house down—John Perley came up and gave me a ticket, an orchestra seat; and I said at once, 'The girls must go too'; but I hadn't but twenty-five cents, and no more coming in for a week. Then it occurred to me like a flash, there was this money you had given me; and Paula, I made such a bargain; the man at Farrell's, where they are selling the tickets, will get us three seats, not very far back in the gallery, for my orchestra seat and the money, and we shall have enough money left to take us home in the street cars. Now do you understand?" concluded Henriette, triumphantly.

"Yes, sister Etty; it will be splendid," responded Pauline, but with less enthusiasm than Henriette had expected.

"Aren't you glad?" she demanded.

"Oh yes, I'm glad; but I'm so dead-tired I can hardly talk," said Pauline, as she left the room. She felt every stair as she climbed it; but her face cleared at the sight of Mysie coming through the hall.

"It's a lovely surprise, Mysie, isn't it?" she cried, cheerfully. She always called Mysie by her Christian name, without prefix. Henriette, although of the same age, was so much more important a person that she would have felt the unadorned name a liberty. But nobody was afraid of Mysie. Pauline wound one of her long arms about her waist and kissed her.

Mysie gave a little gasp of mingled pleasure and relief, and the burden of her thoughts slipped off in the words, "I knew you 'lotted on that oil-stove, Paula, but Etty said you would want me to go—"

"I wouldn't go without you," Pauline burst in, vehemently, "and I'd live on bread and jelly for a week to give you that pleasure."

"There was the sausage, too; I did feel bad about that; you ought to have good hot meals after working all day."

"No more than you, Mysie."

"I'm not on my feet all day. And I did think of taking some of that seventy-five cents we have saved for the curtains, but I didn't like to spend any without consulting you."

"It's your own money, Mysie; but anyhow I suppose we need the curtains. Go on down; Henriette's calling. I'll be down directly." But after she heard her sister's uncertain footstep on the stair, she stood frowning out of the window at the Armstrong house. "It's hideous to think it," she murmured, "but I don't care—we have so much music and so little sausage! I wish I had the money for my ticket to the concert to spend on meat!"

Then, remorsefully, she went down stairs, and after supper she played all the evening on the piano; but the airs that she chose were in a simple strain—minstrel songs of a generation ago, like "Nelly was a lady," and "Hard times, come again no more," from a battered old book of her mother's.

"Wouldn't you like to try a few Moody and Sankeys?" Henriette jeered after a while. "Foster seems to me only one degree less maudlin and commonplace. He makes me think of tuberoses!" Pauline laughed and went to the window. The white porcupine of electric light at the corner threw out long spikes of radiance athwart the narrow sidewalk, and a man's shadow dipped into the lighted space. The man was leaning his arms on the fence. "Foolish fellow!" Pauline laughed softly to herself. That night,

shortly after she had dropped asleep, she was awakened out of a dream of staying to supper with the Armstrongs, and beholding the board loaded with broiled chickens and plum pudding, by a clutch on her shoulder. "It was *quite* accidental," she pleaded; "it really was, sister Etty!" For her dream seemed to project itself into real life, and there was Henriette, a stern figure in flowing white, bending over her.

"Wake up!" she cried. "Listen! There's something awful happening at the Armstrongs'."

Pauline sat up in bed as suddenly as a jack-in-a-box. Then she gave a little gasp of laughter. "They are all right," said she; "they are playing on their organ. That's the way they play."

The organ ceased to moan, and Henriette returned to her couch. In ten minutes she was back again, shaking Pauline. "Wake up!" she cried. "How can you sleep in such a racket? He has been murdering popular tunes by inches, and now what he is doing I don't know, but it is *awful*. You know them best. Get up and call to them that we can't sleep for the noise they make."

"I suppose they have a right to play on their own organ."

"They haven't a right to make such a pandemonium anywhere. If you won't do something, I'm going to pretend I think it's cats, and call 'Scat!' and throw something at them."

"You wouldn't hit anything," Pauline returned, in that sleepy tone which always rouses a wakeful sufferer's wrath. "Better shut your window. You can't hear nearly so well then."

"Yes, sister, I'll shut the window," Mysie called from the chamber, as usual eager for peace.

"You let that window alone," commanded Henriette, sternly. A long pause —Henriette seated in rigid agony at the foot of the bed; the Armstrongs experimenting with the Vox Humana stop. "Pauline, do you mean to say that you can sleep? Pauline! *Pauline!*"

"What's the matter now?" asked Pauline.

"I am going to take my brush—no, I shall take *your* brush, Pauline Beaumont—and hurl it at them!"

"Oh, sister, please don't," begged Mysie from within, like the voices on a stage.

Henriette spoke not again; she strode out of the room, and did even as she had threatened. She flung Pauline's brush straight at the organist sitting before the window. Whether she really meant to injure young Armstrong's candid brow is an open question; and judging from the result, I infer that she did not mean to do more than scare her sister; therefore she aimed afar. By consequence, the missile sped straight into the centre of the window. But not through it; the window was raised, and a wire screen rattled the brush back with a shivering jar.

"What's that? A bat?" said Armstrong, happily playing on. His father and mother were beaming upon him in deep content—his father a trifle sleepy, but resolved, the morrow being Sunday, to enjoy this musical hour to the full, his mother seated beside him and reading the numbers aloud.

"You see, Ikey," she had explained, "that's what makes you slow. While you're reading the numbers, you lose 'em on the organ; and while you're finding the numbers on the keys, you lose 'em on the paper. I'll read them awful low, so no one would suspect, and you keep your whole mind on those keys. Now begin again; I've got a pin to prick them—2–4–3, 1–3—no, 1–8, 1–8—it's only one 1–8; guess we better begin again."

So Mrs. Armstrong droned forth the numbers and Ikey hammered them on the organ, pumping with his feet, whenever he did not forget. The two boys slept peacefully through the weird clamor. The neighbors, with one exception, were apparently undisturbed. That exception, named Henriette Beaumont, heard with swelling wrath.

"I've thrown the brush," said she. No response from the pillow. "Now I'm going to throw the broken-handled mug," continued Henriette, in a tone of deadly resolve; "it's heavy, and it may kill some one, but I can't help it!" Still a dead silence. *Crash! smash!* The mug with the broken handle had sped against the weather-boarding.

"Now what was *that*?" cried Ike, jumping up. Before he was on his feet a broken soap-dish had followed the mug. Up flew the sash, and Ike was out of the window. "What are you doing that for? What do you mean by that?" he yelled, to which the dark and silent house opposite naturally made no reply. Ike was out in the road now, and both his parents

were after him. The elder Armstrong had been so suddenly wakened from a doze that he was under the impression of a fire somewhere, and let out a noble shout to that effect. Mrs. Armstrong, convinced that a dynamite bomb had missed fire, gathered her skirts tightly around her ankles—as if bombs could run under them like mice—and helped by screaming alternately "Police!" and "Murder!"

Henriette gloated silently over the confusion. It did her soul good to see Ike Armstrong running along the sidewalk after supposititious boys.

The Armstrongs did not return to the organ. Henriette heard their footsteps on the gravel, she heard the muffled sound of voices, but not again did the tortured instrument excite her nerves, and she sank into a troubled slumber. As they sat at breakfast the next morning, and Henriette was calculating the share due each cup from the half-pint of boiled milk, the broken bell-wire jangled. Pauline said she would go.

"It can't be any one to call so early in the morning," said Henriette; "you may go."

It was young Armstrong, in his Sunday clothes. Pauline's only picture of him had been in his work-a-day garb; it was curious how differently he impressed her, fresh from the bath and the razor, trigly buttoned up in a perfectly fitting suit of blue and brown, with a dazzling rim of white against his shapely tanned throat, and a crimson rose in his buttonhole. "How handsome he is!" thought Pauline. She had never been satisfied with her own nose, and she looked at the straight bridge of his and admired it. She was too innocent and ignorant herself to notice how innocently clear were his eyes; but she thought that they looked true and kind, and she did notice the bold lines of his chin and jaw, and the firm mouth under his black mustache. Unaccountably she grew embarrassed; he was looking at her so gravely, almost sternly, his new straw hat in one hand, and the other slightly extended to her and holding a neat bundle.

He bowed ceremoniously, as he had seen actors bow on the stage. "Somebody threw these things at our window last night," said he; "I think they belong to you. I couldn't find all the pieces of the china."

"They weren't all there," stammered Pauline, foolishly; and then a wave of mingled confusion and irritation at her false position—there was her monogram on the ivory brush!—and a queer kind of amusement swept over her, and dyed her delicate cheek as red as Armstrong's rose. And suddenly he too flushed, and his eyes flashed.

"I'm sorry I disturbed your sister," said he, "but I hope she will not throw any more things at us. We will try not to practise so late another night. Good-morning."

"I *am* sorry," said Pauline; "tell your mother I'm sorry, please. She was so kind to me."

"Thank you," Armstrong said, heartily; "I will." And somehow before he went they shook hands.

Pauline gave the message, but she felt so guilty because of this last courtesy that she gave it without reproach, even though her only good brush disclosed a pitiful crack.

"Well, you know why I did it," said Henriette, coolly; "and does the man suppose his playing isn't obnoxious any hour of the day as well as night? But let us hope they will be quiet awhile. Paula, have you any money? We ought to go over those numbers for the concert beforehand, and we must get Verdi's Requiem. Mysie has some, but she wants it to buy curtains."

"I'm sorry, sister Etty, but I haven't a cent."

"Then the curtains will have to wait, Mysie," said Henriette, cheerfully, "for we must have the music to-morrow."

Mysie threw a deprecating glance at Pauline. "There was a bargain in chintzes," she began, feebly, "but of course, sister, if Paula doesn't mind—"

"I don't mind, Mysie," said Pauline.

Why should she make Mysie unhappy and Henriette cross for a pair of cheap curtains? The day was beautiful, and she attended church. She was surprised, looking round at the choir, to discover young Armstrong in the seat behind her. She did not know that he attended that church. But surely there was no harm in a neighbor's walking home with Mysie and her. How well and modestly he talked, and how gentle and deferential he was to Mysie! Mysie sighed when he parted from them, a little way from the house.

"That young man is very superior to

his station," she declared, solemnly; "he must be of good though decayed family."

"His grandfather was a Vermont farmer, and ours was a Massachusetts farmer," retorted Pauline; "I dare say if we go back far enough we shall find the Armstrongs as good as we—"

"Oh, pray don't talk that way before Etty, dear," interrupted Mysie, hurriedly; "she thinks it so like the anarchists; and if you get into that way of speech, you *might* slip out something before her. Poor Etty, I wish she felt as if she could go to church. I hope she had a peaceful morning."

Ah, hope unfounded! Never had Miss Henriette Beaumont passed a season more rasping to her nerves. Looking out of the window, she saw both the younger Armstrongs and their mother. The boys had been picking vegetables.

"Now, boys," called Mrs. Armstrong, gayly, "let's come and play on the organ."

Henriette's soul was in arms. Unfortunately she was still in the robes of rest (attempting to slumber after her tumultuous night), and dignity forbade her shouting out of the window.

The two boys passed a happy morning experimenting on the different stops, and improvising melodies of their own. "Say, mummy, isn't that kinder like a *tune?*" one or the other would exclaim. Mrs. Armstrong listened with pride. The awful combination of discords fell sweetly on her ear, which was "no ear for music."

"It's just lovely to have an organ," she thought.

When Miss Beaumont could bear no more she attired herself and descended the stairs. Then the boys stopped. In the afternoon several friends of the Armstrongs called. They sang Moody and Sankey hymns, until Henriette was pale with misery.

"I think I prefer the untutored Armstrong savages themselves, with their war-cries," she remarked.

"Perhaps they will get tired of it," Mysie proffered for consolation. But they did not tire. They never played later than nine o'clock at night again, but until that hour the music-loving and unmusical family played and sang to their hearts' content. And the Beaumonts saw them at the Thomas concerts, Ike and his mother and Jim, applauding everything. Henriette said the sight made her ill.

Time did not soften her rancor. She caught cold at the concert, and for two weeks was confined to her chamber with what Mrs. Armstrong called rheumatism, but Henriette called gout. During the time she assured Mysie that what she suffered from the Armstrong organ exceeded anything that gout could inflict.

"Do let me speak to Mrs. Armstrong," begged Mysie.

"I spoke to that boy, the one with the freckles, myself yesterday," replied Henriette, "out of the window. I told him if they didn't stop I would have them indicted."

"Why, how did you see him?" Mysie was aghast, but she dared not criticise Henriette.

"He came here with a bucket of water. Said his mother saw us taking water out of the well, and it was dangerous. The impertinent woman, she actually offered to send us water from their cistern every day."

"But I think that was — was rather kind, sister, and it would be dreadful to have typhoid fever."

"I would rather *die* of typhoid fever than have that woman bragging to her vulgar friends that she gives the Beaumonts, Governor Beaumont's daughters, *water!* I know what her *kindness* means." Thus Henriette crushed Mysie. But when the organ began, and it was evident that Tim Armstrong intended to learn "Two little Girls in Blue," if it took him all the afternoon, Mysie rose.

"Mysie," called Henriette, "don't you go one step to the Armstrongs'."

Mysie sat down, but in a little while she tried again.

"I wish you'd let Paula, then; she is going by there every day, and she has had no dispute with them. She often stops to talk."

"Talk to whom?" said Henriette, icily.

"Oh, to any of them—Tim or Pete or Mrs. Armstrong."

"Does she talk to them long?"

"Oh no, not very long — just as she goes by. I think you're mistaken, sister. They don't think such mean things. Truly they are — nice; they seem very fond of each other, and they almost always give Paula flowers."

"What does she do with the flowers?"

"She puts them in the vases, and wears them."

"Do they give her anything else?"



"SOMEBODY THREW THESE THINGS AT OUR WINDOW."

Henriette's tone was so awful that Mysie dropped her work. "Do they?" persisted Henriette.

"They sent over the magazines a few times, but that was just borrowing, and once they—they—sent over some shortcake and some—bread."

Henriette sat bolt-upright in bed, reckless of the pain every movement gave her.

"Mysilla Beaumont, do you see where your sister is drifting? Are you both crazy? But I shall put a stop to this nonsense this very day. I am going to write a note to John Perley, and you will have to take it. Bring me the paper. If there isn't any in my desk, take some out of Pauline's."

"Oh, Henriette," whimpered Mysie, "*what* are you going to do?"

"You will soon see, and you will have to help me. After they have been disgraced and laughed at, we'll see whether she will care to lean over their fence and talk to them."

It was true that Pauline did talk to the Armstrongs; she did lean over the Armstrong fence. It had come to pass by degrees. She knew perfectly well it was wrong. Henriette never allowed her to have any acquaintances. But Henriette could not see her from the bed, and Mysie

did not mind; and so she fell into the habit of stopping at the Armstrong gate to inquire for Mrs. Armstrong's turkeys, or to ask advice about the forlorn little geraniums which fought for life in the Beaumont yard, or to lend her own nimble fingers to the adorning of Mrs. Armstrong's bonnets. She saw Ike often. Once she actually ventured to enter "those mechanics'" doors and play on the detested organ. Her musical gifts could not be compared to her sister's. A sweet, true voice, of no great compass, a touch that had only sympathy and a moderate facility—these the highly cultivated Beaumonts rated at their very low artistic value; but the ignorant Armstrongs listened to Pauline's hymns in rapture. The tears filled Mrs. Armstrong's eyes; impulsively she kissed the girl. "Oh, you dear child!" she cried. Ike said nothing. Not a word. He was standing near enough to Pauline to touch the folds of her dress. His fingers almost reverently stroked the faded pink muslin. He swallowed something that was choking him. Joel Armstrong nodded and smiled. Then his eyes sought his wife's. He put out his hand and held hers. When the music was done and the young people were gone, he puffed hard on his dead pipe, saying, "It's the best thing that can happen to a young man, mother, to fall in love with a real good girl, ain't it?"

"Yes, I guess it is."

"And I guess you'd have the training of this one, mother; and there's plenty of room in the lot opposite that's for sale to build a nice little house. They'd start a sight better off than we did."

"But we were very happy, Joe, weren't we?"

"That we were, and that we are, Sally," said Armstrong. "Come on out in the garden with your beau; we ain't going to let the young folks do all the courting."

Mysie and Henriette saw the couple walking in the garden, the husband's arm around his wife's waist, and the soft-hearted sister sighed.

"Oh, sister, don't you kinder wish you *hadn't done it?*" she whispered. "They didn't mean any harm."

"Harm? No. I dare say that young carpenter would be willing to marry Pauline Beaumont!" cried Henriette, bitterly.

Mysie shook her gray head, her loose mouth working, while she winked away a tear. "I don't care, I don't care—" thus did she inwardly moan out of a spasm of dire resolution—"I'm just going to tell Pauline!"

Perhaps what she told set the cloud on the girl's pretty face; and perhaps that was why she looked eagerly over the Armstrong fence every night; and the cloud lifted at the sound of Mrs. Armstrong's mellow voice hailing her from any part of the house or yard.

But one night, instead of the usual cheerful stir about the house, she found the Swede girl alone in the kitchen, weeping over the potatoes. To Pauline's inquiries she returned a burst of woe. "They all tooken to chail—all!" she wailed. "I don't know what to do if I get supper. The mans come, the police mans, and tooken them all away. I hela verlden! who ever know such a country? Such nice peoples sent to chail for play on the organ—their own organ! They say they not play right, but I think to send to chail for not play right on the organ that sha'n't be right!"

Pauline could make nothing more out of her; but the man on the corner looked in at one particularly dolorous burst of sobs over poor Tim and poor Petey and tendered his version: "They've gone, sure enough, miss. Your sisters have had them arrested for keeping and committing a nuisance. Now I ain't stuck on their organ-playing, as a general rule, myself, but I wouldn't go so far as to call it a nuisance. But the Fullers ain't on the best of terms; old Fuller is a crank, and there's politics between him and Armstrong and the Delaneys, who have just moved into the neighborhood, mother and daughter—very musical folks, they say, and nervous; they have joined in with your sister—"

"Where have they gone?" asked Pauline, who was very pale.

"To the police court. They were mighty cunning, if you'll excuse me, miss. They picked out that old German crank, Von Reibnitz, who plays in the Schubert Quartet, and loves music better than beer."

The man was right. Henriette had chosen her lawgiver shrewdly; and at this very moment she was sitting in one of the dingy chairs of the police court, with the mien of Marie Antoinette on her way to execution. Mysie sat beside her in misery not to be described; for was she not joined with Henriette in the prosecution of the unfortunate Armstrongs? and

had she not surreptitiously partaken of hot rolls and strawberry jam that very day, handed over the fence to her by Mrs. Armstrong? She could not sustain the occasional glare of the magistrate's glasses; and unable to look in the direction of the betrayed Armstrongs, for the most part she peered desolately at the clerk. The accused sat opposite. Mr. Armstrong and Ike were in their working-clothes. Hastily summoned, they had not the meagre comfort of a toilet. The father looked about the court, a perplexed frown replacing at intervals a perplexed grin. When he was not studying the court-room, he was polishing the bald spot on his head with a large red handkerchief, or rubbing the grimy palms of his hands on the sides of his trousers. He had insisted upon an immediate trial, but his wits had not yet pulled themselves out of the shock of his arrest. The boys varied the indignant solemnity of bearing which their mother had impressed on them with the unquenchable interest of their age. Mrs. Armstrong had assumed her best bonnet and her second-best gown. She was a handsome woman, with her fair skin, her wavy brown hair, and brilliant blue eyes; and the reporter looked at her often, adding to the shame and fright that were clawing her under her Spartan composure. But she held her head in the air bravely. Not so her son, who sat with his hands loosely clasped before him and his head sunk on his breast through the entire arraignment.

Behind the desk the portly form of the magistrate filled an arm-chair to overflowing, so that the reporter wondered whether he could rise from the chair, should it be necessary, or whether chair and he must perforce cling together. His body and arms were long, but his legs were short, so he always used a cricket, which somehow detracted from the dignity of his appearance. He had been a soldier, and kept a martial gray mustache; but he wore a wig of lustrous brown locks, which he would push from side to side in the excitement of a case, and then clap frankly back into place with both hands. There was no deceit about Fritz Von Reibnitz. He was a man of fiery prejudices, but of good heart and sound sense, and he often was shrewder than the lawyers who tried to lead him through his weaknesses. But he had a leaning towards a kind of free hand, Arabian justice, and rather followed the spirit of the law than servilely questioned what might be the letter. Twirling his mustachios, he leaned back in his chair and studied the faces of the Armstrong family, while the clerk read the information slowly—for the benefit of his friend the reporter, who felt this to be one of the occasions that enliven a dusty road of life.



"NOW, BOYS, LET'S COME AND PLAY ON THE ORGAN."

"State of Iowa, Winfield County. The City of Fairport *vs.* Jos. L. Armstrong, Mrs. J. L. Armstrong, Isaac J. Armstrong, Peter Armstrong, and Timothy Armstrong. The defendants" (the names were repeated, and at each name the mother of the Armstrongs winced) "are accused of the crime of violating Section 2 of Chapter 41 of the ordinances of said city. For that the defendants, on the 3d, the 10th, the 15th, and 23d day of July, 18—, in the city of Fairport, in said county, did conspire and confederate together to disturb the public quiet of the neighborhood, and in pursuance of said conspiracy, and aiding and abetting each other, did make, then and there, loud and unusual noises by playing on a cabinet organ in an unusual and improper manner, and by singing boisterously and out of tune; and did thereby disturb the public quiet of the neighborhood, contrary to the ordinances in such case provided."

"You vill read also the ordinance, Mr. Clerk," called the magistrate, with much majesty of manner, frowning at the same time on the younger lawyers, who were unable to repress their feelings, while the reporter appeared to be taken with cramps.

The clerk read:

"Every person who shall unlawfully disturb the public quiet of any street, alley, avenue, public square, wharf, or any religious or other public assembly, or building public or private, or any neighborhood, private family, or person within the city, by giving false alarms of fire" (Mrs. Armstrong audibly whispered to her husband, "We *never* did that!"), "by loud or unusual noises" (Mrs. Armstrong sank back in her corner, and Joseph Armstrong very nearly groaned aloud), "by ringing bells, blowing horns or other instruments, etc., etc., shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished accordingly."

Then uprose the attorney for the prosecution, to state his case. He narrated how the Armstrong family had bought an organ, and had played upon it almost continually since the purchase, thereby greatly annoying and disturbing the entire neighborhood. He said that no member of the Armstrong family knew more than two changes on the organ, and that several of them, in addition to playing, were accustomed to sing in a loud and disagreeable voice (the Armstrong family were visibly affected), and that so great was the noise and disturbance made by the said organ that the prosecuting witness, Miss Beaumont, who was sick at the time, had been agitated and disturbed by it, to her great bodily and mental damage and danger. That although requested to desist, they had not desisted (Tim and Pete exchanged glances of undissembled enjoyment), and therefore she was compelled in self-defense to invoke the aid of the law.

Ike listened dully. There was no humor in the situation for him. He felt himself and his whole family disgraced, dragged before the police magistrate just like a common drunk and disorderly loafer, and accused of being a nuisance to their neighborhood; the shame of it tingled to his finger-tips. He would not look up; it seemed to him that he could never hold up his head again. No doubt it would all be in the paper next morning, and the Armstrongs, who were so proud of their honest name, would be the laughing-stock of the town. Somebody was saying something about a lawyer. Ike scowled at the faces of the young attorneys lolling and joking outside the railing. "I won't fool away any money on those chumps," he growled; "I want to get through and pay my fine and be done."

Somebody laughed; then he saw that it was the sheriff of the county, a good friend of his. He looked appealingly up at the strong, dark face; he grasped the big hand extended.

"I'm in a hole, Mr. Wickliff," he whispered.

"Naw, you're not," replied Wickliff; "you've a friend in the family. She got onto this plot and came to me a good while ago. We're all ready. I've known her since she was a little girl. Know 'em all, poor things! Say, let *me* act as your attorney. Don't have to be a member of the bar to practise in *this* court. Y'Honor! If it please y'Honor, I'd like to be excused to telephone to some witnesses for the defence."

Ike caught his breath. "A friend in the family!" He did not dare to think what that meant. And Wickliff had gone. They were examining the prosecuting witnesses. Miss Mysilla Beaumont took the oath, plainly frightened. She spoke almost in a whisper. Her evident desire to deal gently with the Armstrongs was used skilfully by the young attorney whom John Perley (his uncle) had employed. Behold (he made poor Mysie's evidence seem to say) what ear-rending

and nerve-shattering sounds these barbarous organists must have produced to make this amiable lady protest at law! Mysie fluttered out of the witness-box in a tremor, nor dared to look where Mrs. Armstrong sat bridling and fanning herself. Next three Fullers deposed to more or less disturbance from the musical taste of the Armstrongs, and the Delaney daughter swore, in a clarion voice, that the playing of the Armstrongs was the worst ever known.

"It ain't any worse than her scales!" cried Mrs. Armstrong, goaded into speech. The magistrate darted a warning glance at her.

Miss Henriette Beaumont was called last. Her mourning garments, to masculine eyes, did not show their age; and her grand manner and handsome face, with its gray hair and its flashing eyes, caused even the magistrate's manner to change. Henriette had a rich voice and a beautiful articulation. Every softly spoken word reached Mrs. Armstrong, who writhed in her seat. She recited how she had spent hours of "absolute torment" under the Armstrong instrumentation, and she described in the language of a musician the unspeakable iniquities of the Armstrong technique. Her own lawyer could not understand her, but the magistrate nodded in sympathy. She said she was unable to sleep nights because of the "horrible discords played on the organ—"

"I declare we never played it but two nights, and they weren't discords; they were nice tunes," sobbed Mrs. Armstrong.

The justice rapped and frowned. "Silence in der court!" he thundered. Then he glared on poor Mrs. Armstrong. "Any body vot calls hisself a laty ought to behave itself like sooch!" he said, with strong emphasis. The attorneys present choked and coughed. In fact, the remark passed into a saying in police-court circles. Miss Henriette stepped with stately graciousness to her seat.

"Und now der defence," said the justice—"der Armstrong family. Vot has you got to say?"

"Let me put some witnesses on first, Judge," called Wickliff, "to show the Armstrongs' character." He was opening the door, and the hall behind seemed filled.

"Oh, good land, Ikey, do look!" quavered Mrs. Armstrong; "there's pa's boss, and the Martins that used to live in the same block with us, and Mrs. O'Toole, and all the neighbors most up to the East End, and—oh, Ikey! there's Miss Pauline herself! Our friends 'ain't deserted us; I knew perfectly well they *wouldn't!*"

Ike did look up then—he stood up. His eyes met the eyes of his sweetheart, and he sat down with his cheek afire and his head in the air.

"In the first place," said Wickliff, assuming an easy attitude, with one hand in a pocket and the other free for oratorical display, "I'll call Miss Beaumont, Miss Henriette Beaumont, for the defence." Miss Beaumont responded to the call, and turned a defiant stare on the amateur attorney.

"You say you were disturbed by the Armstrongs' organ?"

"I was painfully disturbed."

"Naturally you informed your neighbors, and asked them to desist playing the organ?"

"I did."

"How many times?"

"Once."

"To whom did you speak?"

"I told the boys to tell their mother."

"Are you passionately fond of music?"

"I am."

"Are you sensitive to bad music—acutely sensitive?"

"I suppose I am; a lover of music is, of necessity."

The magistrate nodded and sighed.

"Are you of a particularly patient and forbearing disposition?" Henriette directed a withering glance at the tall figure of the questioner.

"I am forbearing enough," she answered. "Do I need to answer questions that are plainly put to insult me?"

"No, madam," said the magistrate. "Mr. Wickliff, I rules dot question out."

Nothing daunted, Wickliff continued: "When you gave the boys warning, where were they?"

"In my house."

"How came they there?"

"They had brought over a bucket of water."

"Why?"

"Because we had only well-water, they said."

"That was rather kind on the part of Mrs. Armstrong, don't you think? In every respect, besides playing the organ, she was a kind neighbor, wasn't she?"

"I don't complain of her."

"Wasn't she rather noted in the neighborhood as a lady of great kindness? Didn't she often send in little delicacies—flowers, fruit, and such things—gifts that often pass between neighbors to different people?"

"She may have. I am not acquainted with her."

"Hasn't she sent in things at different times to *you*?"

Henriette's throat began to form the word no, then she remembered the shortcake, she remembered the roses, she remembered her oath, and she choked. "I don't know much about it; perhaps she may have," said she.

"That will do," said Wickliff. "Call Miss Mysilla Beaumont." Wickliff's respectful bearing reassured the agitated spinster. He wouldn't detain her a moment. He only wanted to know had neighborly courtesies passed between the two houses. Yes? Had Mrs. Armstrong been a kind and unobtrusive neighbor?

"Oh, yes, sir; yes, indeed," cried poor Mysie.

"Were you yourself much disturbed by the organ?"

"No, sir," gasped Mysie, with one tragic glance at her sister's stony features. She knew now what Jeanie Deans must have suffered.

"That will do," said Wickliff.

Then a procession of witnesses filed into the narrow space before the railing. First the employer of the elder Armstrong gave his high praise of his foreman as a man and a citizen; then came the neighbors, declaring the Armstrong virtues—from Mrs. Martin, who deposed with tears that Mrs. Armstrong's courage and good nursing had saved her little Willy's life when he was burned, to Mrs. O'Toole, an aged little Irish woman, who recited how the brave young Peter had rescued her dog from a band of young torturers. "And they had a tin can filled with fire-crackers, yer Honor (an' they was lighted), tied to the poor stoompy tail of him; but Petey he pulled it aff, and he throwed it ferninst them, and he made them sorry that day, he did, for it bursted. He's a foine bye, and belongs to a foine family!"

"Aren't you a little prejudiced in favor of the Armstrongs, Mrs. O'Toole?" asked the prosecuting attorney, as Wickliff smilingly bade him "take the witness."

"Yes, sor, I am," cried Mrs. O'Toole, huddling her shawl closer about her wiry little frame. "I am that, sor, praise God! They paid the rint for me whin me bye was in throuble, and they got him wur-rk, and he's doin' well this day, and been for three year. And there's many a hot bite passed betwane us whin we was neighbors. Prejudeeced! I'd not be wuth the crow's pickin's if I wasn't; and the back of me hand and the sowl of me fut to thim that's persecuting of thim this day!"

"Call Miss Pauline Beaumont," said Wickliff. "That will do, grandma."

Pauline's evidence was very concise, but to the point. She did not consider the Armstrong organ a nuisance. She believed the Armstrongs, if instructed, would learn to play the organ. If the window were shut the noise could not disturb any one. She had the highest respect and regard for the Armstrongs.

"There's my case, your Honor," said Wickliff, "and I've confidence enough in it and in this court to leave it in your hands. Say the same, Johnny?"—to the young lawyer. Perley laughed; he was beginning to suspect that not all the case appeared on the surface. Perhaps the Beaumont family peace would fare all the better if he kept his hands off. He said that he had no evidence to offer in rebuttal, and would leave the case confidently to the wisdom of the court.

"And I'll bet you a hat on one thing, Amos," he observed in an undertone to the amateur attorney on the other side, "Fritz's decision on this case may be good sense, but it will be awful queer law."

"Fritz has got good sense," said Amos.

The magistrate announced his decision. He had deep sympathy, he said, for the complainant, a gifted and estimable lady. He knew that the musical temperament was sensitive as the violin—yes. But it also appeared from the evidence that the Armstrong family were a good, a worthy family, lacking only a knowledge of music to make them acceptable neighbors. Therefore he decided that the Armstrong family should hire a competent teacher, and that until able to play without giving offence to the neighbors they should close the window. With that understanding he would find the defendants not guilty; and each party could pay its own costs.

Perley glanced at Amos, who grinned and repeated, "Fritz has got good sense."

"I'd have won my hat," said Perley, "but I'm not kicking. Just look at Miss Beaumont, though."

Henriette had listened in stony calm. She did not once look at Pauline, who was standing at the other side of the room. "Come, sister," she said to Mysie. Mysie turned a scared face on Henriette. She drew her aside.

"Did you hear what he said?" she whispered. "Oh, Henriette, *what* shall we do? We shall have to pay the costs—"

"The Armstrongs will have to pay them too," said Henriette, grimly.

"Theirs won't be so much, because none of their witnesses will take a cent; but the Fullers and Miss Delaney want their fees, and it's a dollar and a half, and there's—"

"We shall have to borrow it from John Perley," said Henriette.

"But he isn't here, and maybe they'll put us in jail if we don't pay. Oh, Henriette, why did you—"

This, Mysie's first and last reproach of her sovereign, was cut short by the approach of Pauline.

At her side walked young Armstrong. And Pauline, who used to be so timid, presented him without a tremor.

"I wanted to tell you, Miss Beaumont," said Ike, "that I did not understand that we were disturbing you so much when you were ill. Not being musical, we could not appreciate what we were making you suffer. But I beg you to believe, ma'am, that we are all very sorry. And I didn't think it no more than right that I should pay all the costs of this case—which I have done gladly. I hope you will forgive us, and that we may all of us live as good neighbors in future. We will try not to annoy you, and we have engaged a very fine music-teacher."

"They have engaged *me*," said Pauline. And as she spoke she let the young man very gently draw her hand into his arm.





See page 256.

THE WALK ON THE CLIFF.

A REBELLIOUS HEROINE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

VI.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM HARLEY.

"Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long."
—"RICHARD III."

THERE was no doubt about it that Harley, true to his purpose, was making a good fight to conquer without compulsion, and appreciated as much as I the necessity of reducing his heroine to concrete form as speedily as possible, lest some other should prove more successful, and so deprive him of the laurels for which he had worked so hard and suffered so much. In his favor was his disposition. He was a man of great determination, and once he set about doing something he was not an easy man to turn aside, and now that for the first time in his life he found himself baffled at every point, and by a heroine of no very great literary importance, he became more determined than ever.

"I'll conquer yet," he said to me, a week or so later; but the weariness with which he spoke made me fear that victory was afar off.

"I've no doubt of it—ultimately," I answered, to encourage him; "but don't you think you'll stand a better chance if you let her rest for a while, and then steal in upon her unawares, and catch her little romance as it flies? She is apparently nerved up against you now, and the more conscious she is of your efforts to put her on paper, the more she will rebel. In fact, her rebelliousness will become more and more a matter of whim than of principle, unless you let up on her for a little while. Half of her opposition now strikes me as obstinacy, and the more you try to break her spirit, even though you do it gently, the more stubborn will she become. Put this book aside for a few weeks anyhow. Why not tackle something else? You'd do better work, too, after a little variety."

"This must be finished by September 1st, that's why not," said Stuart. "I've promised Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick to send them the completed manuscript by that time. Besides, no heroine of mine shall ever say that she swerved me from doing what I have set about doing. It's now or never with Marguerite Andrews."

So I left him at his desk, and for a week was busy with my own affairs. Late the following Friday night I dropped in at Harley's rooms to see how matters were progressing. As I entered I saw him at his desk, his back turned toward me, silhouetted in the lamp-light, scratching away furiously with his pen.

"Ah!" I thought, as my eye took in the picture, "it goes at last. I guess I won't disturb his train of thoughts."

And I tried to steal softly out, for he had not observed my entrance. As luck would have it, I stepped upon the sill of the door as I passed out, and it creaked.

"Hello!" cried Harley, wheeling about in his chair, startled by the sound. "What are you up to? Come back here. I want to see you."

His manner was cheerful, but I could see that the cheerfulness was assumed. The color had completely left his cheeks, and great rings under his eyes betokened weariness of spirit.

"I didn't want to disturb you," said I, returning. "You seemed to have your pen on a clear track, with full steam up."

"I had," he said, quietly. "I was just finishing up that Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick business."

"Aha!" I cried, grasping his hand and shaking it. "I congratulate you. Success at last, eh?"

"Well, I've got something done—and that's it," he said, and he tossed the letter-block upon which he had been writing across the table to me. "Read that, and tell me what you think of it."

I read it over carefully. It was a letter to Messrs. Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick, in which Stuart asked to be relieved of the commission he had undertaken:

"I find myself utterly unable to complete the work in the stipulated time," he wrote, "by reasons entirely beyond my control. Nor can I at this writing say with any degree of certainty when I shall be able to finish the story. I have made constant and conscientious effort to carry out my agreement with you, but fruitlessly, and I beg that you will relieve me of the obligation into which I entered at the

signing of our contract. Of course I could send you something long enough to cover the required space—words come easy enough for that—but the result would be unsatisfactory to you and injurious to me were I to do so. Please let me hear from you, releasing me from the obligation, at your earliest convenience, as I am about to leave town for a fortnight's rest. Regretting my inability to serve you at this time, and hoping soon to be able to avail myself of your very kind offer, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,
STUART HARLEY."

"Oh!" said I. "You've finished it, then, by—"

"By giving it up," said he, sadly. "It's the strangest thing that ever happened to me, but that girl is impossible. I take up my pen intending to say that she did this, and before I know it she does that. I cannot control my story at all, nor can I perceive in what given direction she will go. If I could, I could arrange my *scenario* to suit, but as it is, I cannot go on. It may come later, but it won't come now, and I'm going to give her up, and go down to Barnegat to fish for ten days. I hate to give the book up, though," he added, tapping the table with his pen-holder reflectively. "Chadwick's an awfully good fellow, and his firm is one of the best in the country, liberal and all that, and here at my first opportunity to get on their list I'm completely floored. It's beastly hard luck, I think."

"Don't be floored," said I. "Take my advice and tackle something else. Write some other book."

"That's the devil of it!" he replied, angrily pounding the table with his fist. "I can't. I've tried, and I can't. My mind is full of that woman. If I don't get rid of her I'm ruined—I'll have to get a position as a salesman somewhere, or starve, for until she is caught between good stiff board covers I can't write another line."

"Oh, you take too serious a view of it, Stuart," I ventured. "You're mad and tired now. I don't blame you, of course, but you mustn't be rash. Don't send that letter yet. Wait until you've had the week at Barnegat—you'll feel better then. You can write the book in ten days after your return; or if you still find you can't do it, it will be time enough to withdraw then."

"What hope is there after that?" he cried, tossing a bundle of manuscript into my lap. "Just read that, and tell me what's the use. I'd mapped out a meeting between Marguerite Andrews and a certain Mr. Arthur Parker, a fellow with wealth, position, brains, good looks—in short, everything a girl could ask for in a man, and that's what came of it."

I spread the pages out upon the table before me and read:

CHAPTER IV.

A DECLARATION.

"*I have not seen*
So likely an ambassador of love."
—"MERCHANT OF VENICE."

PARKER mounted the steps lightly and rang the bell. Marguerite's kindness of the night before, which was in marked contrast to her coolness at the MacFarland dance, had led him to believe that he was not wholly without interest to her, and her invitation that he should call upon her had given him a sincere pleasure; in fact, he wondered that he should be so pleased over so trivial a circumstance.

"I'm afraid I've lost my heart again," he said to himself. "That is, again if I ever lost it before," he added.

And his mind reverted to a little episode at Bar Harbor the summer before, and he was not sorry to feel that that wound was cured—though, as a matter of fact, it had never been more than a scratch.

A moment later the door opened, and Parker entered, inquiring for Miss Andrews.

"I do not know, but I will see if Miss Andrews is at home," said the butler, ushering him into the parlor. That imposing individual knew quite well that Miss Andrews was at home, but he also knew that it was not his place to say so until the young lady had personally assured him of the facts in so far as they related to this particular caller. All went well for Parker, however. Miss Andrews consented to be at home to him, and five minutes later she entered the drawing-room where Parker was seated.

"How do you do?" she said, frigidly, ignoring his outstretched hand.

("Think of that, will you?" interposed Harley. "He'd come to propose, and was to leave engaged, and she insists upon opening upon him frigidly, ignoring his outstretched hand."

I couldn't help smiling. "Why did you let her do it?" I asked.

"I could no more have changed it than I could fly," returned Stuart. "She ought never to have been at home if she was going to behave that way. I couldn't foresee the incident, and before I knew it, that's the way it happened. But I thought I could fix it up later, so I went on. Read along, and see what I got let into next."

I proceeded to read as follows.)

"You see," said Parker, with an admiring glance at her eyes, in spite of the fact that the coolness of her reception rather abashed him—"you see, I have not delayed very long in coming."

"So I perceive," returned Marguerite, with a bored manner. "That's what I said to Mrs. Willard as I came down. You don't allow your friends much leeway, Mr. Parker. It doesn't seem more than five minutes since we were together at the card party."

("That's cordial, eh?" said Harley, as I read. "Nice sort of talk for a heroine to a hero. Makes it easy for me, eh?"

"I must say if you manage to get a proposal in now you're a genius," said I.

"Oh—as for that, I got reckless when I saw how things were going," returned Harley. "I lost my temper, and took it out of poor Parker. He proposes, as you will see when you come to it; but it isn't realism—it's compulsion. I simply forced him into it—poor devil. But go on and read for yourself."

I did so, as follows.)

This was hardly the treatment Parker had expected at the hands of one who had been undeniably gracious to him at the card table the night before. He had received the notice that she was to be his partner at the tables with misgivings, on his arrival at Mrs. Stoughton's, because his recollection of her behavior toward him at the MacFarland dance led him to believe that he was personally distasteful to her; but as the evening at cards progressed he felt instinctively drawn towards her, and her vivacity of manner, cleverness at repartee, and extreme amiability toward himself had completely won his heart, which victory their little *tête-à-tête* during supper had confirmed. But here, this morning, was a complete reversion to her first attitude. What could it mean? Why should she treat him so?

("I couldn't answer that question to save my life," said Stuart. "That is, not then, but I found out later. I put it in, however, and let Parker draw his own conclusions. I'd have helped him out if I could, but I couldn't. Go on and see for yourself."

I resumed.)

Parker could not solve the problem, but it pleased him to believe that something over which he had no control had gone wrong that morning, and that this had disturbed her equanimity, and that he was merely the victim of circumstances; and somehow or other it pleased him also to think that he could be the victim of her circumstances, so he stood his ground.

"It is a beautiful day," he began, after a pause.

"Is it?" she asked, indifferently.

("Frightfully snubbish," said I, appalled at the lengths to which Miss Andrews was going.

"Dreadfully," sighed Harley. "And so unlike her, too.")

"Yes," said Parker, "so very beautiful that it seemed a pity that you and I should stay in-doors, with plenty of walks to be taken and—"

Marguerite interrupted him with a sarcastic laugh.

"With so much pity and so many walks, Mr. Parker, why don't you take a few of them?" she said.

("Good Lord!" said I. "This is the worst act of rebellion yet. She seems beside herself."

"Read on!" said Harley, in sepulchral tones.)

This was Parker's opportunity.

"I am not fond of walking, Miss Andrews," he said; and then he added, quickly, "that is, alone—I don't like anything alone. Living alone, like walking alone, is—"

"Let's go walking," said Marguerite, shortly, as she rose up from her chair. "I'll be down in two minutes. I only need to put my hat on."

Parker acquiesced, and Miss Andrews walked majestically out of the parlor and went up stairs.

"Confound it!" muttered Parker as she left him. "A minute more, and I'd have known my fate."

("You see," said Harley, "I'd made up my mind that that proposal should take place in that chapter, and I thought I'd worked right up to it, in spite of all Miss Andrews's disagreeable remarks, when, pop—off she goes to put on her hat."

"Oh—as for that—that's all right," said I. "Parker had suggested the walk, and a girl really does like to stave off a proposal as long as she can, as long as she knows it is sure to come. Furthermore, it gives you a chance to describe the hat, and so make up for a few of the words you lost when she refused to discuss ball dresses with Mrs. Willard."

"I never thought of that; but don't you think I worked up to the proposal skilfully?" asked Harley.

"Very," said I. "But you're dreadfully hard on Parker. It would have been better to have had the butler fire him out, head over heels. He could have thrashed the butler for doing that, but with your heroine his hands were tied."

"Go on and read," said Harley.)

"She must have known what I was driving at," Parker reflected, as he awaited her return. "Possibly she loves me in spite of this frigid behavior. This may be her method of concealing it; but if it is, I must confess it's a case of

'Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?'

Certainly, knowing as she now must what my feelings are, her being willing to go for a walk on the cliffs, or anywhere, is a favorable sign."

("Parker merely echoed my own hope in that remark," said Harley. "If I could get them engaged, I was satisfied to do it in any way that might be pleasing to her.")

A moment later Marguerite appeared, arrayed for the walk. Parker rose as she entered, and picked up his gloves.

"You are a perfect picture this morning," said he.

"I'm ready," she said, shortly, ignoring the compliment. "Where are we scheduled to walk?—or are we to have something to say about it ourselves?"

Parker looked at her with a wondering smile. The aptness of the remark did not strike him. However, he was equal to the occasion.

"You don't believe in free will, then?" he asked.

("It was the only intelligent remark he could make, under the circumstances, you see," explained Harley.

"He was a clever fellow," said I, and resumed.)

"I believe in a great many things we are supposed to go without," said Marguerite, sharply.

They had reached the street, and in silence walked along Bellevue Avenue.

"There are a great many things," vouchsafed Parker, as they turned out of the avenue to the cliffs, "that men are supposed not to go without—"

"Yes," said Marguerite—"vices."

"I did not refer to them," laughed Parker. "In fact, Miss Andrews, the heart of man is supposed to be incomplete until he has lost it, and has succeeded in getting another for his very—"

"Are you an admirer of Max Nordau?" interposed Marguerite, quickly.

("What ever led you to put that in?" I asked.

"Go on, and you'll see," said Harley. "I didn't put it in. It's what she said. I'm not responsible.")

"I don't know anything about Max Nordau," said Parker, somewhat surprised at this sudden turn of the conversation.

"Are you familiar with Ibsen?" she asked.

("It was awfully rough on the poor fellow," said Harley, "but I couldn't help him. I'd forced him in so far that I couldn't get him out. His answer floored me as completely as anything that Miss Andrews ever did.")

"Ibsen?" said Parker, nonplussed. "Oh yes," he added, an idea dawning on his mind. "Oh, certainly—you mean the man who makes pictures for *Life*. Why, yes, I'm familiar with his work, and I like it very much. If he could write a *Trilby*, he'd be the equal of Du Maurier."

Miss Andrews laughed immoderately, in which Parker, thinking that he had possibly said something witty, although he did not know what it was, joined. In a moment the laughter subsided, and for a few minutes the two walked on in silence. Finally Parker spoke, resignedly.

"Miss Andrews," he said, "perhaps you have noticed—perhaps not—that you have strongly interested me."

"Yes," she said, turning upon him desperately. "I have noticed it, and that is why I have on two separate occasions tried to keep you from saying so."

"And why should I not tell you that I love—" began Parker.

"Because it is hopeless," retorted Marguerite. "I am perfectly well aware, Mr. Parker, what we are down for, and I suppose I cannot blame you for your persistence. Perhaps you don't know any better; perhaps you do know better, but

are willing to give yourself over unreservedly into the hands of another; perhaps you are being forced and cannot help yourself. It is just possible that you are a professional hero, and feel under obligations to your employer to follow out his wishes to the letter. However it may be, you have twice essayed to come to the point, and I have twice tried to turn you aside. Now it is time to speak truthfully. I admire and like you very much, but I have a will of my own, am nobody's puppet, and if Stuart Harley never writes another book in his life he shall not marry me to a man I do not love. I do not know if you are aware of the fact, but it is true nevertheless that you are the third fiancé he has tried to thrust upon me since July 3d. Like the others, if you insist upon blindly following his will and propose marriage to me, you shall go by the board. I have warned you, and you can now do as you please. You were saying—?"

"That I love you with all my soul," said Parker, grimly.

("He didn't really love her then, you know," said Harley. "He'd been cured of that in five minutes. But I was resolved that he should say it, and he did. That's how he came to say it grimly. He did it just as a soldier rushes up to the cannon's mouth. He added, also:")

"Will you be my wife?"

"Most certainly not," said Marguerite, turning on her heel, and leaving the young man to finish his walk alone.

("And then," said Harley, with a chuckle, "Parker's manhood would assert itself in spite of all I could do. He made an answer, which I wrote down."

"I see," said I, "but you've scratched it out. What was that line?"

"'"Thank the Lord!" said Parker to himself as Miss Andrews disappeared around the corner,'" said Stuart Harley. "That's what I wrote, and I flatter myself on the realism of it, for that's just what any self-respecting hero would have said under the circumstances."

A silence came over us.

"Do you wonder I've given it up?" asked Stuart, after a while.

"Yes," said I, "I do. Such opposition would nerve me up to a battle royal. I wouldn't give it up until I'd returned from Barnegat, if I were you," I added, anxious to have him renew his efforts; for an idea had just flashed across my mind, which, although it involved a breach of faith on my part, I nevertheless believed to be good and justifiable, since it might relieve Stuart Harley of his embarrassment.

"Very well," I rejoiced to hear him say. "I won't give it up until then, but I haven't much hope after that last chapter."

So Harley went to Barnegat, after destroying his letter to Messrs. Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick, whilst I put my breach of faith into operation.)

VII.

A BREACH OF FAITH.

"Having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not to break my troth."
—"Love's Labor's Lost."

When I assured Harley that I should keep my hands off his heroine until he requested me to do otherwise, after my fruitless attempt to discipline her into a less refractory mood, I fully intended to keep my promise. She was his, as far as she possessed any value as literary material, and he had as clear a right to her exclusive use as if she had been copyrighted in his name—at least so far as his friends were concerned he had. Others might make use of her for literary purposes with a clear conscience if they chose to do so, but the hand of a friend must be stayed. Furthermore, my own experience with the young woman had not been successful enough to lead me to believe that I could conquer where Harley had been vanquished. Physical force I had found to be unavailing. She was too cunning to fall into any of the pitfalls that with all my imagination I could conjure up to embarrass her; but something had to be done, and I now resolved upon a course of moral suasion, and wholly for Harley's sake. The man was actually suffering because she had so persistently defied him, and his discomfiture was all the more deplorable because it meant little short of the ruin of his life and ambitions. The problem had to be solved or his career was at an end. Harley never could do two things at once. The task he had in hand always absorbed his whole being until he was able to write the word finis on the last page of his manuscript, and until the finis to this elusive book he was now struggling with was written, I knew that he would write no other. His pot-boilers he could do, of course, and

so earn a living, but pot-boilers destroy rather than make reputations, and Harley was too young a man to rest upon past achievements; neither had he done such vastly superior work that his fame could withstand much diminution by the continuous production of ephemera. It was therefore in the hope of saving him that I broke faith with him and temporarily stole his heroine. I did not use her at all, as you might think, as a heroine of my own, but as an interesting person with ideas as to the duty of heroines —a sort of Past Grand Mistress of the Art of Heroinism—who was worth interviewing for the daily press. I flatter myself it was a good idea, worthy almost of a genius, though I am perfectly aware that I am not a genius. I am merely a man of exceptional talent. I have talent enough for a genius, but no taste for the unconventional, and by just so much do I fall short of the realization of the hopes of my friends and fears of my enemies. There are stories I have in mind that are worthy of the most exalted French masters, for instance, and when I have the time to be careful, which I rarely do, I can write with the polished grace of a De Maupassant or a James, but I shall never write them, because I value my social position too highly to put my name to anything which it would never do to publish outside of Paris. I do not care to prove my genius at the cost of the respect of my neighbors—all of which, however, is foreign to my story, and is put in here merely because I have observed that readers are very much interested in their favorite authors, and like to know as much about them as they can.

My plan, to take up the thread of my narrative once more, was, briefly, to write an interview between myself, as the representative of a newspaper syndicate, and Miss Marguerite Andrews, the well-known heroine. It has been quite common of late years to interview the models of well-known artists, so that it did not require too great a stretch of the imagination to make my scheme a reasonable one. It must be remembered that I had no intention of using this interview for my own aggrandizement. I planned it solely in the interests of my friend, hoping that I might secure from Miss Andrews some unguarded admission that might operate against her own principles, as Harley and I knew them, and that, that secured, I might induce her to follow meekly his schedule until he could bring his story to a reasonable conclusion. Failing in this, I was going to try and discover what style of man it was she admired most, what might be her ideas of the romance in which she would most like to figure, and all that, so that I could give Harley a few points which would enable him so to construct his romance that his heroine would walk through it as easily and as docilely as one could wish. Finally, all other things failing, I was going to throw Harley on her generosity, call attention to the fact that she was ruining him by her stubborn behavior, and ask her to submit to a little temporary inconvenience for his sake.

As I have already said, so must I repeat, there was genius in the idea, but I was forced to relinquish certain features of it, as will be seen shortly. I took up my pen, and with three bold strokes thereof transported myself to Newport, and going directly to the Willard Cottage, I rang the bell. Miss Andrews was still elusive. With all the resources of imagination at hand, and with not an obstacle in my way that I could not clear at a bound, she still held me at bay. She was not at home—had, in fact, departed two days previously for the White Mountains. Fortunately, however, the butler knew her address, and, without bothering about trains, luggage, or aught else, in one brief paragraph I landed myself at the Profile House, where she was spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Rushton of Brooklyn. This change of location caused me to modify my first idea, to its advantage. I saw, when I thought the matter over, that, on the whole, the interview, as an interview for a newspaper syndicate, was likely to be nipped in the bud, since the moment I declared myself a reporter for a set of newspapers, and stated the object of my call, she would probably dismiss me with the statement that she was not a professional heroine, that her views were of no interest to the public, and that, not having the pleasure of my acquaintance, she must beg to be excused. I wonder I didn't think of this at the outset. I surely knew Harley's heroine well enough to have foreseen this possibility. I realized it, however, the moment I dropped myself into the great homelike office of the Profile House. Miss Andrews walked through the office to the dining-room as I registered, and as I turned to gaze upon her as she passed

majestically on, it flashed across my mind that it would be far better to appear before her as a fellow-guest, and find out what I wanted and tell her why I had come in that guise, rather than introduce myself as one of those young men who earn their daily bread by poking their noses into other people's business.

Had this course been based upon anything more solid than a pure bit of imagination, I should have found it difficult to accommodate myself so easily to circumstances. If it had been Harley instead of myself, it would have been impossible, for Harley would never have stooped to provide himself with a trunk containing fresh linen and evening-dress clothes and patent-leather pumps by a stroke of his pen. This I did, however, and that evening, having created another guest who knew me of old, and who also was acquainted with Miss Andrews, just as I had created my excellent wardrobe, I was presented.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, and I found Harley's heroine to be all that he had told me and a great deal more besides. In fact, so greatly did I enjoy her society that I intentionally prolonged the evening to about three times its normal length—which was a very inartistic bit of exaggeration, I admit; but then I don't pretend to be a realist, and when I sit down to write I can make my evenings as long or as short as I choose. I will say, however, that, long as my evening was, I made it go through its whole length without having recourse to such copy-making subterfuges as the description of door-knobs and chairs; and except for its unholy length, it was not at all lacking in realism. Miss Andrews fascinated me, and seemed to find me rather good company, and I found myself suggesting that as the next day was Sunday, she take me for a walk. From what I knew of Harley's experience with her, I judged she'd be more likely to go if I asked her to take me instead of offering to take her. It was a subtle distinction, but with some women subtle distinctions are chasms which men must not try to overleap too vainglorioously, lest disaster overtake them. My bit of subtlety worked like a charm. Miss Andrews graciously accepted my suggestion, and I retired to my couch feeling certain that during that walk to Bald Mountain, or around the Lake, or down to the Farm, or wherever else she might choose to take me, I could do much to help poor Stuart out of the predicament into which his luckless choice of Miss Andrews as his heroine had plunged him. And I wasn't far wrong, as the event transpired, although the manner in which it worked out was not exactly according to my schedule.

I dismissed the night with a few paragraphs; the morning, with its divine service in the parlor, went quickly and impressively; for it *is* an impressive sight to see gathered beneath those towering cliffs a hundred or more of pleasure and health seekers of different creeds worshipping heartily and simply together, as accordantly as though they knew no differences and all men were possessed of one common religion—it was too impressive, indeed, for my pen, which has been largely given over to matters of less moment, and I didn't venture to touch upon it, passing hastily over to the afternoon, when Miss Andrews appeared, ready for the stroll.

I gazed at her admiringly for a moment, and then I began:

"Is that the costume you wore"—I was going to say, "when you rejected Parker," but I fortunately caught my error in time to pass it off—"at Newport?" I added, with a half gasp at the narrowness of my escape; for, it must be remembered, I was supposed as yet to know nothing of that episode.

"How do you know what I wore at Newport?" she asked, quickly—so quickly that I almost feared she had found me out, after all.

"Why—ah—I read about you somewhere," I stammered. "Some newspaper correspondent drew a picture of the scene on the promenade in the afternoon, and—ah—he had you down."

"Oh!" she replied, arching her eyebrows; "that was it, was it? And do you waste your valuable time reading the vulgar effusions of the society reporter?"

Wasn't I glad that I had not come as a man with a nose!

"No, indeed," I rejoined. "Not generally—but I happened to see this particular item, and read it. After all," I added, as we came to the sylvan path that leads to the Lake—"after all, one might as well read that sort of stuff as most of the novels of the present day. The vulgar reporter may be ignorant or a boor, and all

that is reprehensible in his methods, but he writes about real flesh-and-blood people; and, what is worse, he generally approximates the truth concerning them in his writing, which is more than can be said of the so-called realistic novel-writers of the day. I haven't read a novel in three years in which it seemed to me that the heroine, for instance, was anything more than a marionette, with no will of her own, and ready to do at any time any foolish thing the author wanted her to do."

Again those eyes of Miss Andrews rested on me in a manner which gave me considerable apprehension. Then she laughed, and I was at ease again.

"You are very amusing," she said, quietly. "The most amusing of them all."

The remark nettled me, and I quickly retorted,

"Then I have not lived in vain."

"You do really live, then, eh?" she asked, half chaffingly, gazing at me out of the corners of her eyes in a fashion which utterly disarmed me.

"Excuse me, Miss Andrews," I answered, "but I am afraid I don't understand you."

"I am afraid you don't," she said, the smile leaving her lips. "The fact that you are here on the errand you have charged yourself with proves that."

"I am not aware," I said, "that I have come on any particularly ridiculous errand. May I ask you what you mean by the expression 'most amusing of them all'? Am I one among many, and if so, one what among many what?"

"Your errand is a good one," she said, gravely, "and not at all ridiculous; let me assure you that I appreciate that fact. Your question I will answer by asking another: Are you here of your own volition, or has Stuart Harley created you, as he did Messrs. Osborne, Parker, and the Professor? Are you my new hero, or what?"

The question angered me. This woman was not content with interfering seriously with my friend's happiness: she was actually attributing me to him, casting doubts upon my existence, and placing me in the same category with herself—a mere book creature. To a man who regards himself as being the real thing, flesh and blood, and, well, eighteen-carat flesh and blood at that, to be accused of living only a figmentary existence is too much. I retorted angrily.

"If you consider me nothing more than an idea, you do not manifest your usual astuteness," I said.

Her reply laid me flat.

"I do not consider you anything of the sort. I never so much as associated you with anything resembling an idea. I merely asked a question," she said. "I repeat it. Do you or do you not exist? Are you a bit of the really real or a bit of Mr. Harley's realism? In short, are you here at the Profile House, walking and talking with me, or are you not?"

A realizing sense of my true position crept over me. In reality I was not there talking to her, but in my den in New York writing about her. I may not be a realist, but I am truthful. I could not deceive her, so I replied, hesitatingly:

"Well, Miss Andrews, I am—no, I am not here, except in spirit."

"That's what I thought," she said, demurely. "And do you exist somewhere, or is this a 'situation' calculated to delight the American girl—with pin-money to spend on Messrs. Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick's publications?"

"I do exist," I replied, meekly; for, I must confess it, I realized more than ever that Miss Andrews was too much for me, and I heartily wished I was well out of it. "And I alone am responsible for this. Harley is off fishing at Barnegat—and do you know why?"

"I presume he has gone there to recuperate," said she.

"Precisely," said I.

"After his ungentlemanly, discourteous, and wholly uncalled-for interference with my comfort at Newport," she said, her face flushing and tears coming into her eyes, "I don't wonder he's prostrated."

"I do not know to what you refer," said I.

"I refer to the episode of the runaway horse," she sobbed. "Because I refuse to follow blindly his will, he abuses his power, places me in a false and perilous situation, from which I, a defenceless woman, must rescue myself alone and unaided. It was unmanly of him—and I will pay him the compliment of saying wholly unlike him."

I stood aghast. Poor Stuart was being blamed for my act. He must be set right

at once, however unpleasant it might be for me.

"He—he didn't do that," I said, slowly. "It was I. I wrote that bit of nonsense; and he—well, he was mad because I did it, and said he'd like to kill any man who ill-treated you; and he made me promise never to touch upon your life again."

"May I ask why you did that?" she asked, and I was glad to note that there was no displeasure in her voice—in fact, she seemed to cheer up wonderfully when I told her that it was I, and not Stuart, who had subjected her to the misadventure.

"Because I was angry with you," I answered. "You were ruining my friend with your continuous acts of rebellion: he was successful; now he is ruined. He thinks of you day and night—he wants you for his heroine; he wants to make you happy, but he wants you to be happy in your own way; and when he thinks he has discovered your way, he works along that line, and all of a sudden, by some act wholly unforeseen, and, if I may say so, unforeseeable, you treat him and his work with contempt, draw yourself out of it—and he has to begin again."

"And why have you ventured to break your word to your friend?" she asked, calmly. "Surely you are touching upon my life now, in spite of your promise."

"Because I am willing to sacrifice my word to his welfare," I retorted; "to try to make you understand how you are blocking the path of a mighty fine minded man by your devotion to what you call your independence. He will never ask you to do anything that he knows will be revolting to you, and until he has succeeded in pleasing you to the last page of his book he will never write again. I have done this in the hope of persuading you, at the cost even of some personal discomfort, not to rebel against his gentle leadership—to fall in with his ideas until he can fulfil this task of his, whether it be realism or pure speculation on his part. If you do this, Stuart is saved. If you do not, literature will be called upon to mourn one who promises to be one of its brightest ornaments."

I stopped short. Miss Andrews was gazing pensively out over the mirrorlike surface of the Lake. Finally she spoke.

"You may tell Mr. Harley," she said, with a sigh, "that I will trouble him no more. He can do with me as he pleases in all save one particular. He shall not marry me to a man I do not love. If he takes the man I love for my hero, then will I follow him to the death."

"And may I ask who that man is?" I queried.

"You may ask if you please," she replied, with a little smile. "But I won't answer you, except to say that it isn't you."

"And am I forgiven for my runaway story?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "You wouldn't expect me to condemn a man for loyalty to his friend, would you?"

With which understanding Miss Andrews and I continued our walk, and when we parted I found that the little interview I had started to write had turned into the suggestion of a romance, which I was in duty bound to destroy—but I began to have a glimmering of an idea as to who the man was that Marguerite Andrews wished for a hero, and I regretted also to find myself convinced of the truth of her statement that that man did not bear my name.

VIII.

HARLEY RETURNS TO THE FRAY.

"I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels."
—"Taming of the Shrew."

At the end of ten days Harley returned from Barnegat, brown as a berry and ready for war, if war it was still to be. The outing had done him a world of good, and the fish stories he told as we sat at dinner showed that, realist though he might be, he had yet not failed to cultivate his imagination in certain directions. I may observe in passing, and in this connection, that if I had a son whom it was my ambition to see making his mark in the world as a writer of romance, as distinguished from the real, I should, as the first step in his development, take care that he became a fisherman. The telling of tales of the fish he caught when no one else was near to see would give him, as it has given many another, a good schooling in the realms of the imagination.

I was glad to note that Harley's wonted cheerfulness had returned, and that he had become more like himself than he had been at any time since his first failure with Miss Andrews.

"Your advice was excellent," he said, as we sipped our coffee at the club the night of his return. "I have a clear two weeks in which to tackle that story, and I feel confident now that I shall get it done. Furthermore, I shall send the chapters to Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick as I write them, so that there must be no failure. I shall be compelled to finish the tale, whatever may happen, and Miss Andrews shall go through to the bitter end, willy-nilly."

"Don't be rash, Harley," I said; for it seemed to me that, Miss Andrews at my solicitation having consented to be a docile heroine for just so long as Harley did not insist upon her marrying the man she didn't love, it was no time for Harley to break away from the principles he had so steadfastly adhered to hitherto and become a martinet. He struck me as being more than likely to crack the whip like a ring-master in his present mood than to play the indulgent author, and I felt pretty confident that the instant the snap of the lash reached the ears of Marguerite Andrews his troubles would begin again, tenfold both in quality and in quantity, with no possible hope for a future reconciliation between them.

"I'm not going to be rash," said Harley. "I never was rash, and I'm not going to begin now, but I shall use my nerve. That has been the trouble with me in the past. I haven't been firm. I have let that girl have her own way in everything, and I'm very much afraid I have spoiled her. She behaves like a child with indulgent parents. In the last instance, the Parker proposal, she simply ran her independence into the ground. She was not only rebellious to me, but she was impertinent to him. Her attitude toward him was not nature at all; it was not realism, because she is a woman of good breeding, and would naturally be the last to treat any man, distasteful or not, with such excessive rudeness. I compelled him to go on and propose to her, though after he had been at it for five minutes I could see that he wished he was well out of it. I should have taken her in hand and controlled her with equal firmness, declining to permit her to speak so openly. Frankness is good enough, especially in women, among whom you rarely find it; but frankness of the sort she indulged in has no place in the polite circle in which she moves."

"Nevertheless, she spoke that way—you said yourself she did," I said, seeing that he was wrathful with Marguerite, and wishing to assuage his anger before it carried him to lengths he might regret. "And you've got to take her as she is or drop her altogether."

"She did—I repeat that she did speak that way, but that was no reason why I should submit to it," Harley answered. "It was the fault of her mood. She was nervous, almost hysterical—thanks to her rebellious spirit. The moment I discovered how things were going I should have gone back and started afresh, and kept on doing so until I had her submissive. A hunter may balk at a high fence, but the rider must not give in to him unless he wishes to let the animal get the better of him. If he is wise he will go back and put the horse to it again and again, until he finally clears the topmost bar. That I should have done in this instance, and that I now intend to do, until that book comes out as I want it."

I had to laugh in my sleeve. On the whole, Harley was very like most other realists, who pretend that they merely put down life as it is, and who go through their professional careers serenely unconscious of the truth that their fancies, after all, serve them when their facts are lacking. Even that most eminent disciple of the Realistic Cult, Mr. Darrow, has been known to kill off a hero in a railroad accident that owed its being to nothing short of his own imagination, in order that the unhappy wight might not offend the readers of the highly moral magazine in which the story first appeared by marrying a widow whom he had been forced by Mr. Darrow to love before her husband died. Mr. Darrow manufactured, with five strokes of his pen, an engine and a tunnel to crush the life out of the poor fellow, whom an immoral romancer would have allowed to live on and marry the lady, and with perfect propriety too, since the hero and the heroine were both of them the very models of virtue, in spite of the love which they did not seek, and which Mr. Darrow deliberately and almost brutally thrust into their otherwise happy lives. Of course the railway accident was needed to give the climax to the story, which without it might have run through six more numbers of the magazine, to the exclusion of more exciting material; but that will not relieve Mr.

Darrow's soul of the stain he has put upon it by deserting Dame Realism for a moment to flirt with Romance, when it comes to the Judgment day.

"As I want it to be, so must it be," quoth Harley.

"Good," thought I. "It will no doubt be excellent; but be honest, and don't insist that you've taken down life as it is; for you may have an astigmatism, for all you know, and life may not be at all what it has seemed to you while you were putting it down."

"Yes, sir," said Harley, leaning back in his chair and drawing a long breath, which showed his determination, "to the bitter end she shall go, through such complications as I choose to have her, encountering whatever villains I may happen to find most convenient, and to complete her story she shall marry the man I select for my hero, if he is as commonplace as the average salesman in a Brooklyn universal dry-goods emporium."

Imagine my feelings if you can! Having gone as a self-appointed ambassador to the enemy to secure terms of peace, to return to find my principal donning his armor and daubing his face with paint for a renewal of the combat, was certainly not pleasant. What could I say to Marguerite Andrews if I ever met her in real life? How could I look her in the eye? The situation overpowered me, and I hardly knew what to say. I couldn't beg Harley to stick to his realism and not indulge in compulsion, because I had often jeered at him for not infusing a little more of the dramatic into his stories, even if it had to be "lugged in by the ears," as he put it. Nor was he in any mood for me to tell him of my breach of faith—the mere knowledge that she had promised to be docile out of charity would have stung his pride, and I thought it would be better, for the time at least, to let my interview remain a secret. Fortune favored me, however. Kelly and the Professor entered the dining-room at this moment, and the Professor held in his hand a copy of the current issue of *The Literary Man*, Messrs. Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick's fortnightly publication, a periodical having to do wholly with things bookish.

"Who sat for this, Stuart?" called out the Professor, tapping the frontispiece of the magazine.

"Who sat for what?" replied Stuart, looking up.

"This picture," said the Professor.

"It's a picture of a finely intellectual-looking person with your name under it, Harley," put in the Doctor.

"Oh—that," said Harley. "It does flatter me a bit."

"So does the article with it," said Kelly. "Says you are a great man—man with an idea, and all that. Is that true, or is it just plain libel? Have you an idea?"

Harley laughed good-naturedly. "I had one once, but it's lost," he said. "As to that picture, they're bringing out a book for me," he added, modestly. "Good ad., you know."

"When you are through with that, Professor," I put in, "let me have it, will you? I want to see what it says about Harley."

"It's a first-rate screed," replied the Professor, handing over the publication. "It hits Harley right on the head."

"I don't know as that's pleasant," said Harley.

"What I mean, my dear boy," said the Professor, "is that it does you justice."

And it really did do Harley justice, although, as he had suggested, it was written largely to advertise the forth-coming work. It spoke nicely of Harley's previous efforts, and judiciously, as it seemed to me. He had not got to the top of the ladder yet, but he was getting there by a slow, steady development, and largely because he was a man with a fixed idea as to what literature ought to be.

"Mr. Harley has seen clearly from the outset what it was that he wished to accomplish and how to accomplish it," the writer observed. "He has swerved neither to the right nor to the left, but has progressed undeviatingly along the lines he has mapped out for himself, and keeping constantly in mind the principles which seemed to him at the beginning of his career to be right. It has been this persistent and consistent adherence to principle that has gained for Mr. Harley his hearing, and which is constantly rendering more certain and permanent his position in the world literary. Others may be led hither and yon by the fads and follies of the scatter-brained, but Realism will ever have one steadfast champion in Stuart Harley."

"Read that," I said, tossing the journal across the table.

He read it, and blushed to the roots of his ears.

"This is no time to desert the flag, Harley," said I, as he read. "Stick to your colors, and let her stick to hers. You'd better be careful how you force your heroine."

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I should think so, and for more reasons than one. I never really intended to do horrible things with her, my boy. Trust me, if I do lead her, to lead her gently. My persuasion will be suggestive rather than mandatory."

"And that hero—from the Brooklyn dry-goods shop?" I asked, with a smile.

"I'd like to see him so much as—tell her the price of anything," cried Harley. "A man like that has no business to live in the same hemisphere with a woman like Marguerite Andrews. When I threatened her with him I was conversing through a large and elegant though wholly invisible hat."

I breathed more freely. She was still sacred and safe in his hands. Shortly after, dinner over, we left the table, and went to the theatre, where we saw what the programme called the "latest London realistic success," in which three of the four acts of an intensely exciting melodrama depended upon a woman's not seeing a large navy revolver, which lay on the table directly before her eyes in the first. The play was full of blood and replete with thunder, and we truly enjoyed it, only Harley would not talk much between the acts. He was unusually moody. After the play was over his tongue loosened, however, and we went to the Players for a supper, and there he burst forth into speech.

"If Marguerite Andrews had been the heroine of that play she'd have seen that gun, and the audience would have had to go home inside of ten minutes," he said. Later on he burst out with, "If my Miss Andrews had been the heroine of that play, the man who falls over the precipice in the second act would have been alive at this moment."

And finally he demanded: "Do you suppose a heroine like Marguerite Andrews would have overlooked the comma on the postal card that woman read in the third act, and so made the fourth act possible? Not she. She's a woman with a mind. And yet they call that the latest London realistic success! Realistic! These Londoners do not seem to understand their own language. If that play was realism, what sort of a nightmare do you suppose a romantic drama would be?"

"Well, maybe London women in real life haven't any minds," I said, growing rather weary of the subject. I admired Miss Andrews myself, but there were other things I could talk about—"like lemonade and elephants," as the small boy said. "Let it go at that. It was an interesting play, and that's all plays ought to be. Realism in plays is not to be encouraged. A man goes to the theatre to be amused and entertained, not to be reminded of home discomforts."

Stuart looked at me reproachfully, ordered a fresh cigar, and suggested turning in for the night. I walked home with him and tried to get him interested in a farce I was at work on, but it was of no use. He had become a monomaniac, and his monomania was his rebellious heroine. Finally I blurted out:

"Well, for Heaven's sake, Stuart, get the woman caged, will you? For, candidly, I'd like to talk about something else, and until Marguerite Andrews is disposed of I don't believe you'll be able to."

"I'll have half the work done by this time to-morrow night," said he. "I've got ten thousand words of it in my mind now."

"I'll bet you there are only two words down in your mind," said I.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Marguerite and Andrews," said I.

Stuart laughed. "They're the only ones I'm sure of," said he. And then we parted.

But he was right about what he would have accomplished by that time the next night, for before sundown he had half the story written. Not only that: the chapters had come as easily as any writing he ever did; and for docility, Marguerite was a perfect wonder. Not only did she follow out his wishes; she often anticipated them, and in certain parts gave him a lead in a new direction, which, Stuart said, gave the story a hundred per cent. more character.

In short, Marguerite Andrews was keeping her promise to me nobly. The only thing I regretted about it, now that all seemed plain sailing, was its effect on Stuart. Her amiability was proving a great attraction to his susceptible soul, and I was beginning to fear that Stuart

was slowly but surely falling in love with his rebellious heroine, which would never do, unless she were really real, on which point I was most uncertain.

"It would be a terrible thing," said I confidentially to myself, "if Stuart Harley were to fall in love with a creation of his own realism."

IX.

A SUMMONS NORTH.

PORTIA. "*A quarrel, ho, already? What's the matter?*"
GRATIANO. "*About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring.*"
—"MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE events just narrated took place on the 15th of August, and as Harley's time to fulfil his contract with Messrs. Herring, Beemer, and Chadwick was growing very short—two weeks is short shrift for an author with a book to write for waiting presses, even with a willing and helpful cast of characters—so I resolved not to intrude upon him until he himself should summon me. I knew myself, from bitter experience, how unwelcome the most welcome of one's friends can be at busy hours, having had many a beautiful sketch absolutely ruined by the untimely intrusion of those who wished me well, so I resolutely kept myself away from his den, although I was burning with curiosity to know how he was getting on.

On occasions my curiosity would get the better of my judgment, and I would endeavor, with the aid of my own muses, to hold a moment's chat with Miss Andrews; but she eluded me. I couldn't find her at all—as, indeed, how should I, since Harley had not taken me into his confidence as to his intentions in the new story? He might have laid the scene of it in Singapore, for aught I knew, and, wander where I would in my fancy, I was utterly unable to discover her whereabouts, until one evening a very weird thing happened—a thing so weird that I have been pinching myself with great regularity ever since in order to reassure myself of my own existence. I had come home from a hard day's editorial work, had dined alone and comfortably, and was stretched out at full length upon the low divan that stands at the end of my workshop—the delight of my weary bones and the envy of my friends, who have never been able to find anywhere another exactly like it. My cigar was between my lips, and above my head, rising in a curling cloud to the ceiling, was a mass of smoke. I am sure I was not dreaming, although how else to account for it I don't know. What happened, to put it briefly, was my sudden transportation to a little mountain hotel not far from Lake George, where I found myself sitting and talking to the woman I had so futilely sought.

"How do you do?" said she, pleasantly, as I materialized at her side.

"I am as well as a person can be," I replied, rubbing my eyes in confusion, "who suddenly finds himself two hundred and fifty miles away from the spot where, a half-hour before, he had lain down to rest."

Miss Andrews laughed. "You see how it is yourself," she said.

"See how what is myself?" I queried.

"To be the puppet of a person who—writes," she answered.

"And have I become that?" I asked.

"You have," she smiled. "That's why you are here."

The idea made me nervous, and I pinched my arm to see whether I was there or not. The result was not altogether reassuring. I never felt the pinch, and, try as I would, I couldn't make myself feel it.

"Excuse me," I said, "for deviating a moment from the matter in hand, but have you a hat-pin?"

"No," she answered; "but I have a brooch, if that will serve your purpose. What do you want it for?"

"I wish to run it into my arm for a moment," I explained.

"It won't help you any," she answered. "I must have a word with you; all the hat-pins in the world shall not prevent me, now that you are here."

"Well, wait a minute, I beg of you," I implored. "You intimated a moment ago that I was a puppet in the hands of some author. Whose? I've a reputation to sustain, and shall not give myself up willingly, unless I am sure that person will not trifle with my character."

"Exactly my position," said she. "As I said, you can now understand how it is yourself. But I will tell you in whose hands you are now—you are in mine. Surely if you had the right to send me tearing down Bellevue Avenue at Newport behind a runaway horse, and then pursue me in spirit to the Profile House,

I have the right to bring you here, and I have accordingly done it."

For a woman's, her logic was surprisingly convincing. She certainly had as much right to trifle with my comfort as I had to trifle with hers.

"You are right, Miss Andrews," I murmured, meekly. "Pray command me as you will—and deal gently with the erring."

"I will treat you far better than you treated me," she said. "So have no fear—although I have been half minded at times to revenge myself upon you for that runaway. I could make you dreadfully uncomfortable, for when I take my pen in hand my imagination in the direction of the horrible is something awful. I shall be merciful, however, for I believe in the realistic idea, and I will merely make use of the power my pen possesses over you to have you act precisely as you would if you were actually here."

"Then I am not here?" I queried.

"What do you think?" she asked, archly.

I was about to say that if I weren't, I wished most heartily that I were; but I remembered fortunately that it would never do for me to flirt with Stuart Harley's heroine, so I contented myself with saying, boldly, "I don't know what to think."

Miss Andrews looked at me for a moment, and then reaching out her hand, took mine, pressed it, and relinquished it, saying, "You are a loyal friend indeed."

There was nothing flirtatious about the act; it was a simple and highly pleasing acknowledgment of my forbearance, and it made me somewhat more comfortable than I had been at any time since my sudden transportation through the air.

"You remember what I said to you?" she resumed. "That I would cease to rebel, whatsoever Mr. Harley asked me to do, unless he insisted upon marrying me to a man I did not love?"

"I do," I replied. "And, as far as I am aware, you have stuck by your agreement. Stuart, I doubt not, has by this time got ready for his finishing-touches."

"Your surmise is correct," she answered, sadly; and then, with some spirit, she added: "And they are finishing-touches with a vengeance. I have been loyal to my word, in spite of much discomfort. I have travelled from pillar to post as meekly as a lamb, because it fitted in with Stuart Harley's convenience that I should do so. He has taken me and my friend Mrs. Willard to and through five different summer resorts, where I have cut the figure he wished me to cut without regard to my own feelings. I have discussed all sorts of topics, of which in reality I know nothing, to lend depth to his book. I have snubbed men I really liked, and liked men I profoundly hated, for his sake. I have wittingly endured peril for his sake, knowing of course that ultimately he would get me out of danger, but peril is peril just the same, and to that extent distracting to the nerves. I have been upset in a canoe at Bar Harbor, and lost on a mountain in Vermont. I have sprained my ankle at Saratoga, and fainted at a dance at Lenox, but no complaint have I uttered—not even the suggestion of a rebellion have I given. Once, I admit, I was disposed to resent his desire that I should wear a certain costume, which he, man as he is, could not see would be wofully unbecoming. Authors have no business to touch on such things. But I overcame the temptation to rebel, and to please him wore a blue and pink shirt-waist with a floral silk skirt at a garden party—I suppose he thought floral silk was appropriate to the garden; nor did I even show my mortification to those about me. Nothing was said in the book about its being Stuart Harley's taste; it must needs be set down as mine; and while the pages of Harley's book contain no criticism of my costume, I know well enough what all the other women thought about it. Still, I stood it. I stood also without a murmur the courtship and declaration of love of a perfect booby of a man. That is to say, he was a booby in the eyes of a woman—men might like him. I presume that as Mr. Harley has chosen him to stand for the hero of his book, he must admire him; but I don't, and haven't, and sha'n't. Yet I have pretended to do so; and finally, when he proposed marriage to me I meekly answered 'yes,' weeping in the bitterness of my spirit that my promise bound me to do so; and Stuart Harley, noting those tears, calls them tears of joy!"

"You needn't have accepted him," I said, softly. "That wasn't part of the bargain."

"Yes, it was," she said. "That is, I regarded it so, and I must act according to my views of things. What I promised

was to follow his wishes in all things save in marriage to a man I didn't love. Getting engaged is not getting married, and as he wished me to get engaged, so I did, expecting of course that the book would end there, as it ought to have done, and that therefore no marriage would ever come of the engagement."

"Certainly the book should end there, then," said I. "You have kept to the letter of your agreement, and nobly," I added, with enthusiasm, for I now saw what the poor girl must have suffered. "Harley didn't try to go further, did he?"

"He did," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "He set the time and place for the wedding, issued the cards, provided me with a trousseau—a trousseau based upon his intuitions of what a trousseau ought to be, and therefore about as satisfactory to a woman of taste as that floral silk costume of the garden party; he engaged the organist, chose my bridemaids —girls I detested—and finally assembled the guests. The groom was there at the chancel rail; Mr. Willard, whom he had selected to give me away, was waiting outside in the lobby, clad in his frock-coat, a flower in his button-hole, and his arm ready for the bride to lean on; the minister was behind the rail; the wedding-march was sounding—"

"And you?" I cried, utterly unable to contain myself longer.

"I was speeding past Yonkers on the three-o'clock Saratoga express—bound hither," she answered, with a significant toss of her head. "No one but yourself knows where I am, and I have summoned you to explain my action before you hear of it from him. I do not wish to be misjudged. Stuart Harley had his warning, but he chose to ignore it, and he can get out of the difficulty he has brought upon himself in his own way—possibly he will destroy the whole book; but I wanted you to know that while he did not keep the faith, I did."

I suddenly realized the appalling truth. My own weakness was responsible for it all. I had not told Harley of my interview and her promise, feeling that it was not necessary, and fearing its effect upon his pride.

"I may add," she said, quietly, "that I am bitterly disappointed in your friend. I was interested in him, and believed in him. Most of my acts of rebellion—if you can call me rebellious—were prompted by my desire to keep him true to his creed; and I will tell you what I have never told to another, I regarded Stuart Harley as an almost ideal man; but this has changed it all. If he was what I thought him, he could not have acted with so little conscience as to try to force this match upon me, when he must have known that I did not love Henry Dunning."

"He didn't know," I said.

"He should have been sure before providing for the ceremony, after hearing what I had promised you I would and would not do," said Marguerite.

"But—I never told him anything about your promise," I shouted, desperately. "He has done all this unwittingly."

"Is that true? Didn't you tell him?" she cried, eagerly grasping my hand. Her manner left no doubt in my mind as to who the hero of her choice would be—and again I sighed to think that it was not I.

"As true as that I stand here," I said. "I never told him."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean," I said, excitedly. "Wherever I do stand, it's as true as that I stand there."

The phrase was awkward, but it fulfilled its purpose.

"Why didn't you tell him?" she asked.

"Because I didn't think it necessary. Fact is," I added, "I had a sort of notion that if you married anybody in one of Harley's books, if Harley had his own way it would be the man who—who tells the sto—"

A loud noise interrupted my remark, and I started up in alarm. I was back in my rooms. The little mountain house near Lake George, with its interesting and beautiful guest, had faded from sight, and I realized that somebody was hammering with a stick upon my door.

"Hello there!" I cried. "What's wanted?"

"It's I—Harley," came Stuart's voice. "Let me in."

I unlocked the door and he entered. The brown of Barnegat had gone, and he was his broken self again.

"Well," I said, trying to ignore his appearance, which really shocked me, "how's the book? Got it done?"

He sank into a chair with a groan.

"Hang the book!—it's all up with that; I'm going to Chadwick to-morrow and

call the thing off," he said. "She won't work—two weeks steady application gone for nothing."

"Oh, come!" I said; "not as bad as that."

"Precisely as bad as that," he retorted. "What can a fellow do if his heroine disappears as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up?"

"Gone?" I cried, with difficulty repressing my desire to laugh.

"Completely—searched high and low for her—no earthly use," he answered. "I can't even imagine where she is."

"All of which, my dear Stuart," I said, adopting a superior tone for the moment, "shows that an imagination that is worth something wouldn't be a bad possession for a realist, after all. I know where your heroine is. She is at a little mountain house near Lake George, and she has fled there to escape your booby of a hero, whom you should have known better than to force upon a girl like Marguerite Andrews. You're getting inartistic, my dear boy. Sacrifice something to the American girl, but don't sacrifice your art. Just because the aforesaid girl likes her stories to end up with a wedding is no reason why you should try to condemn your heroine to life-long misery."

Stuart looked at me with a puzzled expression for a full minute.

"How the deuce do you know anything about it?" he asked.

I immediately enlightened him. I told him every circumstance—even my suspicion as to the hero of her heart, and it seemed to please him.

"Won't the story go if you stop it with the engagement?" I asked, after it was all over.

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully. "But I shall not publish it. If it was all so distasteful to her as you say, I'd rather destroy it."

"Don't do that," I said. "Change the heroine's name, and nobody but ourselves will ever be the wiser."

"I never thought of that," said he.

"That's because you've no imagination," I retorted.

Stuart smiled. "It's a good idea, and I'll do it; it won't be the truest realism, but I think I am entitled to the leeway of one lapse," he said.

"You are," I rejoined. "Lapse for the sake of realism. The man who never lapses is not real. There never was such a man. You might change that garden-party costume too. If you can't think of a better combination than that, leave it to me. I'll write to my sister and ask her to design a decent dress for that occasion."

"Thanks," said Stuart, with a laugh. "I accept your offer; but, I say, what was the name of the little mountain house where you found her?"

"I don't know," I replied. "You made such an infernal row battering down my door that I came away in a hurry and forgot to ask."

"That is unfortunate," said Stuart. "I should have liked to go up there for a while—she might help me correct the proofs, you know."

That's what he said, but he didn't deceive me. He loved her, and I began again to hope to gracious that Harley had not deceived himself and me, and that Marguerite Andrews was a bit of real life, and not a work of the imagination.

At any rate, Harley had an abiding faith in her existence, for the following Monday night he packed his case and set out for Lake George. He was going to explore, he said.

X.

BY WAY OF EPILOGUE.

"*Let down the curtain, the farce is done.*"
—RABELAIS.

I SUPPOSE my story ought to end here, since Harley's rebellious heroine has finally been subdued for the use of his publishers and the consequent declaration of dividends for the Harley exchequer; but there was an epilogue to the little farce, which nearly turned it into a tragedy, from which the principals were saved by nothing short of my own ingenuity. Harley had fallen desperately in love with Marguerite Andrews, and Marguerite Andrews had fallen in love with Stuart Harley, and Harley couldn't find her. She eluded his every effort, and he began to doubt that he had drawn her from real life, after all. She had become a Marjorie Daw to him, and the notion that he must go through life cherishing a hopeless passion was distracting to him. His book was the greatest of his successes, which was an additional cause of discomfort to him, since, knowing as he now did that his study was not a faithful portrayal of the inner life of his heroine, he felt that

the laurels that were being placed upon his brow had been obtained under false pretences.

"I feel a hypocrite," he said, as he read an enthusiastic review of his little work, from the pen of no less a person than Mr. Darrow, the high priest of the realistic sect. "I'm afraid I shall not be able to look Darrow in the eye when I meet him at the club."

"Never fear for that, Stuart," I said, laughing inwardly at his plight. "Brazen it out; keep a stiff upper lip, and Darrow will never know. He has insight, of course, but he can't see as far in as you and he think."

"It's a devilish situation," he cried, impatiently striding up and down the room, "that a man of my age should be so hopelessly in love with a woman he can't find; and that he can't find her is such a cruel sarcasm upon his literary creed! What cursed idiosyncrasy of fate is it that has brought this thing upon me?"

"It's the punishment that fits your crime, Harley," I said. "You've been rather narrow-minded in your literary ideas. Possibly it will make a more tolerant critic of you hereafter, when you come to flay fellows like Balderstone for venturing to think differently from you as to the sort of books it is proper to write. He has as much right to the profits he can derive from his fancy as you have to the emoluments of your insight."



"THEY TOLD ME THEY THOUGHT I OUGHT TO GIVE UP HUMOR."

"I'd take some comfort if I thought that she really loved me," he said, mournfully.

"Have no doubt on that score, Stuart," I said. "She does love you. I know that. I wish she didn't."

"Then why can't I find her? Why does she hide from me?" he cried, fortunately ignoring my devoutly ex-

pressed wish, which slipped out before I knew it.

"Because she is a woman," I replied. "Hasn't your analytical mind told you yet that the more a woman loves a man, the harder he's got to work to find it out and—and clinch the bargain?"

"I suppose you are right," he said, gloomily. "But if I were a woman, and knew I was killing a man by keeping myself in hiding, I'd come out and show myself at any cost, especially if I loved him."

"Now you are dealing in imagination, Harley," I said; "and that never was your strong point."

Nevertheless, he was right on one point. The hopelessness of his quest was killing Harley—not physically exactly, but emotionally, as it were. It was taking all the heart out of him, and his present state of mind was far more deplorable than when he was struggling with the book, and constantly growing worse. He tried every device to find her—the Willards were conjured up, and knew nothing; Mrs. Corwin and the twins were brought back from Europe, and refused to yield up the secret; all the powers of a realistic pen were brought to bear upon her, and yet she refused utterly to materialize.

Finally I found it necessary to act myself. I could not stand the sight of Harley being gradually eaten up by the longing of his own soul, and I tried my hand at exploration. I had no better success for several weeks, and then, like an inspiration, the whole thing came to me. "She won't come when he summons her, because she loves him. She won't summon him to come to her, for the same reason. Why not summon both of them yourself to a common ground? Force them if need be, but get them there, and so bring them together, and let them work out their own happiness," said I to myself. The only difficulty that presented itself was as to whether or not Marguerite would allow herself to be forced. It was worth the trial, however, and fortune favored me. I found her far from rebellious. My pen had hardly touched paper when she materialized, more bewilderingly beautiful than ever. I laid the scene of my little essay at Lakewood, and I found her sitting down by the water, dreamily gazing out over the lake. In her lap was Stuart Harley's book, and daintily pasted on the fly-leaf of this was the portrait which had appeared in the August issue of *The Literary Man*, which she had cut out and preserved.

Having provided the heroine with a spot conducive to her comfort, I hastened to transport Harley to the scene. It was easy to do, seeing how deeply interested I was in my plot and how willing he was. I got him there looking like a Greek god, only a trifle more interesting, because of his sympathy-arousing pallor—the pallor which comes from an undeserved buffeting at the hands of a mischievous Cupid. I know it well, for I have observed it several times upon my own countenance. The moment Harley appeared upon the scene I chose to have Marguerite hastily clasp the book in her hands, raise it to her lips, and kiss the picture—and it must have been intensely true to the life, for she did it without a moment's hesitation, almost anticipating my convenience, throwing an amount of passion into the act which made my pen fairly hiss as I dipped it into the ink. Of course Harley could not fail to see it—I had taken care to arrange all that—and equally of course he could not fail to comprehend what that kiss meant; could not fail to stop short, with a convulsive effort to control himself—heroes always do that; could not fail thereby to attract her attention. After this nothing was more natural than that she should spring to her feet, "the blushes of a surprised love mantling her cheeks"; it was equally natural that she should try to run, should slip, have him catch her arm and save her from falling, and—well, I am not going to tell the whole story. I have neither the time, the inclination, nor the talent to lay bare to the world the love-affairs of my friend. Furthermore, having got them together, I discreetly withdrew, so that even if I were to try to write the rest of the courtship up, it would merely result in my telling you how I imagined it progressed, and I fancy my readers are as well up in matters of that sort as I am. Suffice it to say, therefore, that in this way I brought Stuart Harley and Marguerite Andrews together, and that the event justified the means; and that the other day, when Mr. and Mrs. Harley returned from their honey-moon, they told me they thought I ought to give up humor and take to writing love-stories.

"That kissing-the-picture episode," said Stuart, looking gratefully at me,



"WELL, I AM NOT GOING TO TELL THE WHOLE STORY."

"was an inspiration. To my mind, it was the most satisfactory thing you've ever done."

"I like that!" cried his wife, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "He didn't do it. It was I who kissed the picture. He couldn't have made me do anything else to save his life."

"Rebellious to the last!" said I, with a sigh to think that I must now write the word "Finis" to my little farce.

"Yes," she answered. "Rebellious to the last. I shall never consent to be the heroine of a book again, until—"

She paused and looked at Stuart.

"Until what?" he asked, tenderly.

"Until you write your autobiography," said she. "I have always wanted to be the heroine of that."

And throwing down my pen, I discovered I was alone.

THE END.



THOU ART SACRED AND SHINING AND SOFT WITH THE DREAMS OF OLD!
TO THY MAKING WENT
HEART-FULL CONTENT
AND FINGERS SLOW WITH DREAMS AND WONDERMENT.
FAINT RADIANCE FROM HER VISIONS DOST THOU HOLD.
WITH THY WEARING CAME
THOUGHTS OF HIS NAME,
OF HOME AND MOTHER NEVER AGAIN THE SAME.
SHAKE OUT HER PRESENCE FROM EACH CLINGING FOLD!
SHE IS HERE, SHE IS FAIR;
THE YOUNG SISTERS STARE,
WHILE TREMBLING MOTHER-FINGERS, EYES LOVE-BLIND,
GROPE FOR THE LITTLE BUTTON-HOLES BEHIND.
SHE BURNS, SHE GLOWS,
AND FROM HER BROWS
HER HAIR IS BRAIDED IN WITH DREAMS AND VOWS;
AND THE HIGH SHELL COMB SHE HAS SO LONGED TO WEAR
COMPLETES AT LAST THE GLORY OF HER HAIR.



SHE IS READY AT LAST, OPEN THE CHAMBER DOOR!
SHE IS READY AT LAST;
WHERE IS THE TRUMPET BLAST
AND THE THUNDER OF DRUMS?
FOR SHE COMES, SHE COMES,'
DOWN THE NARROW, WINDING STAIR,
SILENT AND FINE AND FAIR,
AND THE LADS ON THE OPEN THRESHOLD LEAN AND STARE!
SILENT AND SLOW SHE GLEAMS,
AND HER EYES ARE FULL OF DREAMS;
SHE SEES THE COUNTRY TEAMS
AT THE FENCE OUTSIDE.
DOWN THE LITTLE STAIR SHE COMES AT LAST, THE BRIDE!
AND THE WIND FROM THE HAY-FIELD BLOWS THE VEIL ASIDE.
SHE IS READY AT LAST, OPEN THE CHAMBER DOOR,
AND CLOSE IT BEHIND HER ON THE NEVERMORE!



SHE IS GONE; AND THE HOUSE IS CHANGED AND THRILLED AND DIM.
THERE IS NOTHING TO SAY
NOW THAT SHE IS AWAY;
LET US ALL BE QUIET AND THINK OF THE WONDERFUL DAY.
THE MOON IN THE ORCHARD WALKS, AND THE WORLD IS WHITE;
SHUT THE DOOR, THE CHILD WILL NOT COME HOME TO-NIGHT!
SHE WAS KIND, SHE WAS GOOD, SHE WAS TRUE!
WHAT MORE HAD WE TO DO
THAN TO MAKE HER SO AND SEND HER AWAY WITH HIM?

O LOVE, THAT CANNOT STEP INSIDE THE DOOR
BUT THE HOUSE IS PERFUMED THROUGH FOR EVERMORE,
ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE AND UP AND DOWN THE STAIR
WHERE SHE HAS PASSED THOU LEAVEST VIOLETS THERE,
DROPPED FROM THY HAIR,
AND HEAVY IS THE HEART, HEAVY THE AIR!



SHE IS GONE! YES, YEARS AGO, BUT LOVE GOES NEVER,
AND SLEEPS IN FOLDED WEDDING-GOWNS FOREVER.
UNFOLD IT, WHILE IN HEART THOU DOST UNFOLD
THE ROSE-LAID FAITH AND PASSION OF THY YOUTH;
AND SHE IS HERE AS IN THE DAYS OF OLD,
HERE IN ALL TRUTH;
AND PASSES THROUGH THE DREAMING MIND
TRAILING DISORDER SWEET BEHIND,
AND VISIONS TURBULENT WITH SUMMER WIND,
OF SWEET-STRINGED INSTRUMENTS AND TABLES WHITE
FOR THOSE WHO MARCH IN IN THE CANDLE-LIGHT,
OF CHOKING LOVE THAT BOASTS
THE PROUDEST OF ALL TOASTS,
AND DRINKS IT, SILENT, TO THE FACE THAT BEAMS
AT THE OTHER END OF THAT FAR FEAST IN DREAMS.

ALICE ARCHER SEWALL.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF SUPERFINE GOLD.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



SUPERFINE GOLD TSOY was a pupil in one of the very few mission-schools for girls in China. It had been opened in the presence of several powerful mandarins, and its pupils were the daughters of well-to-do Chinese merchants, officials, and compradors, or managers for European business men. All the sages have advocated the education of women; indeed, centuries ago women were sent to schools. Therefore the parents of these girls found warrant for sending them to this seminary. Superfine Gold studied Christian text-books, went to prayers on Fridays and to church on Sundays, yet she sturdily clung to paganism. But in other ways she was broadened. She became nearly as alert of mind as a European, and, by comparison with Chinese girls generally, was all but sprightly. Very sweet and demure she looked—as many of the others also did—when decked with Chinese finery and jewels on one another's birthdays, on Sundays, and on feast-days.

Now it happened—and in the main this is a true story—that a young man of the name of Darrow, a half-caste, came home to his old Chinese mother's house after a long residence abroad, and fell in love with Superfine Gold. Almost the first visit he paid, after settling himself at home, was to a friend of his father, a European lady, who was interested in the seminary. He saw a portrait of Superfine Gold, and begged leave to see the maiden herself. It was a rare thing for visitors—especially male visitors—to see the girls in chapel, but he got leave. He never once took his eyes off the face of Superfine Gold. He asked a hundred questions about her, and learned that no other girl in the school had ever been so generally and warmly beloved; that none other was so bright and kind and amiable. He fell head and ears in love, and begged leave to make the acquaintance of the maiden and to offer her his hand. That was as absurd a thing to ask in China as it would be to send a go-between to the parents of a girl in New York with an offer of marriage. No girl ever speaks to or even sees the man she is to marry in China. Young Darrow persisted in demanding the sympathy and aid of Superfine Gold's teachers, and at last the principal called her into her room and told her of the infatuation of the wealthy young half-caste. "If you mean to marry, consider his offer; if not, there is an end of it," said the principal.

"Of course I am going to marry," said the maiden; "if not, I had better never have been born. At twelve I was betrothed, but my man died. Now my mother is looking about for some one. She is anxious to have me married. As for this young Darrow, it convinces me that he is perfect since you befriend him, but it is not for me to inquire about him or to hear anything. You should go to my mother."

The principal called on Mrs. Tsoy, the mother, who listened patiently and calmly to what could be said for the young man. Then she set up a great noise of weeping, not unmixed with indignation over the interference with her family affairs. On the next day, still weeping noisily, she came in her chair and ordered her daughter home with her. All who were interested in the case believed that the school had lost its most popular pupil, and that young Darrow was as likely to marry the Dowager Empress as Superfine Gold. A week afterwards the maiden came back, and took up her studies as demurely as a kitten, saying not a word to any one of her feelings or her week's experience at home.

Her teachers, not blessed with Oriental phlegm, worked themselves into an ecstasy of curiosity. Days passed, and finally they could no longer stand the strain. Superfine Gold was called in to see the principal. A bag of wool could not have expressed less emotion than the maiden's face.

"Well?" the principal asked, after the manner of an explosive.



SUPERFINE GOLD.

"Well what, dear teacher?"

"What?" the principal cried. "Oh, how provoking! What has kept us all so nervous—under such a strain? You know very well."

"About my marriage?"

"Yes, Miss Oriental—Miss Oystershell."

"Now I shall no more love you," said Superfine Gold; "you are not 'dear teacher' any more. You call me bad names."

"Stop teasing, child; do tell me the news."

"It is what I suppose you call good news, though it will bring much sadness to me."

"Your mother agrees?"

"She finds no objection to the young man. Hi yah! I am glad it is all off my mind."

"Off your mind?"

"I mean I am glad it is all over," said Superfine Gold.

"Why, it has but just begun," said the principal.

"No," said the girl. "It is settled; and now you must tell him that in one year we will arrange the terms and consult the astrologer. I must study for six months, and then go to my mother and comfort her another six months."

"We will keep it from the girls," said the principal.

"Why will you do that?" asked Superfine Gold.

"You wish it kept a secret, don't you?"

"Oh, not at all," said the maiden. "I am not guilty of some crime to be hidden from people. It is a great piece of gossip. I will tell them all—or you may."

Young Mr. Darrow, who looked, by-the-way, quite Chinese, but in love was thoroughly Europeanized, begged that the maiden be led to change her mind and correspond with him. She accepted his portrait and sent hers to him, but she would not receive a line from him until six months passed and she left the seminary and went home. The school-teachers saw many of his and her letters, written during the succeeding half-year. They copied a few, and some of these compose this story. Here is a copy of her first love-letter to him:

"BELOVED,—I kept your picture under my pillow at school, and look at it very many times. That way I learn to love you very much. Your brow show that you can understand the writings of greatest writers. Your two eyes show how very kind and good you are. They look at me like one who is my friend. So you see that I love very deeply already. Also I have heard of your great tallness, and that you have strength of lion. Good friends to me, who will not deceive, say also much about your virtues. But I write only to tell you that looking at picture has made me love you very deeply.

"You say in letter that you wish to see me. I cannot understand. Have you not my picture as I have yours? Then what is your impatience? You must look at picture for only little while. Same time I am comforting my mother. You have been European countries. Yes, but surely I have read that young girls in that world also love their mothers, and have even read that they cry bitterly (in France and England, I am sure it is that they cry) when they go to be married. So I must comfort my mother, and each night and morning look at your picture. And its eyes shall look at mine. So both will be happy. As for really seeing each other, that cannot be for a girl to do."

There was *naïveté* in his letters also. See this one, which was evidently called forth by her reference to his virtues.

"I must tell you something about my life," he wrote. "It is right you should know even the worst. I will tell you my secrets, and hope you will pardon them, and wish never again to refer to them. I was born here on January 2, 1870, and staid until I was twenty, when I went to Europe. Of bad habits I have only smoking. I do not gamble. It is no credit—as some boast—for I have no taste to gamble. I do not drink to excess, nor lower myself by too much of anything. In other matters I have not been so good as I should. Though I have not always respected women, yet, thank Heaven! I have not wronged an innocent one, or given one cause for outcry. I am now head of my family, and shall try to recollect that in all my behavior."

The signs of European influence are marked in that letter, for never did a full-blooded Chinese defend himself to a *fiancée* before. However, the pangs of his semi-European conscience were lost

upon her, as her fresh and innocent reply plainly showed.

"And now, dear betrothed," she writes, "I must tell you my life, and also my secrets. I am glad you never wronged any women, and as for not respecting all, why, some are not to be respected, and some are not worth thinking about by you or me or any good people. You do not say you have not wronged any men. Perhaps you forgot to write that down. I hope you will respect me, but do not ask that of you. If you do not respect me, that will be my fault. My mother often told me a woman who talks too much, who does not respect her husband's people, who answers back her husband, who is not wise to be silent when he is angry, and makes mischief in the house and talk among the neighbors, such a wife is not to be respected, but is to be put out of the door. You see, I know my place, if I can keep it. I was born seventeen years ago this month, and am therefore just eighteen years old. I was called 'Teacup' for my milk-name. The missionaries think me very funny to have been called 'Teacup,' but you know better than to think funny. I was called 'Teacup.' First brother was called 'Little Pig,' and second brother was called 'Dust-Broom'—for their milk-names. Then if some evil spirit should come our home (to make bad joss and steal our souls), they would think I was 'teacup,' and would go some other house. So they often went away, and I am still alive.

"You say you smoke. Very curious, but I do not smoke. I was too young for smoking before I went to mission college, and there I found it was not what you think modest—though my mother smokes, and she comes of a little-footed family. But I must confess one great sin. I have a bad temper and am sometimes cross. Also I get angry, and feel hatred and bad thoughts. No one else has ever known what I am telling you, but it is the truth, and I am ashamed. Even my mother thinks me good and calls me good-natured, yet I know my own wicked heart. That is reason nobody found me out, because I hide it and swallow it down, and soon it goes away. Then I laugh and embrace, and am kinder than ever. But I know it and should tell you. That is my secret. Do you think you can pardon? We will not speak about it again, and I will try not let you see if I am cross when we are together."

He persisted in suggesting different ways and places for their meeting one another; but in the next letter in the missionary's collection she—quite flatly for one of her sex and race—bids him never mention the subject again. "It is not respectable," she says, "for modest woman to have man make such proposition."

"If I was so weak to do it, and had so small pride," she wrote, "nothing but bad joss would come to us. I knew a girl named Double Joy (*Shuang-hsi*), who sometimes met a young man for instant or two on bridge that spanned creek between their two homes. She was so unfortunate to have step-mother who hated her, and step-mother told neighbors to watch and see them meeting. Step-mother dared not tell girl's father, for he would not believe her; but neighbors told him, and he believed them. So he followed custom of our ancestors in such cases, which is proper custom, as you will say, when girl is very wrong. He went and bought ounce of opium and long piece of rope, and told her to go to her room. Then he went to her room and laid down rope and opium and went away. She knew very truly what that meant. It meant that she must kill herself because she had disgraced her father. No matter what she knew or thought, girl can do nothing if father brings rope and opium. So she dressed herself in her very best ceremonial visiting-clothes, and whitened face with flour paste, and put on all her fine jewels. She looked at rope and opium, and she chose rope, because she did not wish to spoil her looks when dead—which opium does. So she hanged herself to save her father's face, and nobody could ever say he had daughter that disgraced him.

"After that came out very curious story. Young man who had been meeting her belonged to one of our saving-money clubs, so common in China, where several men join to save money. This young man wished to marry, so started *hwai*, or saving-money club, by getting twenty men to put in ten dollars each. Then he got $200 to marry with, and next month he put back ten dollars, and others gave ten dollars, and next man got $200. Now it happened that this girl's brother was member of *hwai*, and did not tell his parents. Also it happened that founder

of *hwai* borrowed her brother's share. Her brother was sent long distance, and this man paid his money to her, bit by bit, meeting her for doing so. After all, she was good girl and deserved arch of honor, except that she seemed to do evil. For that seeming of evil she was made to die. Her father beat his wife terribly when he found out all. Still, by this story you can see how careful woman must be, and how good it is not to break customs established by ancestors."

Her next letter was also interesting:

"BELOVED PRECIOUS,—It is very curious. Just when I wrote you how careful we must be to follow custom and not to break it—as I am even now doing by writing to one who is not yet my master—even then happened thing most curious. *Fung-shui* battery on my mother's roof tumbled down and came all to pieces. Of course you know that mother's house faces bend in river, and so is exposed to both currents of *fung-shui*, or wind and water, along which spirits can only move. When house is opposite bend in river, or is opposite street or road, or is commanded by pagoda, mountain, high building, or other such commanding thing, we always protect it against spirits that follow currents. It is only in cities that we build in such places; for in country, where is plenty room, we consult *fung-shui* doctors, who pick out lucky places for build houses. But in cities we protect such houses. Mother's house is well fortified. We have small wall or protection in front of door, because spirits can only move in straight lines, and cannot turn corners,



A ROOF BATTERY.

therefore cannot get around small wall to enter our door. Some people do not have wall, but have looking-glass instead, just inside door. Spirits are ugly, and when they see themselves in looking-glass are frightened and will not come in.

"Do you think all this barbarous and silly, as some missionaries have said? You will do well to be charitable, if you have become less than Chinese. For I am Chinese, and up to point of being your 'little-stay-at-home' must so remain.

"To protect our house from spirits of upper air we have battery on roof. You must have seen plenty. It is little fort, made of earth-work, sometimes plaster, protecting inside small house or fort, like bird's house, containing one piece looking-glass. Set in earth-work are some bottles —called by missionaries beer-bottles and wine and sauce bottles. These look exactly like cannons when set in earth-work. They look terrible to spirits, and frighten them away. At college missionaries have tell me that this custom belongs all over Chinese world; because, no matter how far a foreign mister travels, people clamor for foreign mister's bottles for make such *fung-shui* forts.

"So I was saying, other night *fung-shui* battery tumbles down. It was great wind-storm which makes it fall. But our servants are much terrified that it fell down because I receive and write letters to you. If I had some certain old-fashioned mother she would put stop to our writing, but I have got mother used to foreign misters and their ways. Instead put stop our writing, she have put stop to noise by servants, telling them their place, also her place, and she will not have any interference."

Superfine Gold's statement that up to a certain point she must remain Chinese disturbed him, and he asked her to explain it. She replied that she must be married in "number one proper Chinese fashion" — that was the point up to which she must remain Chinese. Afterwards she was willing to take part in a second, missionary marriage ceremony. Mr. Darrow became wild with impatience for the marriage, and urged her to receive the customary friend who must call upon the woman in such a case to get her "eight characters," or the characters that stand for her name, and the minute, hour, day, week, month, and year of her birth. Not until the very day which ended her schooling did her mother receive his young gentleman friend. Darrow had said that her mother might select the astrologer, but Superfine Gold bade him make the selection, saying that she trust-

ed him implicitly. He therefore called one in, and bribed him to such purpose that the student of the stars brought the ruling planets of both lives in happy juxtaposition on a day just twelve months from the time when he received both scrolls of eight characters.

Superfine Gold was displeased with this undignified haste. No more than most Chinese girls was she in any hurry to be married. She wrote that she could not understand his ardor.

"Do you not know," she asked, "that I am yours, and can never belong to another? Even if you died, I would go to your mother and slave for her. You are very wrong to speak of your loneliness. You do not think of my mother, who will be alone when I go to you. Beloved, what bewitches you? What can a wife be to a man, compared to what a mother is, who has brought him into the world? I cannot understand the impatience of men. My mother says it is a part of men to be impatient—even of Chinese men. I know you will say it is love. But I also am devoured by love, and yet I am not in hurry. I think of you every night last thing and each morning first thing, but I am patient, because if Heaven is friendly we are sure to live a long time, and the time we are now waiting will at the end seem only a minute."

When the happy day was made known, young Darrow sent to his betrothed a pair of ear-rings, a pair of bracelets, a pair of finger-rings, a pair of elaborate side ornaments for her hair, a pair of jewelled ear-picks, a pair of costly stick-pins for her back hair, a double set of combs, fans and fan-cases in pairs, and some cakes and sweets in two carved boxes of costly lacquer. He was careful to send everything in pairs, for custom is precise in such matters. She presently sent her return gifts to him, first counting the number of presents he had sent; because a person need not notice the value of gifts necessarily, yet must be certain to return the same number. To him she sent a pair of embroidered watch-cases, two tobacco-boxes, a pair of fan-cases and fans, and other things, exactly matching the number of his gifts to her. Then she secluded herself in her bedroom three days and nights, in order to reflect upon the duties and responsibilities she was about to assume. That is Chinese custom.

Perhaps it was as a result of this that she soon afterward wrote that she did not mean to suggest any degree of independence, but there were certain matters about which she must write—since she was about to marry one not likely to take



A BRIDE'S DRESS.

all Chinese customs for granted. "I think only of your happiness," she wrote. "It would not be for you to be happy if you had to be all Chinese, and I would not be happy to be suddenly European. Speaking of my fashion of dress—surely the Chinese have a modest fashion. Surely it is well for a woman to be all covered except her face and hands—thus no happening can uncover her, to bring the blush to her cheeks. Now, beloved, if Chinese

fashion is modest, then European custom of dress cannot be modest. European women wear some garment (perhaps you know of it) which presses in the waist, and then they make tight the clothes around it, so that they go forth before husband, brothers, and guests revealing the outlines of the body—yes, and even in the streets. My dear teacher (your dear friend) have tell me that foreign women so esteem the modesty of Chinese women that sometimes, when they go deep into our country to live, where are no others but Chinese people, they put on some loose coat or jacket to hide that not modest showing of the shape. I will do as you say when you are master. I will on the day after all the marriage ceremonies have ended put on whatever clothes you order; but I think—our dear friend thinks—it more better I come to foreign dress slowly, when perhaps in year's time I will not think about it, being accustom to it. Also, there is no objection to foreign hat or bonnet, but yet I think if you had seen my picture in such bonnet it would not be for you to fall in love with me. Also, I do not think myself looking very ugly when I wear Chinese hat of band of satin around my head, with pretty jade-stones in the front. So, after inquire of dear teacher, I write very frankly to you. Will you overlook if too frank? It is such curious position for Chinese girl to be writing even one letter to man before marriage, yet I write very many—too many—letter."

Young Darrow quickly relieved her mind, saying that the prettiest Chinese women were instantly turned into frights when they donned European clothing. He said he had heard that this was partly because they insist on having loose, ill-fitting garments, and because they do not know how to follow the changing fashions or to choose becoming colors. He had been told that Chinese women do sometimes manage to look well in European clothes, so in a long while she might perhaps do as well. However, he had no desire to make a European of her, except as she must live in a European house, and use knives and forks and napkins and goblets at meal-times—all of which she doubtless learned to accustom herself to at school.

Superfine Gold wrote to her teacher, at about this time, complaining (if such a term can be used without being taken too seriously) that the exigencies of her strange betrothal puzzled her greatly. She said that if Mr. Darrow was a Chinaman, or even like a half-Chinaman, he would know the necessities of her situation; yet, as it was, he required to be told of them. The marriage was to be accomplished within a year—a space of time so short as to suggest a coolie marriage. Usually, among people of means, marriages were arranged three or four years in advance, so that there was time for preparation. A coolie, having nothing to bring to her husband (nothing to do, and nothing to do with), could complacently receive a month's or three months' notice. But with better persons—well, take the case of her sister, as an instance: she and her girl friends embroidered thirty pairs of shoes and the work for the bottoms of trousers sufficient for three years' wearing—perhaps a dozen pairs in all. And then there were all the quilts to be made after the bridegroom sent the silk. Then there was the underneath or second red wedding-dress, which must be a mass of embroidery. The outer wedding-dress was hired, of course, with the red-embroidered apron and the silver-gilt bride's crown, all inlaid with bits of kingfisher feather, like turquoise. After the hired costume was taken off, her sister had on her own red bridal dress, to keep as long as she lived. And this often took a year to make.

Superfine Gold said she hoped Mr. Darrow would send "a great lot of things" when he made his marriage present. "You know," she said, "that the bride takes only what she can use, but she likes to have the street in front of her door blockaded with the contents of a whole silk-store, in order that friends and neighbors may not imagine she is marrying a pauper. When sister Golden Forest was married, her man sent gifts covering sixty feet of the street. Golden Forest accepted sufficient to make into clothes to last three years. Then she was called rich and very well married. When all the preparations were over, and she sent, along with the made-up clothing and bedding, all the furniture for her bedroom and reception-room in her husband's house, she knew that he must say her parents had done more for her than he had. I know a mandarin's daughter who was so well married that she said to her man, 'I shall need nothing for ten years.'

Her father gave her a thousand taels ($1350) to scatter among the servants during the wedding ceremonies. I know that Mr. Darrow will do well if he will take advice from Chinese people. It is not wrong to hope that he will make an exhibition of generosity, because it all comes back to him; not even a *cash* is wasted."

The prospective bridegroom was quite as anxious as she that his wedding should be a proud and fine one. The caravan-like procession of coolies bearing silks to her house was only equalled by the impressive pageant that returned to his house, a day before the wedding, when she sent her bridal bed, her chairs, tables, bath-tubs of red lacquered wood, quilts, vases, porcelains, hot-water kettles, household china, dresses, silken undergarments by the box-load, and all the rest with which a bride furnishes two rooms for herself in her husband's house, and expects to dress herself for years to come.

In one of her letters at this time was this reference to a quaint Chinese custom, deftly turned by her to remind him of her love.

"Oh, one other thing," said she; "you know the boxes we keep fastened to walls and house fronts, here and there, along our streets. I mean little receptacles for such stray paper as may bear characters of the written language printed or painted on them. Since we cannot all read, we cannot all know what sacred word may be put upon a piece of printed or written paper, therefore we save all bits of paper that have letters upon them. Well, such box is near my mother's house, and one day some foreign woman belonging to foreign merchant's house came and put a letter for post-office into that box for saving waste paper. My servant told me, and I sent and got it and put it in post-office. You laugh at me for thinking written characters or letters are sacred and not to be walked on in street; well, I think letter written by you is also sacred, so full of kind words to me."

Before the wedding took place she wrote to him that there was about to come a period when he must not write or expect to receive letters. She referred to her week of lamentation. She took it for granted that he needed no explanation of this custom, but the reader should understand it, for—in certain seaboard provinces at least—it is a very important preliminary to marriage. During her week of lamentation the bride wails for six days in the excess of her grief over the sundering of what have been the tenderest ties of her girlhood. Over and over again, day after day, she cries: "Alas! I am going to leave my dear mother." "I am going to leave my beloved brother"—"my sisters"—"my home"—"my dear friends"—"my girlish life." The custom is, during this period of wailing, for her girl friends to come in and find the prospective bride on her knees or flung face down upon her bed, with her hair let down, her eyes red and swollen, filling the air with her pathetic cries. These, of course, are uttered in studied tones out of the top of her head, as actors cry in the theatres. The girl companions come only in the evening, at the close of day. For a brief time they listen, and even join with her in sympathetic cries. But after a little time they urge her to cease her wailing. At this she seems to give way to grief completely, and increases the volume and strength of her cries. Then they take hold of and try to pull her from her bed.

"Come, Superfine Gold," they say, "you have cried enough for to-day. You have deeply impressed us with your creditable grief, and have shown the true feelings of a good daughter and sister. But now arise and make yourself presentable. We, your friends, have come, and desire one more pleasant evening with you before you leave us to become a wife."

"Oh-h-h-h! I must leave my mother! I must leave my kind, good mother!" the girl shrieks. She resists their forcible efforts to lift her from the bed.

"Come," they say, "you have cried enough. You have established your reputation. You have done all that is expected. Now let us have tea and games, and talk about marriage. Please stop now, or we will be angry and leave you."

"Have I really cried enough for to-day?" the wailing maiden inquires. "Have I cried as much as Plumblossom Liu did when she was going to be married? Surely Bright Light, my friend, cried more than I last year, did she not?"

Assured that no one ever cried more, and that her friends are quite out of patience with her, the noise of her lamentation ceases, and in a calm and business-like way she tidies her hair, bathes her eyes, and seats herself, clapping her hands for a servant to bring in roasted melon



FRIENDS CALLING ON A PROSPECTIVE BRIDE.

seeds and sweets and tea, as well as chess or dominoes to play games with, and she and her friends plunge into the pleasures of a merry evening. Every day or evening, for six days, this programme is repeated.

"I want to do what is proper custom," Superfine Gold assured her friends, seeing nothing at all humorous or ridiculous in the situation, "but I do not wish to overdo it. Miss Perfume of the Epidendrum (*Lan Hsiang*) really was frightened at being married, and cried so fearfully that she became sick and weak, and when she got in the 'flowery'" (the bride's chair) "to be carried to her man's house, it was too tightly closed, and she had no strength, and she was suffocated, and taken out dead."

"It has often happened," said Miss Lucky Clouds (*Chiao Yün*). "The flowery is a dangerous chair, because it is so

covered with red cloth and bows and rosettes that even the door sometimes lets in no air. You must make a hole in it if yours is so; but then you have no distance to go."

In writing of this week of lamentation to young Darrow, she said, "Dear teacher laughed at this until I explained that it is better to leave home with mourning than to be too eager to throw away home and people. How would it look to leave home with laughter? You would not want such a wife. Many China customs seem silly to foreign misters till they are made clear. But this is not all for appearances. Really I am sorry, and shall weep real tears. All is so dark and cloudy in future of bride."

Last of all in the short series of letters is this final one, written before the week of wailing:

"BELOVED,—I have great surprise for you, to make you unexpectedly delighted after we are married. I secluded myself for three days after betrothal, and I thought very hard, and now I will tell you what surprise is. It is that I am going to be Christian without your asking me. What a man is his wife should be. I know you have said for me to please myself, and that is how I will be pleased. First I must ask for Chinese ceremony for three days, and after that comes Christian marriage. And after that I am same religion as yourself. Is not that one surprise? I must ask for Chinese ceremony because all my girl friends that make slippers and trousers bottoms and aprons and quilts, and come to wedding, they would not think me married. They would not believe anything but Chinese custom.

"It is very curious. Yet it is very easy for you. You merely must stand beside me and reverence Heaven and earth and four doors of house and your ancestors. But when it comes to all my girl friends staying up with me three whole nights in my bedroom, to see that I do not speak, that is too much. Plenty good Chinese do not do so the whole three days any more. Girls only stay in brideroom one night, though, of course, she does not eat or speak for three days. I will tell them it shall be only one night of teasing me to try make me laugh or talk or cry. But I will keep rest of custom because it is good to show that I know I am not to speak much in my husband's house. And as for eating, how can a girl think of eating when she leaves her home and goes into a new life like going to a strange foreign country?

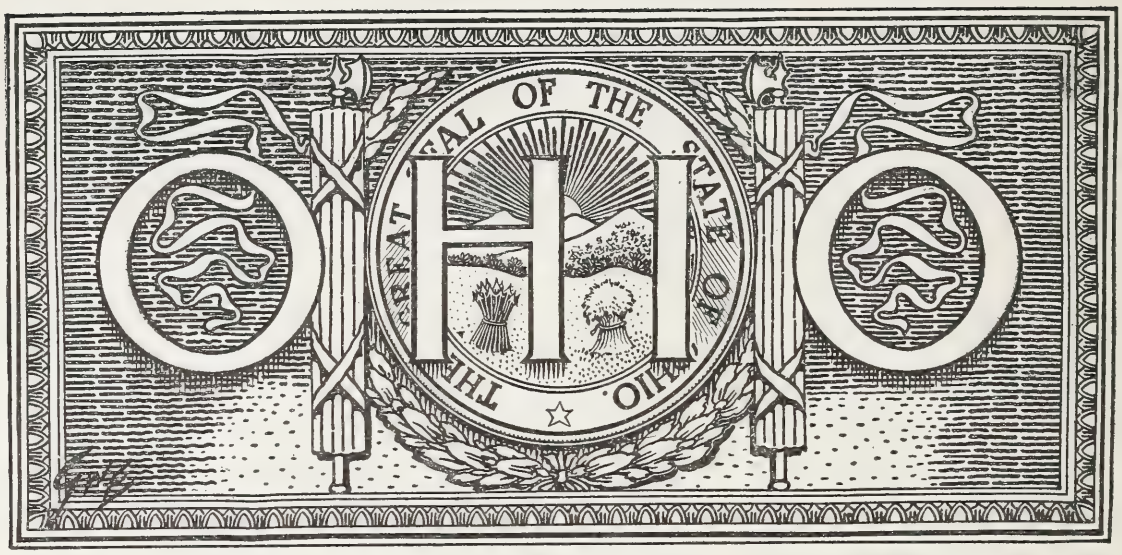
"On the first night I will receive your men friends, and hand each one a cup of tea, to hear them wish me a million sons, according to custom. And you shall then lift my veil; or it shall be on the second day—please yourself. But on the third day, will you come to my mother's house with me to reverence my ancestors, after Chinese custom? I shall expect that. Afterwards we will be married in European fashion. So good-by from

SUPERFINE GOLD."

TUCKANUCK.

BY GEORGE CABOT LODGE.

I AM content to live the patient day.
The wind, sea-laden, loiters to the land,
And on the naked heap of shining sand
Th'eternity of blue sea pales to spray.
In such a world no need for us to pray:
The holy voices of the sea and air
Are sacramental, like a peaceful prayer
Wherein the world doth dream her tears away.
We row across the waters' fluent gold,
And age seems blessèd, for the world is old.
Softly we take from nature's open palm
The dower of the sunset and the sky,
And dream an Eastern dream, starred by the cry
Of sea-birds homing through the mighty calm.



BY PRESIDENT CHARLES F. THWING, WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

OHIO is a State of individualisms. The principle emerges in its settlement, and moves as a constant element in its history of one hundred years.

Previous to the Revolutionary war no less than four distinct claims, having at least some evidence of validity, were made to that territory a part of which is now called Ohio. New York, by a grant of 1664, claimed a part. Massachusetts also put forth claims, which were in conflict with the claim already mentioned. Virginia, by right of conquest and by act of her Legislature, annexed the territory as a county. It is also to be said that the Indians claimed the entire territory of the Northwest as their own. In addition to all these specific demands, France and England, at different times and with different degrees of force, proclaimed their ownership and exercised their control.

This diversity of claims to original proprietorship is still further accentuated by the variety of the early settlements. In the score of years that divide the close of the Revolution from the admission of the State to the Union no less than six bodies of people established themselves in the territory. Men of Virginia, of Massachusetts, of Connecticut, of Pennsylvania, of New Jersey, and of France hither came, and here made homes. It is significant that few of these six colonies came from the States which had laid a claim to the territory in the early period. The Virginia company largely consisted of soldiers, who found in the land granted to them compensation for their services in the war. The Massachusetts men, led by Rufus Putnam, made, in 1788, a settlement on the Ohio, at the place now known as Marietta—a name which these chivalric Americans composed by uniting the first syllable and the last of the name of Marie Antoinette. The Connecticut men, of the same type as the Massachusetts, settled in the northern part of the State, on the lake, in a section which was long known as New Connecticut, and which has taken its place in history as the Western Reserve. The Pennsylvania men were German and Scotch-Irish, who entered the middle belt. The New Jersey colony, inspired to emigration by the representations of a fellow-citizen touching the fertility of the soil and other conditions of an easy existence, came into the south. The Frenchmen, some five hundred souls, left France near the breaking out of the Revolution, moved by the persuasions of Joel Barlow to inhabit a land which was to them described as "the garden of the universe, the centre of wealth, a place destined to be the heart of a great empire." With the men of Massachusetts, and in a secondary degree with those of Connecticut, as well as with those of the Virginia colony, the motive of securing compensation for service rendered in the war had value. The Federal government owned land; it lacked money. It had at the close of the Revolution paid off its soldiers in certifi-

cates, which soon came to be greatly depreciated, a dollar having the value in certain instances of only twelve cents. The government was willing to accept its own notes in payment for land. With the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey colonists and with the Frenchmen commercial motives of a more ordinary type prevailed.

Few of the reasons which brought the Pilgrims from Leyden to Plymouth moved the Connecticut or other emigrants. The same motives urged people to come to Ohio a hundred years ago that were at that time moving people to go from Cape Cod to the District of Maine—a better living. There were few or none of those motives which Bradford, in his history, says moved the Pilgrims: the Pilgrims came to save their mother-tongue for their children, to worship God in freedom, and to establish a free commonwealth. But people came to Ohio not so much to lead a better life as to get a better living. Yet, outside of motives, there was much in common between these two emigrating bodies. The people who emigrated to Ohio came, most of them, poor in purse, like the Pilgrims; only a few of them came with a purse well filled, like many Puritans who came to Massachusetts Bay. They were the first of the great emigrations into the Northwest Territory. They had, moreover, the same experiences of want and plenty, of hope abounding and of hope disappointed, which the Pilgrims had, and which, indeed, is the usual lot of pioneers. They were, both of these sets of people, first farmers, and afterwards manufacturers. Some of them breathed the same ethical and Christian atmosphere and possessed the same educational purposes which the Puritans had. They were, like the Pilgrims, of the great body of the common people. Like both Pilgrims and Puritans, they gave the names of the towns of the old home, like Keene and New Lyme, to their new dwelling-places. They were orderly men. They believed in the constituted order of human society. They were neither cranks nor bigots. They had no unreasoning enthusiasms. They came to make homes, not to establish trading-posts.

The movement of five hundred Frenchmen in 1790 from their native land to the valley of the Ohio was a movement of greater daring and of stronger emotional enthusiasm than the emigration from any New England State. It was a unique undertaking. The American spirit had touched France. French soldiers who served in the Revolution had, returning home, aroused the enthusiasm of their fellow-countrymen with pictures of the free life of the new land. It was a time of excitement in Paris and France. A sense of great events that had come or that were to come was moving among the people. "Nothing was talked of in every social circle," says Volney, with of course some degree of exaggeration, "but the paradise that was opened for Frenchmen in the western wilderness, the free and happy life to be led on the blissful banks of the Scioto." And they came, saw, suffered.

It was about the time that Barlow was persuading the Frenchmen to come to America that Jefferson wrote from Paris to Monroe urging him to come to Paris, for "it will make you adore your own country, its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners." Jefferson also prophesied that though many Europeans might come to America, "no man now living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe and continuing there." It is not unreasonable to infer that Jefferson, holding such sentiments, may have directly promoted the emigration of the Frenchmen. He returned to the United States a few months before the French colony reached the banks of the Ohio—*la belle rivière.*

The men of Paris, on reaching the banks of the Ohio, however, did not find that the representations of Barlow and Playfair were quite true. Rice, cotton, and indigo were not products of the Ohio Valley. Frost was not unknown, and the river did freeze. Among those who came were carvers, gilders, coach and peruke makers, accustomed to the conditions of life in the gayest metropolis. They did not find the work of felling trees and of grubbing up the soil fitted to their strength or to their tastes. A few of them may have returned home, a few of them remained, but the larger part of them scattered among the older States. And yet for all of them there must have been a certain sense of satisfaction filling their disappointed hearts. Some of them were Royalists. If they had remained in their own country, they might have suffered something more severe than fear of starvation and cold weather.

It was the same kind of satisfaction which the Pilgrims of Plymouth must have felt when tidings came to them in their free life of Laud and Strafford. The presence of this body of Frenchmen is still evidenced in Ohio by the names of Gallipolis and of Belpre. Welshmen are now far more numerous in Gallipolis than Frenchmen.*

In general it is to be said that the earlier settlers of Ohio possessed the best blood of the parts from which they came. In their vocations they represented all the works and workers which go to make up a well-ordered and civilized society. In learning they were more of the type of the Pilgrims who came to Plymouth than of the Puritans who came to Massachusetts Bay. It is probable that in the Bay Colony in the first twenty years after its settlement were to be found as many college men as could be found in any population of a similar size anywhere, but among the Pilgrims of Plymouth was not a single man who had taken a collegiate degree. Elder Brewster had received a part of his training at the university, but had failed to finish the course. But the men who came to Ohio were, like both Puritans and Pilgrims, possessed of high ideals of education, and were moved in sympathy with the best learning of the time. In point of social respectability they were families out of the stock which had peopled the Bay Colony and the colonies of Hartford and of New Haven. They represented officers of the Revolutionary war—men who had been accustomed to command, who were without wealth, and also free from extreme poverty.

After the disintegrations and attritions of a hundred years, the conditions and the influences which many of these bodies brought are still quite intact and distinct. It is not difficult to trace through the northern part of the State the southern line of the Western Reserve purchase. The Western Reserve people are inclined to pride themselves upon the fact that evidences of thrift, economy, and energy are to be observed in their villages, churches, school-houses, and homes not found in certain parts of the territory south. A friend of mine, whose business calls him up and down and across the State, tells me that a dull observer can trace with ease the southern line of the Western Reserve territory. In this territory he is in New England; out of this territory he is out of New England. Marietta, too, and its neighborhood are still distinct and integral. The other original colonists have scattered more or less in various parts of the State — a leaven which has helped to leaven the whole lump.

The noble character of the settlers gave promise of a noble character in those who might follow them. Like attracts like. The presence of the best people constrained others also of the best people, who were following the star of empire, to take up their abode with the original inhabitants. At the close of the first decade of the century not far from a quarter of a million of people, and at the close of the second decade somewhat over half a million people, had become citizens of Ohio. A few centres of large influence had been established. Among them were Cincinnati, Zanesville, and Chillicothe (the first capital of the State). Throughout the State also, in small towns as well as in the larger, were people of genuine culture. Though their homes might be quite unlike Blennerhasset's villa, yet in village and even in the lone settler's cabin were found men and women who had "light" and whose lives were "sweetness." I of-

* The following incident may be worth preserving among the annals of the little French settlement: "Louis Philippe went down the Ohio in 1798 and stopped at Gallipolis. Years afterwards, when he occupied the throne of France, a distinguished citizen of Ohio was presented at his court by the American minister. The King received him very graciously, and learning that he resided in southern Ohio, led the conversation to Gallipolis and the French settlers, and asked him if he knew a French baker there named ——. The gentleman replied that he knew the man very well, but confessed his surprise at finding him among his Majesty's acquaintances. The King then spoke of his visit to Gallipolis, and said he had improved the opportunity of his stop there to have a supply of bread made for his voyage. While the bread was baking, word came that the ice was coming down the river, and that it would be necessary for his boat to start at once in order to keep ahead of it. What was to be done? It was impossible to delay his departure, and it seemed equally impossible to go without the bread. In this dilemma the baker offered to go along with him, with his ovens, down the river far enough to finish the baking of the bread. He was accordingly hurried on board the boat, ovens and all, and they started ahead of the ice. When the bread was done, the baker with his ovens was put on shore, and returned to Gallipolis."—*Ohio: 1788.* Translated from the French by John Henry James. Columbus, 1888. This little tract was itself translated into French from the English for the use of Barlow. This incident is taken from the notes of the Introduction.

ten talk with the sons and daughters of the founders of the Western Reserve, and I constantly hear stories of the books that were read, which, though few in number, were rich in power. The memories of the noble and beautiful lives which were lived are yet green and fragrant. To Ohio also came not a few of the best people of the older States as visitors. Lafayette visited Ohio in 1825; and his secretary, Levasseur, says that Lafayette was simply astonished at this new creation of a commonwealth. The attentions shown him gave him delight. Ohio to him seemed "the eighth wonder of the world."

Although in the time of settlement colonies came from several parts, yet at the present time Ohio is less dependent upon other commonwealths for her people than any other of the north central States. Only thirteen per cent. of the native American population were born outside of her borders. The States which have contributed the more largely to the 441,000 Americans who have moved on to and are now living on her soil are—Pennsylvania, with 121,000; New York, with 57,000; Virginia, with 41,000; Kentucky, with 38,000; and Indiana, with 35,000. The Connecticut and Massachusetts immigration continues; for 9000 persons born in Massachusetts and 6000 born in Connecticut are among her present citizens. But above most States her American citizens are her own production.

The progress of a people in a new country is well measured by the simple element of roads and of other means of communication and transportation. In the beginning there is no road. The beginning of civilization and the beginning of a road are contemporaneous. Turkey has no roads; England has turnpikes. The explorer makes for himself a path. He or his successors blaze a line. A bridle-path is subsequently cut, along which the lone traveller, the circuit-rider, the solitary postman, stubs his way on horseback. The next step is the felling of trees, the laying of the fallen trees into corduroy roads in case the way is over a bog, or removing and burning these trees and the pulling out of stumps. Thus a way is made for "teams." Presently the road is improved. Population increases. The demands of life become more numerous and more urgent. The road becomes a turnpike; over it the coach, bearing the goods and folks of and for the new State, goes twice or thrice a week. Presently the railroad surveyor emerges as silently as the sun rises, and within a few months after his appearance rails themselves are laid. Such is the history of Ohio. Governor St. Clair in 1795 wrote, "There is not a road in the country." In as many years after the beginning of the century as there elapsed between the remark of St. Clair and the close of the century roads had their beginning. They were few, and the few were bad. But among the earliest internal improvements made by the United States was a road called the Mail Route from Wheeling to the West. This road, built by Ebenezer Zane, of Wheeling, was known as "Zane's Trace." It was first a bridle-path cut through the woods. In a few years corduroy bridges were built over bogs and marshes. The road-wagon, with its four and six horses, presently supplanted the pack-horse. Along this road for forty years went the mails between Washington and Kentucky. In 1832 the first railroad was built.

But Ohio above most Western States was favored with means of communication other than of the land. On its southern and eastern boundary it had a great river; on its northern, a great lake. Long before the roads became moderately passable, on both river and lake was passing the commerce of vigorous and ever-increasing peoples. In October, 1811, the steamboat *Orleans* departed from Pittsburg for the South. It excited wonder among all those living on the banks between which it passed. Some supposed that a comet had fallen and come into the river. Some supposed that it was an English boat, for the war with England was already in the air. She did not reach her destination until more than two months after her departure, and it was not till the next year and the year following that two other steamers from Pittsburg followed her down the Ohio. But no one of these boats ever came up the river against its current. It was not till 1815 that a steamer which in December, 1814, had taken a cargo of ordnance stores from Pittsburg to General Jackson in fourteen days, succeeded in stemming the tide, although she was twenty-five days in making the distance from New Orleans to Louisville. But in this time, although steamers were not proving inefficient, sail-boats were doing

a great business. It is said that Marietta alone sent to the sea before the war of 1812 no less than twenty-five sailing craft, seven of which were ships, eleven brigs, and six schooners. In this time, too, the flat-boat played a most important part. Every spring, at full water, flour, bacon, pork and other products of the country were taken to New Orleans and to the markets that lay this side of the Southern metropolis, and the boats returned with cargoes in which were many tropical and foreign goods. As the southern part of the State was the earlier settled, so also the commerce of the river preceded the commerce of the lake. At the time when the Ohio River was the scene of an active business, Lake Erie had but a few little schooners. Lake Erie sprang into prominence not through its commerce, but through Commodore Perry's victory of 1813.

But it was not alone the river and the lake to which the people looked for easy communication. The Ohio Canal, in association with the Erie Canal, played a most important part in the development of the State. This canal stretched from the river to the lake. The Miami Canal, that ran from the river to Dayton, begun in 1826, was, with the great canal, completed in 1833. In 1842, when the entire canal system was finished, there were found to be 796 miles of navigable water opened for commerce. The entire cost was between fourteen and fifteen millions of dollars. The effect of these improvements it is now hard to overestimate. The canals opened the markets of the world to the farmer of central Ohio. Wheat doubled in value; land greatly appreciated; the population rapidly grew; capital flowed into the State; villages became towns; towns became cities. Ohio began to take its large place among the great commonwealths.

In 1800 Ohio had 45,000 people, and ranked eighteenth among the States in point of population. In the next ten years its rate of increase was greater than that obtaining in any other State, being 408 per cent., and in 1810 it had 230,000 inhabitants, and came to be the thirteenth most populous commonwealth. In 1820 it sprung to the fifth place, having 581,000 people; in 1830 it advanced to the fourth; in 1840 to the third place; and the third place it continued to hold till 1890, when it fell back to the fourth, Illinois having come to have 150,000 more people than her own 3,672,316.

In Ohio, as in most of the Western States, agriculture was the first employment of the early settlers. The immigrant found the State well wooded, and he, unlike the colonists in such States as Wisconsin and Minnesota, cut down the walnut and the pine not to make lumber, but to get a patch for planting corn and potatoes and wheat. It is probable that the present value of the timber destroyed by the settlers in Ohio would be more than the present value of the cultivated land on which that timber stood. But necessary as the soil was to the settler, he did not know that beneath the sod lay a treasure far more valuable than the soil itself. The coal-mine and the oil-well have proved to be in not a few counties of far greater worth than the loam lying above them. Ohio has thus become, through the same condition which makes England a great manufacturing nation, a great manufacturing commonwealth. These manufactures are largely of iron and of allied products. The conditions of the problem are very simple. Iron ore is taken from the mines of Michigan and Minnesota. Soft coal is necessary to its manufacture. Manufactured iron is needed in every part of the country. Iron ore is not adequately produced in Ohio; soft coal is not adequately found in Michigan or Minnesota—"useless each without the other." The definite part of the problem is, where can iron ore and soft coal best meet? From what point can the results of the meeting of iron ore and soft coal be best transported to those points where they are needed? It is now known and confessed that the spot where iron ore and soft coal can best meet, and the spot whence can best be shipped the products of their union, is to be found on the shore of Lake Erie between Toledo and Buffalo. Upon this curve lies the meeting and the distributing point of iron products.

Since 1872 Ohio has been the second State in the making of iron and steel. Pennsylvania was then and is still ahead of her neighbor. The Lake Superior mines produce more than one-half of the iron ore of the United States, and these mines are very largely owned in Ohio, and mostly in Cleveland. The total value of the products of iron and steel in this country in 1890 was $478,687,519, and about one-seventh of this value is to be credited to

Ohio. In the making and distribution of iron, the ship plays a part second only to the furnace. The chief city of the State on its northern boundary has become one of the great ship-building points of the world. If the construction of war-ships be omitted, it has become the second greatest ship-building port in the world, being excelled alone by the Clyde. When war-ships are included, Cleveland is obliged to fall behind Philadelphia. The total foreign and coastwise commerce of New York is, of a year, somewhat more than 12,000,000 net tons; of Cleveland, about 10,000,000 net tons. Thus the State, which was primarily agricultural, has become, though still remaining agricultural, a State of iron and steel makers, of mine-owners, and of ship-builders.

The development of Ohio, like the development of Plymouth Colony and of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, has been a development led by great men. The names of the leaders of the two colonies that went to make up Massachusetts are the names of great men. Take away the Winthrops, the Mathers, the Adamses, the Bradfords, the Brewsters, the Everetts, and Massachusetts history would be a thing quite different from what it is. A great people creates and demands great leaders. Great leaders create and demand a great people. But the demand of a great people for great leaders is the more imperative. In Ohio great men have led. Its earlier history is woven with the names of Putnam, Manasseh Cutler, and Moses Cleveland, the founder of the great and beautiful city bearing his name; and in the early middle and present history are stitched in silver threads the names of Ewing, Corwin, Giddings, Stanton, Chase, Wade, Waite, Hayes, and Garfield. It is significant that the great men of Ohio have usually been men engaged in political life. There are of course certain exceptions, to which I shall allude, but on the whole the great men have been statesmen and generals. There are a few lawyers, Ohio born and bred, who can be seen from beyond the boundaries of the State, so tall are they. One of them is Chief-Justice Waite, respected in Ohio before his great elevation, as he was respected beyond Ohio after it. His associate, too, Stanley Matthews, is regarded in Ohio as not unworthy of his high office. Allen G. Thurman, also, was for almost half a century one of the great lawyers of the State, a man, too, whose political service was greatly enriched by his legal knowledge and training. In northern Ohio was one lawyer who has received large recognition aside from his official position, and that is Judge Rufus P. Ranney, of whom Rhodes, in his history, says: "He was a profound jurist.... As a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention he had a great share in making the organic law; as judge of the Ohio Supreme Court, he interpreted it in a series of decisions which for sound doctrine, and clearness of thought and expression, are probably not surpassed in the court records of any State."—(*History of the United States*, vol. ii., pp. 380–81.)

The annals of Ohio in medicine are quite vacant of the greatest names. The two names that occur first of the great religious leaders of the State were not of Ohio origin, and the work of one only was done in large degree in Ohio. Lyman Beecher came to Cincinnati, and helped to mould that part of the State to a liberal orthodoxy and to civic freedom. Finney came to the northern part of the State, to Oberlin, a radical, a man of strong brain, of unique personality, and helped to form an emotional but vigorous type of piety. The great editors in Ohio have been few, but one does not forget that Whitelaw Reid was here born and educated. The great educators have been few also, but certain names at once occur to one. The greatest by far of these is Horace Mann. Short and sad was his Ohio life. He dug his grave in Antioch College. Of him Theodore Parker said, writing to him in 1854: "I am glad that you are there,—sad enough for my own sake; sympathizing, too, for the heartache which I know often comes over the homesick man. But I think of the generations which will rise up and call you blessed. I think New England had no seed in her granary which the West needed so much as yourself. Now God has sown you in Ohio, I look for great harvests which mankind shall one day reap therefrom."—(*Life of Horace Mann*, pp. 458–9.) But, alas! it must be said that the prophecy of Theodore Parker has not come true. Before Mann's death, too, Antioch College had come almost to its grave. Horace Mann's life is a power in American life because of his work in the common schools of Massachusetts, not

because of his work in a college of Ohio. Following Mann was another great educator, Thomas Hill, who went from Antioch to Harvard, but greater as an educator, scholar, thinker, than as an administrator. Probably the next greatest name in Ohio's educational history is that of Fairchild of Oberlin, who has occupied almost every position in that college, and taught almost all branches, from mathematics to dogmatic theology, and who has brought to every task a clear mind, a sympathetic heart, and a calm judgment.

When one thinks of the great authors one finds that they are men and women whose association with Ohio has been brief. Of all these the most famous probably is William D. Howells. But does not all the world know that Howells left Ohio almost as soon as he had left his teens? Here also Rhodes the historian was born, and worked many years, but when he wished to begin in earnest the writing of his volumes he went to Cambridge. Here also that noble man and charming, John Hay, has a home, but Washington is his more permanent dwelling-place. Constance Fenimore Woolson spent her girlhood in Cleveland, and her relations with that city were always intimate, but her residence in late years was abroad, and abroad she died. The Cary sisters began their popular and inspiring writings near Cincinnati, but they drifted soon, like many others, to the metropolis. No one forgets that Artemus Ward had a service on the Cleveland *Plaindealer* in the troublous times before 1860, but it was brief. His Cleveland life is still preserved in his name, which is given to a club of journalists. No journalist has been more prominent in Ohio than Murat Halstead, and though his residence is now outside the State, his name and work are here honored. Albert Shaw and Edith Thomas were born in Ohio—the one, at a place in the south having the name of Paddy's Run (a name which the post-office authorities tried to change, but failed), where also was born Murat Halstead; the other, at Chatham, and was educated in a high-school and normal institute at Geneva.

It must be confessed that the great men of Ohio, and the men who have helped to make Ohio great in itself and great in reputation, have been men engaged in civil and political life. In his *Twenty Years in Congress*, Mr. Blaine, writing of the time of the beginning of the war, says: "The Ohio delegation was especially strong. John A. Bingham, the oldest in service on the Republican side, was an effective debater, well informed, ready, and versatile. A man of high principle, of strong faith, of zeal, enthusiasm, and eloquence, he could always command the attention of the House. His colleague, Samuel Shellabarger, was distinguished for the logical and analytical character of his mind. Without the gift of oratory, paying little heed to the graces of speech, Mr. Shellabarger conquered by the intrinsic strength of his argument, which generally amounted to demonstration. His mind possessed many of the qualities which distinguished Mr. Lincoln. In fairness, lucidness, fulness of statement, the two had a striking resemblance. Valentine B. Horton was a valuable member on all questions of finance and business; and on the issues touching slavery James M. Ashley followed the radical example of Mr. Giddings. Among the Democrats, George H. Pendleton, Clement L. Vallandigham, and Samuel S. Cox were especially conspicuous. Mr. Pendleton was regarded as the leader of the Democratic side of the House by a large section of his party, and his assignment to the Committee of Ways and Means by the Speaker was intended as a recognition of that fact. Mr. Cox gave much attention to foreign affairs, to which his mind had been drawn by a brief but fruitful participation in the diplomatic service of the country. Mr. Vallandigham possessed ability, and a certain form of dogged courage, combined with a love of notoriety, which allured him to the assumption of extreme positions and the advocacy of unpopular measures. No other State was in the aggregate so ably represented as Ohio" (p. 328). But it must be said that probably the Ohio delegation was never again so strong as it was at this time. The names of Ewing, Corwin, and Giddings are now becoming rather a memory; but the stories of Corwin are still told by men who heard him tell them, and they still arouse many a laugh. The name of Wade, too, is not familiar to the younger generation, and, like the names of so many of his companions who were leaders in the times between 1856 and 1866, is swiftly passing from the recollection of the common people. The name of

Chase still lives, and possibly, of all the names, is the only one which is in common thought associated with the names of Hayes and Garfield—as great a man as either of these, and whom some hold to have been greater than either. He holds a position in American as well as Ohio history absolutely unique. He was one of the men who had a part in shaping the movements which resulted in the war; he was one of the three or four great men whose conduct was most influential in carrying on the war; and thirdly, he was the one who, above any one else, aided in the settlement of the constitutional principles involved in the war. As an orator and candidate for office, as Secretary of the Treasury, and as Chief Justice, he took a mighty threefold share in the great issues. The names of Garfield and of Hayes are dear to every heart. The public career and the ending of the life of Garfield have given him a place which no one else will occupy in the present generation. Hayes was loved throughout the length and breadth of the State. He was, for a dozen years following his retirement from the great office, the first citizen, and he bore himself in ways worthy of the first citizen. He said to me at different times: "I wish to do useful things which no one else will do. I am president of the Prisoners' Aid Society, a worthy work, I think. Who cares for the poor prisoner? Possibly I can help him a bit." "My chief work," he said at another time, "is to advertise good things; my one wish is to be useful."



SHIPPING IN THE OLD RIVER-BED, CLEVELAND.

Ohio as the mother of great men becomes possibly more conspicuous in war than in peace. The number and character of the men who were leaders on the field between 1861 and 1865, whose birthplace was in Ohio or whose early train-

ing was there received, are pre-eminent. Among them were such commanders as McDowell, McPherson, Buell, Cox, Rosecrans, and also Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant. McClellan went to the war from Ohio, and was first appointed to the command of Ohio troops. It is only not to be forgotten that Hayes and Garfield won the title of "General" long before that of President. But these names are to me hardly so significant as the fact that one-eighth of all the Federal army of the great war came from Ohio.

The similarity between Ohio and Maine in having its great men political leaders is striking. The delegation of Maine in Congress, like the delegation of Ohio, has always been one of pre-eminent ability. George Evans and William Pitt Fessenden, Lot M. Morrill, Hannibal Hamlin, and James G. Blaine—not to mention men who are now in Congress—illustrate the character of the timber which the Pine-tree State has sent to Washington. An Ohio Governor was the rival of the great Maine man as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1876, and four years later a like condition prevailed. The Ohio men won both in the conventions and at the polls.

But the contrast between the vocations and avocations of the great men of Ohio and the great men of Massachusetts is most striking. One who visited Boston twenty or forty years ago wanted to see literary men—Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes. Sumner did not attract the public notice that Longfellow called out, nor Wilson that of Whittier, nor Winthrop that of Holmes. There are two exceptions. One, Daniel Webster. No man probably ever filled the public eye in any State as did Webster in Massachusetts. I have heard Colonel Higginson say that when Webster walked down State Street, State Street seemed to stop its business, look out of the windows of counting-rooms, cease its walk and turn round in order to look at the great man. Men and boys said, in bated breath, "There goes Webster!" The other exception is Wendell Phillips, great orator, who thought he was a statesman, but who helped to make the events which called into service the greatest of statesmen.

The origin of the remark, made half in jest, half in earnest, as to the ubiquity and power of the Ohio man, lies largely in his ubiquity and power as a statesman. The causes that have contributed to this civic greatness are of course general and particular. One cause to which I allude is the ubiquity of the Ohio college. Ohio is a State of colleges. And yet it must be acknowledged that many of the great political leaders were not college men. Giddings was not. Wade was not. Chase was a graduate of Dartmouth. Ewing was a graduate of Ohio University, at Athens, and received the first degree of A.B. ever given in Ohio. Hayes was a graduate of Kenyon. Garfield was educated in part at Hiram, in Ohio, but finished his education at Williams. But the rank and file of these men who have made Ohio history have been college-trained. The typical Ohio college of forty years ago was a very sorry institution, except in the nobility of its purposes and in the character of two or three men who sat in its professors' chairs. There were of course exceptions. The old Western Reserve College, at Hudson, was an exception, in which such teachers as Laurens P. Hickok, afterwards President of Union, Professor Loomis, of mathematical fame, Barrows, the great Hebrew scholar, President Bartlett, Clement Long, Henry N. Day, Professor Charles A. Young, and the elder Seymour were gathered. But any college, poor in money and resources, if it be true and honest, may do a great work for the student if he be honest and not too poor. And these Ohio boys went to college, and in the college they were trained to think. From the college they went to the lawyer's desk and the bar, from the bar to the State-house, the Governor's seat, and to places in the national Congress.

The principle of individuality which is manifest in the beginnings of Ohio receives illustration in its collegiate system. The first college founded in Ohio was not only the first college founded in the whole Northwest Territory, but also it was the first college founded in the United States having an endowment in land given by the national government. It bore the ambitious name of the American Western University, and the act establishing it passed the Territorial Legislature in January, 1802. The college preceded the State. In the century that has since elapsed more colleges have been founded in Ohio than in any other State.



JUDGE RUFUS P. RANNEY.

Although the present number of colleges may be somewhat less than is found in Illinois, yet the number is sufficiently great to illustrate the principle of individuality. Instead of having one university, as has been the method in most States of the West, Ohio has continued to have three. The oldest is still at Athens, where it was founded; a second is at Oxford — Miami; and the third, technically known as the Ohio State University, which has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, is at the capital of the State. Throughout this period, too, in all parts of the State colleges have sprung up. They have usually had their origin in religious or sectarian motives. Kenyon, the college of the Episcopalians, laid its corner-stone in June, 1827. Western Reserve was founded in 1826 by Congregationalists and Presbyterians, among whom the influence of Yale was pre-eminent. Oberlin followed in 1833 as a part of an evangelistic movement. Marietta

was founded in the south in 1835, also as the agent of the Congregationalists. Ohio Wesleyan was founded in 1843 by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Antioch was founded in 1853 as the organ of a liberal Christianity. Denison was founded by the Baptist denomination, and in 1856 took its present name, although the institution had under other names been engaged in educational work for several years. These and other colleges, to the number of some thirty or more, at present represent the higher education in the State. They represent the obliged to solve her problems for herself, without the help of precedents made under similar conditions. Oberlin represented a movement in coeducation. Antioch stood for a free type of Christianity, as well as for the education of women and of men upon the same basis. Western Reserve stood for the highest and strongest intellectual education and for a liberal culture. The State University for many years represented the technical side of education.

At the present time the movement in the State is away from the tendency of



A CHARACTERISTIC OHIO HOMESTEAD.

policy of decentralization, a policy which is opposed to the policy that has prevailed in New England, for Ohio has twice as many colleges as all the New England States, and as many as New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania combined.

As one reads the history of the higher education in the State he is impressed with the method of experiment which has prevailed. It has been the State of educational reforms and of educational reformers. The first State formed out of the great Northwest Territory, she has been the century. The educators are sympathetic with the centralizing tendency of modern education. When this State was without roads, or had only poor ones, it was fitting to have many colleges. For the local influence of any college is great. Many boys and girls went to colleges scattered throughout the State who would not have gone to a university situated in one part of the State. It is significant that more than half the students of a national university like Harvard come from the State in which it is located. But when



THE CAPITOL AT COLUMBUS.

railroads penetrate every town the special reason for many colleges in a State is removed. Therefore the only reason for the present existence of many colleges in Ohio is the reason that they have existed; it is the reason of prescription. The value of many colleges in a State is also lessened by the fact that many colleges usually means colleges small in endowment, poor in equipment, and weak in teaching force and illustrative apparatus. For the modern college demands an equipment in libraries, museums, and laboratories which is extremely expensive. Colleges in Ohio, like colleges in New England such as Amherst and Williams and Dartmouth, should have at least a million dollars of endowment. They cannot properly do their work without an income of fifty thousand dollars, aside from fees of students. The colleges in Ohio which have an income of fifty thousand dollars can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

In the making and maintaining of these educational foundations the laws of the State have been exceedingly and, some would say, excessively liberal. For no endowment of any amount worth speaking of is necessary for granting a charter to an institution of the higher education. New York and more recently Pennsylvania have set an example to the sister upon their western boundary in having laws requiring a large endowment for institutions conferring collegiate degrees. But already in Ohio a movement is under way which represents the thought of the best educators and wisest citizens, declaring that henceforth no charter shall be granted to any institution for the higher education unless it is in the beginning properly endowed.

But the Ohio people have not forgotten that all colleges are not in Ohio. There are 135 graduates of Harvard and 174 graduates of Yale living in Ohio now. In Ohio, as in most Western States, Yale is more popular than Harvard with the people, but less popular with scholars. One college in northern Ohio was for a long time known as the Yale of the West; the faculty was composed of Yale men. As northern Ohio was called New Con-

necticut, it was natural, therefore, that boys going away to college from northern Ohio should go to the college of old Connecticut. But this condition has now passed away.

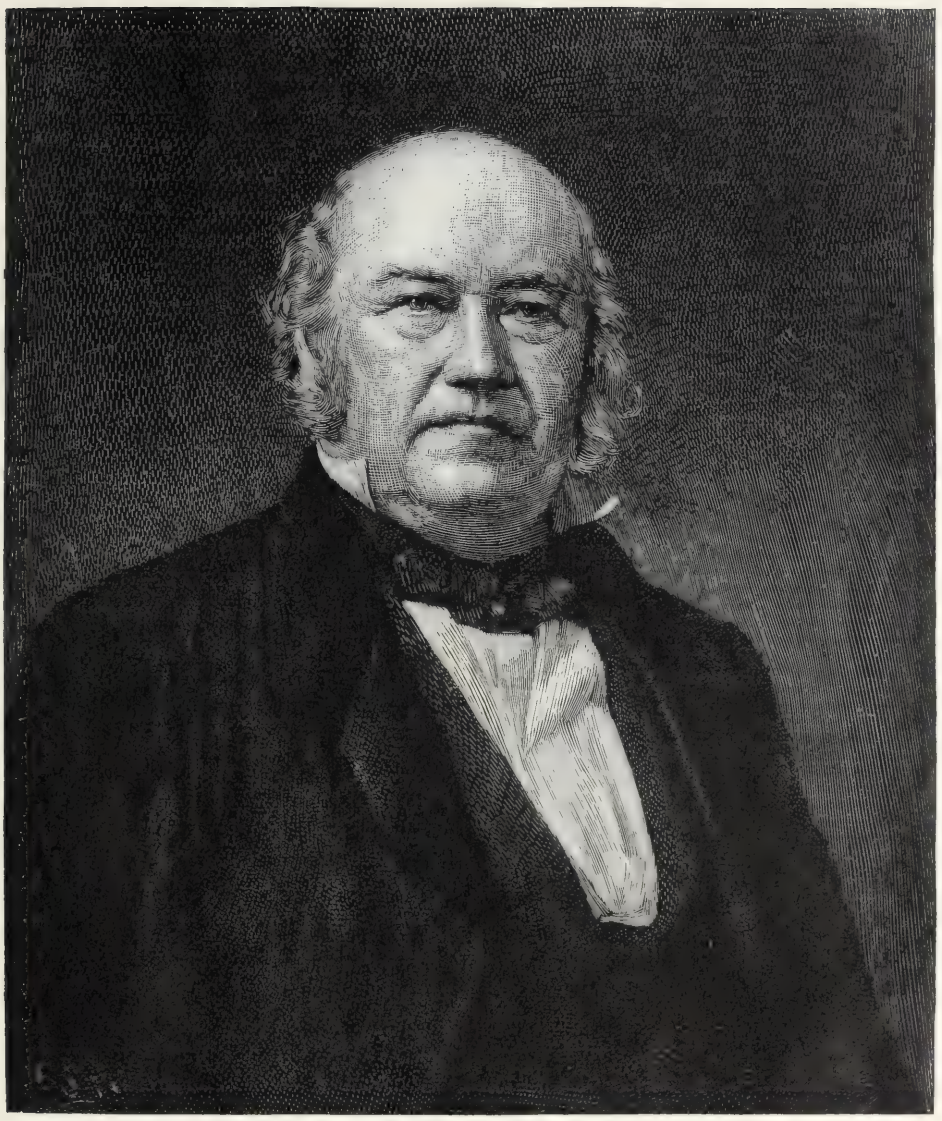
The public-school system of Ohio is better for a public-school system than the college system is for a college system. The system is good; the teachers as a body are well trained, as compared with teachers in other States, although in no State are they as well trained as they ought to be. The school-houses are excellent—far better than one finds in Maine or in the country districts of the other New England States. I have sometimes thought that the farther west one goes, the better one finds the school-houses in comparison with the churches. And the farther east one goes, the better he finds the churches in comparison with the school-houses. To foster education has been the policy of the West. The large proportion of the public domain that has been set apart in the Northwest for the purposes of higher education has resulted, and will result, in giving a magnificent system of education without large draughts upon the purses of the people.

In all these manifestations of its life Ohio is essentially a State of individualisms. The communistic system or method has not prevailed. Political parties have been more split than in most States. The large number of colleges represent, as I have said, the individualistic principle. Normal schools have been founded, but they have usually been private normal schools. The efficiency with which the Underground Railroad was run in Ohio illustrates the individualistic quite as much as the co-operative system and method. The laws in respect to corporations and commercial enterprises have been far more severe than New York laws of the same kind. Individual legal rights have been respected. The greatest corporation of modern times was organized in Cleveland, but it was found wise to transfer its headquarters to the city of New York. A Republican Legislature has been known to choose a Democrat as United States Senator. The Ohio man is an individual.

The individualisms of the State also receive illustration in its ecclesiastical history. I do not know how many of the different denominations are represented in Ohio, but I am sure that most of them are, and I am also sure that most of their churches are vigorous. Although the northern part of the State was peopled by those who were originally Congregationalists, and who, coming to Ohio, became Presbyterians—and it is always to be said



OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY AT COLUMBUS.



THOMAS EWING.

that Congregationalism stands for individualism, and Presbyterianism for co-operation—yet the Presbyterianism has been of a very independent and free-thinking sort. The Mormon faith had in a large degree its origin in Ohio, and here it has perpetuated itself in a narrow though lasting stream. Here also the Disciples have had from the first a very large following, and the personality of Alexander Campbell is still felt. Perfectionism also burned over Ohio. Perfectionism represents anarchy; it is individualism gone to seed.

But with these individualisms the people are usually conservative. Although there have been great discoveries made in Ohio in oil and coal and gas, it is not a State of booms. It has known less of the ups and downs of commercial crises than any State. No bank in Cleveland failed in the crises of 1873 and 1893. This conservative condition arises in part from the fact that the State has been essentially an agricultural State. Farmers are conservative. This condition is now passing away, and Ohio is becoming a great manufacturing State; and possibly the State is less conservative than it was forty years ago. Another cause of its conservatism may lie in the equanimity of its climate. More than any other State does it seem to be neither hot nor cold, neither wet nor dry. Possibly also its conservatism may have relation to what may be called its self-contentment and self-sufficiency. I believe Ohio raises everything which the American eats, excepting perhaps two or three tropical fruits. It is certainly true that the mental and emotional state of which Bryce writes, "the temper of the West," does not belong to Ohio.

The standard of wealth and of living greatly differs in different parts of the State. The standard of living in the country is somewhat better, I think, than can be found among the farmers of Vermont and Maine. Ohio farmers have more money and provide a better table. The life in the two great cities of Cleveland and Cincinnati is somewhat similar to the life in Boston and New York, though the similarity of life in Cleveland and Boston is greater than that which obtains between Cincinnati and New York. People in Cleveland spend money more freely than people in Boston, because they get it from a larger rate of interest and more profitable commercial ventures. The tax laws of the State, however, have driven a good many rich men to New York. The departure of millionaires from their native State and town in order to avoid swearing to the amount of their property is evidence of the uprightness of their consciences, but it does tend to make Ohio poor.

I have suggested that the Ohio man is ubiquitous. It is a constant surprise to me to find how many people have had some relation to Ohio. If Ohio shares with Massachusetts and Connecticut the privilege of being the mother of great men, it may be also said that with Illinois she shares the honor of being the mother of great States. A million of her children now have their homes in States west of her own boundaries. To her next-door neighbor Indiana she has contributed 164,000 people; and to her second-door neighbor Illinois, 126,000 — a number greater than has been contributed by any other State. To Iowa she has given 102,000; to Kansas, 116,000: to Michigan, 80,000; to Missouri, 70,000; to Nebraska, 59,000; to California, 28,000; to Colorado, 21,000; to Oregon and Washington, 24,000; and to Texas, 10,000. Few of her people have turned against the movement of the star of empire, and fewer still have entered the South, though Kentucky has 31,000 of native Ohioans; West Virginia, 31,000 also; Pennsylvania, 34,000; but New York has only 15,000; New Jersey only 3000; and the New England States so small numbers that the Census Reports fail to specify them.

Thus in her emigrations in the last decades of her century, as well as in her immigrations during the first decades, Ohio is still a State of individualisms.

ORBIS TERRÆ.

BY C. H. GOLDTHWAITE.

THE world is round, they say—
I'm no astronomer.
My world is round, I know;
For every day
I see it for myself in Helen's waist,
Her bosom's modest swell; and in her eyes
I lose all sense save that my world is round.

The world is round, they say—
I'm no astronomer.
My world is round, I know;
For every day
Pure pearls that peep from Helen's parted lips,
That telltale blush, her arms about my neck,
Defy all argument: my world is round.

If other worlds be round or no,
Who knows or cares?
Astronomy avaunt!
For every day
From heart to heart the sweet encyclical,
"My Love loves me," proclaims for evermore
The world, my world, our world, is round—*is round!*



"A FOOL TO FAME."

BY E. A. ALEXANDER.

HENRY AGNEW had gone over to the Champ de Mars early, on purpose to have a good look at his pictures before any one else should arrive.

He had intended to do this for some time past, as he found it impossible to gaze at his own productions during the crowded hours of the day; it looked too egotistical, and the general public could not be made to understand that the scrutiny was not one of self-approbation, but of severe self-criticism.

It was quite a distance from Agnew's quarters in the Rue de Seine to the exhibition, and he had only had time to snatch a hasty cup of coffee before setting out; but the walk along the river-bank was delightfully cool at that hour of the morning, and almost repaid him for his early start and hurried breakfast. It was so pleasant to stroll up the quays under the trees, with the sparkling river flowing just beyond the stone parapet at his side, gay with vessels of all sorts and conditions. Swift little omnibus boats darted from station to station, picking up the hustling, pushing crowds of working people, all eager to be off promptly to their daily vocations, and each little pier was crammed to its full limit with impatient passengers. A long succession of barges, drawn by puffing tugs, or pulling themselves laboriously up stream by means of the sunken chain laid there for this purpose, kept passing and churning the foam between the arches of the bridges. Across the Pont de l'Alma he caught sight of the bright awnings and blue-smocked venders of an open-air market, and over on the Cours de la Reine the chestnuts were showering down a snow of white petals from their over-ripe blossoms. It was almost too lovely a morning to be spent indoors; but Agnew had started out with a fixed purpose, and he turned from the delights of the river-side into the Avenue Rapp, and from there down a side street to the palace door.

The exhibition opens at eight o'clock, and on the stroke of the hour he found himself mounting the great staircase leading to the galleries above, which were of course quite deserted. Fortunately for his comfort, one of the broad velvet-covered benches placed about for the convenience of weary visitors stretched along directly in front of the panel allotted to his pictures, and he flung himself down on its seat with the content of a man whose preconceived plans have been realized to their fullest extent.

Perhaps this had something to do with the fact that his work distinctly pleased him. He had really been unable to judge it fairly before, having only dared to pass it by with a cursory glance on varnishing-day, when the place had been crowded with eager spectators and friends, only too ready to notice what he was doing, and to make unpleasant remarks about his conceit, if he had cared to linger.

Pleased as he felt with the effect his work produced, he was his own severest critic; and there was plenty to criticise, he thought to himself, for faults only dimly suspected in his studio now glared from the canvases hanging in the unflattering surroundings and trying top-light, undimmed by curtain or shade.

He had been lolling on the bench perhaps a quarter of an hour, when he became aware that his pleasant solitude was about to be invaded. It was provoking, of course, but he could not expect to keep the room to himself much longer, and he glanced up at the intruder, who was ad-

vancing slowly in his direction over the strip of carpet that lay like a narrow path down the whole length of the gallery, to assure himself that the stranger was not likely to interfere with his contemplation to any great extent.

But the mere fact that there was some one in the place besides himself disturbed him, and the pictures ceased to hold his undivided attention, so he made up his mind to leave, and was just about to do so, when the new-comer, who was slowly working her way along, looking out every picture carefully in her catalogue, reached the bench where he still lingered, and plumped herself down on its farther end.

Now the benches were very long, and could, at a pinch, accommodate nine or ten people at least, so there was nothing extraordinary in the stranger's seating herself beside him; but the springs in the cushioned upholstery gave an ominous creak as she sank down, causing Agnew to lift his head and examine his neighbor attentively, and as she was quite absorbed in making notes on the margin of her catalogue with a silver pencil that hung from a cord about her neck, he was able to make the inspection long and unobserved.

She was a very tall woman, with a rosy face, and a great quantity of crisp hair, that hung about her forehead in short locks, and was braided tightly behind into a round and protruding knob, from which wisps of unruly curls straggled out rebelliously, and she decidedly inclined toward stoutness. A black bonnet with some dilapidated ostrich tips sticking up on one side was tied beneath her chin by two narrow ribbons, the bow just under one ear, with long unequal ends hanging from it. Her face had clear-cut, agreeable features, and bright blue eyes, with rather faint lashes and brows and full lids; her mouth was small, but it had an expression of firmness—it might be obstinacy. She wore a plaid garment that fitted her plump figure snugly, although its seams were erratic, and it buttoned down the back with a serpentine line of small black crocheted buttons. Its skirt was not as broad as the fashion of the moment demanded, and Agnew noticed that her gloves were not only purplish about the finger-tips, but also ragged about the thumbs. The details of her costume were distinctly untidy, for a bit of ripped braiding hung from the hem of her dress, and the edges of her sleeves were frayed. Only the dazzling fairness of a brilliantly pink and white complexion saved her from absolute plainness, and compensated a little for her lack of trimness, and the unintentional cock of her ridiculous bonnet.

She was so busy with her writing that Agnew was able to take in her peculiar appearance at his ease. He felt lazy, and not inclined to move. It would be an effort to get up and go away, and he had a slight curiosity to know what she was putting down so seriously about his pictures. He felt sure that her notes had reference to them, because several times she had lifted her eyes and glanced up to where they hung before her.

Suddenly she turned, and pointing to his productions with the silver pencil, said:

"Excuse me, please, but do you happen to know anything about the painter of those pictures?"

Agnew sat up straight. He was startled by the unexpected question, and it took him a moment to collect his scattered wits for an answer.

"Just a little," he said, smiling. "I painted them myself."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, reddening slightly; "then you are Mr.—er—er—er—" but here she had to consult her catalogue before she could recall his name, and Agnew felt quite mortified to find how little she had been impressed with his identity.

"Yes, my name is Agnew," he admitted; but he had lost interest in the conversation, and was on the point of cutting the interview short by leaving, when she began again.

"I represent the daily *Vortex*," she said, complacently, producing a card from a reticule that hung at her side and handing it to him.

Agnew accepted it politely, and read, in Gothic letters, on its yellowish surface, "Miss Eloise Mavretta Thrasher," and beneath, in smaller lettering, "Paris correspondent for the daily *Vortex*," and in the left-hand lower corner, "Medora."

"My *nom de plume*," Miss Thrasher kindly explained.

It was quite evident that Miss Thrasher was not going to let him escape, and that she was not in the least embarrassed by her lack of memory in regard to his name.

"I am doing both Salons for the paper, and it is very fatiguing work," she sighed,



"I REPRESENT THE DAILY 'VORTEX.'"

wearily. "I find it almost impossible to be original."

It was certainly praiseworthy that she should even attempt to be original, thought Agnew, and not at all usual on the part of a critic. His interest slightly revived.

"I thought it might interest the public this time to give a short personal sketch of each painter," she went on, in an aggrieved tone. "This is my third year at it, and you have no idea how hard it is to give the art articles any variety."

Agnew suggested that there was some compensation for her troubles in the fact that she had glorious opportunities for studying the pictures.

"Oh yes, of course, if you happen to care for pictures," she replied; "but I don't. They tire me nearly to death, and I am forced to look at every single one, for fear of missing something new. You see, there are a dozen people who would like to write the art articles for the *Vortex*, and I have to keep right up with the times, or I might lose the position. Originally my especial branch was the fashions, and I never had a bit of trouble with my notes on the coming styles. Indeed, they say at home that I have a particular gift for it. I seem to know by instinct what styles will be generally adopted, and which will be considered *outré*" (she pronounced it outer). "Now with the art articles I never feel sure how I ought to go at them, and it worries me thin."

"Not very thin," decided Agnew, looking at the rotund figure encased in green plaid. He felt sure that art articles written in this frame of mind must be original.

"You might like to see what I have written about your pictures," she said, smiling, and holding out her catalogue. "Of course I shall add a little to this later, but this is just about what will appear."

Agnew thought at first of refusing, but she beamed at him so trustfully, and seemed so sure that she was conferring a great pleasure, that he accepted the book and began to read.

"Mr. ——" (here there was a blank instead of a name. "I fill in the names after I get home," she said, looking over his shoulder) "has this year three large pictures. Are they perhaps portraits? We might almost think so, were it not for their somewhat fantastic poses." ("I

hope you don't mind," she interjected apologetically. "They are a little unusual, you know.") "His style, although strictly original, combines much that recalls Jules Lefebvre — who, by-the-way, still remains true to the old Salon—and Manet, who will no doubt be remembered by our readers as the pioneer of what is known as the French decadence, but in this instance the combination is not unpleasant. These pictures will be sure to attract attention from the fact that they are the work of a young American, whose patriotism is clearly visible in the vivid contrast of red, white, and the most delicate shade of pale blue in the largest painting."

"You are an American, I am sure," she said, after he had finished reading; "and I shall just put in a word about the singular coincidence of my having met you right here in front of your own work. I can't express how pleased I have been to make your acquaintance."

Agnew gave an involuntary shudder, but managed to hand back the catalogue with some degree of composure. Miss Thrasher had fixed him with her bright eyes, waiting in expectant security for his delighted appreciation.

"It is too much," he murmured. "Pray don't add another word; it is absolutely complete as it is."

"I am so glad you like it. Could I trouble you to explain a little thing that puzzles me?" she asked, feeling quite sure that she now possessed a real claim on his attention. "I cannot think of the right thing to say about that big picture over there. I don't remember coming across the painter's name before; he must be quite a new man, and it would be so nice to say something about a new man. Is his work good enough to write about?"

"Certainly it is," said Agnew, a little impatiently, for he was longing to escape. "Just look in the French papers and you will find out all about him; they have gone mad over his things."

"Oh, but I read so little French," she protested; "and their articles are always full of technical terms that can't be found in the dictionary. Would you call him an impressionist?"

"He would not himself," said Agnew, miserably unable to shake her off. "But I doubt whether such subtle distinctions are material. I think you might safely call him an impressionist."

"And what should you say was his prevailing tone? I have written this: 'This picture is distinctly in a minor key, a pale violet tint envelops it in a warm haze through which nymphs in old-rose circle gracefully in green flower-dotted meadows. Exception may be taken by the timid to this rather novel scheme of color, in which the painter has succeeded in embodying mystery, violence, and charm; but the artist's skill in attracting the eye to a lovely white lily in the immediate foreground dispels at once all doubt of his consummate ability to produce the effect he most desired. He has followed the poet's dream, for in this picture, which is, indeed, antique in its daring conception,

> "Parting day
> Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
> With a new color as it gasps away,
> The last still loveliest till 'tis gone and all is gray."

This picture would attract attention in any collection, for rarely has the unfathomable mystery of the human vision been rendered more happily and with more poetry.'"

"Very good indeed," said Agnew; "but you must really excuse me. I have an engagement for breakfast, and barely time to get there. Good-by." And he shook her hand and left before she had time fully to understand that he was going.

After this Agnew seemed fated to meet Miss Thrasher wherever he went, and she always came right up to him and greeted him with the confidence of an old friend.

She was so full of good-will, so bubbling over with kind intentions and flattering anxiety to consult his opinion about everything she wrote, that Agnew did not have the heart to snub her, and bore her repeated attacks with a lamblike patience that endeared him still further to the grateful young woman.

"No one," she said, positively, "has ever taken the trouble to help me as you have. I depend entirely on your judgment, and since I have done this I seem to be looking through new eyes. Would you call Bouguereau a realist? Of course I know his subjects are purely ideal, but they do look real, don't they?"

Agnew had no means of judging how far his guidance and advice had been followed in the compiling of her articles, but he was inclined to doubt her ability to digest more than the simplest facts. He was convinced from the selections she had read him on the first day of their ac-



"I DEPEND ENTIRELY ON YOUR JUDGMENT."

quaintance that her powers of description and command of language would be somewhat difficult to restrain, and he felt he would like to see the completed articles before acknowledging that he had lent a helping hand in their composition.

Miss Thrasher was very much excited, for the *Vortex* had promised to devote several columns of its front page for two or three consecutive days to her articles on the Salons.

"I intend making a fine thing of this," she announced, joyfully. "The first letter will be on the general aspect of the work at both places, and later I shall particularize."

She told Agnew this good news when they happened to meet in a small restaurant, and she directed the waiter to move up her plate and glasses beside his as soon as he was seated.

He was with a friend at the time, who looked rather surprised at this proceeding, and was not over-cordial when Miss Thrasher was introduced.

She at once informed this friend of all her claims to fame and consideration, and presented him with one of her business cards, just as she had done when she met Agnew at the Champ de Mars.

"I am saying the nicest sort of things about Mr. Agnew," she said, after enlarging on the generous way in which the *Vortex* was treating her. "He has been more than kind, and has helped me so much by his valuable advice."

Agnew's friend nudged him under the table and smiled an irritating smile. Then he proceeded to draw Miss Thrasher out—it was not difficult to do so. He was not a painter, but he had literary aspirations.

She was charmed at what she chose to consider a personal interest on the part of a member of her own profession. Agnew's friend had skilfully managed to introduce the information that he also was a writer into one of his first remarks, and she became communicative at once.

"One of the lovely things about living in Paris is that one is constantly coming across interesting people," she said, with a sigh of appreciation, after a long and well-sustained conversation. "I am only beginning to know the right people, and I simply revel in it."

At this implied compliment the friend had the good grace to redden, and winced a little under Agnew's amused gaze.

He proposed going outside for their coffee, making the suggestion while Miss Thrasher's whole attention was devoted to the menu, where she was searching out a fitting sweet to complete a meal that had consisted so far wholly of shrimp salad.

Miss Thrasher saw them depart with regret. Stern duty called her to a further study of the exhibitions, her articles needing a few last touches before their completion.

"I should so like to visit your studio," she said to Agnew before they left.

He was forced to smile, and say that he should be delighted, and the very next day she appeared, leading a muddy and unprepossessing terrier by a string.

"I hope you don't mind dogs," she said, on entering. "I brought Phœnix with me because he gets so lonely at home, and there are so few places where one can go with a dog. May I tie him to this chair?" and she selected a very fine carved one. "He will be perfectly quiet and good—won't you, Phœnix?"

But Phœnix had no intention of keeping still, and, as soon as he was securely tied, began to drag at his cord, and pull the chair over the floor with a grating sound irritating to delicate nerves, and scratching deep seams in the waxed boards. He snuffed and he snapped at Agnew's legs, and finally Miss Thrasher suggested sending him to the kitchen, as it seemed impossible to talk while Phœnix remained in the studio. They had much trouble in persuading him to go, and traces of his muddy paws were wreathed in intricate patterns all over the room before the cook managed to drag him away.

"He is perfectly devoted to me, dear thing," said Miss Thrasher, evidently glorying in the difficulty of his removal. "Now, Mr. Agnew, do give me a few of your views on art."

Agnew was so disturbed by Phœnix's antics that Miss Thrasher could not elicit much information from him, even with the most judicious prompting.

"I know I have no business to linger here, using up your valuable time and keeping you from your work, but I feel so especially anxious not to publish anything that could offend your taste," she said, bent on having a chat, even if she was forced to do all the talking herself. "I try to make my articles a mingling of modern feeling combined with the essential elements of popularity; that is what

the *Vortex* has a right to expect, and I don't think it is vanity when I assure you that I usually succeed in the undertaking."

Agnew murmured his conviction that she was modest in this assumption, and she continued:

"I am convinced that you will appreciate my point of view. I really value your opinion more than I can tell you. You have been quite a revelation to me ever since I met you first. I know so few of the painters personally that it has been a real comfort to feel that I have some one to consult whenever I feel doubtful about anything."

At this moment a wild scurry in the antechamber heralded the reappearance of Phœnix, hotly pursued by Agnew's irate cook.

"Naughty little thing," said Miss Thrasher, mildly, to the hulking brute, which, liberated from the thraldom of the kitchen, stood wagging a scraggly tail beside its lenient mistress, who now rose to take her departure.

"I shall send you the marked articles when they appear," she said, as she rose to go. "I can't thank you enough for all you have done to help me. I feel it has been a most fortunate thing that I have been able to see so much of you lately. Oh no! I can't think of allowing you to come down with me. You have really been too good."

But Agnew insisted, and after taking leave of her at the door, stood and watched her slowly round the nearest corner, dragging the still objecting dog after her.

In spite of the forbidding silence he had preserved during Miss Thrasher's visit—a silence mainly occasioned by his indignation at Phœnix's insufferable antics—and his firm conviction of the special correspondent's unfitness to cope with the task she had undertaken, Agnew was uneasily conscious that on several occasions he had not been wholly adamant to the stout siren's wiles. He was too young and not enough of a celebrity to absolutely scorn the prospect of a favorable notice in the *Vortex*, and he had attempted now and then to temporize, and instead of resolutely turning his back upon her blandishments, had endeavored to gently lure her from the original flowery rhapsodies from which she had read him extracts on the first day of their acquaintance to a saner and more reasonable point



MISS THRASHER

of view. He was almost sure that these efforts had borne fruit, for Miss Thrasher seemed docile, and quite ready to adopt his slightest suggestions; and although her constant interviewing wore upon his nerves, he clung to the hope of influencing her in the right direction, and hesitated before administering the well-merited snub that would completely blot him out of her good books.

It would delight his people at home to see his name appear conspicuously in print, for his family were growing restive at his prolonged studies abroad—studies that seemed to produce such meagre results, which hung in bad lights and unbroken ranks on his mother's front drawing-room walls. His family were inclined to compare his lagging prospects with those of his more fortunate younger brother, who was already successfully launched on a lucrative business career.

Miss Thrasher and her articles became a sort of nightmare to him, and he lost sleep thinking about her; but after her appearance with Phœnix at his studio she seemed suddenly to vanish from the face of the earth, and Agnew rejoiced to find that he could venture out without running the risk of being waylaid on the crowded boulevard or routed out of the privacy of a café to settle some vexed question on art for the benefit of the *Vortex*.

Life once more became worth living, and he almost managed to forget that his tormentor had ever existed. It would quite satisfy him to be merely noticed in the columns of the *Vortex*, for this year he had been fortunate enough to have his pictures well hung, and his prospects seemed to be brightening. He passed several happy weeks loafing about the exhibitions, and trying to make up his mind where he would go for the summer. Then a morning mail brought him a bundle of newspapers, and a long yellow envelope containing a very strongly scented note, written in a round unformed handwriting that he did not recognize, and dated Barbizon:

"Dear Mr. Agnew [it read],—I am here for a week or two resting after my hard work. I send with this note several marked copies of the *Vortex*, which I hope will reach you safely. You may find the heading of one of the articles a trifle too pronounced. These things are done at the home office, where they know the necessity of attracting the public, so I cannot be held responsible for them in any way. I am sure, however, that the completeness of the articles and the glowing terms in which I speak of your work and personality will more than offset any slight annoyance the heading may cause you. Trusting to see you as soon as I return, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Eloise Mavretta Thrasher."

Agnew unrolled the papers, and on the title-page of the first one he opened, which was heavily marked in blue pencil, appeared this heading, printed in enormous type at the top of the first column:

BATHED IN HIS OWN GLORY!
HOWLING SUCCESS OF AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.
MODEST, BUT ALREADY A CELEBRITY.
CONSCIOUS MERIT REAPS ITS REWARD IN FAME.
AGNEW THE ARTIST TELLS US WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT PICTURES.

And beneath this, in smaller print, a brief synopsis of what the article contained:

Found wrapped in contemplation before his own pictures by our special correspondent, he gives his views on art. America leads the world! His patriotism exemplified in the harmonious colors of his principal exhibit. He tells us what he thinks of his contemporaries. No fears for the future of painting in his native country. A visit to his studio reveals his aversion to dogs. Not exactly handsome, but very distinguished in appearance.

And across Agnew's fevered vision there floated Miss Thrasher's happy, confiding, and childlike smile, and he wondered how long it would be before he could venture forth again in public and face his friends.



THE FORLORN HOPE.

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE laughing children, busy at their play,
Still build in blithe defiance of the sea—
Here shall the moat and here the fortress be,
With battlemented ramparts brave and gay—
Coming and going in the sandy bay;
Eager they toil, nor wholly think to see
The landward-turning breakers, flowing free,
Sweep all their faëry castle courts away.

Not long the sea of pain forsakes the shore,
And still we build our swift-beleaguered town,
Still the frail walls with tottering turrets crown,
Still the poor sand-built citadel restore,—
Sweeping our pitiful defences down,
The pitiless tide reclaims us evermore.

HAPPINESS.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

TO each man, emerging from the period of childhood, the thoroughfare of life branches into three ways — one to the right, one to the left, and the third, the broadest, straight ahead. The portal to the right is lofty but narrow, and over it is hung the ægis of Pallas Athene. Within stand the attendants of the goddess, an innumerable throng, infinitely various in face, figure, and attribute. Some one of these advances to the greeting of every man as he comes up from the open meadows of youth. This is his good genius; in other words, the radical gift through which he is intended by nature to be operative and fruitful among men. If he yield to her, she will take him by the hand, and thenceforth become his guide. He will journey by upward and difficult paths, often losing his way, often retracing his steps; sometimes piercing the unbroken wild, uncertain as to the immediate goal, for even the appointed guide rarely sees with unerring instinct. But the sense of health, of general rightness, of gratified individuality, will continue to be with him. In the end he will reach high table-lands, from which he will survey the world and mankind, and perceive that even the cloudiest tracts are overarched by the interminable blue, and dreamed upon by inexhaustible sunshine. This is the road of happiness—such happiness as can be commonly attained by man.

The pathway to the left opens through a portal festooned with vines and heavy with the scent of roses. From it issue sounds of music and mysterious revelry. Near the threshold, beautiful and alluring, stands Circe with her cup, a figure endlessly changing, fitting herself to every man's desire. This is the road of mere delight, of emotional inclination, of aimless excitement. We need not follow its windings, till it ends at last in that gloomy lake, full of the nameless outcries of creatures abject and deformed, writhing under the final incantations of the dreadful goddess, now horribly revealed and stripped of all her beauty.

The third portal is broad and obvious and unattended. No goddess stands there, for it is an entrance abhorred and shunned by all the immortals. This is the way of the commonplace, the path of routine. Into it drift the majority of men, blindly and aimlessly, not having fire enough in their blood to choose the wrong road, nor sufficient consciousness of soul to choose the right. Here there can be no true happiness; for the pale multitudes that infest it live no life, are stirred by no inspiration, yield to no movement of individual purpose. The most that they do is to blunder into some pleasant land of Cockagne, where puddings grow upon stalks like cabbages, and roasted pigs run about under the trees.

There appear to be certain rare temperaments to which a sort of happiness is

attached as a gift of nature. The complete egoist, absorbed in the exploitation of the powers and impulses of his own nature, provided he has little imagination and is gifted with faculty to attain his ends, may be happy with a sort of solitary and arid happiness. The perfect altruist also, that rare spirit that devotes itself wholly and willingly to the profit and pleasure of others, may be happy with a happiness beneficent and sublime. Between these lies the vast range of temperament in which the alter and the ego are in every degree of conflict. Here there are broken lights and shadows, storm and stress, aspiration and despair, and all the tragical battles of desire and conscience. Only a few blessed souls stand scathless above the common tumult—those in whom nature has balanced the conflicting motives of selfishness and devotion in so rare and fitting a harmony that they seem never to be at variance, but one gives way to the other at the proper moment, as if by a delicate, divinely adjusted instinct. These are the beings who move among men like the gods—at ease, joyous, and untroubled, receiving and conferring pleasure, universally loving and beloved. Joy comes to them with the fulness of health. Sorrow afflicts them but as a noble chastening. Conscience does not prick them. Indeed, they have no need of it, for conscience is the monitor of the unbalanced.

To such of us as would not have the callous self-satisfaction of the egoist if we could—to whom the spiritual perfection of the altruist is impossible—the chance of happiness rests upon the development of the individual gift. Let each man find out what thing it is that nature specially intended him to do, and do it. Work is only toil when it is the performance of duties for which nature did not fit us, and a congenial occupation is only serious play. If a man has an overruling talent for music, let no force or persuasion, or trick or trend of circumstance, induce him to become a lawyer, or a physician, or a stock-broker, or anything but what he wants to be and nature distinctly indicates that he should be.

The happy are those who possess their own souls, whose attitude toward life and their fellow-men is firmly chosen and faithfully preserved. This mastery can only be attained through the liberal development of that special aptitude or faculty which nature has implanted in each man for the purposes of self-expression and the service of his kind. The unhappy are those who lack faith in themselves, who do not know what they want, who are at variance with nature in the corroding conflict of passion and uncertain ideals. Nature abhors, above all things, a vacant soul, and she seems disposed to let loose upon it every poisonous humor, in order that it may become untenable to its possessor.

In a free and characteristic activity, though we may never fully attain the ends we seek, we shall easily annul and disregard all the secondary and feverish yearnings which harass and perplex the soul. What man is more happy than the retired student, who desires no better company than his beloved books, and to whom there is no keener pleasure than the possession of a new volume? The devoted artist who has made his canvas magical with some subtle effect of light and atmosphere, unaimed at or unconceived before? The poet who has succeeded in perpetuating in perfect verse some genuine sally of beautiful emotion? Or, to come down to modes of self-expression as honorable if less distinguished, the true carpenter, or iron-worker, or stone-cutter, whose spirit is eagerly occupied in the production of things excellent in their practical beauty and usefulness? Such spirits have it in them to flow lucidly and serenely, lapsing over all obstacles with the silent smoothness of deep and swift waters. They are happy not because they have no rebellious propensities, no faults or discords of temperament, but because they have shaped for themselves an adequate safety-valve. There is in every character that is worth anything a good deal of superfluous energy—energy over and above what is required for the discharge of the common duties of life. If a man has not some living occupation, born of the quality of his own soul, in which the superfluous energy may expend itself in creative activity, it gathers and ferments there as a bitter and destructive humor. If it is strictly suppressed, it breeds ennui, hypochondria, and despair. If it explodes, it goes far to ruin and wreck the frail tenement which it might have inhabited as a spirit of glowing and beneficent power. Unhappy is the soul which is possessed by an energy too wayward and too violent to be ap-

peased by any normal activity, an energy driven to find vent in wild and tragic excesses.

To those natures whose aptitudes and impulses are exceptionally quick and strong, one of the greatest dangers to happiness is in the refusal to accept genially the limitations which society has set to the undue expansion of the individual. The uncontrolled nature of genius has often dashed itself in youthful rebellion against the hosts of circumstance, and brought forth from the struggle only wretchedness and ruin. To each one of us there seems to be a barrier here and a barrier there, which we cannot but think that nature intended us to roughly overstep, since she planted in us exceptional forces. But it is not so. Nature's method is always that of development. Her violences are only incidental. It is our business to plant ourselves coolly within the narrow limits of practical life, and let the spirit shine there to its utmost intensity. It will shine if its quality is humanly sweet and genuine. At first the walls that close us in appear to be cold and massive; but if we watch and listen attentively, forgetful of ourselves, our ears become infinitely sharpened, our eyes are made clairvoyant. The sounds of life come to us from beyond the walls; their thickness fades away, and all the wealth and distance of the world lie open to us, even as the heaven above. In the end the soul is rewarded with the humanest and most natural liberty. If we rebel and violently struggle, if we endeavor to force our ground, the barriers only loom the loftier and darker; our excursions beyond them are fruitless to ourselves, and accompanied by infinite horror; finally they fall upon us and crush us.

To the vigorous and well-nurtured soul there is the finest of all joys in triumphing inwardly over the external pressure of circumstance, and thus displaying in the noblest and most human fashion the unconquerable lordship of the spirit. Thus the poet, when he might give to the impulse of expression the freest and wildest liberty, chooses for his own pride and pleasure to confine himself within the difficult bounds of the sonnet. The form is finite and severe, but it is his glory to prove that the spirit within may be gracious and infinite.

We should accept the limitations of life with this noble and pliant generosity of the poet; not with the austere spirit of the stoic, who plants himself in hostility to joy, gathers his skirts about him, and holds aloof. Stoicism is not happiness. It is simply armed peace, an attitude barren and comfortless. Happiness may almost be defined as the consciousness of adequate self-expression attained by the individual, within the limitations imposed by the social structure. A free expression of the individual, won by the transcending or violating of those limitations, may be accompanied by immense emotional gains, but the result is not happiness, for it is marred by the tragic sense of isolation and struggle. I do not mean to condemn those natures that are driven by the pressure of energies sometimes divine to overstep the bounds of custom and law—they are often the unhappy pioneers of better things—but I am speaking now of happiness, and such natures are not happy.

A quick sense of humor is surely one of the happiest of mortal possessions. It saves a man from many a bitter fall consequent upon his taking himself too seriously. He who has learned to laugh at himself is a near neighbor to happiness, for vanity never increases beyond the danger-point in the truly humorous man. A kindly feeling for the ludicrous easily smooths away the sharp edges of disappointment and humiliation, and the wise man draws back from many an act and many a speech which passion or even calculation dictates, but which humor instantly represents to him by an image as undignified and absurd. Humor also, which is inseparable from tenderness, illuminates for us the cranks and eccentricities of our neighbors, so that we are attracted by them rather than repelled. It is the source of that joyous spirit of tolerance which is a necessary condition of happy living. Through it we learn to find our delight in the mere sound and spectacle of life.

The season at which happiness is most fully within our reach is not, it seems to me, the season of youth, so much extolled, but rather that of early middle age. We have passed through our period of storm and stress. We are no longer torn by the deep agitations of youth. With the full capacity to enjoy, our mental and spiritual faculties are settled and matured. We are in a position to appreciate expe-

rience, to digest and make the most of it. Moreover, the soul is stored with memories, a possession of which few of us sufficiently avail ourselves, or realize the value. It is in memory, the recollection of things adventitious or episodical, that our deepest and securest pleasures consist. Let us illustrate this by a parable.

We paddled into a little lake—I and my friends—in our Indian birch canoe. We were hungry, and we wanted fish. We found a tanned and wrinkled trapper at the door of his cabin, and questioned him as to the waters. There had once, he said, been many gray trout there, but now they were all gone, and we must look for them in the next lake. We portaged and passed into the next lake. We found there another trapper, thin-lipped, and with deep-set furtive eyes, who told us that the gray trout had descended into the deep waters and could only with great difficulty be caught, but that there were many in the next lake. Into the next lake we portaged and passed, only to learn that the gray trout must be sought in a lake still farther beyond. On we went from lake to lake, till we had lost ourselves in the wilderness, but we never found the gray trout. Not the gray trout, indeed; but how many other things were conferred upon us, things vital and beautiful, a store of inextinguishable reminiscence! Years afterward we remembered the rare brown water, deep and dark, in the cool abysses of lakes, golden and glowing at mid-day over the rocks and shallows; the tingling forest air; the solemn and fane-like pine woods; the morning mists reeling before the sunrise into rosy shattered spirals; the cold and lonely nights, near and radiant with stars; the passing of the loons above us; voices of the Northern solitude, weird and disconsolate; the ringing of the axes of woodmen at dawn hewing a path in the unbroken wilderness. These and many other things we remembered afterward with luxurious joy, when the gray trout were no longer a care to us.

So is it with happiness. We spend long lives in the pursuit of objects which we seldom attain, but always before us are the glories of anticipation, and behind us the magical playhouse of memory. Let us therefore cultivate a mood of the utmost spiritual openness. Let us not be exacting with life, nor demand too much of the present hour. Let us be content if we lay up for ourselves treasures of fruitful memory; for there is an alchemy in the imagination which can brew pleasure out of the most unpromising material, and gleams of a curious sunshine will some day fall even upon the recollection of our darkest miseries.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

A MAN gets great pleasure out of a good watch. It is a most beautiful piece of mechanism. It is an ornament and a companion. He becomes attached to it for its individual qualities and excellences. Every watch has a character of its own — that is, every good watch that has any character at all; for it must be confessed that the great majority of watches of the trade have not so much distinct character as the majority of men and women. Even the excellent watches made by machinery, with interchangeable parts, are not alike. The fine watch is a sensitive thing; it needs a good master, who appreciates it, and partakes of its own system of regularity; and it is sensitive to the weather, to change of position, and, I sometimes think, to the personal temperament of the one who carries it. This is the reason why women and watches seldom get on well together. I doubt if a fine watch has those feminine qualities which make women so attractive. The watch is nothing if it is not methodical and regular. It is exasperated by fitful and jerky treatment. And this quality of steadfastness makes it not loved of women as men love it. They like it as an ornament, as a decoration, like the ring and the brooch, and it is sometimes a convenience in order to tell them about (not exactly) what time it is. Women do not, as a rule, except in cases of entire emancipation, care what time it is exactly. They

can go without a watch with no sense of incompleteness in their lives, whereas a man feels lost without his faithful time-keeper.

This relation of woman to the watch needs to be seriously considered for the light it may throw not only upon the differentiation of the sexes, but upon their adaptation for keeping this world going in its various functions. It is possible that here is a kind of touchstone which can be applied. For instance, if a woman finds that she has the same feeling towards a watch that a man has, is she not justified in concluding that she has the qualities needed for success in what are still called masculine occupations? And in trying to bring about the Reform—that is, the Complete Emancipation (the word is an awkward one, but it is used here because it has the syllable "man" in it)—should not the first effort be to put the sex into proper relations with the watch? There is evidently a great truth here somewhere, and the topic is worthy of an essay, but that would lead me quite away from the present intentions of this paper.

I am trying to convey a definite idea of the enjoyment a man has in his watch. It is an object pleasing to him in itself, but his regard for it depends upon the perfection of its mechanism and its exact performance. No Roman probably ever had the same feeling in regard to his *clepsydra*—that ingenious water device for teaching the great fact that De Quincey dwells upon, the fact that there is no present, only a past and a future, since the most infinitesimal division of the coming and going drop of water could never hit the atom that was not just disappearing or had not yet arrived. The Roman could have no personal attachment to such a piece of philosophical or laboratory apparatus. It is no doubt the exactness of the watch as a time-keeper that pleases a man and adds to his egotism as an owner of it. He is jealous of its reputation. He resents criticism of it. Nothing sooner raises heat in the male mind than a comparison of another man's watch unfavorable to his. He trusts his tried machine. He has infinite satisfaction in knowing that he has the exact time. Nothing more upsets him and lowers his self-esteem than to have a favorite watch go back on him. To lose confidence in it is somehow to suffer a fundamental shock in the general integrity of things. But I will not emphasize this aspect of the subject. What I speak of here is the man's enjoyment of his watch, which depends upon its quality, and is quite independent of the delight of a savage in a "ticker," or of the small boy in the coarse machine whose winding up is as much a labor as the walking round a capstan on shipboard to raise an anchor. Thanks to the number of good watches made, this is a common enjoyment. And the singular and significant fact about this happiness is that multitudes are content to experience it without any desire to make a watch. Very few people think that because they have this capacity to enjoy a watch, they therefore are under an obligation to go into the business of watch-making, and impose their crude machines upon the public. It requires, all admit, skill and peculiar gifts and long apprenticeship to produce a fine watch, and, by common consent, we go to a watchmaker when we desire a good timepiece. The capacity to enjoy is no certain sign of the ability to produce. To be sure, the world is full of what might be called syndicate-work in the way of watches, machine-made, to sell, not to be exact, or to last long, and not to give much satisfaction. A plea can be made for this sort of mediocrity that a poor watch is better than none, and so forth. I am aware that a plausible argument can be made for the University Extension of cheap and inaccurate watches. But to make this or to refute it will again lead me astray from my subject. The subject is simply this—that a man may enjoy a fine watch and yet have no responsibility on him to try to make one.

II.

This proposition is so self-evident that it would need no further illustration but for a widespread delusion in this country, namely, that everybody who can read, not only can but ought to write. The making of a good piece of literature does not call for the same sort of ability as the manufacture of a watch, but it requires equal gifts and equal training, and probably a higher order of intellect. Yet everybody thinks he can write, without training, without much knowledge of books or experience of life. And he is sure of this if he has an enjoyment of, and what is called a taste for, literature. It needs therefore to be said that the two things have no necessary connection. A person may

have the keenest intellectual pleasure in what is written, the finest literary taste, and excellent power of distinguishing the genuine from the bogus, and yet be entirely unqualified for producing any good literature himself. And it is much to be desired in this growing country that the number of persons who feel a responsibility upon them for doing what they cannot do in this field should be diminished.

But it needs to carry this subject a step further. The majority of persons to-day trying to write are not those who enjoy the best literature or have a keen discrimination in regard to it, or who have something to say. The majority are moved by quite other considerations. There is every reason to desire diffusion of knowledge, diffusion of taste, literary enjoyment, and literary discrimination, but there is no reason to desire diffusion of mediocrity and inanity. There is no gain in the latter to anybody. But there may be profit in it. Yes. And here is the motive for much of the flood of crude and ill-formed and unskilled and commonplace writing that pours over, and some of it into, the magazines and newspapers. It has got about that writing is easy, that it can be, with favor and good luck, profitable, and that success in it requires no special gift and no laborious training, such as would be necessary to make an engineer, or a watchmaker, or a teacher. An "impulse" is all that is needed. A child that shows the least taste for books is encouraged to think that writing is an immediate duty; it is a career that requires no special preparation. If parents would only reflect that the ability to enjoy good literature is a high gift, and well worth cultivating for itself, for the enjoyment it will bring in life, for the elevation of the tone of society, they might save their offspring many bitter disappointments, and the world much written trash.

The temptations to write in these days are very many. Paper is wonderfully cheap. Facilities for publication were never so great. An immense capital is invested in the publication business, which must be kept active. Magazines, newspapers, occasional sheets of all degrees of extravagance in matter and of eccentricity in appearance, multiply every day. Sheets fall from the presses and are blown about like snowflakes for number. And the presses must be kept going. They are hungry dragons calling always for food. What wonder if the supply is equal to the demand, when the demand is not for quality but for quantity, or, what is influential with the writers, that the demand seems to be for quantity! Under this pressure writing is become a business, a trade. There would be less objection to consider it a trade if those proposing to enter it felt the necessity of fitting themselves for it as they would do for any other trade. But they do not. The witness of this is the number who are daily preparing manuscripts of all sorts without knowing the rudiments of the art. This is a reading public, never was another like it, and it is strange that among the many who read, so few know the use of the simplest tools of literary composition. It would be a revelation to those who regard editors as non-encouragers of young talent if they could see the manuscripts offered to editors and publishers. They are often ungrammatical, the words are not correctly spelled, they exhibit total ignorance of the rules of composition, and commonly they convey commonplace thoughts in a vulgar style. And the senders of them think that they are rejected on account of some personal whim of the editor. There is an impression that there is a royal and easy road to authorship, though there be none to learning. It is sometimes admitted by those intending authorship that they do not know what to write about, and they ask advice as to what they had better read in order to enable them to enter the writing market. That they are void of all capacity to write well does not occur to them, or that the production of anything worthy the name of literature requires a special gift and a hard apprenticeship.

Are there not natural writers as well as natural bone-setters? Yes, probably, though both flourish best in an uncultivated community. The mistake is not in being born with a literary or with a scientific gift, but in relying upon that without serious and painstaking cultivation of that gift. The United States to-day must present a singular spectacle to a supervising angel who is familiar with the literary development and production of the past. Probably in a like area was never so much writing done for publication, and probably never so little that in proportion to the mass could on any standard of criticism be accepted as a contribution to the literature of the world. This is due

to the general misapprehension that everybody ought to try to write—the schoolgirl who is fond of sentimental poetry, the lad who has read about the prices that authors receive, the society woman who has become weary of the inanity of her set, the man who has failed in everything he has undertaken and has a distaste for manual labor. The truth is that everybody ought to try to know something, to learn to enjoy literature, to take into his life the great ideas of all time, and to keep silent for a number of years to come. What is wanted in this country, in this era of its development, is not writers, but discriminating readers.

III.

This strain for production with no inspiration or training for it is a bad omen for American literature. It has its counterpart in the case of those who crowd in to be school-teachers without any qualification, and the case of men who go into politics without knowledge of history, political economy, the science of government, without the least study that would fit them for making laws or for managing the affairs of a very complicated society. This eagerness to get into print is no sign of cultivation or of intellectual growth. It can count for nothing in the elevation of the people, and its indulgence inevitably degrades the office of literature. It does not come altogether from vanity, or altogether from the desire to get a living without work. It might be harmless, this common wish to see one's self in print, if no one else could see it. But it becomes harmful when it accustoms the reading public to a lower and lower standard of literary performance. No; the radical difficulty is in a public misconception in this country that it is more of a distinction to write even badly than it is to be an honest and discriminating enjoyer of what is written well. What we need is a body of solidly cultivated men and women, the basis of an enjoyable society, each with ambition to excel in his specialty, satisfied to take delight in a good watch, a good book, or a good house. The makers of good watches are few, the makers of good literature are as few, but anybody can be trained and learn to enjoy both. Love of literature has its own exceeding great reward. The cultivation of it in our common schools is of the highest importance; but it should be a self-cultivation, an individual development in appreciation of the best that exists, and not the inculcation of the dreadful idea that everybody ought to try to produce literature. That way lies mediocrity breeding mediocrity. And that way lies a vulgarization of literature. Some writers maintain that there never was a great literature without a great discriminating public. If this is half true it behooves us to beat our pens into paper-cutters and go to work studying the good literature of the world. When we are fit to enjoy that, perhaps the inspiration will come, and we shall have that great American literature about which we hear so much, and which there seems to be now so much more desire to produce than to understand.

IV.

The Arbitration Conference held in Washington in April last was notable among all movements of this kind for promoting good-will among nations in that it was widely representative in its composition, and entirely practical in its aims. Its members, who were enrolled as delegates, were, in fact, chosen by a sort of natural selection from forty-six States and Territories, and fairly represented the enlightened public opinion of the United States. On the roll, and taking active part in the proceedings, were statesmen, diplomatists, eminent judges, lawyers of distinction, presidents and professors of colleges and universities, clergymen of great influence and national reputation, men of affairs and business who control large industrial operations. Hundreds who were unable to attend, but who responded by cordial endorsement of the aims of the conference, are recognized as makers and representatives of public sentiment in their various localities. The movement had the warm sympathy of men high in official life, who refrained from active participation mainly because they have later on the responsibility of action, and it was deemed best that the conference should be wholly popular in character, and not be embarrassed by any political predilections. Of all the gatherings in this country for a moral purpose, this assembly was less disturbed than any I have seen by personal "crankiness" or by eccentricity of speech. The business was kept well in hand, and not allowed to run into visionary projects. The audiences were notable for character and

weight of influence, and the discussions and addresses reached often a high level of eloquence, but were uniformly directed to an attainable end. This end was the discovery of a means by which the two great English-speaking peoples can continue at peace and in the advancement of the civilization of the world. The only difference of opinion developed in the discourses was as to the necessity of increasing the navy and improving the coast defences of the United States; but the opinion of the conference, expressed in its unanimously passed resolutions, was confined strictly to the question of international arbitration. Even in this it did not attempt to formulate a plan, or in any way to usurp the functions of the government, but to formulate public opinion as a support to official action. It was a thoroughly American assembly, not for peace at any price any more than for war at any price—an assembly proud of the republic and conscious of its high mission, with no purpose of lowering its spirit of sovereignty or its pride of nationality, but rather to assert the power of the United States as now great enough to take leadership in the movement of real civilization. Without doubt real civilization is not destructive but peaceful rivalry in making the practice of that civilization more consistent with its theory.

What effect this memorable conference will have immediately upon the practical politics of the two countries cannot be guessed. But the work of the conference is not done. It created standing committees of twenty-five representative men, ready to take such action in regard to arbitration as may be needed from time to time, and meanwhile to stimulate and consolidate public opinion. The day is near, in general enlightenment, when war cannot be made without the consent of the people, and they are daily learning how little individually they gain by a destructive war, which has to be terminated, after all its loss and agony, by concessions and by treaty. Perhaps the main advantage of this conference is in the diffusion of an opinion as to the folly of war as a common method of settling differences, and the settlement of the public mind into a habit, in which it rests, of going to law rather than going to war.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed May 8, 1896.—Ex-President Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Mary Scott-Lord Dimmick were married at New York April 6.

President Cleveland, April 13, appointed General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, Consul-General at Havana.

The new site of Columbia College on Morningside Heights, New York city, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies May 2.

The games of the 776th Olympiad began at Athens April 6, and lasted until the 15th. Athletes from most European countries and from the United States competed. The latter won the largest number of points—eleven. The Greeks won ten, the Germans seven, the French five, the English three, the Hungarians two, the Australians two, the Austrians two, and the Danes and Swiss one each.

The Porte on April 9 gave assurance that Christian missionaries in Turkey would not be molested so long as they conformed to the laws of the country.

After a vote of confidence by the Deputies, the French Ministry, led by M. Bourgeois, resigned April 23. A new cabinet was formed April 29 by M. Méline, to which both Houses accorded a vote of confidence.

Five leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee pleaded guilty of treason, and were sentenced to death. The sentences were promptly commuted to imprisonment by President Krueger, who forthwith caused to be published a series of cipher despatches found in Dr. Jameson's possession, and implicating Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony, and other officers of the South African Company, in a plot to overturn the Boers' government.

Nasr-ed-Deen, Shah of Persia, was assassinated by a fanatic at a shrine in Teheran May 1. He was succeeded by his second son, Muzaffer-ed-Deen, a strong adherent of Russia.

OBITUARY.

April 10.—At Cairo, Egypt, Colonel John A. Cockerill, formerly editor of the New York *World*, aged fifty-one years.

April 19.—At New York, Austin Abbott, the jurist, aged sixty-six years.

April 21.—At Presburg, Hungary, Baron Maurice de Hirsch, the philanthropist, aged sixty-three years.—At Paris, Jean Baptiste Léon Say, the statesman, aged seventy years.

April 23.—At Troy, New York, ex-Judge Gilbert Robertson, aged eighty-one years.—At Pine Hill, New York, George Munro, the publisher, aged seventy-one years.

May 7.—At Dusseldorf, Germany, Cardinal Luigi Galimberti, aged sixty years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

BLUEBEARD.

LECTURE RECITAL ON A POSTHUMOUS MUSIC-DRAMA BY RICHARD WAGNER.

DEDICATED, WITH APOLOGIES, TO MR. WALTER DAMROSCH AND MR. HENRY KREHBIEL.

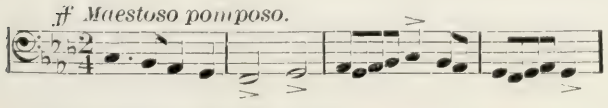
BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

THIS music-drama of *Bluebeard* is a posthumous work of Richard Wagner. It is said (our authority being a late number of the musical and court journal, *Die Fliegende Blätter*) that a housemaid, while tidying one of the rooms in the Wagner house, perceived an enormous halo shining persistently over a certain bedstead that stood against the wall, the said halo refusing to remove itself when attacked with a feather duster. The housemaid thought at first that it was simply an effect of the sunlight, but observed subsequently that the halo was just as large, fine, yellow, opaque, and circular on dark days as on bright ones; consequently, on a certain morning when it was so huge and glaring as to be positively offensive to the eye, inasmuch as it did not hang over a Holy Family, but over an ordinary brass bedstead, she adopted the courageous expedient of looking underneath the bed, where she found this priceless legacy of the master. If this story is true, it is exquisitely pretty and touching; if not, it is highly absurd and ridiculous.

It is not strange that Wagner should choose to immortalize the story of Bluebeard, for the beautiful and inspiring myth has been used in all ages and in all countries. It differs slightly in the various versions. In some the shade of the villain's beard is robin's-egg, and in others indigo; in some the fatal key is blood-stained instead of broken; and the number of wives varies according to the customs of the locality where the myth appears. In monogamous countries the number slain is generally six (the number used by Wagner), but in bigamous and polygamous countries the interesting victims rise (they were always "hung high," you remember) to the number of one hundred and seventeen.

We must first study the musical construction of the overture with which the music-drama opens. Several of the leading *motivos* appear in this Vorspiel, and must be appreciated to be understood. First we have the "Blaubart Motivo" (the Bluebeard Motive). This is a theme whose giant march gives us in rhythmic thunders the terrible power of the hero.
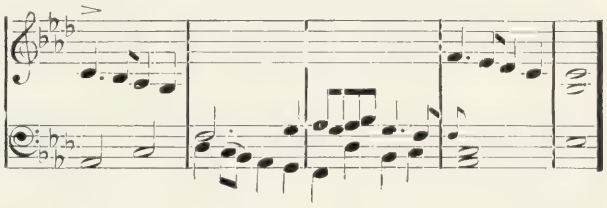
Detail of Blaubart Motivo:



It is written in $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Is this, or is it not, a hint to the student? Much depends on the student, but we can scarcely avoid noting that *two and four are six*, the identical number of wives murdered and hung up in this music-drama. This is deeply interesting and significant, whether intentional or coincidental.

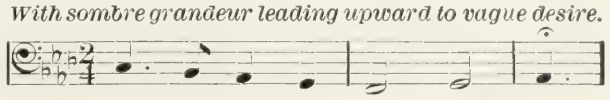
The Blaubart Motivo should be constantly kept in mind, as it is a clew to much of the later action, being introduced whenever Bluebeard budges an inch from his door-step. We do not hear it in the majestic grandeur of the Wotan or Walsungen *motivos*—and why? Simply because it was not intended to illustrate godlike power, but *brute force*. Now if this were all, we had no more to say; but listen!

Detail of "Immerwieder-heirathen Motivo":



What does this portend? This entrance of another theme, written in the treble clef? What but that Bluebeard is not to be the sole personage in this music-drama. We judge the new-comer to be a female, because the new strains of the overture are written in the treble clef and played with the right hand. This is Bluebeard when first introduced:

With sombre grandeur leading upward to vague desire.
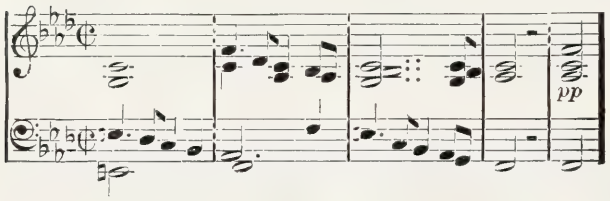


He is alone and lonely. Certainly the first, probably the second. If his mood were that of settled despair, typical of a widower determined never to marry again no matter what the provocation, the last note of the phrase would have been projected downward; but, you perceive, the melody terminates in a tone of something like hope; there is no certainty in it—do not misunderstand me—but there is a groping unrest and discontent.

We have no means of knowing whether he has ever been married at all, or only a few times, but we feel that he craves companionship, and we know, a little later on, that he gets it.

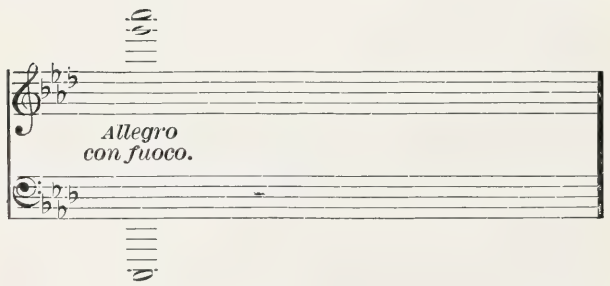
Look again at the second theme, the Immerwieder-heirathen Motivo (Desire-for-a-new-wife Motive). Do you note a mysterious reflection of the first theme in it? Certainly; it would be evident even to a chattering opera party of the highest social circles. But why *is* this? asks the sordid American business man, who goes to the music-drama absolutely unfitted, in mind and body, to solve its great psychological questions. Not because Wagner could not have evolved a dozen *motivos* for every measure, but for a more exquisitely refined and subtle reason. *The wife is often found to be more or less a reflection of her husband* (especially in Germany), therefore an entirely new and original *motivo* would have been out of place. It is this extraordinary insight into the human mind which brings us to the feet of the master in reverential awe.

This *motivo* slips with a series of imperceptible musical glides into the "Fatima, oder Die Siebente-Frau Motivo":

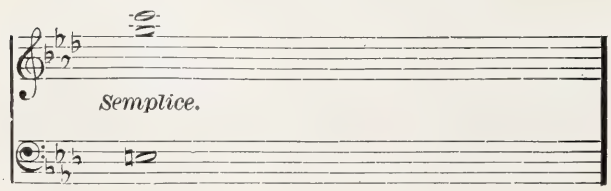


This Fatima, or seventh-wife motive, seems to be written in a curiously low key, if we conceive it to be the index to the character of a soprano heroine; but let us look further. *What are these two principal personages* in the music-drama *to be to each other?*

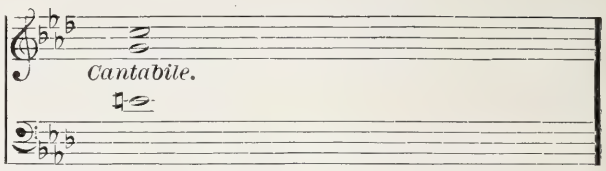
If *enemies*, the phrase would have been written thus:



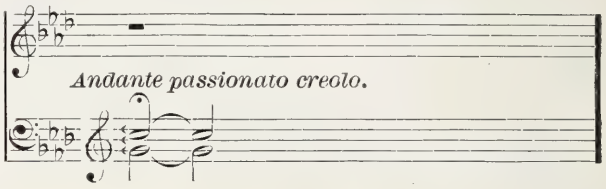
If *acquaintances*, thus:



If *friends*, thus:
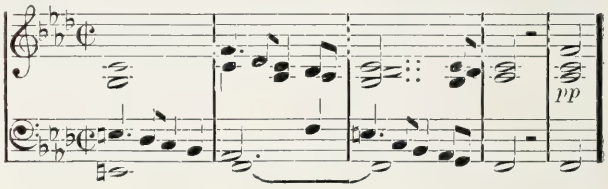


If *lovers*, thus:



the ardent and tropical treble note leaving its own proper sphere and snuggling cozily down in the bass staff. But they were husband and wife, therefore the phrases are intertwined sufficiently, but not too much for pleasure.
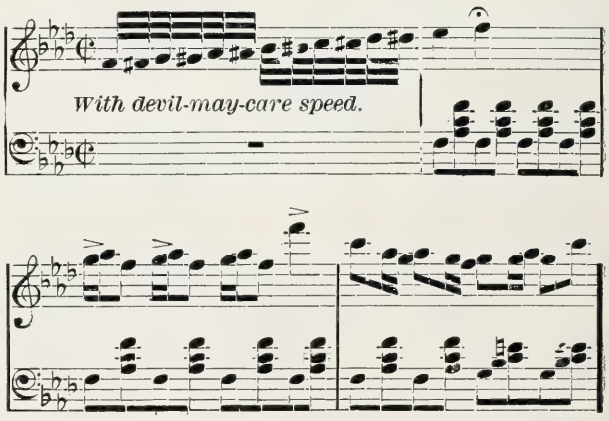
Detail of Fatima, oder Die Siebente-Frau Motivo:



We might also say, considering Fatima's probable fate, that we cannot wonder that she sings in a low key. The exceedingly involved contrapuntal complications in which the *motivo* terminates hint perhaps at Wagner's opinion on the momentous question, "Is marriage a failure?"

Next we have the "Brüder-hoch-zu-Ross Motivo" (Brothers-on-a-high-horse Motivo), announced by sparkling chromatics, always at sixes and sevens, darting and dashing, centaur-like, in semi-demi-quavers, like horses' manes and tails mounting skyward whinnyingly.

Detail of Brüder-hoch-zu-Ross Motivo:



If you miss some of the wonderful sinuosity and musical curvatures of the similar "Horses-
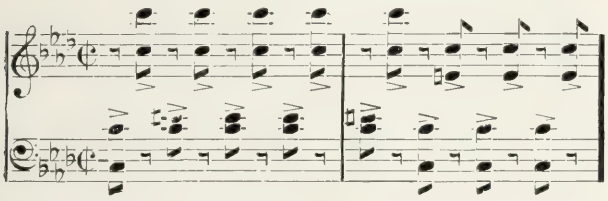
in-a-hurry Motivo" in *Die Walküre*, I can only suggest that the tails of the Brothers' horses were banged, and therefore the musical realist could not in honesty depict them other than in an angular rather than curved movement.

The overture next takes up the arrival of the Brothers, who dismount, feed their horses, and come upon Bluebeard, who is on the point of severing Fatima's relations with the world.

Here follows the thrilling "Kilkennische-Katzen Motivo" (motive of mortal combat).

Detail of Kilkennische-Katzen Motivo:

This is a syncopated movement, to be played furiously, first with one hand and then the other, till quite weary.
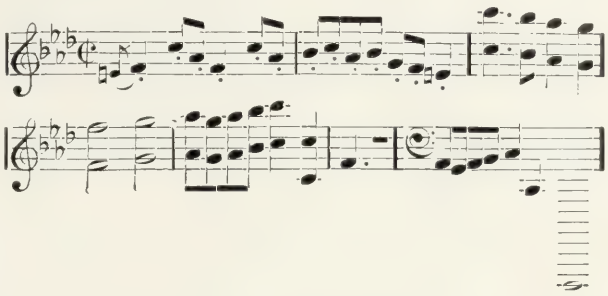


We find all through these measures most peculiar musical phrases, introduced by half-formed musical rhythms, which are a presentiment of the mental unrest and nervous prostration of Fatima, who does not know whether Bluebeard will kill the Brothers, or the Brothers will kill Bluebeard. There is much in them that is not easily intelligible to the young man in the back of an opera box, but when fully comprehended they are replete with emotion and insight. Several *motivos* are so dexterously woven into one gush of melody that they cannot be disentangled by any ordinary method, and have to be wrenched apart by the Wagner enthusiast, who employs, when milder means fail, a sort of intellectual dynamite to extricate the motives from the score. With the aid of an ear-trumpet and a magnifying-glass we can, however, trace a "Schwert Motivo" (Sword Motive), showing the weapons used in the combat, and towards the end the famous "Ausgespielt Motivo" (motive of spent strength and spilled blood). The recent discovery of the Röntgen "X rays," by which all hidden things are revealed to the imagination of the camera, will be of inestimable benefit to the Wagner student, sparing him much tedious investigation and wear and tear of brain tissue.

Why does the union of these *motivos*, Brüder hoch zu Ross (Brothers on a high horse), Kilkennische-Katzen (mortal combat), Schwert (sword), and Ausgespielt (spent strength and spilled blood), when blended in one majestically discordant whole, produce upon us such a feeling of profound grief; and why do the measures grow more and more sad as they melt into the touching "Blut-auf-dem-Mond Motivo" (Blood-on-the-moon Motive)? Simply because in a mortal combat somebody is invariably wounded and sometimes killed. Wagner sang of human life as it is, not as it might, could, would, or should be.

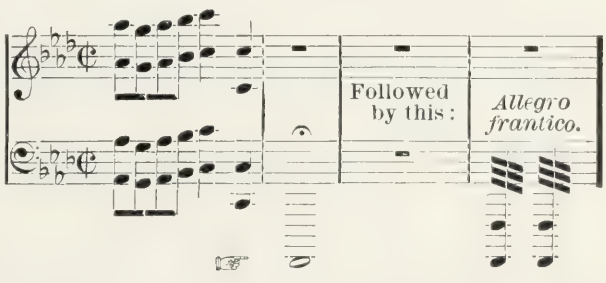
From the Blut-auf-dem-Mond Motivo (Blood-on-the-moon Motive) we glide at once into a dirge, the "Leichen Motivo," or Corpse Motive, one of those superb funeral marches with which we are familiar in Wagner's other music-dramas; for Wagner — though not an Irishman — is never so happy as on these funeral occasions.

Detail of Leichen Motivo:



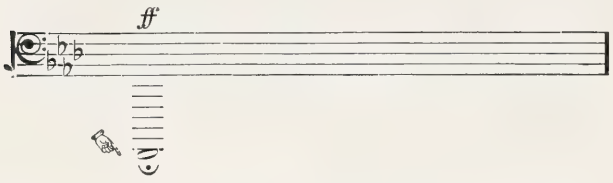
If any brainless and bigoted box-holder should ask why the Blaubart Motivo is repeated in this funeral march, I ask him in return how he expects otherwise to know who is killed. Will he take the trouble to reflect that these are the *motivos* of the Vorspiel, and that the curtain has not yet risen on the music-drama? But why, he asks me again — this man of money-bags, who has drugged his musical intelligence with *Martha* and *Trovatore* — why do we hear an undercurrent of mirth pulsating joyously through the prevailing wailing sadness of this Leichen Motivo or funeral march? Simply, my unintentional anti-Wagnerite, with your microscopic soul emasculated by nauseating Italian melody — simply because we cannot be expected to feel the same unmixed grief at the death of a *wife-murderer* as at the death of a *wife-preserver!* Ah! where shall we find again so subtle a reading of the throbbing heart of humanity?

The Schwert Motivo mingles again with the haunting strains of the half-sad, half-glad Leichen Motivo, until the Vorspiel ends abruptly with a single significant note, thus:
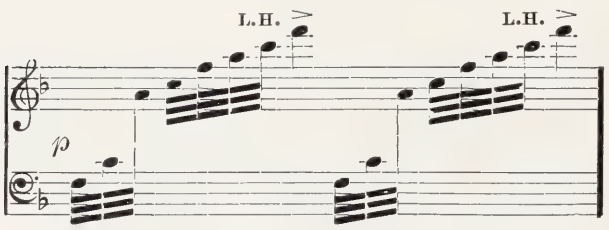


This is very interesting to the student, and means much, if it means anything. The sword of Mustapha, at least, has gone through Bluebeard, if not the swords of the other Brothers. This, you say, need not have been necessarily fatal, since those hardy ruffians of a bygone age were proof against many a stab; but in this case the sword of the heroic Mustapha was accompanied by the Schwert Motivo, consequently the villain is dead.

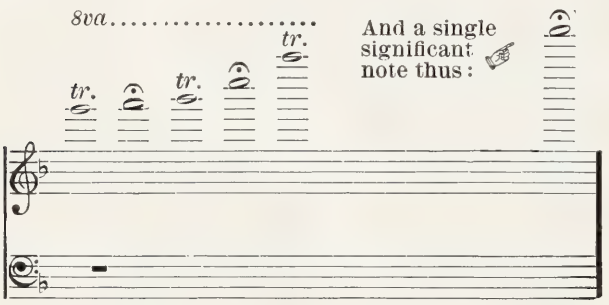
But what has become of him? We have this one clew only:



He has gone where we will not follow him, unless we are obliged. Is this asserting too much? Alas! it is only too evident. If it had been Wagner's intention to refer to the glorious immortality of a godlike hero, we should have had the exquisite strains of a heavenly harp, thus:

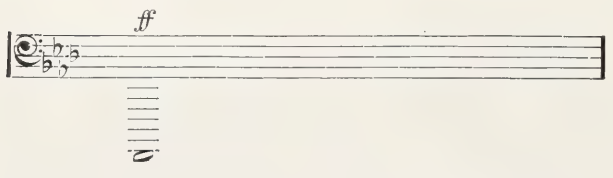


Or the whir of angels' wings, thus:

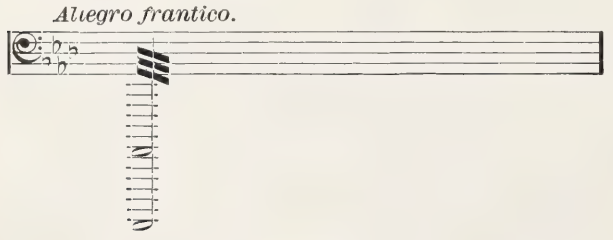


whose piercing sweetness and dizzy altitude would have symbolized Heaven, or at least Walhalla.

Alas! it is all too plain. We have this:



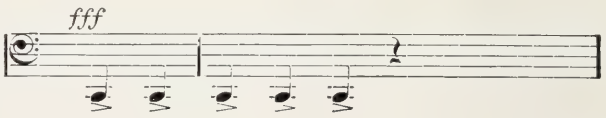
enough in itself to show his whereabouts; and if that is not enough, this:



to show that he is uncomfortable.

The music-drama itself is made beautifully clear by this Vorspiel and lecture recital, so that even a mother and child at a matinée can follow the tone-pictures without difficulty.
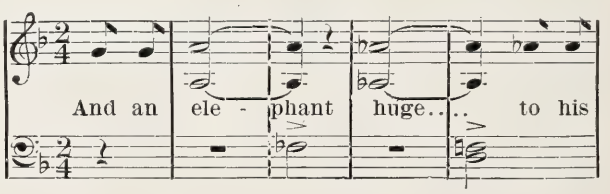
The libretto is a remarkable specimen of Wagner's alliterative verse. After a sombre recitative, descriptive or symbolic of the Dark Ages of Juvenile Literature, we come at once to the "Liebesgruss Motivo" (Love's greeting Motive). No single instrument can give this exquisite theme. The whole symphony of human nature seems to rise and spread its wings in a glorious harmony of pairs and twos of a kind, melting in passionate octaves and triplets. The groping, distracted, thwarted, but ever-courageous bass, set against a coquettish, evasive, yet timidly yielding treble, the occasional introduction of a mysterious minor in the midst of a well-authenticated major, give us an intimation that wooing is not an exact science. Then, as Bluebeard arranges the details of his triumphal journey towards Fatima's house (from whence he is to bring her as his bride), we hear the Blaubart Motivo again. We must not be disturbed to find it heralded thus:
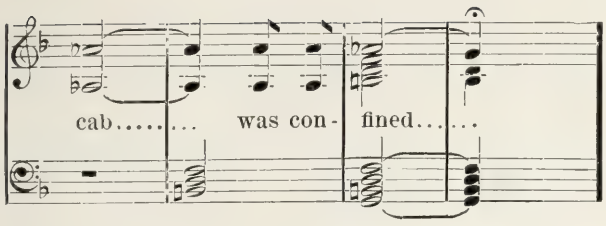


We find the same thing later on. This is merely an introductory phrase, the "Losgehenlassen Motivo" (See-me-getting-ready-to-go Motive). Here we note Wagner's sublime regard for truth and realism. Does Bluebeard go—does anybody go—without getting ready to go? Certainly not; yet they have gone for years whenever they liked in the shiftless operas of the Italian school without the least preparation. They would even come back before they went if it were any more pleasing, pictorial, or melodious. It took a heroic genius like that of Wagner to bring us back to the simple, eternal truth of things.

We have next the "Dragon," "Elephant," and "Tiger" *motivos;* the "Dragon Motive" being intentionally reminiscent of the one in *Siegfried.* There is not in the entire range of modern music anything more impressive than this splendid journey of a barbaric prince towards his chosen victim. No stage picture could be more magnificent than the one brought before the mind's eye in the majestic, munificent measures that herald the pageant:

"Standards of gold,
Dragons with wings,
And all sorts of odd
And uncomfortable looking things."





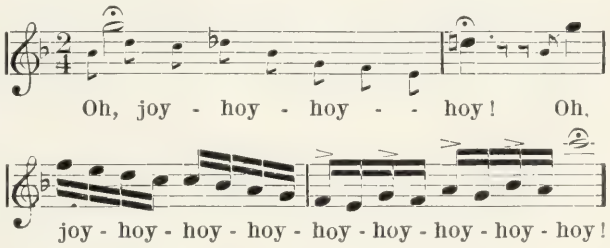
The measures that follow these describe the tiger swinging on behind the triumphal cab. What a delicious whimsicality this is, and how sportive the music!

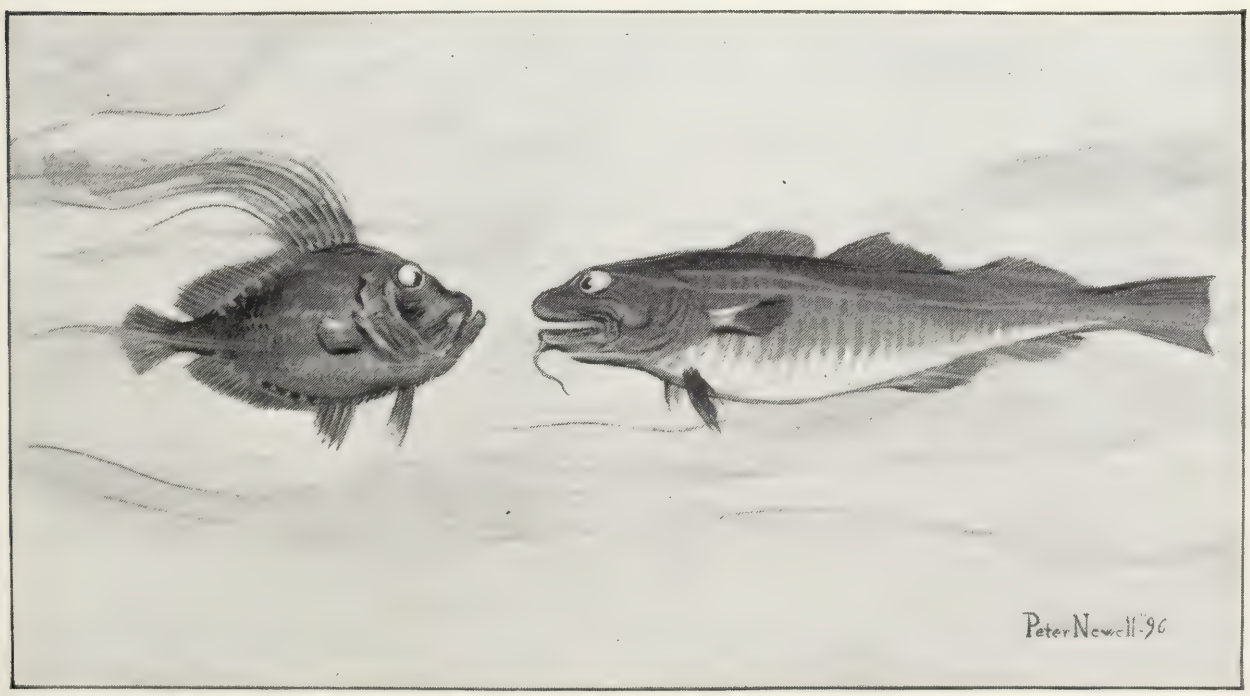
"And then there was a tiger swinging on behind;
I don't mean a modern little tiger behind,
But a real Bengal tiger growling behind."

Next come the "Hochzeitsreise" and "Flitterwochen" *motivos* (the Bridal-tour and Honey-moon motives). They make up the most exquisitely tender act of the music-drama, and are especially interesting to us, since they are built upon one of our national songs —"Home, Sweet Home." This can only be regarded as a flattering recognition of our support of German opera in this country.

There is an abrupt change of key after the Honey-Moon motive, from sweetest major to piercing minor. This is exquisitely sincere and symbolic, though it is a point too delicate to be perceived save by married musicians. From this point the music-drama hastens tragically to an end. We have Bluebeard's sudden (and feigned) journey, preceded by the striking See-me-getting-ready-to-go Motivo; the fatal curiosity of Fatima and her sister Anne; the scene in the hidden chamber; the breaking and staining of the key; the unexpected return of Bluebeard; the hysterics of the ill-fated sisters, with plenty of shrieking and swooning *motivos;* the celebrated "Hammelfleisch Motivo," or Mutton Motive, where sister Anne sees the sheep; the opportune arrival of the Brothers on their high horses; the mortal combat; the death of the villain, and the Schwert Motivo; the joyous funeral march, and then the superb duet between Mustapha and Fatima. This duet, and a finale, "What can equal a brother's love?" is a deserved rebuke to any cynic who may consider that Wagner could not adopt the enervating methods of the Italian school if he desired. Whether he used them in this case in sarcasm, or because he believed they fitted the subject, can never be known; but they form a melodious and restful ending to a tragedy which, were it carried to the bitter end in unbroken gloom, mystery, and carnage, would be too terrible and too vast for human endurance and human comprehension.

Detail of finale, showing Fatima's part. Mustapha takes left of stage and, taking care to descend as low in his scale as Fatima ascends high in hers, sings, "Oh, rapture!" In the last phrase, "What can e-he-he-he-hequal a brother's love?" they sing as much as possible in unison.





NOT HE.

"My friend, did you ever a Fish Ball attend?" a Dory inquired of a Cod Fish refined.
That fish made reply, in a manner quite dry, "I never mix up in affairs of that kind."

TWO FAMOUS POETS.

He were a fool indeed who would gainsay
The right of Tennyson to wear the bay.

He were indeed a fool who'd not devote
Long years to reading what sweet Herrick wrote.

A fool were he indeed who would deny
To Poe his genius, and who would decry

The inspiration of the noble bands
Of singers in our own and other lands.

Yet, were it mine to choose of all the store
Of all the poets, I would choose the lore

Of those whose glorious names are writ upon
Fame's golden tablets "Ibid" and "Anon."

CARLYLE SMITH.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

PAT was an industrious workman, and his employer was much interested in him.

It had been a most unpleasant day—drizzling, saturating—but Pat kept faithfully at his work in the garden, and at the six-o'clock hour he was about to lay down his gardening tools. He was met by his employer, who said,

"Pat, it's been a bad day."

"It has that!" replied Pat.

"You must be pretty wet, Pat," suggested the employer.

"Wet, is ut?" said Pat. "Yis, I'm purtty wet; but, Mr. O——, oi'm not half as wet as oi am dry!"

And the Drawer is glad to say Pat received his reward.

SHADES OF LINDLEY MURRAY!

RACHEL was a bright yellow girl, a waitress in the family of Mrs. ——, of New Orleans, and with a positive genius for twisting the English language out of all grammatical shape. She was sent by her mistress one day for a particular kind of French roll. Returning empty-handed, and rolling her eyes, she said to Mrs. ——, "Miss Annie, I didn't bring none on account of they didn't had any."

IN the window of a little tumble-down house in a small Canadian town hung the following remarkable sign: "Washing and ironing and going out for a day's work done here."

A SMALL GIRL'S QUESTION.

MARJORIE was standing at the window when she saw two little dogs frisking about in the street, and manifestly having such a good time together that she said to her father:

"Papa, don't you wish *you* was two little dogs, so *you* could have a good time enjoying yourself together?"

A PRETTY BAD CASE.

"How did you find old Gadsby?" asked a certain clubman of another.

"He was sitting on one chair, with his foot on the other; had gout enough for a centipede," was the reply.

HELPFUL AUNT MARY.

THERE is a dear old lady who visits her nephews and nieces in New York occasionally, whom we may call Aunt Mary, and who, while expressing her appreciation of the delights of city life, finds much fault with certain phases of metropolitan existence.

"You never know your nearest neighbors," she protests. "The folks next door may be robbers, and pickpockets, and everything, for all you know."

"But if they are, we don't want to know them, auntie," returns a favorite nephew. "Fancy calling on a friend, and when you go to leave your card find that he has picked your pocket of your card-case, not to mention your watch and purse."

"And as for recognizing that a stranger exists in public, why, it's a crime," Aunt Mary will continue, warming up to her subject. "A body might break his neck here, and no one would speak to him."

"But, auntie," goes on the incorrigible, "there are so many people here we can't go round with splints and adhesive plaster and that sort of stuff in our pockets, and if we see a stranger's head wobble rush up and offer the things to him with the idea that he's just snapped off his neck."

But recently, in returning home on the train, Aunt Mary had a chance to demonstrate her theories. In the seat ahead of her was a young couple who enlisted her favorable attention. She conceived them to be newly married, and her heart warmed toward them without delay. The train soon stopped at a small station, and they left the car. She observed them on the platform outside, and just before the train started she happened to spy a pasteboard box tied up with a bit of string in the seat they had deserted. "Goodness," thought Aunt Mary, "they're so intent on each other that they've forgotten their luggage." She seized it and looked out of the open window. The girl stood by the baggage-room door, the man having apparently gone inside. Aunt Mary waved the box at her. She answered, but the clang of the engine-bell drowned out what she said. Again she waved the box; the other shook her head. The train started; Aunt Mary cast the box out violently. It struck the platform at the feet of the girl, the string broke, and out rolled a half-dozen pairs of new socks, several starched cuffs and collars, a pair of suspenders, and a couple of white shirts. "They've got 'em, anyhow," thought Aunt Mary, as she settled back in her seat. "Lucky I saw it. Curious how forgetful young folks can be. But—" She looked up, and met the reproachful gaze of the man standing by his empty seat.

"Madam," he said, "the—er—young lady stops at that station, but I go on to Buffalo!"

"But how was a body to have known it?" says Aunt Mary, when she relates the incident.

H. C.



YOUTHFUL REGRETS.

MRS. NOTUTCH (*who has promised Tommy that he shall come down after dinner if he has been a good boy*). "I think it's too late, darling, for you to come down now."
TOMMY (*pouting*). "Den I's been dood all the afternoon for nofing."

FLORIDA CRACKERS.

A NORTHERN visitor to a Florida pineapple plantation was delighted with the abundant growth of fine fruit, but observed that the planter paid no attention to the vegetables.

"Mr. Brown," she said, "I imagine that you could raise very fine vegetables down here, but I do not see any on your place. Pray how do you live?"

"On Yanks and pineapples!" was the retort of the Florida Cracker.

"Can't you grow pumpkins down here?" inquired another visitor of a native Floridian.

"I calculate we can," was the reply. "Why, last season I planted a lot of pumpkin seed, and the vines grew so fast that the blossoms were scraped off!"

"How about cucumbers?"

"Well, we're pretty good on cucumbers. One day I went out in my garden, and I stood there for a few minutes thinking about the freeze. When I started to go, I put my hand in my coat pocket and found a cucumber there. Grow 'em while you wait!"

PROOF CONCLUSIVE.

BRIDGET, an old family servant, sometimes jumps at conclusions. On coming up from the cellar one morning she announced to the mistress that the cat had caught two rats the night before.

MISTRESS. "Why, Bridget, how do you know?"

BRIDGET. "Bekase, there's the hid of wan and the tail av anither down there."

A FORTUNATE MUTILATION.

A LITTLE farce-comedy comes to the Drawer from Texas:

BRONCO PETE. "Yep, dat new lawyer got Ike off pretty slick fer manslaughter."

TEXAS TOM. "How'd 'e do it?"

BRONCO PETE. "Wy, jes 'fore de case went to de jury, he discovered dat several pages uv de county Bible wuz tore out. Uv course dat made de book invalid; uv course dat made de swearing invalid; en uv course dat made de testimony uv seventy-eight witnesses invalid; fer uv course de jury *couldn't* convict Ike on no sech song-en-dance testimony ez dat."



EXPERIENCE ENOUGH.

First Sailor. "No, Bill, yer don't raly know wot life is till yer git spliced."
Second Sailor. "Wy, shiver me timbers, messmate! I've never *married*—true—but I've had yaller-fever, cholera, an' berri-berri; I've ben frost-bit, drowned, burnt alive, et by a shark, blowed up at sea, and operated on fer appendicitis. Wot more does a reasonable chap want?"

THE WAIL OF THE WAVES.

What are the wild waves saying
As over the sands they sigh?
Why do they groan and grumble?
Is it 'cause they're tied so high?

My child, the wild waves murmur,
And angry passions show,
Because some careless wader
Has stepped on their under-toe.

Laurence Hutton.

WANTED FULL INFORMATION.

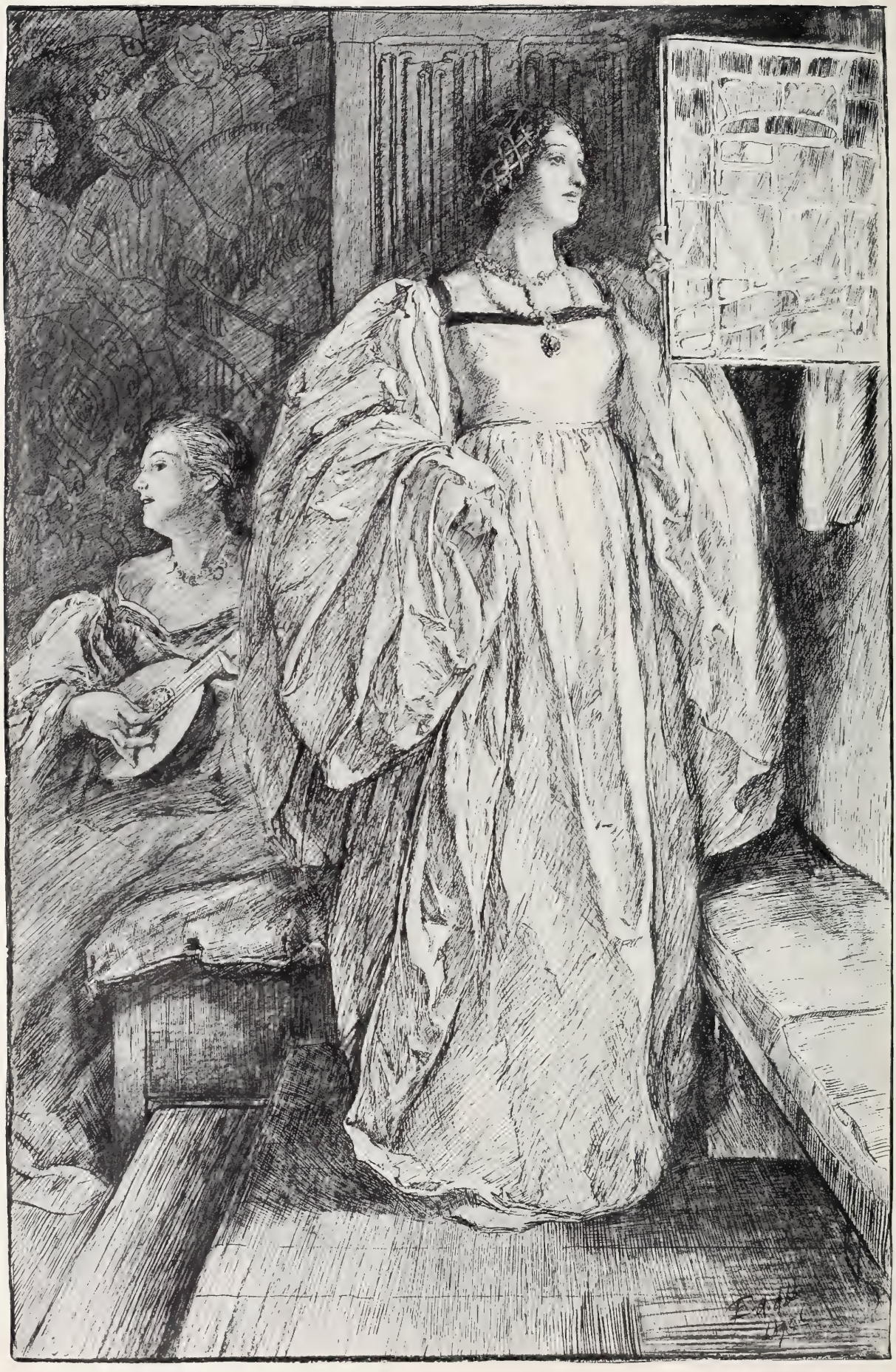
Librarians are not always as well acquainted with books as they ought to be. As a corroboration of the fact, this story—declared to be absolutely without exaggeration—is told about the librarian of a prominent institution in this city:

Reader. "I should like to get a copy of the Koran."

Librarian. "Koran? Koran? Don't think I know it. Who is the author?"

Reader. "Mohammed."

Librarian. "What is his other name?"



Drawn by E. A. Abbey, A.R.A.

See "The Silent Voice."

AT THE WINDOW.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIII AUGUST, 1896 No. DLV

THE WHITE MR. LONGFELLOW.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

WE had expected to stay in Boston only until we could find a house in Old Cambridge. This was not so simple a matter as it might seem; for the ancient town had not yet quickened its scholarly pace to the modern step. Indeed, in the spring of 1866 the impulse of expansion was not yet visibly felt anywhere; the enormous material growth that followed the war had not yet begun. In Cambridge the houses to be let were few, and such as there were, fell either below our pride, or rose above our purse. I wish I might tell how at last we bought a house; we had no money, but we were rich in friends, who are still alive to shrink from the story of their constant faith in a financial future which we sometimes doubted, and who backed their credulity with their credit. It is sufficient for the present record, which professes to be strictly literary, to notify the fact that on the first day of May, 1866, we went out to Cambridge and began to live in a house which we owned in fee if not in deed, and which was none the less valuable for being covered with mortgages. Physically, it was a carpenter's box, of a sort which is readily imagined by the Anglo-American genius for ugliness, but which it is not so easy to impart a just conception of. A trim hedge of arbor-vitæ tried to hide it from the world in front, and a tall board fence behind; the little lot was well planted (perhaps too well planted) with pears, grapes, and currants, and there was a small open space which I lost no time in digging up for a kitchen-garden. On one side of us were the open fields; on the other a brief line of neighbor-houses; across the street before us was a grove of stately oaks, which I never could persuade Aldrich had painted leaves on them in the fall. We were really in a poor suburb of a suburb; but such is the fascination of ownership, even the ownership of a fully mortgaged property, that we calculated the latitude and longitude of the whole earth from the spot we called ours. In our walks about Cambridge we saw other places where we might have been willing to live; only, we said, they were too far off. We even prized the architecture of our little box, though we had but so lately lived in a Gothic palace on the Grand Canal in Venice, and were not uncritical of beauty in the possessions of others. Positive beauty we could not have honestly said we thought our cottage had as a whole, though we might have held out for something of the kind in the brackets of turned wood under its eaves. But we were richly content with it; and with life in Cambridge, as it began to open itself to us, we were infinitely more than content. This life, so refined, so intelligent, so gracefully simple, I do not suppose has had anywhere else its parallel. It was the moment before the old American customs had been changed by European influences among people of easier circumstances; and in Cambridge society kept what was best of its village traditions, and chose to keep them in the full knowledge of different things. Nearly every one had been abroad; and nearly every one had acquired the taste for olives without losing a relish for native sauces; through the intellectual life there was an entire democracy, and I do not believe that since the capitalistic era began there was ever a community in which money counted for less. There was little show of what money could buy; I remember but one private carriage (naturally, a publisher's); and there was not one livery, except a livery in the larger sense kept by the stableman Pike, who made us pay now a quarter and now a half dollar for a seat in his carriages, according as he lost or gathered courage for the charge. We thought him extortionate, and we mostly

Copyright, 1896, by Harper and Brothers. All rights reserved.

walked through snow and mud of amazing depth and thickness.

The reader will imagine how acceptable this circumstance was to a young literary man beginning life with a fully mortgaged house and a salary of untried elasticity. If there were distinctions made in Cambridge they were not against literature, and we found ourselves in the midst of a charming society, indifferent, apparently, to all questions but those of the higher education which comes so largely by nature. That is to say, in the Cambridge of that day (and, I dare say, of this) a mind cultivated in some sort was essential, and after that came civil manners, and the willingness and ability to be agreeable and interesting; but the question of riches or poverty did not enter. Even the question of family, which is of so great concern in New England, was in abeyance. Perhaps it was taken for granted that every one in Old Cambridge society must be of good family, or he could not be there; perhaps his mere residence tacitly ennobled him; certainly his acceptance was an informal patent of gentility. To my mind, the structure of society was almost ideal, and until we have a perfectly socialized condition of things I do not believe we shall ever have a more perfect society. The instincts which governed it were not such as can arise from the sordid competition of interests; they flowed from a devotion to letters, and from a self-sacrifice in material things which I can give no better notion of than by saying that the outlay of the richest college magnate seemed to be graduated to the income of the poorest.

In those days, the men whose names have given splendor to Cambridge were still living there. I shall forget some of them in the alphabetical enumeration of Louis Agassiz, Francis J. Child, Richard Henry Dana, Jun., John Fiske, Dr. Asa Gray, the family of the Jameses, father and sons, Lowell, Longfellow, Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. John G. Palfrey, James Pierce, Dr. Peabody, Professor Parsons, Professor Sophocles. The variety of talents and of achievements was indeed so great that Mr. Bret Harte, when fresh from his Pacific slope, justly said, after listening to a partial rehearsal of them, "Why, you couldn't fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two-volumer!" Everybody had written a book, or an article, or a poem; or was in the process or expectation of doing it, and doubtless those whose names escape me will have greater difficulty in eluding fame. These kindly, these gifted folk each came to see us and to make us at home among them; and my home is still among them, on this side and on that side of the line between the living and the dead, which invisibly passes through all the streets of the cities of men.

II.

We had the whole summer for the exploration of Cambridge before society returned from the mountains and the seashore, and it was not till October that I saw Longfellow. I heard again, as I heard when I first came to Boston, that he was at Nahant, and though Nahant was no longer so far away, now, as it was then, I did not think of seeking him out even when we went for a day to explore that coast during the summer. It seems strange that I cannot recall just when and where I saw him, but early after his return to Cambridge I had a message from him asking me to come to a meeting of the Dante Club at Craigie House.

Longfellow was that winter (1866–7) revising his translation of the Paradiso, and the Dante Club was the circle of Italianate friends and scholars whom he invited to follow him and criticise his work from the original, while he read his version aloud. Those who were most constantly present were Lowell and Professor Norton, but from time to time others came in, and we seldom sat down at the nine-o'clock supper that followed the reading of the canto in less number than ten or twelve.

The criticism, especially from the accomplished Danteists I have named, was frank and frequent. I believe they neither of them quite agreed with Longfellow as to the form of version he had chosen, but waiving that, the question was how perfectly he had done his work upon the given lines. I myself, with whatever right, great or little, I may have to an opinion, believe thoroughly in Longfellow's plan. When I read his version my sense aches for the rhyme which he rejected, but my admiration for his fidelity to Dante otherwise is immeasurable. I remember with equal admiration the subtle and sympathetic



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE.

scholarship of his critics, who scrutinized every shade of meaning in a word or phrase that gave them pause, and did not let it pass till all the reasons and facts had been considered. Sometimes, and even often, Longfellow yielded to their censure, but for the most part, when he was of another mind, he held to his mind, and the passage had to go as he said. I make a little haste to say that in all the meetings of the Club, during a whole winter of Wednesday evenings, I myself, though I faithfully followed in an Italian Dante with the rest, ventured upon one suggestion only. This was kindly, even seriously, considered by the poet, and gently rejected. He could not do anything otherwise than gently, and I was not suffered to feel that I had done a presumptuous thing. I can see him now, as he looked up from the proof-sheets on the round table before him, and over at me, growing consciously smaller and smaller, like something through a reversed opera-glass. He had a shaded drop-light in front of him, and in its glow his beautiful and benignly noble head had a dignity peculiar to him.

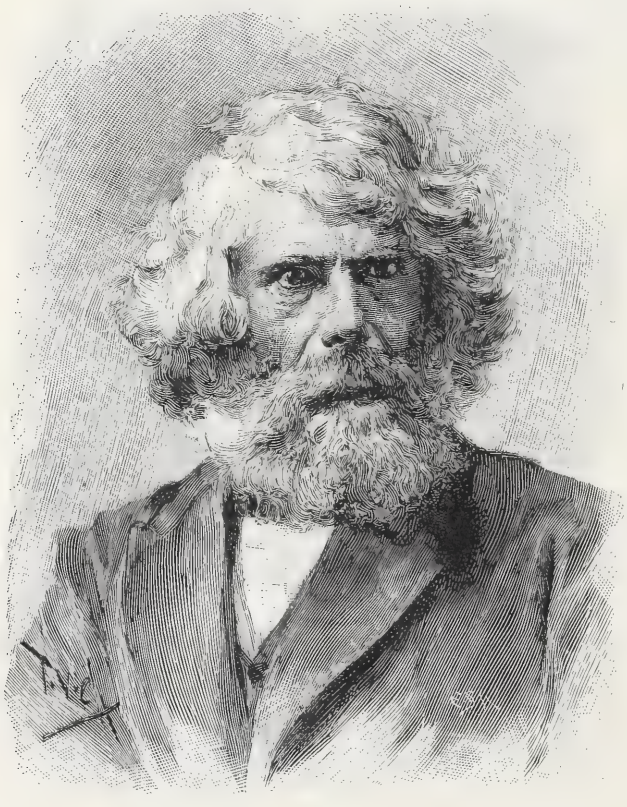
All the portraits of Longfellow are likenesses more or less bad and good, for there was something as simple in the physiognomy as in the nature of the man. His head, after he allowed his beard to grow and wore his hair long in the manner of elderly men, was leonine, but mildly leonine, as the old painters conceived the lion of St. Mark. Once Sophocles, the ex-monk of Mount Athos, so long a Greek professor at Harvard, came in for supper, after the reading was over, and he was leonine too, but of a fierceness that contrasted finely with Longfellow's mildness. I remember the poet's asking him something about the punishment of impaling, in Turkey, and his answering, with an ironical gleam of his fiery eyes, "Unhappily, it is obsolete." I dare say he was not so leonine, either, as he looked.

When Longfellow read verse, it was with a hollow, with a mellow resonant murmur, like the note of some deep-throated horn. His voice was very lulling in quality, and at the Dante Club it used to have early effect with an old scholar who sat in a cavernous arm-chair at the corner of the fire, and who drowsed audibly in the soft tone and the gentle heat. The poet had a fat terrier who wished always to be present at the meetings of the Club, and he commonly fell asleep at the same moment with that dear old scholar, so that when they began to make them-

selves heard in concert, one could not tell which it was that most took our thoughts from the text of the Paradiso. When the duet opened, Longfellow would look up with an arch recognition of the fact, and then go gravely on to the end of the canto. At the close he would speak to his friend and lead him out to supper as if he had not seen or heard anything amiss.

III.

In that elect company I was silent, partly because I was conscious of my youthful inadequacy, and partly because I preferred to listen. But Longfellow always behaved as if I were saying a succession of edifying and delightful things, and from time to time he addressed himself to me, so that I should not feel left out. He did not talk much himself, and I recall nothing that he said. But he always spoke both wisely and simply, without the least touch of pose, and with no intention of effect, but with something that I must call quality for want of a better word; so that at a table where Holmes sparkled, and Lowell glowed, and Agassiz beamed, he cast the light of a gentle gayety, which seemed to dim all those vivider luminaries. While he spoke you did not miss Fields's story or Tom Appleton's wit, or even the gracious amity of Mr. Norton, with his unequalled intuitions.



EVANGELINUS SOPHOCLES.

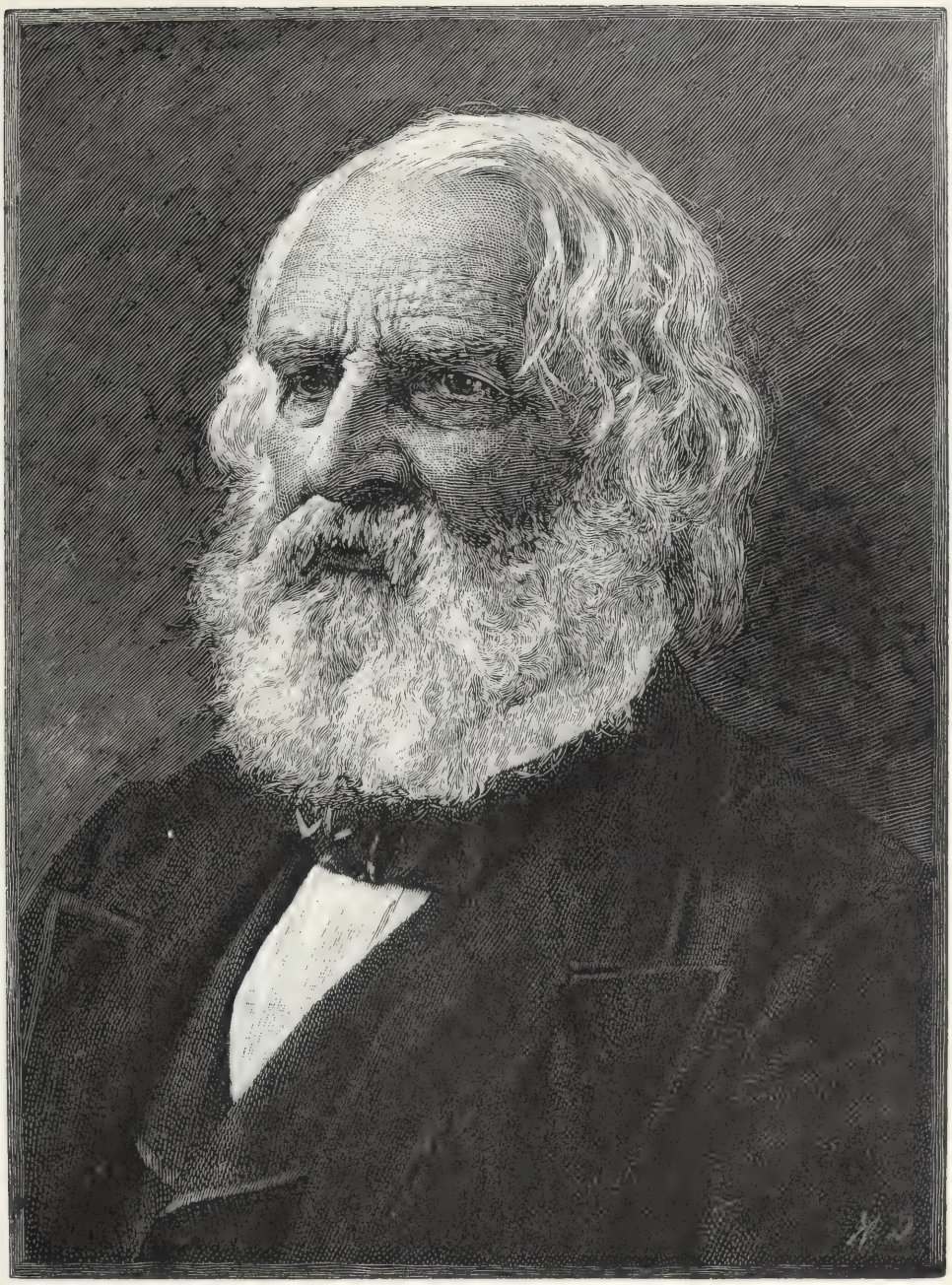
The supper was very plain: a cold turkey, which the host carved, or a haunch of venison, or some braces of grouse, or a platter of quails, with a deep bowl of salad, and the sympathetic companionship of those elect vintages which Longfellow loved, and which he chose with the inspiration of affection. We usually began with oysters, and when some one who was expected did not come promptly, Longfellow invited us to raid his plate, as a just punishment for his delay. One evening Lowell remarked, with the cayenne poised above his blue-points, "It's astonishing how fond these fellows are of pepper."

The old friend of the cavernous arm-chair was perhaps not wide enough awake to repress an "Ah?" of deep interest in this fact of natural history, and Lowell was provoked to go on. "Yes, I've dropped a red pepper pod into a barrel of them, before now, and then taken them out in a solid mass, clinging to it like a swarm of bees to their queen."

"Is it possible?" cried the old friend; and then Longfellow intervened to save him from worse, and turned the talk.

I reproach myself that I made no record of the talk, for I find that only a few fragments of it have caught in my memory, and that the sieve which should have kept the gold has let it wash away with the gravel. I remember once Dr. Holmes's talking of the physician as the true seer, whose awful gift it was to behold with the fatal second sight of science the shroud gathering to the throat of many a doomed man apparently in perfect health, and happy in the promise of unnumbered days. The thought may have been suggested by some of the toys of superstition which intellectual people like to play with.

I never could be quite sure at first that Longfellow's brother-in-law, Appleton, was seriously a spiritualist, even when he disputed the most strenuously with the unbelieving Autocrat. But he really was in earnest about it, though he relished a



THE WHITE MR. LONGFELLOW.

joke at the expense of his doctrine, like some clerics when they are in the safe company of other clerics. He told me once of having recounted to Agassiz the facts of a very remarkable séance, where the souls of the departed outdid themselves in the athletics and acrobatics they seem so fond of over there, throwing large stones across the room, moving pianos, and lifting dinner tables and setting them atwirl under the chandelier. "And now," he demanded, "what do you say to that?" "Well, Mr. Appleton," Agassiz answered, to Appleton's infinite delight, "*I say that it did not happen.*"

One night they began to speak at the Dante supper of the unhappy man whose crime is a red stain in the Cambridge annals, and one and another recalled their impressions of Professor Webster. It was possibly with a retroactive sense that they had all felt something uncanny in him, but, apropos of the deep salad-bowl in the centre of the table, Longfellow remembered a supper Webster was at, where he lighted some chemical in such a dish and held his head over it, with a handkerchief noosed about his throat and lifted above it with one hand, while his face, in the pale light, took on the livid ghastliness of a man hanged by the neck.

Another night the talk wandered to the visit which an English author (now with God) paid America at the height

of a popularity long since toppled to the ground, with many another. He was in very good humor with our whole continent, and at Longfellow's table he found the champagne even surprisingly fine. "But," he said to his host, who now told the story, "it cawn't be *genuine*, you know!"

Many years afterwards this author revisited our shores, and I dined with him at Longfellow's, where he was anxious to constitute himself a guest during his sojourn in our neighborhood. Longfellow was equally anxious that he should not do so, and he took a harmless pleasure in outmanœuvring him. He seized a chance to speak with me alone, and plotted to deliver him over to me without apparent unkindness, when the latest horse-car should be going in to Boston, and begged me to walk him to Harvard Square and put him aboard. "Put him aboard, and don't leave him till the car starts, and then watch that he doesn't get off."

These instructions he accompanied with a lifting of the eyebrows, and a pursing of the mouth, in an anxiety not altogether burlesque. He knew himself the prey of any one who chose to batten on him, and his hospitality was subject to frightful abuse. Perhaps Mr. Norton has somewhere told how, when he asked if a certain person who had been outstaying his time was not a dreadful bore, Longfellow answered, with angelic patience, "Yes; but then you know I have been bored so often!"

There was one fatal Englishman whom I shared with him during the great part of a season: a poor soul, not without gifts, but always ready for more, especially if they took the form of meat and drink. He had brought letters from one of the best Englishmen alive, who withdrew them too late to save his American friends from the sad consequences of welcoming him. So he established himself impregnably in a Boston club, and came out every day to dine with Longfellow in Cambridge, beginning with his return from Nahant in October and continuing far into December. That was the year of the great horse-distemper, when the plague disabled the transportation in Boston, and cut off all intercourse between the suburb and the city on the street railways. "I did think," Longfellow pathetically lamented, "that when the horse-cars stopped running, I should have a little respite from L., *but he walks out.*"

In the midst of his own suffering he was willing to advise with me concerning some poems L. had offered to the Atlantic Monthly, and after we had desperately read them together he said, with inspiration, "I think these things are more adapted to music than the magazine," and this seemed so good a notion that when L. came to know their fate from me, I answered, confidently, "I think they are rather more adapted to music."

He calmly asked me, "Why?" and as this was an exigency which Longfellow had not forecast for me, I was caught in it without hope of escape. I really do not know what I said, but I know that I did not take the poems, such was my literary conscience in those days; I am afraid I should be weaker now.



LONGFELLOW'S DINING-ROOM.

IV.

The suppers of the Dante Club were a relaxation from the severity of their toils on criticism, and I will not pretend that their table-talk was of that seriousness which duller wits might have given themselves up to. The passing stranger,



HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE.

especially if a light or jovial person, was always welcome, and I never knew of the enforcement of the rule I heard of, that if you came in without question on the Club nights, you were a guest; but if you rang or knocked, you could not get in.

Any sort of diversion was hailed, and once Appleton proposed that Longfellow should show us his wine-cellar. He took up the candle burning on the table for the cigars, and led the way into the basement of the beautiful old Colonial mansion, doubly memorable as Washington's headquarters while he was in Cambridge, and as the home of Longfellow for so many years. The taper cast just the right gleams on the darkness, bringing into relief the massive piers of brick, and the solid walls of stone, which gave the cellar the effect of a casemate in some fortress, and leaving the corners and distances to a romantic gloom. This basement was a work of the days when men built more heavily if not more substantially than now, but I forget, if I ever knew, what date the wine-cellar was of. It was well stored with precious vintages, aptly cobwebbed and dusty; but I could not find that it had any more charm than the shelves of a library: it is the inside of bottles and of books that makes its appeal. The whole place witnessed a bygone state and luxury, which otherwise lingered in a dim legend or two. Longfellow once spoke of some old love-letters which were dropped down on the basement stairs from some place overhead; and there was the fable or the fact of a subterranean passage under the street from Craigie House to the old Batchelder House, which I relate to these letters with no authority I can allege. But in Craigie House dwelt the proud fair lady who was buried in the Cambridge churchyard with a slave at her head and a slave at her feet.

"Dust is in her beautiful eyes,"

and whether it was they that smiled or wept in their time over those love-letters, I will leave the reader to say. The fortunes of her Tory family fell with those of their party, and the last Vassal ended his days a prisoner from his creditors in his own house, with a weekly enlargement on Sundays, when the law could not reach him. It is known how the place took Longfellow's fancy when he first came to be professor in Harvard, and how he was a lodger of the last Mistress Craigie there, long before he became its owner. The house is square, with Longfellow's study where he read and wrote on the right of the door, and a statelier library behind it; on the left is the drawing-room, with the dining-room in its rear: from its

square hall climbs a beautiful stairway with twisted banisters, and a tall clock in their angle.

The study where the Dante Club met, and where I mostly saw Longfellow, was a plain, pleasant room, with broad panelling in white painted pine; in the centre before the fireplace stood his round table, laden with books, papers, and proofs; in the furthest corner by the window was a high desk which he sometimes stood at to write. In this room Washington held his councils and transacted his business with all comers; in the chamber overhead he slept. I do not think Longfellow associated the place much with him, and I never heard him speak of Washington in relation to it except once, when he told me with peculiar relish what he called the true version of a pious story concerning the aide-de-camp who blundered in upon him while he knelt in prayer. The father of his country rose and rebuked the young man severely, and then resumed his devotions. "He rebuked him," said Longfellow, lifting his brows and making rings round the pupils of his eyes, "by throwing his scabbard at his head."

All the front windows of Craigie House look out over the open fields across the Charles, which is now the Longfellow Memorial Garden. The poet used to be amused with the popular superstition that he was holding this vacant ground with a view to a rise in the price of lots, while all he wanted was to keep a feature of his beloved landscape unchanged. Lofty elms drooped at the corners of the house; on the lawn billowed clumps of the lilac, which formed a thick hedge along the fence. There was a terrace part way down this lawn, and where a white-painted balustrade was set some fifteen years ago upon its brink, it seemed always to have been there. Long verandas stretched on either side of the mansion; and behind was an old-fashioned garden with beds primly edged with box after a design of his own. Longfellow had a ghost story of this quaint plaisance, which he used to tell with an artful reserve of the catastrophe. He was coming home one winter night, and as he crossed the garden he was startled by a white figure swaying before him. But he knew that the only way was to advance upon it. He pushed boldly forward, and was suddenly caught under the throat—by the clothes-line with a long night-gown on it.

Perhaps it was at the end of a long night of the Dante Club that I heard him tell this story. The evenings were sometimes mornings before the reluctant break-up came, but they were never half long enough for me. I have given no idea of the high reasoning of vital things which I must often have heard at that table, and that I have forgotten it is no proof that I did not hear it. The memory will not be ruled as to what it shall bind and what it shall loose, and I should entreat mine in vain for record of those meetings other than what I have given. Perhaps it would be well, in the interest of some popular conceptions of what the social intercourse of great wits must be, for me to invent some ennobling and elevating passages of conversation at Longfellow's; perhaps I ought to do it for the sake of my own repute as a serious and adequate witness. But I am rather helpless in the matter; I must set down what I remember, and surely if I can remember no phrase from the Autocrat that a reader could live or die by, it is something to recall how, when a certain potent cheese was passing, he leaned over to gaze at it, and asked: "Does it kick? Does it kick?" No strain of high poetic thinking remains to me from Lowell, but he made me laugh unforgettably with his passive adventure one night going home late, when a man suddenly leaped from the top of a high fence upon the sidewalk at his feet, and after giving him the worst fright of his life, disappeared peaceably into the darkness. To be sure, there was one most memorable supper, when he read the Biglow Paper he had finished that day, and enriched the meaning of his verse with the beauty of his voice. There lingers yet in my sense his very tone in giving the last line of the passage lamenting the waste of the heroic lives which in those dark hours of Johnson's time seemed to have been

"Butchered to make a blind man's holiday."

The hush that followed upon his ceasing was of that finest quality which spoken praise always lacks; and I suppose that I could not give a just notion of these Dante Club evenings without imparting the effect of such silences. This I could not hopefully undertake to do; but I am tempted to some effort of the kind by my remembrance of Longfellow's old friend George Washington Greene, who often came up from his home in Rhode

Island, to be at those sessions, and who was a most interesting and amiable fact of those delicate silences. A full half of his earlier life had been passed in Italy,



LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

where he and Longfellow met and loved each other in their youth with an affection which the poet was constant to in his age, after many vicissitudes, with the beautiful fidelity of his nature. Greene was like an old Italian house-priest in manner, gentle, suave, very suave, sooth as creamy curds, cultivated in the elegancies of literary taste, and with a certain meek abeyance. I think I never heard him speak, in all those evenings, except when Longfellow addressed him, though he must have had the Dante scholarship for an occasional criticism. It was at more recent dinners, where I met him with the Longfellow family alone, that he broke now and then into a quotation from some of the modern Italian poets he knew by heart (preferably Giusti), and syllabled their verse with an exquisite Roman accent and a bewitching Florentine rhythm. Now and then at these times he brought out a faded Italian anecdote, faintly smelling of civet, and threadbare in its ancient texture. He liked to speak of Goldoni and of Nota, of Niccolini and Manzoni, of Monti and Leopardi; and if you came to America, of the Revolution and his grandfather, the Quaker General Nathanael Greene, whose life he wrote (and I read) in three volumes. He worshipped Longfellow, and their friendship continued while they lived, but toward the last of his visits at Craigie House it had a pathos for the witness which I should grieve to wrong. Greene was then a quivering paralytic, and he clung tremulously to Longfellow's arm in going out to dinner, where even the modern Italian poets were silent upon his lips. When we rose from table, Longfellow lifted him out of his chair, and took him upon his arm again for their return to the study.

He was of lighter metal than most other members of the Dante Club, and he was not of their immediate intimacy, living away from Cambridge, as he did, and

I shared his silence in their presence with full intelligence. I was by far the youngest of their number, and I cannot yet quite make out why I was of it at all. But at every moment I was as sensible of my good fortune as of my ill desert. They were the men whom of all men living I most honored, and it seemed to be impossible that I at my age should be so perfectly fulfilling the dream of my life in their company. Often the nights were very cold, and as I returned home from Craigie House to the carpenter's box on Sacramento Street, a mile or two away, I was as if soul-borne through the air by my pride and joy, while the frozen blocks of snow clinked and tinkled before my feet stumbling along the middle of the road. I still think that was the richest moment of my life, and I look back at it as the moment, in a life not unblessed by chance, which I would most like to live over again—if I must live any.

The next winter the sessions of the Dante Club were transferred to the house of Mr. Norton, who was then completing his version of the Vita Nuova. This has always seemed to me a work of not less graceful art than Longfellow's translation of the Commedia. In fact, it joins the effect of a sympathy almost mounting to divination to a patient scholarship and a delicate skill unknown to me elsewhere in such work. I do not know whether Mr. Norton has satisfied himself better in his prose version of the Commedia than in this of the Vita Nuova, but I do not believe he could have satisfied Dante better, unless he had rhymed his sonnets and canzonets. I am sure he might have done this if he had chosen. He has always pretended that it was impossible, but miracles are never impossible in the right hands.

V.

After three or four years we sold the carpenter's box on Sacramento Street, and removed to a larger house near Harvard Square, and in the immediate neighborhood of Longfellow. He gave me an easement across that old garden behind his house, through an opening in the high board fence which enclosed it, and I saw him oftener than ever, though the meetings of the Dante Club had come to an end. At the last of them, Lowell had asked him, with fond regret in his jest, "Longfellow, why don't you do that Indian poem in forty thousand verses?" The demand but feebly expressed the reluctance in us all, though I suspect the Indian poem existed only by the challenger's invention. Before I leave my faint and unworthy record of these great times I am tempted to mention an incident poignant with tragical associations. The first night after Christmas the holly and the pine wreathed about the chandelier above the supper table took fire from the gas, just as we came out from the reading, and Longfellow ran forward and caught the burning garlands down and bore them out. No one could speak for thinking what he must be thinking of when the ineffable calamity of his home befell it. Curtis once told me that a little while before Mrs. Longfellow's death he was driving by Craigie House with Holmes, who said he trembled to look at it, for those who lived there had their happiness so perfect that no change, of all the changes which must come to them, could fail to be for the worse.

I did not know Longfellow before that fatal time, and I shall not say that his presence bore record of it except in my fancy. He may always have had that look of one who had experienced the utmost harm that fate can do, and henceforth could possess himself of what was left of life in peace. He could never have been a man of the flowing ease that makes all comers at home; some people complained of a certain *gêne* in him; and he had a reserve with strangers, which never quite lost itself in the abandon of friendship, as Lowell's did. He was the most perfectly modest man I ever saw, ever imagined, but he had a gentle dignity which I do not believe any one, the coarsest, the obtusest, could trespass upon. In the years when I began to know him, his long hair and the beautiful beard which mixed with it were of one iron-gray, which I saw blanch to a perfect silver, while that pearly tone of his complexion, which Appleton so admired, lost itself in the wanness of age and pain. When he walked, he had a kind of spring in his gait, as if now and again a buoyant thought lifted him from the ground. It was fine to meet him coming down a Cambridge street; you felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history, and set you apart with him for the moment from the poor and mean. When he appeared in Harvard Square, he beatified if

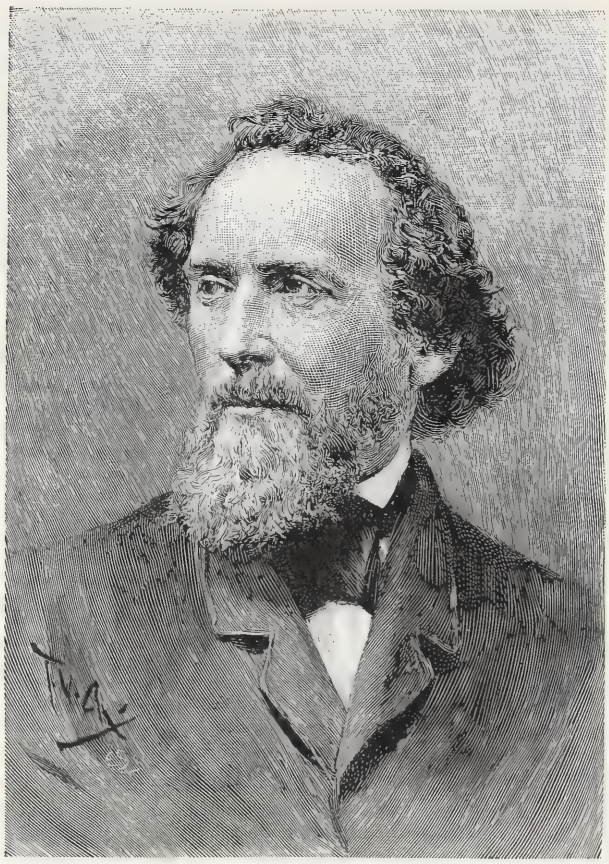
not beautified the ugliest and vulgarest looking spot on the planet outside of New York. You could meet him sometimes at the market, if you were of the same provision-man as he, for Longfellow remained as constant to his tradespeople as to any other friends. He rather liked to bring his proofs back to the printer's himself, and we often found ourselves together at the University Press, where the Atlantic Monthly used to be printed. But outside of his own house Longfellow seemed to want a fit atmosphere, and I love best to think of him in his study, where he wrought at his lovely art with a serenity expressed in his smooth, regular, and scrupulously perfect handwriting. It was quite vertical, and rounded, with a slope neither to the right nor left, and at the time I knew him first, he was fond of using a soft pencil on printing paper, though commonly he wrote with a quill. Each letter was distinct in shape, and between the verses was always the exact space of half an inch. I have a good many of his poems written in this fashion, but whether they were the first drafts or not I cannot say; very likely not. Towards the last he no longer sent his poems to the magazines in his own hand, but they were always signed in autograph.

I once asked him if he were not a great deal interrupted, and he said, with a faint sigh, Not more than was good for him, he fancied; if it were not for the interruptions, he might overwork. He was not a friend to stated exercise, I believe, nor fond of walking, as Lowell was; he had not, indeed, the childish associations of the younger poet with the Cambridge neighborhoods; and I never saw him walking for pleasure except on the east veranda of his house, though I was told he loved walking in his youth. In this and in some other things Longfellow was more European than American, more Latin than Saxon. He once said quaintly that one got a great deal of exercise in putting on and off one's overcoat and overshoes.

I suppose no one who asked decently at his door was denied access to him, and there must have been times when he was overrun with volunteer visitors; but I never heard him complain of them. He was very charitable in the immediate sort which Christ seems to have meant; but he had his preferences, humorously own-



THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.



GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

ed, among beggars. He liked the German beggars least, and the Italian beggars most, as having most savoir-faire; in fact, we all loved the Italians in Cambridge. He was pleased with the accounts I could give him of the love and honor I had known for him in Italy, and one day there came a letter from an Italian admirer, addressed to "Mr. Greatest Poet Longfellow," which he said was the very most amusing superscription he had ever seen.

It is known that the King of Italy offered Longfellow the cross of San Lazzaro, which is the Italian literary decoration. It came through the good offices of my old acquaintance Professor Messadaglia, then a deputy in the Italian Parliament, whom, for some reason I cannot remember, I had put in correspondence with Longfellow. The honor was wholly unexpected, and it brought Longfellow a distress which was chiefly for the gentleman who had procured him the impossible distinction. He showed me the pretty collar and cross, not, I think, without a natural pleasure in it. No man was ever less a bigot in things civil or religious than he, but he said, firmly, "Of course, as a republican and a Protestant, I can't accept a decoration from a Catholic prince." His decision was from his conscience, and I think that all Americans who think duly about it will approve his decision.

VI.

Such honors as he could fitly permit himself he did not refuse, and I recall what zest he had in his election to the Arcadian Academy, which had made him a shepherd of its Roman Fold, with the title, as he said, of "Olimipico something." But I fancy his sweetest pleasure in his vast renown came from his popular recognition everywhere. Few were the lands, few the languages he was unknown to: he showed me a version of the Psalm of Life in Chinese. Apparently even the poor lost autograph-seeker was not denied by his universal kindness; I know that he kept a store of autographs ready written on small squares of paper for all who applied by letter or in person; he said it was no trouble; but perhaps he was to be excused for refusing the request of a lady for fifty autographs, which she wished to offer as a novel attraction to her guests at a lunch party.

Foreigners of all kinds thronged upon him at their pleasure, apparently, and with perfect impunity. Sometimes he got a little fun, very, very kindly, out of their excuses and reasons; and the Englishman who came to see him because there were no ruins to visit in America was no fable, as I can testify from the poet himself. But he had no prejudice against Englishmen, and even at a certain time when the coarse-handed British criticism began to blame his delicate art for the universal acceptance of his verse, and to try to sneer him into the rank of inferior poets, he was without rancor for the clumsy misliking that he felt. He could not understand rudeness; he was too finely framed for that; he could know it only as Swedenborg's most celestial angels perceived evil, as something distressful, angular. The ill-will that seemed nearly always to go with adverse criticism made him distrust criticism, and the discomfort which mistaken or blundering praise gives probably made him shy of all criticism. He said that in his early life as an author he used to seek out and save all the notices of his poems, but in his latter

days he read only those that happened to fall in his way; these he cut out and amused his leisure by putting together in scrap-books. He was reluctant to make any criticism of other poets; I do not remember ever to have heard him make one; and his writings show no trace of the literary dislikes or contempts which we so often mistake in ourselves for righteous judgments. No doubt he had his resentments, but he hushed them in his heart, which he did not suffer them to embitter. While Poe was writing of "Longfellow and other Plagiarists," Longfellow was helping to keep Poe alive by the loans which always made themselves gifts in Poe's case. He very, very rarely spoke of himself at all, and almost never of the grievances which he did not fail to share with all who live.

He was patient, as I said, of all things, and gentle beyond all mere gentlemanliness. But it would have been a great mistake to mistake his mildness for softness. It was most manly and firm; and of course it was braced with the New England conscience he was born to. If he did not find it well to assert himself, he was prompt in behalf of his friends, and one of the fine things told of him was his resenting some things said of Sumner at a dinner in Boston during the old pro-slavery times: he said to the gentlemen present that Sumner was his friend, and he must leave their company if they continued to assail him.

But he spoke almost as rarely of his friends as of himself. He liked the large, impersonal topics which could be dealt with on their human side, and involved characters rather than individuals. This was rather strange in Cambridge, where we were apt to take our instances from the environment. It was not the only thing he was strange in there; he was not to that manner born; he lacked the final intimacies which can come only of birth and lifelong association, and which make the men of the Boston breed seem exclusive when they least feel so; he was Longfellow to the friends who were James, and Charles, and Wendell to one another. He and Hawthorne were classmates at college, but I never heard him mention Hawthorne; I never heard him mention Whittier or Emerson. I think his reticence about his contemporaries was largely due to his reluctance from criticism: he was the finest artist of them all, and if he praised he must have praised with the reservations of an honest man. Of younger writers he was willing enough to speak. No new contributor made his mark in the magazine unnoted by him, and sometimes I showed him verse in manuscript which gave me peculiar pleasure. I remember his liking for the first piece that Mr. Maurice Thompson sent me, and how he tasted the fresh flavor of it, and inhaled its wild new fragrance. He admired the skill of some of the young story-tellers; he praised the subtlety of one in working out an intricate character, and said modestly that he could never have done that sort of thing himself. It was entirely safe to invite his judgment when in doubt, for he never suffered it to become aggressive, or used it to urge upon me the manuscripts that must often have been urged upon him.

Longfellow had a house at Nahant where he went every summer for more than quarter of a century. He found the slight transition change enough from Cambridge, and liked it perhaps because it did not take him beyond the range of the friends and strangers whose company he liked. Agassiz was there, and Appleton; Sumner came to sojourn with him; and the tourists of all nations found him there in half an hour after they reached Boston. His cottage was very plain and simple, but was rich in the sight of the illimitable sea, and it had a luxury of rocks at the foot of its garden, draped with sea-weed, and washed with the indefatigable tides. As he grew older and feebler he ceased to go to Nahant; he remained the whole year round at Cambridge; he professed to like the summer which he said warmed him through there, better than the cold spectacle of summer which had no such effect at Nahant.

The hospitality which was constant at either house was not merely of the worldly sort. Longfellow loved good cheer; he tasted history and poetry in a precious wine; and he liked people who were acquainted with manners and men, and brought the air of capitals with them. But often the man who dined with Longfellow was the man who needed a dinner; and from what I have seen of the sweet courtesy that governed at that board, I am sure that such a man could never have felt himself the least honored guest. The poet's heart was open to all

the homelessness of the world; and I remember how once when we sat at his table and I spoke of his poem of The Challenge, then a new poem, and said how I had been touched by the fancy of

> "The poverty-stricken millions
> Who challenge our wine and bread,
> And impeach us all as traitors,
> Both the living and the dead,"

his voice sank in grave humility as he answered, "Yes, I often think of those things." He had thought of them in the days of the slave, when he had taken his place with the friends of the hopeless and hapless, and as long as he lived he continued of the party which had freed the slave. He did not often speak of politics, but when the movement of some of the best Republicans away from their party began, he said that he could not see the wisdom of their course. But this was said without censure or criticism of them, and so far as I know he never permitted himself anything like denunciation of those who in any wise differed from him. On a matter of yet deeper interest, I do not feel authorized to speak for him, but I think that as he grew older, his hold upon anything like a creed weakened, though he remained of the Unitarian philosophy concerning Christ. He did not latterly go to church, I believe; but then, very few of his circle were church-goers. Once he said something very vague and uncertain concerning the doctrine of another life when I affirmed my hope of it, to the effect that he wished he could be sure, with the sigh that so often clothed the expression of a misgiving with him.

VII.

When my acquaintance with Longfellow began he had written the things that made his fame, and that it will probably rest upon: Evangeline, Hiawatha, and the Courtship of Miles Standish were by that time old stories. But during the eighteen years that I knew him he produced the best of his minor poems, the greatest of his sonnets, the sweetest of his lyrics. His art ripened to the last, it grew richer and finer, and it never knew decay. He rarely read anything of his own aloud, but in three or four cases he read to me poems he had just finished, as if to give himself the pleasure of hearing them with the sympathetic sense of another. The hexameter piece, Elizabeth, in the third part of Tales of a Wayside Inn, was one of these, and he liked my liking its rhythmical form, which I believed one of the measures best adapted to the English speech, and which he had used himself with so much pleasure and success.

About this time he was greatly interested in the slight experiments I was beginning to make in dramatic form, and he said that if he were himself a young man he should write altogether for the stage; he thought the drama had a greater future with us. He was pleased when a popular singer wished to produce his Masque of Pandora, with music, and he was patient when it failed of the effect hoped for it as an opera. When the late Lawrence Barrett, in the enthusiasm which was one of the fine traits of his generous character, had taken my play of A Counterfeit Presentment, and came to the Boston Museum with it, Longfellow could not apparently have been more zealous for its popular acceptance if it had been his own work. He invited himself to one of the rehearsals with me, and he sat with me on the stage through the four acts with a fortitude which I still wonder at, and with the keenest zest for all the details of the performance. No finer testimony to the love and honor which all kinds of people had for him could have been given than that shown by the actors and employees of the theatre, high and low. They thronged the scenery, those who were not upon the stage, and at the edge of every wing were faces peering round at the poet, who sat unconscious of their adoration, intent upon the play. He was intercepted at every step in going out, and made to put his name to the photographs of himself which his worshippers produced from their persons.

He came to the first night of the piece, and when it seemed to be finding favor with the public, he leaned forward out of his line to nod and smile at the author; and when they had the author up, it was the sweetest flattery of the applause which abused his fondness that Longfellow clapped first and loudest.

Where once he had given his kindness he could not again withhold it, and he was anxious no act should be interpreted as withdrawal. When the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, who was so great a lover of Longfellow, came to Boston, he asked himself out to dine with the poet, who had expected to offer him some such hospi-

tality. Soon after, Longfellow met me, and as if eager to forestall a possible feeling in me, said, "I wanted to ask *you* to dinner with the Emperor, but he not only sent word he was coming, he named his fellow-guests!" I answered that though I should probably never come so near dining with an emperor again, I prized his wish to ask me much more than the chance I had missed; and with this my great and good friend seemed a little consoled. I believe that I do not speak too confidently of our relation. He was truly the friend of all men, but I had certainly the advantage of my propinquity. We were near neighbors, as the pleonasm has it, both when I lived on Berkeley Street and after I had built my own house on Concord Avenue; and I suppose he found my youthful informality convenient. He always asked me to dinner when his old friend Greene came to visit him, and then we had an Italian time together, with more or less repetition in our talk, of what we had said before of Italian poetry and Italian character. One day there came a note from him saying, in effect, "Salvini is coming out to dine with me to-morrow night, and I want you to come too. There will be no one else but Greene and myself, and we will have an Italian dinner."

Unhappily I had accepted a dinner in Boston for that night, and this invitation put me in great misery. I must keep my engagement, but how could I bear to miss meeting Salvini at Longfellow's table on terms like these? We consulted at home together and questioned whether I might not rush into Boston, seek out my host there, possess him of the facts, and frankly throw myself on his mercy. Then a sudden thought struck us: Go to Longfellow, and submit the case to him! I went, and he entered with delicate sympathy into the affair. But he decided that, taking the large view of it, I must keep my engagement, lest I should run even a remote risk of wounding my friend's susceptibilities. I obeyed, and I had a very good time, but I still feel that I missed the best time of my life, and that I ought to be rewarded for my sacrifice, somewhere.

Longfellow so rarely spoke of himself in any way that one heard from him few of those experiences of the distinguished man in contact with the undistinguished, which he must have had so abundantly. But he told, while it was fresh in his mind, an incident that happened to him one day in Boston at a tobacconist's, where a certain brand of cigars was recommended to him as the kind Longfellow smoked. "Ah, then I must have some of them; and I will ask you to send me a box," said Longfellow, and he wrote down his name and address. The cigar-dealer read it with the smile of a worsted champion, and said, "Well, I guess you *had* me, *that* time." At a funeral a mourner wished to open conversation, and by way of suggesting a theme of common interest, began, "*You've* buried, I believe?"

Sometimes people were shown by the poet through Craigie House who had no knowledge of it except that it had been Washington's headquarters. Of course Longfellow was known by sight to every one in Cambridge. He was daily in the streets, while his health endured, and as he kept no carriage, he was often to be met in the horse-cars, which were such common ground in Cambridge that they were often like small invited parties of friends when they left Harvard Square, so that you expected the gentlemen to jump up and ask the ladies whether they would have chicken salad. In civic and political matters he mingled so far as to vote regularly, and he voted with his party, trusting it for a general regard to the public welfare.

I fancy he was somewhat shy of his fellow-men, as the scholar seems always to be, from the sequestered habit of his life; but I think Longfellow was incapable of marking any difference between himself and them. I never heard from him anything that was *de haut en bas*, when he spoke of people, and in Cambridge, where there was a good deal of contempt for the less lettered, and we liked to smile though we did not like to sneer, and to analyze if we did not censure, Longfellow and Longfellow's house were free of all that. Whatever his feeling may have been towards other sorts and conditions of men, his effect was of an entire democracy. He was always the most unassuming person in any company, and at some large public dinners where I saw him I found him patient of the greater attention that more public men paid themselves and one another. He was not a speaker, and I never saw him on his feet at dinner, except once, when he read a poem for Whittier, who

was absent. He disliked after-dinner speaking, and made conditions for his own exemption from it.

VIII.

Once your friend, Longfellow was always your friend; he would not think evil of you, and if he knew evil of you, he would be the last of all that knew it to judge you for it. This may have been from the impersonal habit of his mind, but I believe it was also the effect of principle, for he would do what he could to arrest the delivery of judgment from others, and would soften the sentences passed in his presence. Naturally this brought him under some condemnation with those of a severer cast; and I have heard him criticised for his benevolence towards all, and his constancy to some who were not quite so true to themselves, perhaps. But this leniency of Longfellow's was what constituted him great as well as good, for it is not our wisdom that censures others. As for his goodness, I never saw a fault in him. I do not mean to say that he had no faults, or that there were not better men, but only to give the witness of my knowledge concerning him. I claim in no wise to have been his intimate; such a thing was not possible in my case for quite apparent reasons; and I doubt if Longfellow was capable of intimacy in the sense we mostly attach to the word. Something more of egotism than I ever found in him must go to the making of any intimacy which did not come from the tenderest affections of his heart. But as a man shows himself to those often with him, and in his noted relations with other men, he showed himself without blame. All men that I have known, besides, have had some foible (it often endeared them the more), or some meanness, or pettiness, or bitterness; but Longfellow had none, nor the suggestion of any. No breath of evil ever touched his name; he went in and out among his fellow-men without the reproach that follows wrong; the worst thing I ever heard said of him was that he had *gêne*, and this was said by one of those difficult Cambridge men who would have found *gêne* in a celestial angel. Something that Björnstjerne Björnson wrote to me when he was leaving America after a winter in Cambridge, comes nearer suggesting Longfellow than all my talk. The Norsemen, in the days of their stormy and reluctant conversion, used always to speak of Christ as the White Christ, and Björnson said in his letter, "Give my love to the White Mr. Longfellow."

A good many years before Longfellow's death he began to be sleepless, and he suffered greatly. He said to me once that he felt as if he were going about with his head in a kind of mist. The whole night through he would not be aware of having slept. "But," he would add, with his heavenly patience, "I always get a good deal of rest from lying down so long." I cannot say whether these conditions persisted, or how much his insomnia had to do with his breaking health; three or four years before the end came, we left Cambridge for a house farther in the country, and I saw him less frequently than before. He did not allow our meetings to cease; he asked me to dinner from time to time, as if to keep them up, but it could not be with the old frequency. Once he made a point of coming to see us in our cottage on the hill west of Cambridge, but it was with an effort not visible in the days when he could end one of his brief walks at our house on Concord Avenue; he never came but he left our house more luminous for his having been there. Once he came to supper there to meet Garfield (an old family friend of mine in Ohio), and though he was suffering from a heavy cold, he would not scant us in his stay. I had some very bad sherry which he drank with the serenity of a martyr, and I shudder to this day to think what his kindness must have cost him. He told his story of the clothesline ghost, and Garfield matched it with the story of an umbrella ghost who sheltered a friend of his through a midnight storm, but was not cheerful company to his beneficiary, who passed his hand through him at one point in the effort to take his arm.

After the end of four years I came to Cambridge to be treated for a long sickness, which had nearly been my last, and when I could get about I returned the visit Longfellow had not failed to pay me. But I did not find him, and I never saw him again in life. I went into Boston to finish the winter of 1881–2, and from time to time I heard that the poet was failing in health. As soon as I felt able to bear the horse-car journey I went out to Cambridge to see him. I had knocked once at his door, the friendly

door that had so often opened to his welcome, and stood with the knocker in my hand when the door was suddenly set ajar, and a maid showed her face wet with tears. "How is Mr. Longfellow?" I palpitated, and with a burst of grief she answered, "Oh, the poor gentleman has just departed!" I turned away as if from a helpless intrusion at a death-bed.

At the services held at the house before the obsequies at the cemetery, I saw the poet for the last time, where

"Dead he lay among his books,"

in the library behind his study. Death seldom fails to bring serenity to all, and I will not pretend that there was a peculiar peacefulness in Longfellow's noble mask, as I saw it then. It was calm and benign as it had been in life; he could not have worn a gentler aspect in going out of the world than he had always worn in it; he had not to wait for death to dignify it with "the peace of God." All who were left of his old Cambridge were present, and among those who had come farther was Emerson. He went up to the bier, and with his arms crossed on his breast, and his elbows held in either hand, stood with his head pathetically fallen forward, looking down at the dead face. Those who knew how his memory was a mere blank, with faint gleams of recognition capriciously coming and going in it, must have felt that he was struggling to remember who it was lay there before him; and for me the electly simple words confessing his failure will always be pathetic with his remembered aspect: "The gentleman we have just been burying," he said, to the friend who had come with him, "was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name."

I had the privilege and honor of looking over the unprinted poems Longfellow left behind him, and of helping to decide which of them should be published. There were not many of them, and some of these few were quite fragmentary. I gave my voice for the publication of all that had any sort of completeness, for in every one there was a touch of his exquisite art, the grace of his most lovely spirit. We have so far had two men only who felt the claim of their gift of the very best that the most patient skill could give their utterance: one was Hawthorne and the other was Longfellow. I shall not undertake to say which was the greater artist of these two; but I am sure that every one who has studied it must feel with me that the art of Longfellow held out to the end with no touch of decay in it, and that it equalled the art of any other poet of his time. It knew when to give itself, and more and more it knew when to withhold itself.

What Longfellow's place in literature will be, I shall not offer to say; that is Time's affair, not mine; but I am sure that with Tennyson and Browning he fully shared in the expression of an age which more completely than any former age got itself said by its poets.

BELOVED, WHEN I READ.

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

BELOVED, when I read some fine conceit,
Wherein are wrought as in a glass
The features love hath made so sweet,
I marvel at so bold an art,
Seeing thou art too dear to praise
Upon the highway where men pass.
For when I seek
To tell the ways
God's hand of tenderness
Hath touched thine earthly part,
Again I hear
Thy first own cry of happiness,
And, sweetest of God's sounds, the dear
Remonstrance of thy giving heart,—
And cannot speak!

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE.*

AS TOLD BY HUCK FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

CHAPTER I.

WELL, it was the next spring after me and Tom Sawyer set our old nigger Jim free, the time he was chained up for a runaway slave down there on Tom's uncle Silas's farm in Arkansaw. The frost was working out of the ground, and out of the air too, and it was getting closer and closer onto barefoot time every day; and next it would be marble time, and next mumbletypeg, and next tops and hoops, and next kites, and then right away it would be summer and going in a-swimming. It just makes a boy homesick to look ahead like that and see how far off summer is. Yes, and it sets him to sighing and saddening around, and there's something the matter with him, he don't know what. But anyway, he gets out by himself and mopes and thinks; and mostly he hunts for a lonesome place high up on the hill in the edge of the woods, and sets there and looks away off on the big Mississippi down there a-reaching miles and miles around the points where the timber looks smoky and dim it's so far off and still, and everything's so solemn it seems like everybody you've loved is dead and gone, and you 'most wish you was dead and gone too, and done with it all.

Don't you know what that is? It's spring fever. That is what the name of it is. And when you've got it, you want —oh, you don't quite know what it is you *do* want, but it just fairly makes your heart ache, you want it so! It seems to you that mainly what you want is to get away; get away from the same old tedious things you're so used to seeing and so tired of, and see something new. That is the idea; you want to go and be a wanderer; you want to go wandering far away to strange countries where everything is mysterious and wonderful and romantic. And if you can't do that, you'll put up with considerable less; you'll go anywhere you *can* go, just so as to get away, and be thankful of the chance, too.

Well, me and Tom Sawyer had the spring-fever, and had it bad, too; but it warn't any use to think about Tom trying to get away, because, as he said, his aunt Polly wouldn't let him quit school and go traipsing off somers wasting time; so we was pretty blue. We was setting on the front steps one day about sundown talking this way, when out comes his aunt Polly with a letter in her hand and says—

"Tom, I reckon you've got to pack up and go down to Arkansaw—your aunt Sally wants you."

I 'most jumped out of my skin for joy. I reckoned Tom would fly at his aunt and hug her head off; but if you believe me he set there like a rock, and never said a word. It made me fit to cry to see him act so foolish, with such a noble chance as this opening up. Why, we might lose it if he didn't speak up and show he was thankful and grateful. But he set there and studied and studied till I was that distressed I didn't know what to do; then he says, very ca'm, and I could a shot him for it:

"Well," he says, "I'm right down sorry, Aunt Polly, but I reckon I got to be excused—for the present."

His aunt Polly was knocked so stupid and so mad at the cold impudence of it that she couldn't say a word for as much as a half a minute, and this give me a chance to nudge Tom and whisper:

"Ain't you got any sense? Sp'iling such a noble chance as this and throwing it away?"

But he warn't disturbed. He mumbled back:

"Huck Finn, do you want me to let her *see* how bad I want to go? Why, she'd begin to doubt, right away, and imagine a lot of sicknesses and dangers and objections, and first you know she'd take

* Strange as the incidents of this story are, they are not inventions, but facts—even to the public confession of the accused. I take them from an old-time Swedish criminal trial, change the actors, and transfer the scene to America. I have added some details, but only a couple of them are important ones.—M. T.

it all back. You lemme alone; I reckon I know how to work her."

Now I never would a thought of that. But he was right. Tom Sawyer was always right—the levelest head I ever see, and always *at* himself and ready for anything you might spring on him. By this time his aunt Polly was all straight again, and she let fly. She says:

"You'll be excused! *You* will! Well, I never heard the like of it in all my days! The idea of you talking like that to *me!* Now take yourself off and pack your traps; and if I hear another word out of you about what you'll be excused from and what you won't, I lay *I'll* excuse you—with a hickory!"

She hit his head a thump with her thimble as we dodged by, and he let on to be whimpering as we struck for the stairs. Up in his room he hugged me, he was so out of his head for gladness because he was going travelling. And he says:

"Before we get away she'll wish she hadn't let me go, but she won't know any way to get around it now. After what she's said, her pride won't let her take it back."

Tom was packed in ten minutes, all except what his aunt and Mary would finish up for him; then we waited ten more for her to get cooled down and sweet and gentle again; for Tom said it took her ten minutes to unruffle in times when half of her feathers was up, but twenty when they was all up, and this was one of the times when they was all up. Then we went down, being in a sweat to know what the letter said.

She was setting there in a brown study, with it laying in her lap. We set down, and she says:

"They're in considerable trouble down there, and they think you and Huck 'll be a kind of a diversion for them—'comfort,' they say. Much of that they'll get out of you and Huck Finn, I reckon. There's a neighbor named Brace Dunlap that's been wanting to marry their Benny for three months, and at last they told him pine blank and once for all, he *couldn't;* so he has soured on them, and they're worried about it. I reckon he's somebody they think they better be on the good side of, for they've tried to please him by hiring his no-account brother to help on the farm when they can't hardly afford it, and don't want him around anyhow. Who are the Dunlaps?"

"They live about a mile from Uncle Silas's place, Aunt Polly—all the farmers live about a mile apart down there—and Brace Dunlap is a long sight richer than any of the others, and owns a whole grist of niggers. He's a widower, thirty-six years old, without any children, and is proud of his money and overbearing, and everybody is a little afraid of him. I judge he thought he could have any girl he wanted, just for the asking, and it must have set him back a good deal when he found he couldn't get Benny. Why, Benny's only half as old as he is, and just as sweet and lovely as—well, you've seen her. Poor old Uncle Silas—why, it's pitiful, him trying to curry favor that way—so hard pushed and poor, and yet hiring that useless Jubiter Dunlap to please his ornery brother."

"What a name—Jubiter! Where'd he get it?"

"It's only just a nickname. I reckon they've forgot his real name long before this. He's twenty-seven, now, and has had it ever since the first time he ever went in swimming. The school-teacher seen a round brown mole the size of a dime on his left leg above his knee, and four little bits of moles around it, when he was naked, and he said it minded him of Jubiter and his moons; and the children thought it was funny, and so they got to calling him Jubiter, and he's Jubiter yet. He's tall, and lazy, and sly, and sneaky, and ruther cowardly, too, but kind of good-natured, and wears long brown hair and no beard, and hasn't got a cent, and Brace boards him for nothing, and gives him his old clothes to wear, and despises him. Jubiter is a twin."

"What's t'other twin like?"

"Just exactly like Jubiter—so they say; used to was, anyway, but he hain't been seen for seven years. He got to robbing when he was nineteen or twenty, and they jailed him; but he broke jail and got away—up North here, somers. They used to hear about him robbing and burglaring now and then, but that was years ago. He's dead, now. At least that's what they say. They don't hear about him any more."

"What was his name?"

"Jake."

There wasn't anything more said for a considerable while; the old lady was thinking. At last she says:

"The thing that is mostly worrying

your aunt Sally is the tempers that that man Jubiter gets your uncle into."

Tom was astonished, and so was I. Tom says:

"Tempers? Uncle Silas? Land, you must be joking! I didn't know he *had* any temper."

"Works him up into perfect rages, your aunt Sally says; says he acts as if he would really hit the man, sometimes."

"Aunt Polly, it beats anything I ever heard of. Why, he's just as gentle as mush."

"Well, she's worried, anyway. Says your uncle Silas is like a changed man, on account of all this quarrelling. And the neighbors talk about it, and lay all the blame on your uncle, of course, because he's a preacher and hain't got any business to quarrel. Your aunt Sally says he hates to go into the pulpit he's so ashamed; and the people have begun to cool towards him, and he ain't as popular now as he used to was."

"Well, ain't it strange? Why, Aunt Polly, he was always so good and kind and moony and absent-minded and chuckle-headed and lovable—why, he was just an angel! What *can* be the matter of him, do you reckon?"

CHAPTER II.

We had powerful good luck; because we got a chance in a stern-wheeler from away North which was bound for one of them bayous or one-horse rivers away down Louisiana way, and so we could go all the way down the Upper Mississippi and all the way down the Lower Mississippi to that farm in Arkansaw without having to change steamboats at St. Louis: not so very much short of a thousand miles at one pull.

A pretty lonesome boat; there warn't but few passengers, and all old folks, that set around, wide apart, dozing, and was very quiet. We was four days getting out of the "upper river," because we got aground so much. But it warn't dull—couldn't be for boys that was travelling, of course.

From the very start me and Tom allowed that there was somebody sick in the state-room next to ourn, because the meals was always toted in there by the waiters. By-and-by we asked about it—Tom did—and the waiter said it was a man, but he didn't look sick.

"Well, but *ain't* he sick?"

"I don't know; maybe he is, but 'pears to me he's just letting on."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because if he was sick he would pull his clothes off *some* time or other—don't you reckon he would? Well, this one don't. At least he don't ever pull off his boots, anyway."

"The mischief he don't! Not even when he goes to bed?"

"No."

It was always nuts for Tom Sawyer—a mystery was. If you'd lay out a mystery and a pie before me and him, you wouldn't have to say take your choice; it was a thing that would regulate itself. Because in my nature I have always run to pie, whilst in his nature he has always run to mystery. People are made different. And it is the best way. Tom says to the waiter:

"What's the man's name?"

"Phillips."

"Where'd he come aboard?"

"I think he got aboard at Elexandria, up on the Iowa line."

"What do you reckon he's a-playing?"

"I hain't any notion—I never thought of it."

I says to myself, here's another one that runs to pie.

"Anything peculiar about him?—the way he acts or talks?"

"No—nothing, except he seems so scary, and keeps his doors locked night and day both, and when you knock he won't let you in till he opens the door a crack and sees who it is."

"By jimminy, it's int'resting! I'd like to get a look at him. Say—the next time you're going in there, don't you reckon you could spread the door and—"

"No, indeedy! He's always behind it. He would block that game."

Tom studied over it, and then he says:

"Looky-here. You lend me your apern and let me take him his breakfast in the morning. I'll give you a quarter."

The boy was plenty willing enough, if the head steward wouldn't mind. Tom says that's all right, he reckoned he could fix it with the head steward; and he done it. He fixed it so as we could both go in with aperns on and toting vittles.

He didn't sleep much, he was in such a sweat to get in there and find out the mystery about Phillips; and moreover he done a lot of guessing about it all night,

which warn't no use, for if you are going to find out the facts of a thing, what's the sense in guessing out what ain't the facts and wasting ammunition? I didn't lose no sleep. I wouldn't give a dern to know what's the matter of Phillips, I says to myself.

Well, in the morning we put on the aperns and got a couple of trays of truck, and Tom he knocked on the door. The man opened it a crack, and then he let us in and shut it quick. By Jackson, when we got a sight of him, we most dropped the trays! and Tom says:

"Why, Jubiter Dunlap, where'd *you* come from!"

Well, the man was astonished, of course; and first off he looked like he didn't know whether to be scared, or glad, or both, or which, but finally he settled down to being glad; and then his color come back, though at first his face had turned pretty white. So we got to talking together while he et his breakfast. And he says:

"But I ain't Jubiter Dunlap. I'd just as soon tell you who I am, though, if you'll swear to keep mum, for I ain't no Phillips, either."

Tom says:

"We'll keep mum, but there ain't any need to tell who you are if you ain't Jubiter Dunlap."

"Why?"

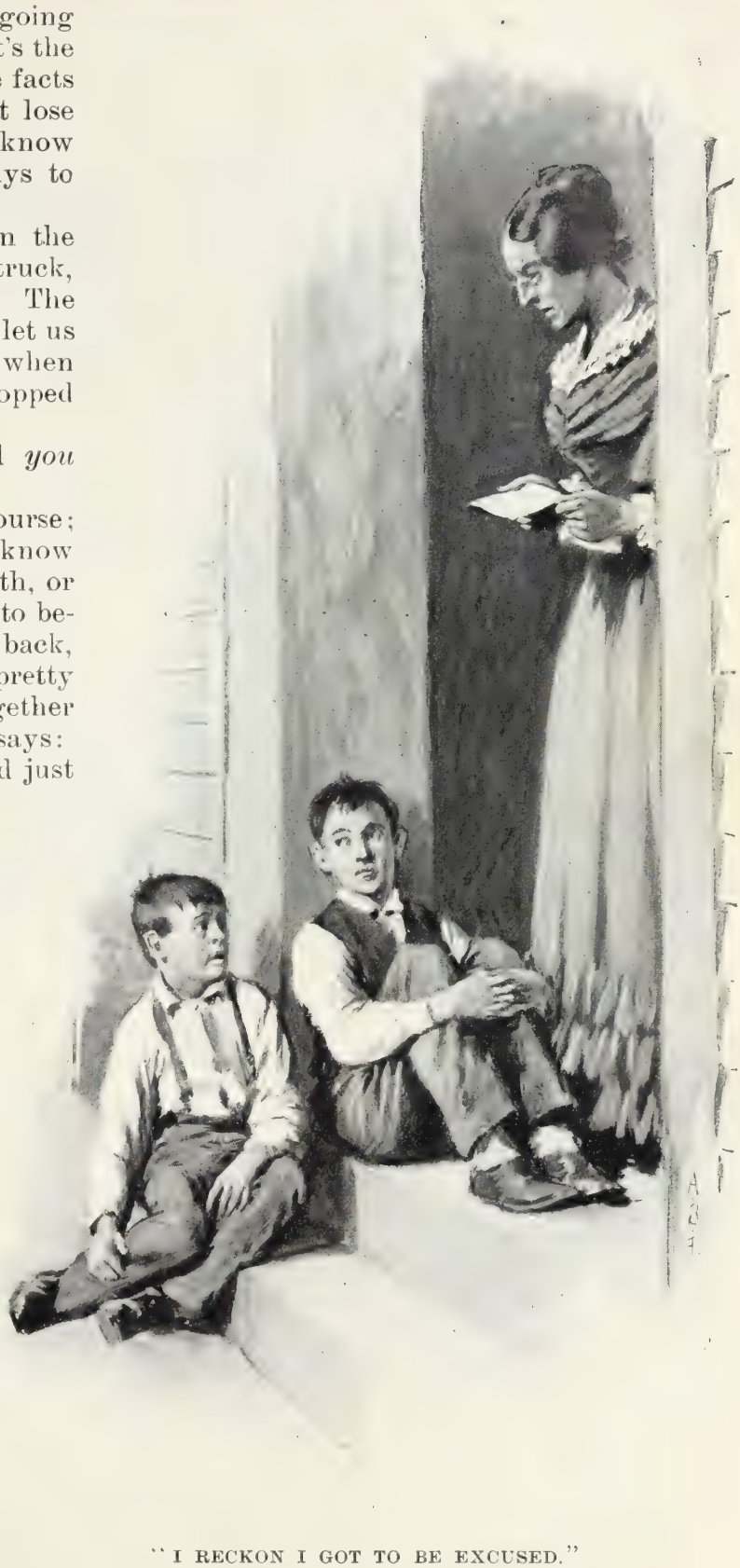
"Because if you ain't him you're t'other twin, Jake. You're the spit'n image of Jubiter."

"Well, I *am* Jake. But looky-here, how do you come to know us Dunlaps?"

Tom told about the adventures we'd had down there at his uncle Silas's last summer, and when he see that there warn't anything about his folks — or him either, for that matter—that we didn't know, he opened out and talked perfectly free and candid. He never made any bones about his own case; said he'd been a hard lot, was a hard lot yet, and reckoned he'd *be* a hard lot plumb to the end. He said of course it was a dangerous life, and—

He give a kind of gasp, and set his head like a person that's listening. We didn't say anything, and so it was very still for a second or so, and there warn't no sounds but the screaking of the wood-work and the chug-chugging of the machinery down below.

Then we got him comfortable again, telling him about his people, and how Brace's wife had been dead three years, and Brace wanted to marry Benny and she shook him, and Jubiter was working



"I RECKON I GOT TO BE EXCUSED."



"SWEAR YOU'LL BE GOOD TO ME AND HELP ME SAVE MY LIFE."

for Uncle Silas, and him and Uncle Silas quarrelling all the time—and then he let go and laughed.

"Land!" he says, "it's like old times to hear all this tittle-tattle, and does me good. It's been seven years and more since I heard any. How do they talk about me these days?"

"Who?"

"The farmers—and the family."

"Why, they don't talk about you at all—at least only just a mention, once in a long time."

"The nation!" he says, surprised; "why is that?"

"Because they think you are dead long ago."

"No! Are you speaking true?—honor bright, now." He jumped up, excited.

"Honor bright. There ain't anybody thinks you are alive."

"Then I'm saved, I'm saved, sure! I'll go home. They'll hide me and save my life. You keep mum. Swear you'll keep mum—swear you'll never, never tell on me. Oh, boys, be good to a poor devil that's being hunted day and night, and dasn't show his face! I've never done you any harm; I'll never do you any, as God is in the heavens; swear you'll be good to me and help me save my life."

We'd a swore it if he'd been a dog; and so we done it. Well, he couldn't love us enough for it or be grateful enough, poor cuss; it was all he could do to keep from hugging us.

We talked along, and he got out a little hand-bag and begun to open it, and told us to turn our backs. We done it, and when he told us to turn again he was perfectly different to what he was before. He had on blue goggles and the naturalest-looking long brown whiskers and mustashes you ever see. His own mother wouldn't

a knowed him. He asked us if he looked like his brother Jubiter, now.

"No," Tom said; "there ain't anything left that's like him except the long hair."

"All right, I'll get that cropped close to my head before I get there; then him and Brace will keep my secret, and I'll live with them as being a stranger, and the neighbors won't ever guess me out. What do you think?"

Tom he studied awhile, then he says:

"Well, of course me and Huck are going to keep mum there, but if you don't keep mum yourself there's going to be a little bit of a risk—it ain't much, maybe, but it's a little. I mean, if you talk, won't people notice that your voice is just like Jubiter's; and mightn't it make them think of the twin they reckoned was dead, but maybe after all was hid all this time under another name?"

"By George," he says, "you're a sharp one! You're perfectly right. I've got to play deef and dumb when there's a neighbor around. If I'd a struck for home and forgot that little detail-- However, I wasn't striking for home. I was breaking for any place where I could get away from these fellows that are after me; then I was going to put on this disguise and get some different clothes, and—"

He jumped for the outside door and laid his ear against it and listened, pale and kind of panting. Presently he whispers:

"Sounded like cocking a gun! Lord, what a life to lead!"

Then he sunk down in a chair all limp and sick like, and wiped the sweat off of his face.

CHAPTER III.

FROM that time out, we was with him 'most all the time, and one or t'other of us slept in his upper berth. He said he had been so lonesome, and it was such a comfort to him to have company, and somebody to talk to in his troubles. We was in a sweat to find out what his secret was, but Tom said the best way was not to seem anxious, then likely he would drop into it himself in one of his talks, but if we got to asking questions he would get suspicious and shet up his shell. It turned out just so. It warn't no trouble to see that he *wanted* to talk about it, but always along at first he would scare away from it when he got on the very edge of it, and go to talking about something else. The way it come about was this: He got to asking us, kind of indifferent like, about the passengers down on deck. We told him about them. But he warn't satisfied; we warn't particular enough. He told us to describe them better. Tom done it. At last, when Tom was describing one of the roughest and raggedest ones, he gave a shiver and a gasp and says:

"Oh, lordy, that's one of them! They're aboard sure—I just knowed it. I sort of hoped I had got away, but I never believed it. Go on."

Presently when Tom was describing another mangy rough deck passenger, he give that shiver again and says—

"That's him!—that's the other one. If it would only come a good black stormy night and I could get ashore! You see, they've got spies on me. They've got a right to come up and buy drinks at the bar yonder forrard, and they take that chance to bribe somebody to keep watch on me—porter or boots or somebody. If I was to slip ashore without anybody seeing me, they would know it inside of an hour."



"SOUNDED LIKE COCKING A GUN!"

So then he got to wandering along, and pretty soon, sure enough, he was telling! He was poking along through his ups and downs, and when he come to that place he went right along. He says:

"It was a confidence game. We played it on a julery-shop in St. Louis. What we was after was a couple of noble big di'monds as big as hazelnuts, which everybody was running to see. We was dressed up fine, and we played it on them in broad daylight. We ordered the di'monds sent to the hotel for us to see if we wanted to buy, and when we was ex-

amining them we had paste counterfeits all ready, and *them* was the things that went back to the shop when we said the water wasn't quite fine enough for twelve thousand dollars."

"Twelve — thousand — dollars!" Tom says. "Was they really worth all that money, do you reckon?"

"Every cent of it."

"And you fellows got away with them?"

"As easy as nothing. I don't reckon the julery people know they've been robbed yet. But it wouldn't be good sense to stay around St. Louis, of course, so we considered where we'd go. One was for going one way, one another, so we throwed up, heads or tails, and the Upper Mississippi won. We done up the di'monds in a paper and put our names on it and put it in the keep of the hotel clerk, and told him not to ever let either of us have it again without the others was on hand to see it done; then we went down town, each by his own self — because I reckon maybe we all had the same notion. I don't know for certain, but I reckon maybe we had."

"What notion?" Tom says.

"To rob the others."

"What—one take everything, after all of you had helped to get it?"

"Cert'nly."

It disgusted Tom Sawyer, and he said it was the orneriest, low-downest thing he ever heard of. But Jake Dunlap said it warn't unusual in the profession. Said when a person was in that line of business he'd got to look out for his own intrust, there warn't nobody else going to do it for him. And then he went on. He says:

"You see, the trouble was, you couldn't divide up two di'monds amongst three. If there'd been three— But never mind about that, there *warn't* three. I loafed along the back streets studying and studying. And I says to myself, I'll hog them di'monds the first chance I get, and I'll have a disguise all ready, and I'll give the boys the slip, and when I'm safe away I'll put it on, and then let them find me if they can. So I got the false whiskers and the goggles and this countrified suit of clothes, and fetched them along back in a hand-bag; and when I was passing a shop where they sell all sorts of things, I got a glimpse of one of my pals through the window. It was Bud Dixon. I was glad, you bet. I says to myself, I'll see what he buys. So I kept shady, and watched. Now what do you reckon it was he bought?"

"Whiskers?" said I.

"No."

"Goggles?"

"No."

"Oh, keep still, Huck Finn, can't you, you're only just hendering all you can. What *was* it he bought, Jake?"

"You'd never guess in the world. It was only just a screw-driver—just a wee little bit of a screw-driver."

"Well, I declare! What did he want with that?"

"That's what *I* thought. It was curious. It clean stumped me. I says to myself, what can he want with that thing? Well, when he come out I stood back out of sight, and then tracked him to a second-hand slop-shop and see him buy a red flannel shirt and some old ragged clothes—just the ones he's got on now, as you've described. Then I went down to the wharf and hid my things aboard the up-river boat that we had picked out, and then started back and had another streak of luck. I seen our other pal lay in *his* stock of old rusty second-handers. We got the di'monds and went aboard the boat.

"But now we was up a stump, for we couldn't go to bed. We had to set up and watch one another. Pity, that was; pity to put that kind of a strain on us, because there was bad blood between us from a couple of weeks back, and we was only friends in the way of business. Bad anyway, seeing there was only two di'monds betwixt three men. First we had supper, and then tramped up and down the deck together smoking till most midnight; then we went and set down in my state-room and locked the doors and looked in the piece of paper to see if the di'monds was all right, then laid it on the lower berth right in full sight; and there we set, and set, and by-and-by it got to be dreadful hard to keep awake. At last Bud Dixon he dropped off. As soon as he was snoring a good regular gait that was likely to last, and had his chin on his breast and looked permanent, Hal Clayton nodded towards the di'monds and then towards the outside door, and I understood. I reached and got the paper, and then we stood up and waited perfectly still; Bud never stirred; I turned the



"WE STOOD UP AND WAITED PERFECTLY STILL."

key of the outside door very soft and slow, then turned the knob the same way, and we went tiptoeing out onto the guard, and shut the door very soft and gentle.

"There warn't nobody stirring anywhere, and the boat was slipping along, swift and steady, through the big water in the smoky moonlight. We never said a word, but went straight up onto the hurricane-deck and plumb back aft, and set down on the end of the skylight. Both of us knowed what that meant, without having to explain to one another. Bud Dixon would wake up and miss the swag, and would come straight for us, for he ain't afeard of anything or anybody, that man ain't. He would come, and we would heave him overboard, or get killed trying. It made me shiver, because I ain't as brave as some people, but if I showed the white feather -- well, I knowed better than do that. I kind of hoped the boat would land somers, and we could skip ashore and not have to run the risk of this row, I was so scared of Bud Dixon, but she was an upper-river tub and there warn't no real chance of that.

"Well, the time strung along and along, and that fellow never come! Why, it strung along till dawn begun to break, and still he never come. 'Thunder,' I says, 'what do you make out of this?—ain't it suspicious?' 'Land!' Hal says, 'do you reckon he's playing us?—open the paper!' I done it, and by gracious there warn't anything in it but a couple of little pieces of loaf-sugar! *That's* the reason he could set there and snooze all

night so comfortable. Smart? Well, I reckon! He had had them two papers all fixed and ready, and he had put one of them in place of t'other right under our noses.

"We felt pretty cheap. But the thing to do, straight off, was to make a plan; and we done it. We would do up the paper again, just as it was, and slip in, very elaborate and soft, and lay it on the bunk again, and let on *we* didn't know about any trick, and hadn't any idea he was a-laughing at us behind them bogus snores of his'n; and we would stick by him, and the first night we was ashore we would get him drunk and search him, and get the di'monds; and *do* for him, too, if it warn't too risky. If we got the swag, we'd *got* to do for him, or he would hunt us down and do for us, sure. But I didn't have no real hope. I knowed we could get him drunk—he was always ready for that—but what's the good of it? You might search him a year and never find—

"Well, right there I catched my breath and broke off my thought! For an idea went ripping through my head that tore my brains to rags—and land, but I felt gay and good! You see, I had had my boots off, to unswell my feet, and just then I took up one of them to put it on, and I catched a glimpse of the heel-bottom, and it just took my breath away. You remember about that puzzlesome little screw-driver?"

"You bet I do," says Tom, all excited.

"Well, when I catched that glimpse of that boot heel, the idea that went smashing through my head was, *I* know where he's hid the di'monds! You look at this boot heel, now. See, it's bottomed with a steel plate, and the plate is fastened on with little screws. Now there wasn't a screw about that feller anywhere but in his boot heels; so, if he needed a screw-driver, I reckoned I knowed why."

"Huck, ain't it bully!" says Tom.

"Well, I got my boots on, and we went down and slipped in and laid the paper of sugar on the berth, and sat down soft and sheepish and went to listening to Bud Dixon snore. Hal Clayton dropped off pretty soon, but I didn't; I wasn't ever so wide-awake in my life. I was spying out from under the shade of my hat brim, searching the floor for leather. It took me a long time, and I begun to think maybe my guess was wrong, but at last I struck it. It laid over by the bulkhead, and was nearly the color of the carpet. It was a little round plug about as thick as the end of your little finger, and I says to myself there's a di'mond in the nest you've come from. Before long I spied out the plug's mate.

"Think of the smartness and coolness of that blatherskite! He put up that scheme on us and reasoned out what we would do, and we went ahead and done it perfectly exact, like a couple of pudd'n-heads. He set there and took his own time to unscrew his heel-plates and cut out his plugs and stick in the di'monds and screw on his plates again. He allowed we would steal the bogus swag and wait all night for him to come up and get drownded, and by George it's just what we done! *I* think it was powerful smart."

"You bet your life it was!" says Tom, just full of admiration.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well, all day we went through the humbug of watching one another, and it was pretty sickly business for two of us and hard to act out, I can tell you. About night we landed at one of them little Missouri towns high up towards Iowa, and had supper at the tavern, and got a room upstairs with a cot and a double bed in it, but I dumped my bag under a deal table in the dark hall whilst we was moving along it to bed, single file, me last, and the landlord in the lead with a tallow candle. We had up a lot of whiskey, and went to playing high-low-jack for dimes, and as soon as the whiskey begun to take hold of Bud we stopped drinking, but we didn't let him stop. We loaded him till he fell out of his chair and laid there snoring.

"We was ready for business now. I said we better pull our boots off, and his'n too, and not make any noise, then we could pull him and haul him around and ransack him without any trouble. So we done it. I set my boots and Bud's side by side, where they'd be handy. Then we stripped him and searched his seams and his pockets and his socks and the inside of his boots, and everything, and searched his bundle. Never found any di'monds. We found the screw-driver, and Hal says, 'What do you reckon he wanted with that?' I said I didn't know; but when he wasn't looking I hooked it.

At last Hal he looked beat and discouraged, and said we'd got to give it up. That was what I was waiting for. I says:

"'There's one place we hain't searched.'

"'What place is that?' he says.

"'His stomach.'

"'By gracious, I never thought of that! *Now* we're on the homestretch, to a dead moral certainty. How'll we manage?'

"'Well,' I says, 'just stay by him till I turn out and hunt up a drug-store, and I reckon I'll fetch something that 'll make them di'monds tired of the company they're keeping.'

"He said that's the ticket, and with him looking straight at me I slid myself into Bud's boots instead of my own, and he never noticed. They was just a shade large for me, but that was considerable better than being too small. I got my bag as I went a-groping through the hall, and in about a minute I was out the back way and stretching up the river road at a five-mile gait.

"And not feeling so very bad, neither—walking on di'monds don't have no such effect. When I had gone fifteen minutes I says to myself, there's more'n a mile behind me, and everything quiet. Another five minutes and I says there's considerable more land behind me now, and there's a man back there that's begun to wonder what's the trouble. Another five and I says to myself he's getting real uneasy—he's walking the floor now. Another five, and I says to myself, there's two mile and a half behind me, and he's *awful* uneasy—beginning to cuss, I reckon. Pretty soon I says to myself, forty minutes gone—he *knows* there's something up! Fifty minutes—the truth's a-busting on him now! he is reckoning I found the di'monds whilst we was searching, and shoved them in my pocket and never let on—yes, and he's starting out



"SEARCHED HIS SEAMS AND HIS POCKETS AND HIS SOCKS."

to hunt for me. He'll hunt for new tracks in the dust, and they'll as likely send him down the river as up.

"Just then I see a man coming down on a mule, and before I thought I jumped into the bush. It was stupid! When he got abreast he stopped and waited a little for me to come out; then he rode on again. But I didn't feel gay any more. I says to myself I've botched my chances by that; I surely have, if he meets up with Hal Clayton.



"WALKED ASHORE."

"Well, about three in the morning I fetched Elexandria and see this stern-wheeler laying there, and was very glad, because I felt perfectly safe, now, you know. It was just daybreak. I went aboard and got this state-room and put on these clothes and went up in the pilot-house—to watch, though I didn't reckon there was any need of it. I set there and played with my di'monds and waited and waited for the boat to start, but she didn't. You see, they was mending her machinery, but I didn't know anything about it, not being very much used to steamboats.

"Well, to cut the tale short, we never left there till plumb noon; and long before that I was hid in this state-room; for before breakfast I see a man coming, away off, that had a gait like Hal Clayton's, and it made me just sick. I says to myself, if he finds out I'm aboard this boat, he's got me like a rat in a trap. All he's got to do is to have me watched, and wait—wait till I slip ashore, thinking he is a thousand miles away, then slip after me and dog me to a good place and make me give up the di'monds, and then he'll—oh, *I* know what he'll do! Ain't it awful—awful! And now to think the *other* one's aboard, too! Oh, ain't it hard luck, boys—ain't it hard! But you'll help save me, *won't* you?—oh, boys, be good to a poor devil that's being hunted to death, and save me—I'll worship the very ground you walk on!"

We turned in and soothed him down and told him we would plan for him and help him, and he needn't be so afeard; and so by-and-by he got to feeling kind of comfortable again, and unscrewed his heel-plates and held up his di'monds this way and that, admiring them and loving them; and when the light struck into them they *was* beautiful, sure; why, they seemed to kind of bust, and snap fire out all around. But all the same I judged he was a fool. If I had been him I would a handed the di'monds to them pals and got them to go ashore and leave me alone. But he was made different. He said it was a whole fortune and he couldn't bear the idea.

Twice we stopped to fix the machinery and laid a good while, once in the night; but it wasn't dark enough, and he was afeard to skip. But the third time we had to fix it there was a better chance. We laid up at a country wood-yard about forty mile above Uncle Silas's place a little after one at night, and it was thickening up and going to storm. So Jake he laid for a chance to slide. We begun to take in wood. Pretty soon the rain come a-drenching down, and the wind blowed hard. Of course every boat-hand fixed a gunny sack and put it on like a bonnet, the way they do when they are toting wood, and we got one for Jake, and he slipped down aft with his hand-bag and come tramping forrard just like the rest, and walked ashore with them, and when we see him pass out of the light of the torch-basket and get swallowed up in the dark, we got our breath again and just felt grateful and splendid. But it wasn't for long. Somebody told, I reckon; for in about eight or ten minutes them two pals come tearing forrard as tight as they could jump and darted ashore and was gone. We waited plumb till dawn for them to come back, and kept hoping they would, but they never did. We was awful sorry and low-spirited. All the hope we had was that Jake had got such a start that they couldn't get on his track, and he would get to his brother's and hide there and be safe.

He was going to take the river road, and told us to find out if Brace and Jubiter was to home and no strangers there, and then slip out about sundown and tell him. Said he would wait for us in a little bunch of sycamores right back of Tom's uncle Silas's tobacker-field on the river road, a lonesome place.

We set and talked a long time about his chances, and Tom said he was all right if the pals struck up the river instead of down, but it wasn't likely, because maybe they knowed where he was from; more likely they would go right, and dog him all day, him not suspecting, and kill him when it come dark, and take the boots. So we was pretty sorrowful.

CHAPTER V.

WE didn't get done tinkering the machinery till away late in the afternoon, and so it was so close to sundown when we got home that we never stopped on our road, but made a break for the sycamores as tight as we could go, to tell Jake what the delay was, and have him wait till we could go to Brace's and find out how things was there. It was getting pretty dim by the time we turned the corner of the woods, sweating and panting with that long run, and see the sycamores thirty yards ahead of us; and just then we see a couple of men run into the bunch and heard two or three terrible screams for help. "Poor Jake is killed, sure," we says. We was scared through and through, and broke for the tobacker-field and hid there, trembling so our clothes would hardly stay on; and just as we skipped in there, a couple of men went tearing by, and into the bunch they went, and in a second out jumps four men and took out up the road as tight as they could go, two chasing two.

We laid down, kind of weak and sick, and listened for more sounds, but didn't hear none for a good while but just our hearts. We was thinking of that awful thing laying yonder in the sycamores, and it seemed like being that close to a ghost, and it give me the cold shudders. The moon come a-swelling up out of the ground, now, powerful big and round and bright, behind a comb of trees, like a face looking through prison bars, and the black shadders and white places begun to creep around, and it was miserable quiet and still and night-breezy and graveyardy and scary. All of a sudden Tom whispers:

"Look!—what's that?"

"Don't!" I says. "Don't take a person by surprise that way. I'm 'most ready to die, anyway, without you doing that."

"Look, I tell you. It's something coming out of the sycamores."

"Don't, Tom!"

"It's terrible tall!"

"Oh, lordy-lordy! let's—"

"Keep still—it's a-coming this way."

He was so excited he could hardly get breath enough to whisper. I had to look. I couldn't help it. So now we was both on our knees with our chins on a fence-rail and gazing—yes, and gasping, too. It was coming down the road—coming



"IT WAS JAKE DUNLAP'S GHOST."

in the shadder of the trees, and you couldn't see it good; not till it was pretty close to us; then it stepped into a bright splotch of moonlight and we sunk right down in our tracks—it was Jake Dunlap's ghost! That was what we said to ourselves.

We couldn't stir for a minute or two;

then it was gone. We talked about it in low voices. Tom says:

"They're mostly dim and smoky, or like they're made out of fog, but this one wasn't."

"No," I says; "I seen the goggles and the whiskers perfectly plain."

"Yes, and the very colors in them loud countrified Sunday clothes—plaid breeches, green and black—"

"Cotton-velvet westcot, fire-red and yaller squares—"

"Leather straps to the bottoms of the breeches legs and one of them hanging unbuttoned—"

"Yes, and that hat—"

"What a hat for a ghost to wear!"

You see it was the first season anybody wore that kind—a black stiff-brim stovepipe, very high, and not smooth, with a round top—just like a sugar-loaf.

"Did you notice if its hair was the same, Huck?"

"No—seems to me I did, then again it seems to me I didn't."

"I didn't either; but it had its bag along, I noticed that."

"So did I. How can there be a ghost-bag, Tom?"

"Sho! I wouldn't be as ignorant as that if I was you, Huck Finn. Whatever a ghost has, turns to ghost-stuff. They've got to have their things, like anybody else. You see, yourself, that its clothes was turned to ghost-stuff. Well, then, what's to hender its bag from turning, too? Of course it done it."

That was reasonable. I couldn't find no fault with it. Bill Withers and his brother Jack come along by, talking, and Jack says:

"What do you reckon he was toting?"

"I dunno; but it was pretty heavy."

"Yes, all he could lug. Nigger stealing corn from old Parson Silas, I judged."

"So did I. And so I allowed I wouldn't let on to see him."

"That's me, too!"

Then they both laughed, and went on out of hearing. It showed how unpopular old Uncle Silas had got to be, now. They wouldn't a let a nigger steal anybody else's corn and never done anything to him.

We heard some more voices mumbling along towards us and getting louder, and sometimes a cackle of a laugh. It was Lem Beebe and Jim Lane. Jim Lane says:

"Who?—Jubiter Dunlap?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I don't know. I reckon so. I seen him spading up some ground along about an hour ago, just before sundown—him and the parson. Said he guessed he wouldn't go to-night, but we could have his dog if we wanted him."

"Too tired, I reckon."

"Yes—works so hard!"

"Oh, you bet!"

They cackled at that, and went on by. Tom said we better jump out and tag along after them, because they was going our way and it wouldn't be comfortable to run across the ghost all by ourselves. So we done it, and got home all right.

That night was the second of September—a Saturday. I sha'n't ever forget it. You'll see why, pretty soon.

CHAPTER VI.

WE tramped along behind Jim and Lem till we come to the back stile where old Jim's cabin was that he was captivated in, the time we set him free, and here come the dogs piling around us to say howdy, and there was the lights of the house, too; so we warn't afeard any more, and was going to climb over, but Tom says:

"Hold on; set down here a minute. By George!"

"What's the matter?" says I.

"Matter enough!" he says. "Wasn't you expecting we would be the first to tell the family who it is that's been killed yonder in the sycamores, and all about them rapscallions that done it, and about the di'monds they've smouched off of the corpse, and paint it up fine, and have the glory of being the ones that knows a lot more about it than anybody else?"

"Why, of course. It wouldn't be you, Tom Sawyer, if you was to let such a chance go by. I reckon it ain't going to suffer none for lack of paint," I says, "when you start in to scollop the facts."

"Well, now," he says, perfectly ca'm, "what would you say if I was to tell you I ain't going to start in at all?"

I was astonished to hear him talk so. I says:

"I'd say it's a lie. You ain't in earnest, Tom Sawyer."

"You'll soon see. Was the ghost barefooted?"

"No, it wasn't. What of it?"

"You wait—I'll show you what. Did it have its boots on?"

"Yes. I seen them plain."

"Swear it?"

"Yes, I swear it."

"So do I. Now do you know what that means?"

"No. What does it mean?"

"Means that them thieves *didn't get the di'monds?*"

"Jimminy! What makes you think that?"

"I don't only think it, I know it. Didn't the breeches and goggles and whiskers and hand-bag and every blessed thing turn to ghost-stuff? Everything it had on turned, didn't it? It shows that the reason its boots turned too was because it still had them on after it started to go ha'nting around, and if that ain't proof that them blatherskites didn't get the boots, I'd like to know what you'd *call* proof."

Think of that, now. I never see such a head as that boy had. Why, *I* had eyes and I could see things, but they never meant nothing to me. But Tom Sawyer was different. When Tom Sawyer seen a thing it just got up on its hind legs and *talked* to him—told him everything it knowed. *I* never see such a head.

"Tom Sawyer," I says, "I'll say it again as I've said it a many a time before: I ain't fitten to black your boots. But that's all right—that's neither here nor there. God Almighty made us all, and some He gives eyes that's blind, and some He gives eyes that can see, and I reckon it ain't none of our lookout what He done it for; it's all right, or He'd a fixed it some other way. Go on—I see plenty plain enough, now, that them thieves didn't get away with the di'monds. Why didn't they, do you reckon?"

"Because they got chased away by them other two men before they could pull the boots off of the corpse."

"That's so! I see it now. But looky-here, Tom, why ain't we to go and tell about it?"

"Oh, shucks, Huck Finn, can't you see? Look at it. What's a-going to happen? There's going to be an inquest in the morning. Them two men will tell how they heard the yells and rushed there just in time to not save the stranger. Then the jury 'll twaddle and twaddle and twaddle, and finally they'll fetch in a verdict that he got shot or stuck or busted over the head with something, and come to his death by the inspiration of God. And after they've buried him they'll auction off his things for to pay the expenses, and then's *our* chance."

"How, Tom?"

"Buy the boots for two dollars!"

Well, it 'most took my breath.



"WAS THE GHOST BAREFOOTED?"

"My land! Why, Tom, *we'll* get the di'monds!"

"You bet. Some day there'll be a big reward offered for them—a thousand dollars, sure. That's our money! Now we'll trot in and see the folks. And mind you we don't know anything about any murder, or any di'monds, or any thieves—don't you forget that."

I had to sigh a little over the way he had got it fixed. *I'd* a *sold* them di'monds—yes, sir—for twelve thousand dollars; but I didn't say anything. It wouldn't done any good. I says:

"But what are we going to tell your aunt Sally has made us so long getting down here from the village, Tom?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you," he says. "I reckon you can explain it somehow."

He was always just that strict and delicate. He never would tell a lie himself.

We struck across the big yard, noticing this, that, and t'other thing that was so familiar, and we so glad to see it again, and when we got to the roofed big passageway betwixt the double log house and the kitchen part, there was everything hanging on the wall just as it used to was, even to Uncle Silas's old faded green baize working-gown with the hood to it, and raggedy white patch between the shoulders that always looked like somebody had hit him with a snowball; and then we lifted the latch and walked in. Aunt Sally she was just a-ripping and a-tearing around, and the children was huddled in one corner, and the old man he was huddled in the other and praying for help in time of need. She jumped for us with joy and tears running down her face and give us a whacking box on the ear, and then hugged us and kissed us and boxed us again, and just couldn't seem to get enough of it, she was so glad to see us; and she says:

"Where *have* you been a-loafing to, you good-for-nothing trash! I've been that worried about you I didn't know what to do. Your traps has been here *ever* so long, and I've had supper cooked fresh about four times so as to have it hot and good when you come, till at last my patience is just plumb wore out, and I declare I—I—why I could skin you alive! You must be starving, poor things!—set down, set down, everybody; don't lose no more time."

It was good to be there again behind all that noble corn pone and spareribs, and everything that you could ever want in this world. Old Uncle Silas he peeled off one of his bulliest old-time blessings, with as many layers to it as an onion, and whilst the angels was hauling in the slack of it I was trying to study up what to say about what kept us so long. When our plates was all loadened and we'd got agoing, she asked me, and I says:

"Well, you see,—er—Mizzes—"

"Huck Finn! Since when am I Mizzes to you? Have I ever been stingy of cuffs or kisses for you since the day you stood in this room and I took you for Tom Sawyer and blessed God for sending you to me, though you told me four thousand lies and I believed every one of them like a simpleton? Call me Aunt Sally—like you always done."

So I done it. And I says:

"Well, me and Tom allowed we would come along afoot and take a smell of the woods, and we run across Lem Beebe and Jim Lane, and they asked us to go with them blackberrying to-night, and said they could borrow Jubiter Dunlap's dog, because he had told them just that minute—"

"Where did they see him?" says the old man; and when I looked up to see how *he* come to take an intrust in a little thing like that, his eyes was just burning into me, he was that eager. It surprised me so it kind of throwed me off, but I pulled myself together again and says:

"It was when he was spading up some ground along with you, towards sundown or along there."

He only said, "Um," in a kind of a disappointed way, and didn't take no more intrust. So I went on. I says:

"Well, then, as I was a-saying—"

"That 'll do, you needn't go no furder." It was Aunt Sally. She was boring right into me with her eyes, and very indignant. "Huck Finn," she says, "how'd them men come to talk about going a-blackberrying in September—in *this* region?"

I see I had slipped up, and I couldn't say a word. She waited, still a-gazing at me, then she says:

"And how'd they come to strike that idiot idea of going a-blackberrying in the night?"

"Well, m'm, they—er—they told us they had a lantern, and—"

"Oh, *shet* up—do! Looky-here; what was they going to do with a dog?—hunt blackberries with it?"

"I think, m'm, they—"

"Now, Tom Sawyer, what kind of a lie are you fixing *your* mouth to contribit to this mess of rubbage? Speak out—and I warn you before you begin, that I don't believe a word of it. You and Huck's been up to something you no business to—*I* know it perfectly well; *I* know you, *both* of you. Now you explain that dog, and them blackberries, and the lantern, and the rest of that rot—and mind you talk as straight as a string—do you hear?"

Tom he looked considerable hurt, and says, very dignified:

"It is a pity if Huck is to be talked to that away, just for making a little bit of a mistake that anybody could make."

"What mistake has he made?"

"Why, only the mistake of saying blackberries when of course he meant strawberries."

"Tom Sawyer, I lay if you aggravate me a little more, I'll—"

"Aunt Sally, without knowing it—and of course without intending it—you are in the wrong. If you'd a studied natural history the way you ought, you would know that all over the world except just here in Arkansaw they *always* hunt strawberries with a dog—and a lantern—"

But she busted in on him there and just piled into him and snowed him under. She was so mad she couldn't get the words out fast enough, and she gushed them out in one everlasting freshet. That was what Tom Sawyer was after. He allowed to work her up and get her started and then leave her alone and let her burn herself out. Then she would be so aggravated with that subject that she wouldn't say another word about it, nor let anybody else. Well, it happened just so. When she was tuckered out and had to hold up, he says, quite ca'm:

"And yet, all the same, Aunt Sally—"

"Shet up!" she says, "I don't want to hear another word out of you."

So we was perfectly safe, then, and didn't have no more trouble about that delay. Tom done it elegant.

CHAPTER VII.

BENNY she was looking pretty sober, and she sighed some, now and then; but pretty soon she got to asking about Mary, and Sid, and Tom's aunt Polly, and then Aunt Sally's clouds cleared off and she got in a good humor and joined in on the questions and was her lovingest best self, and so the rest of the supper went along gay and pleasant. But the old man he didn't take any hand hardly, and was absent-minded and restless, and done a considerable amount of sighing; and it was kind of heart-breaking to see him so sad and troubled and worried.

By-and-by, a spell after supper, come a nigger and knocked on the door and put his head in with his old straw hat in his hand bowing and scraping, and said his Marse Brace was out at the stile and wanted his brother, and was getting tired waiting supper for him, and would Marse Silas please tell him where he was? I never see Uncle Silas speak up so sharp and fractious before. He says:

"Am *I* his brother's keeper?" And then he kind of wilted together, and looked like he wished he hadn't spoken so, and then he says, very gentle: "But you needn't say that, Billy; I was took sudden and irritable, and I ain't very well these days, and not hardly responsible. Tell him he ain't here."

And when the nigger was gone he got up and walked the floor, backwards and forwards, mumbling and muttering to himself and ploughing his hands through his hair. It was real pitiful to see him. Aunt Sally she whispered to us and told us not to take notice of him, it embarrassed him. She said he was always thinking and thinking, since these troubles come on, and she allowed he didn't more'n about half know what he was about when the thinking spells was on him; and she said he walked in his sleep considerable more now than he used to, and sometimes wandered around over the house and even out-doors in his sleep, and if we catched him at it we must let him alone and not disturb him. She said she reckoned it didn't do him no harm, and maybe it done him good. She said Benny was the only one that was much help to him these days. Said Benny appeared to know just when to try to soothe him and when to leave him alone.

So he kept on tramping up and down the floor and muttering, till by-and-by he begun to look pretty tired; then Benny she went and snuggled up to his side and put one hand in his and one arm around his waist and walked with him; and he smiled down on her, and reached down and kissed her; and so, little by little the trouble went out of his face and she persuaded him off to his room. They had very petting ways together, and it was uncommon pretty to see.

Aunt Sally she was busy getting the children ready for bed; so by-and-by it got dull and tedious, and me and Tom took a turn in the moonlight, and fetched up in the watermelon-patch and et one, and had a good deal of talk. And Tom said he'd bet the quarrelling was all Jubiter's fault, and he was going to be on hand the first time he got a chance, and see; and if it was so, he was going to do his level best to get Uncle Silas to turn him off.

And so we talked and smoked and stuffed watermelon as much as two hours, and then it was pretty late, and when we got back the house was quiet and dark, and everybody gone to bed.

Tom he always seen everything, and now he see that the old green baize work-



"SMOKED AND STUFFED WATERMELON."

gown was gone, and said it wasn't gone when we went out; and so we allowed it was curious, and then we went up to bed.

We could hear Benny stirring around in her room, which was next to ourn, and judged she was worried a good deal about her father and couldn't sleep. We found we couldn't, neither. So we set up a long time, and smoked and talked in a low voice, and felt pretty dull and downhearted. We talked the murder and the ghost over and over again, and got so creepy and crawly we couldn't get sleepy nohow and noway.

By-and-by, when it was away late in the night and all the sounds was late sounds and solemn, Tom nudged me and whispers to me to look, and I done it, and there we see a man poking around in the yard like he didn't know just what he wanted to do, but it was pretty dim and we couldn't see him good. Then he started for the stile, and as he went over it the moon came out strong, and he had a long-handled shovel over his shoulder, and we see the white patch on the old work-gown. So Tom says:

"He's a-walking in his sleep. I wish we was allowed to follow him and see where he's going to. There, he's turned down by the tobacker-field. Out of sight now. It's a dreadful pity he can't rest no better."

We waited a long time, but he didn't come back any more, or if he did he come around the other way; so at last we was tuckered out and went to sleep and had nightmares, a million of them. But before dawn we was awake again, because meantime a storm had come up and been raging, and the thunder and lightning was awful, and the wind was a-thrashing the trees around, and the rain was driving down in slanting sheets, and the gullies was running rivers. Tom says:

"Looky-here, Huck, I'll tell you one thing that's mighty curious. Up to the time we went out, last night, the family hadn't heard about Jake Dunlap being murdered. Now the men that chased Hal Clayton and Bud Dixon away would spread the thing around in a half an hour, and every neighbor that heard it would shin out and fly around from one farm to t'other and try to be the first to tell the news. Land, they don't have such a big thing as that to tell twice in thirty year! Huck, it's mighty strange; I don't understand it."

So then he was in a fidget for the rain to let up, so we could turn out and run across some of the people and see if they would say anything about it to us. And he said if they did we must be horribly surprised and shocked.

We was out and gone the minute the rain stopped. It was just broad day, then. We loafed along up the road, and now and then met a person and stopped and said howdy, and told them when we come, and how we left the folks at home, and how long we was going to stay, and all that, but none of them said a word about that thing; which was just astonishing, and no mistake. Tom said he believed if we went to the sycamores we would find that body laying there solitary and alone, and not a soul around. Said he believed the men chased the thieves so far into the woods that the thieves prob'ly

seen a good chance and turned on them at last, and maybe they all killed each other, and so there wasn't anybody left to tell.

First we knowed, gabbling along that away, we was right at the sycamores. The cold chills trickled down my back and I wouldn't budge another step, for all Tom's persuading. But he couldn't hold in; he'd *got* to see if the boots was safe on that body yet. So he crope in—and the next minute out he come again with his eyes bulging he was so excited, and says:

"Huck, it's gone!"

I *was* astonished! I says:

"Tom, you don't mean it."

"It's gone, sure. There ain't a sign of it. The ground is trampled some, but if there was any blood it's all washed away by the storm, for it's all puddles and slush in there."

At last I give in, and went and took a look myself; and it was just as Tom said—there wasn't a sign of a corpse.

"Dern it," I says, "the di'monds is gone. Don't you reckon the thieves slunk back and lugged him off, Tom?"

"Looks like it. It just does. Now where'd they hide him, do you reckon?"

"I don't know," I says, disgusted, "and what's more I don't care. They've got the boots, and that's all *I* cared about. He'll lay around these woods a long time before *I* hunt him up."

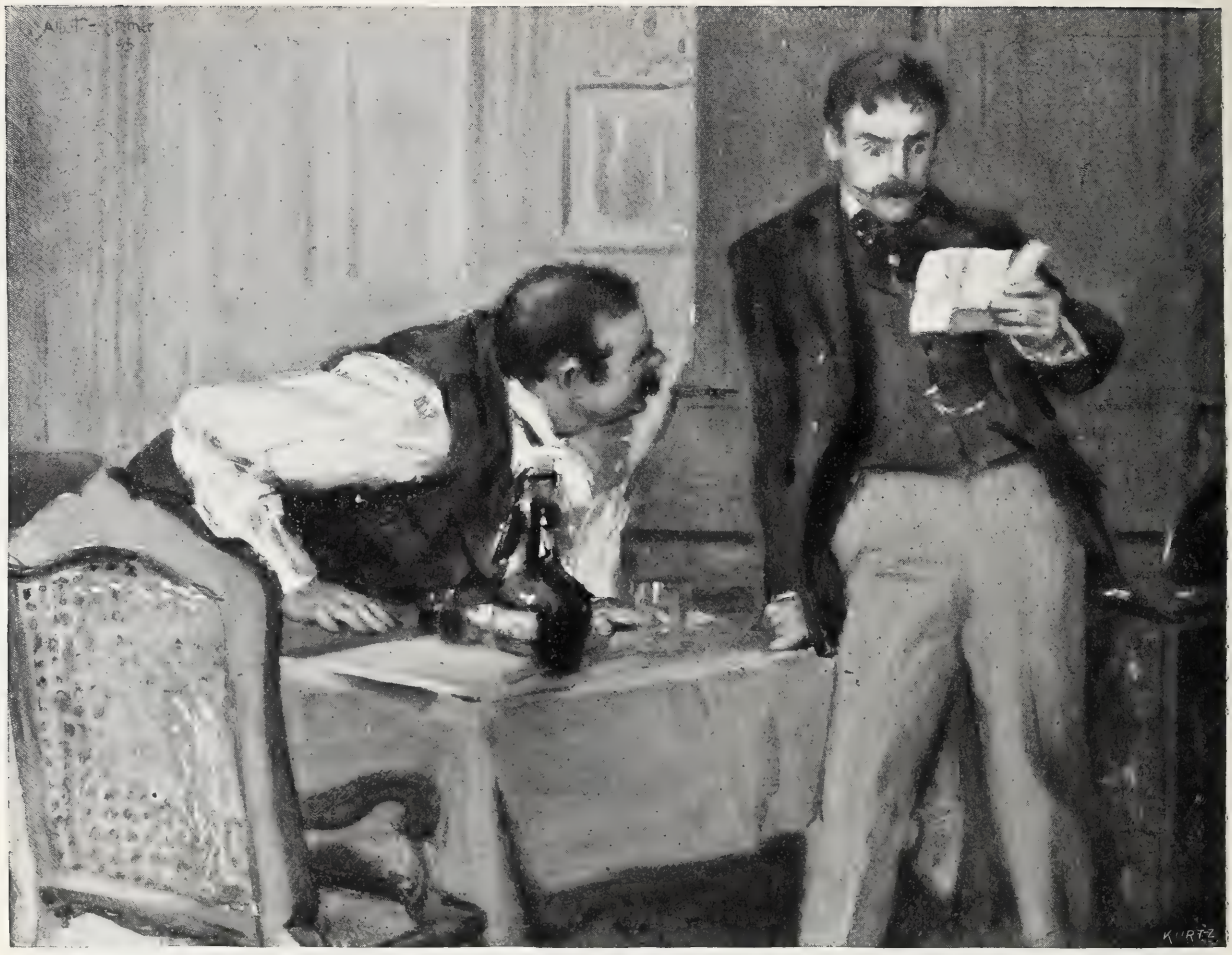
Tom didn't feel no more intrust in him neither, only curiosity to know what come of him; but he said we'd lay low and keep dark and it wouldn't be long till the dogs or somebody rousted him out.

We went back home to breakfast ever so bothered and put out and disappointed and swindled. I warn't ever so down on a corpse before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"HUCK, IT'S GONE!"



See page 373.

"GEORGE SEIZED THE PAPER."

POSTES ET TÉLÉGRAPHES.

BY JULES DE GLOUVET (QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE).

IT was at Beaumont, a little market-town in the west of France, boasting some thousand inhabitants. A road pompously styled the Grande Rue stretched away before the gray house, over the door of which was a sign-board bearing the inscription, "Post and Telegraph Office." Behind the house there was a little garden surrounded by a quickset hedge.

"Madame Decluny, come to the office, if you please; the bell is ringing."

This summons was called through the ground-floor window by a shrill-voiced old woman on whose crooked shoulder a big cat was perched.

There were two women in the garden. One of them, who was dressed in black, with her hair rolled up under a net cap, was sitting in the summer-house, occupied in cutting out a dress body; the other, who was much younger, was stooping over the border, cutting the withered flowers off a rose-bush. They both rose up quickly.

"Don't stir, mother; I will go," said the young girl; and with a hurried step she vanished into the narrow hallway.

In a few minutes she had read off the message, prepared the telegram, and put it into an envelope. She then called Manette, the old servant with the cat.

"What's wanting?" asked Manette.

"Please to take this telegram to Monsieur Renard."

"Bother Monsieur Renard! and I so bad with the sciatica!"

"It must be done, all the same; besides, his house is close by, and the telegram is important."

The old woman, grumbling to herself, went into the street just as the door on the opposite side was opened.

"Do you want me, Laura?"

"No, mother; I have sent off the de-

spatch. However, it might be prudent to remain here, as Monsieur Renard, for whom the telegram was intended, will no doubt come with his answer."

"But we are not on duty at this hour."

"No matter; Monsieur Renard is the Mayor of the commune, and a very authoritative person into the bargain. Besides, he has had a great deal of anxiety of late, and we may as well be obliging."

The two women sat down in the little room, which was divided into two parts by a wire grating, and so crowded by the necessary office furniture as to leave barely space to move about. An acrid smell tainted the air, and the particles of dull gray dust quivered in a shaft of colorless sunshine.

Madame Decluny, postmistress and telegraph clerk at Beaumont, had reached that doubtful period of life when happy and frivolous beings may still retain a measure of their youth, and even hope to please, with the help of the arts of dress, but which brings in its train wrinkles and gray hairs for the woman bowed beneath the weight of sad thoughts and many sorrows. For such women their dress and appearance have no importance whatever, and age brushes them with his wing without in any wise troubling the even tenor of their meditations.

No one at Beaumont knew anything about the life of the postmistress. This obscure official, a stranger in those parts, had arrived about a year previously. A few curious folks looking out of their windows had seen two unknown women, followed by some poor-looking furniture. A postman had recommended them Manette, the char-woman usually employed by small households, and that was all any one knew. At first the villagers used to come to the post-office to see what the new managers were like; but this curiosity was invariably foiled by the impenetrable politeness with which they were received by the two government employees. The old char-woman, too, was cross-questioned in vain: Madame Decluny and her daughter never spoke before her of anything except the most every-day matters. All Manette could tell was that they were very pious, that the mother was a widow, and that the daughter was twenty-two. Nor did the old woman venture, in fact, to push her investigations very far; for Madame Decluny, with her dignified reserve, her searching gaze, and sad, enigmatic smile, was an imposing person, despite her extremely simple appearance.

Her daughter Laura resembled her less in form and feature than by those indefinable analogies of which nature makes the first rough sketch, to be afterwards filled up and perfected by the constant intercourse of every-day life. She was of brunette complexion, tall and slender. The refinement of her features, the graceful curves of her figure, and the delicacy of her hands and feet would have won her a reputation for beauty under other conditions; but so far from seeking to make the most of her beauty, she did all in her power to hide it. Her splendid hair was rolled up so as to conceal its luxuriance as much as possible. The superb lines of her neck and shoulders were hidden by a shabby little knitted cape; while her dress, the work of her own hands, and devoid of all ornament, was not meant to adorn, but to disguise. In spite of all this, she sometimes made a deep impression, though, whilst admiring her against her will, and against their own, observers felt at the same time to a certain extent intimidated by a beauty so full of chastity and a renunciation so full of pride.

Madame Decluny and her daughter represented what is perhaps the saddest thing in this world, and what is most novel in our French customs—women of rank who, having spent their early years surrounded by ease and luxury, are obliged to earn their bread by hard labor. At the sight of such fragile creatures, better fitted for the sweetness of life than for its struggles, we feel that their fingers were not made for servile toil, and look around instinctively for the man destined by nature to bear the burden and heat of the day, and who owes the woman aid and protection in return for the moral support she gives him. Woman, toiling, solitary and alone—what an object of respect! and what an object of compassion, too! What can she accomplish alone in a society which has not armed her for the fight? Are not her insufficient education, her feeble strength, and the prejudices of centuries so many obstacles in her onward path? and no matter what walk of life she may attempt, is not man her pitiless competitor? At the sight of such things it seems impossible not to recognize that it is a bad social law which

tends to force woman out of her divine mission of angel of the hearth.

When Madame Decluny was appointed postmistress, Laura had in her turn passed the examination, the same for both sexes, which qualified her to become her mother's assistant, with a salary less than the wages of a cook. The two women earned about four hundred dollars a year between them; but the state lodged them, rent free. In this way they managed to live, mutually consoling each other, and strong in their serene resignation.

Laura had prophesied correctly, for half an hour later Monsieur Renard made his appearance.

Monsieur Almiré Théodule Renard was the son of a weaver of the neighboring town. He had been a cloth-merchant at Elbeuf up to his fiftieth year, when, having made his fortune, he purchased a property known as Roncière, situated just on the outskirts of Beaumont, which he soon turned into a model farm. Not that he had the least knowledge of agricultural matters, but as the few remaining representatives of the provincial nobility cultivated their lands, the retired tradesman tried to give himself a veneer of aristocracy by following their example. In spite of his efforts, a good deal of the commercial traveller still hung about this would-be gentleman, appearing in his boasting, bragging ways, and whenever he met a well-dressed man he could not refrain from feeling the cloth of which his trousers were made, in order to give his opinion as to its quality and price. His vanity also soon carried him into higher spheres, and he discussed theories of agricultural chemistry, the reclamation of forest land, or the breeding of horned cattle, with the most artless ignorance. On such occasions he put his thumb in the armholes of his waistcoat, and thrust towards his hearer his majestic corporation crowned by a double watch-chain. No one expatiated as much on his wealth as he did himself. He lost a great deal over his farming; but the peasants, while they fleeced him to the uttermost, flattered him to the top of his bent, so that both parties were satisfied. In fine, "Théodule" was the leading personage, the "great man" of the place, the Mayor of Beaumont; and having, besides, won a medal for a steam-plough and a flock of black-faced sheep, he went about telling every one that the government intended to decorate him on the occasion of the National Holiday.

His wife, who was hardly ever seen outside her own house, was a little, active, wiry person who had acquired a habit of silence in consequence of Almiré's excessive loquacity, and who concentrated all her faculties on the management of her household. She only lifted up her voice in concert with Renard when their son George was in question. Our George, handsome little George, the flower of the flock and the pride of Beaumont! The house was full of photographs of their offspring. He was to be seen in sailor costume at the A B C age; dressed for his first communion with a taper in his hand; as a gawky school-boy at the age of fifteen; as a pupil of the military school; and lastly in full uniform as a sublieutenant, his hand clasping the hilt of his big sabre. The Mayor never failed to remark, whenever the portraits were on exhibition, "Now isn't the young dog very like me?" To tell the truth, there was no resemblance whatever between his flat nose, big goggle-eyes, and mutton-chop whiskers and the good-looking young fellow; but Madame Renard always chimed in with an air of perfect conviction, "Now isn't George the living image of his father?" and there was nothing to do but to agree.

It is easy to conceive that under such conditions the child was the worst brought up one in the whole country-side. His parents made him greedy under the pretence that an abundance of choice food was necessary to increase his growth; his most troublesome caprices were tolerated because opposition made him angry, and anger brought on headache; even the necessity of attending to his studies was considered of slight importance, because to be rich and an only son is always learning enough.

The youth, thus left to follow his own will, became an unbearable petty tyrant, hated and feared by the whole neighborhood. However, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, he was of an inquiring mind. He wanted to know the why and the wherefore of everything, and in the intervals between his pranks of spoiled child, a book was his greatest joy. His mind began to open, with the result that he felt a desire to be educated, and when by his own request he was sent to school,

his vanity made him determine to take the first place. Little by little he realized the utter insignificance of the rubbish talked by Monsieur Renard; and thus, in spite of his parents, who would have brought him up to be good for nothing, he really grew worthy of being called a man.

After he became an officer, the "Renard lad," as the Beaumont folk called him, paid very short visits to his family, and one fine day the news came that he had changed his regiment and was on the point of embarking for Tonkin. His father's spoiling had made him self-willed and unmanageable; ponies and guns at sixteen had caused him to be headstrong and daring. So, as soon as the adventurous youth found that French guns were booming at the other end of the world, he rushed to the battle-field, in spite of all the entreaties of his parents.

George Renard had been a year and a half in the thick of the fight, when the official military gazette announced that he had fallen, covered with wounds, after performing an act of distinguished bravery. In such an unhealthy climate, without the possibility of obtaining the necessary care, this was probable death for him. There was great excitement at Beaumont. "It is most likely all over for him," said the gossips, "for it seems that those savages in Tonkin only fight with poisoned arrows." They even went so far as to discuss amongst themselves as to who would now inherit the Renards' money.

These good villagers were, however, in too great a hurry to pronounce a funeral oration over George. He was only twenty-five, and of robust constitution, and though he was far enough from having that fear of death which aggravates every form of illness, he felt, on the other hand, that youthful desire to live which is the best help the doctors can have; so, after various dangerous phases, his convalescence was announced.

In spite of this reassuring news, the inhabitants of Roncière spent the next two months in a state of intense anxiety. The Mayor of Beaumont, quite beside himself, forgot the distance which separates Tonkin from Paris, and besieged everybody with letters and telegrams asking for news of his son.

It was just at this time that Madame Decluny and her daughter entered on their new functions, and the grief of these unfortunate parents was their first experience at Beaumont. As the telegrams all passed through their hands, they were of course acquainted with every phase of the young officer's illness. They knew neither him nor his family, but the postmistress, who was kind-hearted because she was a woman, and tender because she was a mother, felt herself drawn towards the suffering parents, and did everything for them that the most watchful consideration and most delicate compassion could inspire. She carried them the letters and telegrams herself, fearing the possibility of negligence on the part of her subordinates. She soothed their anxiety, gave them fresh hope, and was even able to render them a great service in their distress by procuring private information for them directly from the War Office. Nor, in order to carry this heavenly gift of consolation to Roncière, did she hesitate to expose herself to the arrogance and overbearing manners of this pretentious vulgarian. Matters had gone on in this wise until the day when the convalescent's return home was announced.

The Mayor was radiant as he entered the telegraph office, triumphantly waving a folded paper. He shrieked rather than spoke.

"Ah! ah! ladies, at last we are out of our misery! The boy landed this morning at Marseilles. He will arrive here on Sunday morning at ten minutes past eleven, very tired, but not ill. I have him at last! We won't let him go again. Ah! Madame Renard and I are overwhelmed with joy. See, here is our answer. I tell the boy to take sufficient rest, and not to hurry too much on the way; but not to waste time, all the same, for it will be so good to embrace him once more. Send it off, my dear lady, and if it's not quite clear, add more words. Renard doesn't mind the expense!"

Whereupon he went off, shouting the news from door to door.

The following Sunday, when the Roncière coach came back from the station, all the inhabitants were standing on their door-steps or looking out of their windows, each one wanting to be the first to see this George, who had come back three thousand leagues, and who had fought with the yellow men armed with arrows.

The coach blinds were lowered, so that no one saw anything; but the hats were taken off all the same.

As the carriage approached, Manette, who had forgotten her sciatica, burst like a whirlwind into the post-office.

"Ladies! ladies! the carriage is coming; you have only just time to run to the door if you want to see!"

The postmistress and her daughter could not refrain from smiling, but did not stir from the table where they were working. They did not in the least share in the vulgar curiosity of the populace, and in no case would they have so far forgotten good manners as to raise their curtain in order to stare at a stranger. Not, indeed, that George Renard was altogether indifferent to them. By dint of reading his name in telegrams and hearing him daily spoken of, they had to a certain extent familiarized themselves with this far-away personage, who, moreover, possessed that attraction which belongs to the unknown. Besides, was not the young man interesting on account of his bravery and his suffering, as well as for the sake of the tears which had been shed for him? But this vague, impersonal sentiment applied chiefly to the parents. Personally the son did not inspire them with any great sympathy. They judged him by his father, and from his reputation of spoiled child. "He has certainly had no training," said Madame Decluny to her daughter, as they took their customary evening walk along the deserted road; "too much flattery must have made him conceited, if not egotistical, and when a man is deficient in moral culture, camp life too often turns him into a mere loutish trooper. On the whole, I think it is better that we should not make his acquaintance."

"His Honor the Mayor is enough for you," replied the young girl, laughingly.

"Ah! as for him, we won't see any more of him, for happiness will very soon make him forget our letter-box, to which anxiety taught him the way."

"Mamma, mamma, you are severe this evening."

"It is true; I reproach myself for it, my child. It seems that God has not yet given me grace enough to forget my own experiences when I reflect on what the world is. I hope to cure myself of this failing."

Laura, moved by this unwonted bitterness, put her arms tenderly round her mother's waist.

"Dear saint, forgive me! How could I speak so, when I know all you have suffered!"

"Hush! I am only sad, not unhappy. Whatever your thoughts may be, remember that a daughter must never judge her parents."

Without any further remarks, they went into the office and resumed their habitual round of obscure toil.

The management of a country post-office is extremely trying work for women, more on account of the continuous service it entails than from the positive material labor involved. It is necessary to be constantly on duty from sunrise to mid-day. There is the arrival of the morning mails, the distribution of the letters to the postmen, the attendance on the villagers whose habit it is to bring their letters or money-orders before going to their rural occupations. After mid-day the office is closed until four o'clock, which gives the officials time to look after their own domestic affairs; but even this interval of rest is liable to be constantly interrupted by demands of all kinds. From four to eight in the evening is a very busy time, because of the collection of letters from the boxes and the departure of the mails. Add to this that it is necessary to be on the spot day and night on account of the public telegraph service, and that the administration which asks so much and gives so little takes no heed of Sundays or holidays.

Madame Decluny and her daughter never went out in the afternoon. After they had discharged their household duties, of which Manette only performed a part, their custom was to pass the remainder of the time in their little garden. Now, on the following Monday, between two and three o'clock, as they were sitting in the summer-house reading aloud, somebody rang at the street door. Laura stopped reading. "It is perhaps an express, or some peasant who could not come this morning."

"At any rate, we must see who it is."

The young girl got up and hastened to open the door. A well-dressed man took off his hat as she appeared, and perceiving that he had not to do with a servant, asked with some slight embarrassment if

he could see Madame Decluny. Laura, who, on her side, felt some awkwardness when she found herself unexpectedly confronted by a gentleman, showed him into the office, saying that she would call her mother.

"There is a gentleman in the office who wants to see you," she announced; "I suppose it is the new inspector."

When Madame Decluny entered the office she saw, standing at the further side of the counter, a stranger who bowed politely.

"Pray forgive my indiscretion, madame, but I was anxious to pay my respects to you. Will you allow me to introduce myself, since my father was unable to accompany me? I am George Renard."

The postmistress redeemed the awkwardness of the situation by her pleasant manner and cordial reception.

"You must excuse my daughter's mistake," said Madame Decluny, laughing; "she thought you came on office business. I am very pleased indeed to see you, and trust you will soon forget this inhospitable reception. Will you come with me into the garden where I was sitting? It is the only place where we can breathe freely."

She led the way to the summer-house, where they found Laura.

"Lieutenant Renard," said Madame Decluny, simply.

Mademoiselle Decluny was quite disconcerted at having made such a blunder, and sat down on the garden-seat beside her mother, so as to leave a chair free which stood in front of them.

"My first visit is to you," began George, "for I was anxious to express my gratitude to you. If it did not oblige me to speak of myself, I would thank you for the interest you shared in a wounded soldier, who suffered far from his native land; but I want, above all, to tell you how deeply I feel your goodness to my parents."

"I assure you my merits have been much exaggerated; I did nothing which calls for compliments."

"What!" replied the young officer, warmly. "You had just come to the neighborhood, and knew nobody; yet when you found that there were some poor people cruelly tried and wounded in their tenderest affections, you went at once to them and loaded them with proofs of solicitude. You got news for them when they themselves could procure none, and did not even hesitate to go to them alone at night in order to spare them a few additional minutes of anguish. What would have become of them at Roncière without you? It may well be that I owe to you the joy of having seen my mother again!"

George's voice had that sympathetic ring which betokens sincerity of feeling. He certainly showed nothing of the coxcomb, egotist, or trooper, to use the expressions of Madame Decluny. Nor did the animation of his language prevent his having that reserve of manner and gesture which is such a distinctive sign of a well-bred man.

Laura, delighted to hear her mother spoken of in such terms, and impressed by the manly, generous tone of the speaker, began to examine the Mayor's son with some interest. His face, slightly bronzed by the sun of the far East, was less striking from its regularity of feature than from its peculiarity of expression. His eyes gleamed alternately with flashes of energy and soft rays of tenderness; the play of his nostrils revealed an impassioned nature, while certain quiverings of the lips showed a timidity not quite under control. A fine upright line between the eyebrows indicated great power of thought. His dress was elegant without foppishness, and his manners were equally removed from formality and unceremoniousness. He had not come altogether unscathed out of the ambulances, for his left arm was still useless, and a newly healed scar ran obliquely from above one eye to the top of the head, where at the point of the wound a lock of hair had turned quite white.

Conversation on these lines threatened to become embarrassing, so the young man tried to turn it into another channel.

"Your sympathy for me," he went on, gayly, "was all the more meritorious as you had no doubt a poor enough opinion of its object."

"Why so?" asked Madame Decluny, rather astonished at finding her thoughts so correctly described.

"For the most natural reason possible. I had left a detestable character behind me here—and unfortunately I deserved it, too. After my departure I had to entirely remodel myself, and, with no one to help me, it was a hard task. I was at

the same time Telemachus and Mentor. The wise side of George Renard turned moralist for the benefit of the foolish side, and, it must be admitted, more than once despaired of accomplishing a reformation."

"And what is the result?"

"I hardly dare to give an opinion. However, Renard Mentor of the military school pointed out eloquently to Telemachus Renard the disadvantages of egotism and coxcombry, which only brought him unpopularity amongst his comrades and plenty of cuffs; but Telemachus, wrong-headed as usual, followed his whims, and would not listen to reason. He was soon sent to Coventry, which saddened him, but did not make him change his ways. Later on the two Renards went through a course of garrison life, and as by chance they had been born rich, they were soon launched in the world of fashion. Telemachus now found himself in contact with customs and manners of which he had not previously had the least idea; Mentor advised him to adapt himself to his new surroundings, but the spoiled child of Beaumont determined to remain such as he was when the folks of his village had admired him. Of course he brought a thousand annoyances on himself by his bad breeding, and Mentor had a little difficulty in convincing Telemachus that he was in a fair way to shut every door in his face. He was, however, full of self-esteem, and the fear of ridicule became for him the beginning of wisdom. He set to work at once to try and form himself on the pattern of those who were accustomed to go into society. This was a great step in advance, but his temper remained whimsical and overbearing to such an extent that one day he offended an honorable man in a way which made a duel unavoidable. They went out, and, as is usually the case, it was the one who was in the right who was wounded. The wound was serious; so an innocent man's life was endangered, a wife was driven to despair, and children were likely to become orphans, all because it had pleased the humor of an insignificant fellow from Beaumont to foment a stupid quarrel about nothing. This time the lesson was a hard one, all the more as, on the whole, Telemachus's heart was in the right place. Renard Mentor renewed his lectures, and was listened to, so that, thank Heaven, when he changed garrison not only was his adversary's wound cured, but also his own unpleasant temper. There still remained, however, a great failing in his character—the pride of money; but Mentor did not fail to constantly draw his attention to poor men who were much worthier of esteem than he was, and when they were away at the war lost no opportunity of pointing out to him how little money-bags counted for in comparison with devotion to duty, and what a poor rampart they would make against the enemy's guns. The result of these teachings was that the badly brought-up child of Roncière came at last to realize that a man is only of some value when he is good and useful. Henceforward Mentor and Telemachus were blended in one, though it must be admitted that they make but a poor show."

Madame Decluny and her daughter were visibly impressed. This frank, confiding good-humor had at once broken the ice, and on both sides they felt like old acquaintances.

"You must have suffered a great deal in those wild regions, bristling with ambuscades."

"Much less than the common soldiers. It is they who should be pitied."

"At any rate, you may be admired, for you behaved with great bravery," said Laura, shyly, wishing to join in the conversation.

"Not at all. The heroism of a lieutenant consists in remaining at his appointed post. The blows he receives have been almost invariably intended for some one else. The unknown corporal who carried me off on his shoulders, making himself a target for the enemy's balls, was much braver than I."

As the conversation went on, it insensibly assumed a tone of intimacy. All three were, in fact, under the influence of a phenomenon which is as irresistible as it is inexplicable, and by virtue of which an instinctive community of ideas and sentiments was established between them. The atmosphere seemed pregnant with some mysterious influence. The words of the one, the way in which the others listened, brought out points of resemblance in which they all recognized the stamp, so to speak, of a moral relationship. George felt no regret for having thus unpremeditatedly opened his heart in a way he had never done before, for he recognized the

warmth of affection which underlay the outward reserve of his companions, whilst they in listening to him thought, "These are at last the ideas we have so long desired to hear."

Suddenly George got up, a little confused, and apologized for having paid such a long visit. In fact, he had forgotten how the time passed, as they had too.

"If you will be so very kind as to allow me to come again, I will promise to be less talkative, and—"

"Take care, take care!" broke in Laura, with a burst of fresh laughter, pushing quickly aside with the end of her parasol the trailing branches of clematis, in whose net-work George, walking heedlessly backwards, was on the point of being entangled.

"Oh, her dear clematis! I dare not touch it any more than you," said Madame Decluny.

"But, mother, it was in the name of hospitality that I warned Monsieur Renard."

"Decidedly I am in a fair way to justify my juvenile reputation of being a nuisance," said George. "I begin by obliging Mademoiselle Decluny to open the door for me, then I am taken for an inspector, and finally I do my best to break your clematis. I must really try and redeem my character."

As George wended his way homewards he thought to himself that these obscure village officials were extremely well-bred, superior women. Madame Decluny praised him unreservedly, and Laura said nothing.

This visit was the beginning of an acquaintance which gradually developed into an intimacy. Sometimes George arrived in the morning to stamp and post his letters, and remained chatting until some troublesome person interrupted him; at other times he came in the afternoon to bring a new book for the postmistress, and when he happened to be walking with his father in the evening on the public promenade and met her and her daughter, he always stopped to exchange a few words. Rural life in France allows of a sort of unceremonious neighborly relations unknown in cities, and opportunities of meeting are so frequent that people become intimate almost as soon as they become acquainted. Besides, the good taste and unpresuming, unaffected manners of the Mayor's son inspired the postmistress and her daughter with confidence, so that they gave free rein to this friendly intercourse. Existence in small country towns, devoid as it is of all intellectual food, leaves a gap that one is only too glad to be able to fill. No doubt Madame Decluny would not so readily have countenanced an intimacy with a young man, however free he might seem to be from all ulterior intentions, had not his parents, accustomed to yield to his influence, taken the initiative in seeking to establish pleasant relations. They lavished all sorts of attentions on the two women, constantly alluding to their past kindness, in order to induce them to go to Roncière. The Renards went to the post-office to fetch Madame Decluny and her daughter, and sent them flowers and fruit from their garden. After many entreaties Laura and her mother at last consented to go in the evening. Laura was musical, and was persuaded to sing, and when the weather was bad they were sent home in their host's carriage.

There was only one cloud. The vulgar Almiré was so proud of his money that his arrogance sometimes became absolutely offensive. This ruffled Madame Decluny's pride, and made her at once draw back. But George soon soothed her feelings by some delicate attention. Moreover, since this little variety in their every-day life, Laura had been so well and cheerful that the mother dreaded to resume the gloomy routine of their former existence, and was willing to overlook these little annoyances.

As for the Renards, they were jubilant. They had often felt bored alone in their big house. In fact, what was there to do in the evenings, after the copious dinner? The one found her wool-work tiresome, and the other perceived that it was not amusing to pass the whole evening yawning and twiddling his thumbs. Conversation? But they had repeated a hundred times over since the morning anything they had to say. News is not plentiful in the country, and the mind, like the stomach, contracts for want of nourishment. Now, on the contrary, they had "the boy" quite strong again, filling the house with joy and gayety, and the general good-humor increased whenever the postmistress and her daughter were seen coming up the door-step. "It is easy enough to understand," said Renard: "the ladies

are very agreeable and well informed, the daughter makes a good figure at the piano, and the mother begins to play chess very well. In fact, all goes on capitally," explained Almiré, in conclusion, as he beamed with satisfaction.

The relations between the two families grew closer every day. When Madame Decluny and Laura sorted the letters, they would remark, involuntarily, "Ah! here are letters from Paris for George Renard." They recognized the sound of his horse's hoofs as he rode by in the morning on his way to the forest; the most trifling incidents attested the mysterious affinity which existed between them.

One afternoon, for instance, when George and the two ladies were in the post-office garden, the young officer, who had taken a watering-pot from Laura which she was carrying, turned quite pale, and set it down abruptly on the pathway.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the young lady.

"Nothing," replied George. "I used my bad arm, and—"

Madame Decluny made him sit down, and brought him some smelling-salts.

"So, after all, you are not really cured. How unjust that you should have had no recompense for this wound!"

"But I have," he replied, with some embarrassment.

"But you are still only a lieutenant."

"I was decorated as soon as I got back to France."

"Really? But you never wear your decoration, and nobody here knows anything about it."

"True, and I beg of you not to mention the fact."

The two ladies looked at George Renard with astonishment.

"I see that I should better take you into my confidence," said he. "Well, you know that my father has his little weaknesses. He wishes, above everything, to be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and his pride would be wounded were he to see me with the red ribbon before he had the right to wear it himself. I therefore begged my mother to keep out of sight the newspapers in which my nomination appeared. She was careful to contradict any reports spread abroad by the neighbors, and I am waiting till my father's button-hole shows color, to blossom out myself."

Laura, yielding to the impulse of the moment, seized George's hand and pressed it warmly, saying:

"Ah, Monsieur Renard! That is very generous. You are always the same!"

The words were hardly uttered when she felt that she had done wrong; but it was too late. She had thus shown the first direct mark of sympathy, and George was deeply agitated, both by the sweet flattery conveyed by such an outburst, and by the soft touch of Laura's dainty hand. He looked at her with a kind of bewilderment, and for the first time read his own thoughts clearly. This young girl, so pure and noble, and radiant with intelligence, had then such a hold on his heart that a word of kindly interest from her or the mere touch of her hand had the power to agitate his whole being in this way! It had never dawned on him before. But it was really so. This was why her presence gladdened him, why in her absence he dreamed of her, and why no comparison seemed to him possible between her and other women. And now she had involuntarily shown him what perfect sympathy existed between their souls.

For a moment George quite lost his head; but, from prudence and out of respect for Laura, he made an effort to control his feelings and preserve an outward calm. Madame Decluny was busy making him some tea, and did not observe his emotion.

This trifling event somewhat modified the character of the relations between the two young people. The shade of difference was so slight that it was only perceptible to themselves; but they felt that though their intercourse was perhaps outwardly more formal, their hearts were in reality drawn closer together. The period of frank good-fellowship which had allowed them to become so well acquainted, and during which their happiness had shown itself in pure gayety of heart, had been succeeded by a period the frequent silences of which were more eloquent than words. In fact, one thought alone filled their minds: "To-morrow we will meet again."

Time did its work. This thought of the morrow haunted George; for, after all, "the morrow" is the future, and as the imagination when it spreads its wings ever seeks to fly to the great unknown, so

to the heart of man love seems inseparable from the infinite. The young officer began henceforward to cherish visions full of vague hopes and shapeless projects. He was in the dreamer's mood; but soon a mere nothing, a fragment of conversation, roused him to face the reality like a man.

George happened to be alone in the post-office with Madame Decluny, and while she prepared a money-order which he wanted, condoled with her on her insufficient accommodation.

"But," he added, "don't they speak of building a new post-office?"

"Ah!" said the postmistress, "I do not suppose we shall profit by it. We shall probably have left by that time."

George received a shock. Laura might leave Beaumont! Such an idea had never occurred to him. And what would become of him? He could not imagine Beaumont without her.

"What! you think of leaving? Why?"

"But—we are poor. The salary here is extremely small, and I shall be obliged to ask for a change. Besides, you know, you will have left Roncière before we go away from Beaumont. Won't your leave soon expire?"

The young officer went away quite dismayed. It was perfectly true; their struggle against poverty obliged them to quit Beaumont. Poor women, they had nothing but their own work to depend on, whilst for George, Fortune had loaded him with her favors. He would surely not find them there on his return, and he himself was preparing to go—where? For how long? It meant entire separation! His gaze wandered over the road, the houses, and the great trees. Beaumont, so smiling and gay because they were there together, would become a desert, a very tomb! Could it be possible?

George grew gloomy and restless, his disordered thoughts wandering hither and thither. In the middle of the night he came to a decision; his eyes saw clearly at last; his reflections had assumed shape; he could speak to himself now as to a man who had taken a supreme resolution. I love Mademoiselle Decluny, and not merely with that transient passion which is born of youth and beauty, but with that durable and absorbing affection which is based on rational esteem and admiration. I know her well. I am certain that with her I should enjoy the fullest measure of happiness which God allows to man. The invisible bond which unites us has not been of our own making. It is the outcome of no human will, but proceeds from above. An affection which has such an origin involves duties, and the first of these duties is protection, he said to himself. His reason and his feelings were in accord, and with folded arms and head erect he took a manly resolution, saying, "I will marry Mademoiselle Decluny!"

So far so good. But his family? Well, they will approve; will not all the gain be on his side? But Laura? Will she consent? This second question made him tremble. If she should refuse! So far he had believed in her sympathy for him, but now he began to fear. Nothing in her manner had given him reason to hope; he would therefore do well to sound her a little, to consult her before risking his independence by a decisive advance. Yes, but how was he to speak to her alone? French customs are such that a young girl is allowed to read the most impassioned books, and to be present at the most brazen theatrical performances, whilst she is forbidden to talk alone with an honorable man in the broad light of day in the middle of a street full of people. Whether this custom springs from defective logic or from a certain amount of hypocrisy, no one can escape from its subjection. Lieutenant Renard exhausted all his ingenuity in order to accomplish his object. Finally, in the course of a walk in the grounds of Roncière, he succeeded in whispering these words: "I implore you, let us walk a little slower. I have something to say to you."

When they were at a sufficient distance from their parents, Mademoiselle Decluny, without the least suspicion of what was coming, looked inquiringly at George. He said, simply, "Would you be sorry if I went away?"

"Why—yes, certainly. Why do you ask?"

"And if you were to go away, can you imagine what would be my regret?"

Laura turned her head aside, blushing, and walked a little quicker.

George retained her by a gesture, and went on talking:

"I believe I should die. It is impossible that we can be separated. This

hand, which you once stretched out to me, will you give it to me for life?"

Laura stopped in front of him, and said, in a firm voice: "I will answer you frankly. Whatever my feelings may be, it is impossible for you to think of marrying me. My mother would not consent, because I am poor and you are rich; your parents would, on their side, energetically oppose such a project, because you are rich and I am poor. Pride against pride. You see what an insurmountable barrier divides us."

"Ah!" said he, in a despairing tone, "such obstacles as these are of no importance. I should have easily overcome them, Laura, if you had only loved me a little. I, who love you so much!"

"Do you think I should weep if you were indifferent to me?"

She ran away without another word. George stood a long time motionless at the turning of the lawn. Then he murmured to himself, in tones which quivered with joy, "We love each other; she shall be my wife!"

As he went into the drawing-room he overheard Madame Decluny whisper to her daughter: "You appear as though you had been crying, my child."

Renard greeted his son with a burst of laughter: "You are not very polite. In my time young men did not leave the society of ladies to go and smoke."

The postmistress scrutinized the faces of the young people very attentively, and divined the cause of their trouble. Her expression changed. Her eyes, full of self-reproachful sorrow, seemed to say, "Foolish, foolish; why did I not foresee?"

Shortly afterwards, under pretext of a headache, Madame Decluny left Roncière.

The following day was the National Holiday. Monsieur Almiré Théodule Renard, Mayor of Beaumont, bitterly regretted having gone to the expense of a display of fireworks, for when the official gazette arrived that morning, containing the list of the persons decorated in honor of the occasion, his name did not appear in it. "They promised it to me," he vociferated, "and it is an outrage." Then, without any further heed for the amusement of his townsfolk, he started off by the next train to have an explanation with the Préfet.

George, knowing there was no use trying to talk to his father when he was in such a rage, kept out of his way, intending to speak first to Madame Decluny, whose chilling departure of the previous evening had made him rather uneasy. When he arrived at the post-office, Manette replied ceremoniously that "the ladies had gone out." It was evident that the mother had exacted a full explanation from her daughter, and the consequence was that now they would not receive him. But there was nothing irrevocable as yet. He called again the next day, and the next, but always received the same answer. There was no longer any doubt: Madame Decluny was only to be won by a regular appeal from the head of the family. Monsieur Renard had come home by an early train, and George joined him in the pavilion, which he used as an office. The young man was anxious and troubled, but tried to look calm and resolute. Was he not a soldier?

"Father, I want to speak to you on a matter of importance. I am thinking of getting married."

"Ah, ah!"

"And I have come to ask for your consent."

"That is an understood thing, so long as everything is suitable. How much money has the girl?"

"There is no question of money. I wish to marry Mademoiselle Decluny."

Renard bounded on his seat as if he had received an electric shock.

"I have not heard aright," he sneered, "or else you are making fun of me."

"Neither the one nor the other. The young girl is charming in every respect. If you wish to make me happy, you will seek no further."

"That is very fine talk! A girl without a cent! Do you imagine that I have toiled hard during thirty years to make a handsome fortune, that I have become a large land-owner, the leading man of the neighborhood, in order to see you bestow my name and my good gold pieces on two beggars? I, Renard, consent to such an inferior marriage!"

As he spoke he grew pale with rage, as though he had seen some thief picking the lock of his safe.

"If I have money, father," replied George, in a calm tone, "Laura has beauty, goodness, and distinction, together with simple and economical habits. Her dowry is superior to mine."

"Don't push me too far," rejoined the

proud parent. "I have five hundred thousand francs laid aside for your portion, and two hundred thousand for your mother and myself, which means that with your good-looking face and military rank you can make a first-rate match. As for your Declunys, never, never! They are adventuresses who have inveigled you! Do you imagine that it is your fine face they care about? Don't believe it. They have an eye on the cash-box. These ruined nobles always treat people of our sort in the same way."

"You are wrong to accuse of being money-hunters women who shut their door in my face as soon as they found out what my intentions were. As for their being ruined nobles, I know they are poor, but I don't understand what you mean."

"You think I am drawing on my imagination? Very well; just read this memorandum which the Préfet gave me yesterday. It is copied from the official register. You will soon see that this hussy is nothing better than a mere schemer!"

George seized with feverish curiosity the paper which his father handed to him, and which was an official document running as follows:

"Amélie Laura de Cessac, Baronne de Cluny, 45 years of age, born at Bordeaux (Gironde), postmistress and telegraph clerk at Beaumont. Her husband was Lieutenant-Colonel of Dragoons. Gambler and spendthrift, he blew out his brains in order to escape from his creditors. The widow, whom he had rendered unhappy, gave up her jewels and her personal fortune in order to pay the debts of her deceased husband. Finding herself entirely without means, and having a daughter, she passed the necessary examination and obtained a post-office through the influence of the Secretary of War. Is authorized to write her name in one word, so that the memory of her husband may be obliterated. Is a royalist and a clerical. To be watched."

"A schemer, father!" said George, replacing the paper on the table. "This information only increases my esteem for these ladies. Being what they are, they yet work for their living! Why, it seems to me that you, once a workman yourself, and springing from the people, ought to admire them even more than I do."

"You exasperate me! Give up this project or I will have these women sent away from Beaumont!"

"Father, you slander yourself! You are incapable of such baseness!"

Renard was deaf and blind. George left him to seek his mother. Without speaking, he knelt down, hid his face in the folds of her dress, as he had been used to do in the days of his childhood, and burst into tears. Madame Renard kissed his hair.

"What is the matter, my darling boy? Tell me what is troubling you?"

"I am most unhappy! Why did not death take me?"

"What frightful things you say, my beloved child! Explain yourself, I beseech you!"

"Mother, I want to marry some one whom I love. My father refuses his consent. My only hope is in you."

"Is that all? We will soon mollify your father. He has an excellent heart. I am on your side, be sure of that. Tell me, do I know the young lady?"

"Yes."

"So much the better. I will love her all the more on that account. What is her name?"

"Laura de Cluny."

There was a silence. The young man, no longer feeling the touch of his mother's hands, looked up suddenly. He saw Madame Renard sad and motionless, her eyes fixed on a flower in the carpet.

"Well, mother?"

"Why has Providence permitted this choice? We shall never induce your father to consent. I will try, but it is a weakness on my part, for I blame you."

"What, you too! Have you any reproach to make against her?"

"Yes, for being obliged to earn her bread! Marriages should be equal."

"You plead a bad cause, mother; you know very well that I am rich enough for two; and you know, besides, that Laura is just the person to make us all happy."

George exhausted himself in explanations, arguments, and entreaties. Madame Renard only shook her head, repeating, gloomily:

"No fortune! It is impossible! You ought to do better!"

Thus, in a civilized and democratic society, it is forbidden to the rich and the poor to love one another. The barrier

which divides them is as insurmountable as the one reared in former days between freemen and slaves. And this barbarous prejudice is so firmly rooted in France that it can make loving parents forget twenty-five years of tenderness towards a petted child, and unhesitatingly break his heart when their purse-proud vanity is in question! And what an anomaly it is! If Laura, with the empty title of baronne inherited from her father, had been the man, and George the woman, the Renards would have had a different opinion, and given their fortune joyfully.

George was beside himself with rage as he passed all this in review, but he was powerless to change anything. He returned to the charge, but it was a mere waste of time. Renard was inexorable. A plebeian upstart is the most prejudiced of aristocrats. No doubt he had received the de Clunys in his house on the footing of equals, but in his eyes that meant nothing; and as for there being any danger in such an intimacy, the idea never entered his brain, for, according to his notions, a poor girl could never inspire any thought of marriage on the part of a rich young man.

These discussions were protracted; but instead of changing her husband, Madame Renard was brought round to his way of thinking. Her attacks, in fact, had been but feeble, for she was, to begin with, quite as prejudiced as her companion. Almiré gave his decision roughly, the mother gently, but the "no" was equally positive in both cases, and George met with nothing but opposition. He then wrote to the Baronne de Cluny a heart-rending letter, which remained unanswered. What Laura had said was but too true—an abyss separated them. Thus a man superior in every way, who had perfected himself in soul and intellect without any aid or encouragement from his family, and who had faced death at the call of duty, now found himself powerless to combat the most false and despicable ideas of his time. It was impossible for the once spoiled child to deceive himself any longer. Those who had once obeyed his every caprice were now deaf to his pleading and blind to his tears; for the worship of the Golden Calf is a religion, which, like every other religion, turns to fanaticism with persons of narrow mind.

The struggle, however, came to an end when the unlucky fellow overheard some remarks exchanged between his parents. "It is a mere passing sentiment," they said. "Let us stand firm; everything depends on that; in a month or two he will think no more about it."

On hearing this plan the young lieutenant recognized that he would never succeed in breaking down such a systematic resistance, and he decided to take a definite step. Anything rather than give up Laura, and allow his parents to realize their deplorable expectation.

The following day he appeared before them, calm and dignified, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. That was the first thing Almiré remarked, and it caused him the greatest spite.

"So it seems you are decorated," he said, jeeringly. "But since that honor is refused to the seniors, it is quite natural that it should be conferred on a greenhorn. I hope, at least, that it is to beg my pardon you have got yourself up in this style?"

"Father," said George, slowly, without taking any notice of this irony, "I have come to bid you good-by. As my determination regarding my marriage is irrevocable, it necessarily follows that we cannot continue to live together. I intend to leave the army and try to find some permanent position which will enable me to await the future."

"Very fine indeed. And pray what do you intend to do?"

"I will soon find something," replied George, irritated by his father's mocking laugh. "Who knows? I might, perhaps, become a postmaster. An occupation which is not disdained by women of such distinction, and belonging to the old nobility, would be a great honor for the son of a workman such as myself."

Renard gave vent to an oath. His wife tried to intervene between the two angry men, but before she could say a word her husband's wrath burst out:

"You had better send me a legal summons while you are about it, undutiful son that you are!"

"No. A man of my stamp does not do such things, and people of Madame de Cluny's delicacy do not enter families in that way."

"Well, you need not count on my money for your fine doings."

"I ask you for nothing, father, nor would I accept anything from you. The advantage of being rich has cost me my happiness; I have had enough of it. I am impatient to be poor. Keep your fortune for yourself, since you care more for it than for your child. Will you allow me to embrace you for the last time?"

His mother tried to keep him from going away. She threw her arms wildly round him, but George turned aside. She began to utter entreaties. Renard caught her roughly by the arm.

"I tell you again, be firm! He will come back!"

The hands of the old church clock marked the noon hour. George loitered a few moments before the post-office in order to make sure that it was closed to the public, and then quickly opened the door. Madame de Cluny and her daughter were seated side by side in the inner office, making up their accounts. He went through the little door reserved for the use of the officials and hurried up to the two poor women, who remained motionless from astonishment.

"At last you are obliged to see me, in spite of yourselves. You have compassion on beggars, on the most insignificant animal which suffers! Then have compassion on me. Let me see you once more and clasp your hand before I go away."

Madame de Cluny, alarmed at George's excited state, and seeing her daughter ready to faint, hastened to close the door of the post-office and draw the young man into the inner room.

"Poor child! poor child!" she murmured.

"Call me so again! It is you who are really my mother. And you, Laura, have you not a word of friendship for me when I am so unhappy?"

The young girl sank down, overcome.

"I have no right to do so, George, however much I might wish it."

In a broken voice George recounted the efforts he had made, his failure, and his plans. The house at Roncière should see him no more; he was going away to prepare a future.

"Do not speak of a future, my young friend. To admit the word would be for me to conspire with a son against his parents. You must not expect that from me. Pardon me, for I have been very blind and imprudent, and it is I who am to blame for my daughter's unhappiness and for yours. Now we must say farewell. I will think of you as we think of a friend whom we have lost. As for you, George, you must forget."

"I forget! I will live only to remember and to hope until death! Will you forget me, Laura?"

"I will pray for you."

The sudden departure of George Renard was a fruitful source of gossip in Beaumont. Some of the servants at Roncière had overheard fragments of stormy discussions; the de Clunys had ceased to visit there. Lieutenant Renard had been quite intimately received at the post-office, and then was excluded. All these circumstances were pieced together, and, with the help of imagination, the public managed to get an inkling of what had happened. A clamor was immediately raised against the postmistress and her daughter. They were openly accused of having tried to entrap the Mayor's son. "A nice pair of adventuresses," said the carpers. "They insinuate themselves into rich families and try to filch the fortune along with the children. Thanks to them, there is nothing but trouble at Roncière." Starting from this basis, details were invented, and insinuations heaped on one another. Manette, incited by the public washer-women, had the audacity to ask her mistress if it was all quite broken off. When Madame de Cluny appeared in church, people moved their chairs away from her. One dark night the sign-board bearing the words "Post and Telegraph Office" was covered with a piece of card-board bearing the inscription, "Marriage Agency." The noble women were spared no outrage. Madame Renard, to whom her son had confided everything, was the only person who could have exonerated them and put their conduct in its true light, but she maintained an unworthy silence. Their existence was frightful in the midst of this hostile population, but the most heart-rending trial of all for the baroness was the state of despondency into which her daughter had fallen. At first Laura had been strong and resigned, and her only thought had been to keep up her mother's heart by redoubling her own tenderness; but her energy gradually decreased, she grew silent and pale, and it was only with an effort that she could make the least

exertion. She seemed to be wasting away with a slow fever. Neither of the women ever went out to walk, and soon the young girl ceased even to go into the garden.

In the mean time what had become of George Renard? Madame de Cluny had put a veto to any correspondence with the post-office, and, on the other hand, he never wrote to Roncière. After a certain time the Renards realized that their son's resolution was a serious one. Then came regrets, followed by uneasiness. Almiré bestirred himself in order to procure at least some information. After a few months he found out that his son occupied an important position in a business house at Paris. He was disconcerted by this news, for he had hoped that George would not find anything to do, and so would be starved out. At the same time his wife grew sour-tempered, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and he found her daily in tears. In the course of the winter he decided to ask a friend to see George and to try and bring about a reconciliation. George answered simply and shortly that he was only awaiting his father's consent to his marriage to return to Beaumont. At this reply Renard abruptly broke off all relations with his son, and lived in a state of perpetual fury.

Little by little an idea took possession of his narrow brain: in order to act in such a way his son must be influenced by some one. By whom? Why, by those who had an interest in doing so. The suspicion grew and grew, until, by the force of hatred, it seemed to him a certainty. Yes, it must be so. George surely corresponded with the de Clunys, who kept up his hopes and excited him against the head of the family. Entirely absorbed by this unworthy idea, this man, who had hitherto been merely selfish, became criminal. He made up his mind to put an insurmountable barrier between his son and the de Clunys by giving them a seeming proof of George's faithlessness. This deed accomplished, he would then have the two women sent away, and George would come back. To accomplish his purpose, Renard first came to an understanding with a friend of his in Paris; he then went to the telegraph office one morning, when he had seen the mother go into the church, and addressing himself to Laura, said: "Here is a telegram addressed to Monsieur X. It is very urgent."

"Very well. I will send it at once."

Laura began to count the words with the end of her pen, and those words gradually took shape, grew big, and flamed and danced before her eyes. The telegram ran as follows: "This is to tell you of our happiness. My son George makes an excellent marriage at Versailles. Complete reconciliation. My future daughter-in-law charming. Details by letter."

Almiré had disappeared, leaving the money on the desk. Tortured and stricken to the heart, the poor girl got up with difficulty and sent off the telegram. It was her duty to do so; was she not paid for that? She sat down again mechanically at the counter and sold stamps with a smiling face; but when her mother came in and caught sight of her, she uttered a cry of terror.

"My God, my child is dying! Help!"

"No, mother. Aid me to walk as far as the summer-house; I would like to see my clematis again."

In vain Almiré Renard tried to escape from his own thoughts and to lie to himself; he was oppressed by the burden of what he had done. Ah, how he longed for some one's approval in order to enable him to breathe freely! Finally he told all to his wife.

"I suppose a man has every right to defend his child against such treacherous creatures. Don't you think so?"

"Had you positive proof that they had inveigled George?"

"Positive proof! Was there any need of it? Such worthless women! There could be no doubt about it."

Madame Renard jumped to her feet as if moved by a spring, and stood bolt-upright before her husband.

"Now listen!" she cried. "You have committed a despicable act. You know that George is frankness itself, and that the de Clunys are honorable women. Without any justification whatever you have stabbed an unhappy girl to the heart. Up to this time I have been on your side, Renard, but the moment you do not act honestly and straightforwardly I leave you. You must at once contradict your false telegram, or else I will do it myself, and will go and find my dear boy, for whom I have wept so many long nights. I can tell you I am cured of my love of money, since it is good for nothing but to make every one weep!"

The Mayor of Beaumont received a violent shock on finding himself thus

disowned by his old life-long companion, hitherto so passive and obedient. His large face grew purple; he loosened his cravat, and sank down on a sofa, stuttering with rage, that no one would make him give in.

"Very well, Almiré, let us say no more about it. You are your own master, to do as you choose. As for me, I have the right after the lapse of a year to remember, in spite of you, that I have a son. I will take the train for Paris this very evening."

The good woman, her travelling-bag in her hand, was already trotting up and down in the railway station, when a servant from the Roncière mansion ran up to her, out of breath.

"Madame, madame, come quick! Monsieur has been taken suddenly ill. They have gone for the doctor!"

Madame Renard jumped into the carriage, and was soon in Almiré's room.

"A bad stroke of apoplexy," whispered the doctor; "there is little hope."

The sick man did not recover consciousness. He was already naturally predisposed for such an attack, and could not stand against the shame of being obliged to confess his guilt or the departure of his wife, who, since the exile of his son, had left him alone with his remorse. His glassy eye seemed to be always seeking something with terror. Did he want George? Did he want to ask forgiveness for his obstinacy, or did he not rather foresee, with supreme anger, the hour when the portionless girl would enjoy his wealth? His lips remained motionless, and he died the following night.

The next day Madame Renard, who had summoned her son by telegraph, wrote to the postmistress: "Madame la Baronne, I have lost my husband. His telegram of the day before yesterday was not true. Forgive him. George will explain all to you, and as soon as I can go out I will ask you to accept him as your son. We will love him together."

So for once, by a rare exception, good sense and justice overcame prejudice. Yet it had needed the death of a man to gain that end.

Some days afterwards the retired officer, in deep mourning, stopped before the gray-walled post and telegraph office. He went in, walked straight to the arbor, and there, under the flower-laden branches of the clematis, knelt reverently before the sick girl.

"My poor darling! How you have suffered through me!"

"Your mind may be at rest. I am better already. Happiness is health."

Madame de Cluny wiped away two big tears, and embraced George.

"My child, I give you all we possess—two loving hearts."

"Oh, mother, now I am rich indeed!"

BUT ONLY THEE.

BY F. WHITMORE.

LADY, although thou art not wondrous fair,
In thy clear eyes I see
What maketh dimpled cheeks and sunny hair
As naught to me.

For in their clear brown depths unwittingly
Lie mirrored holy truth,
Frank maiden courage, delicate modesty,
And tender ruth,

A heart to love and love, a perfect mind,
And yet a spirit free,
Healthy and sportive as a mountain wind
On a bright lea.

So love I, lady, not thy tender lips—
Although full dear they be—
Nor any charm that feels time's swift eclipse:
But only thee.

STUART'S LANSDOWNE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

ON "Monday evening, 11th April, 1796," President Washington wrote to "Mr. Stuart, Chestnut Street" (Philadelphia), "I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham to sit for you to-morrow, at nine o'clock, and wishing to know if it be convenient to you that I should do so, and whether it shall be at your own house (as she talked of the State House), I send this note to ask information." As a full century has closed around that sitting, it seems a suitable and proper time to make a permanent record of the proofs and arguments which have led me to the opinion I have repeatedly expressed, that the Lansdowne picture is not the original painted from life by Stuart, but a copy of it by the artist's own hand, or, as it is technically called, a *replica*—repetition or duplicate.

Gilbert Stuart painted three original portraits of Washington from life. They are known to history, from their owners, in the order of their painting, as the Vaughan, Lansdowne, and Athenæum pictures. The first is a full bust, the second a whole length, and the third a vignette head. The Vaughan portrait shows the right side of the face, while the Lansdowne and Athenæum heads show the left side.

Stuart returned from England in 1792, after an absence of seventeen years, and towards the close of 1794 settled in Philadelphia, with the ostensible object of painting a portrait of the President, carrying with him, it is said, a letter of introduction to Washington from John Jay. Here in the following year he painted his first portrait of Washington, a delineation unfortunately not commonly familiar, but which, after a careful study of the subject, I consider to be the best and most satisfactory likeness of Washington that Stuart painted.

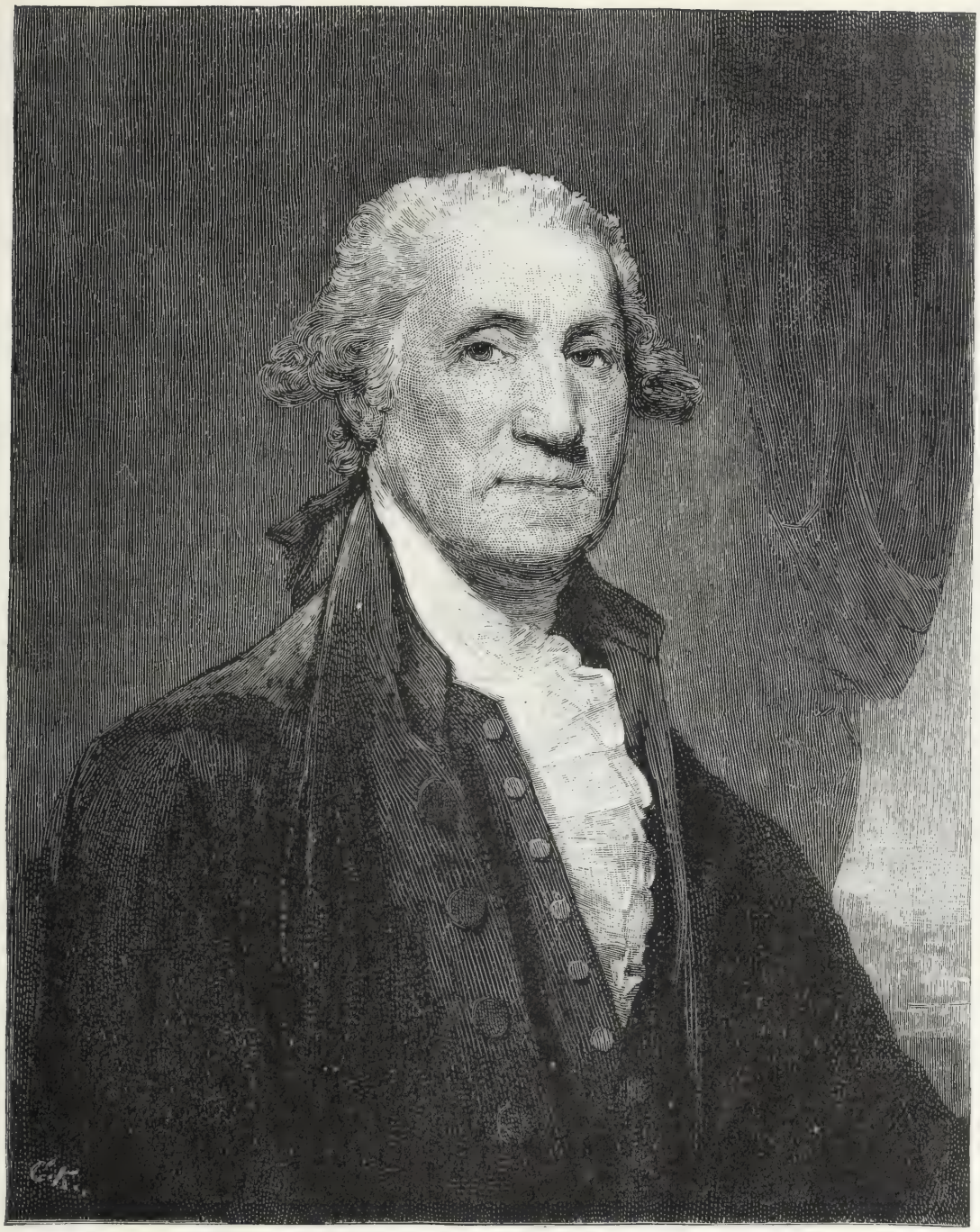
There are but three pictures known of this type from the easel of Stuart. One, the portrait painted for Samuel Vaughan, of London,* which was finely engraved by Holloway for Hunter's sumptuous edition of Lavater's *Physiognomy*, now in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia. Another, until within a few years lost sight of, much finer than the Vaughan portrait in execution, and with every indication of being the original from life painted for William Bingham, and purchased at the sale of his effects at Philadelphia, in 1807, by the proprietor of the Old Exchange Coffee-house, in whose family it remained for eighty-five years, until it came into the possession of the writer. And the third, somewhat varied from the other two, but a very beautiful and impressive head, known as the Gibbs picture, belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery, of New York.

For some unaccountable reason Stuart seems not to have been satisfied with this, his first attempt, and he had two later sittings, the last one, or Athenæum head, receiving his preference. Yet he retained the Gibbs picture by him for several years, and is said to have disposed of it to Colonel Gibbs as his best work, and only out of personal friendship. Likewise, when William Birch desired to make an enamel portrait of Washington, Stuart gave him his first head to copy, and Washington stamped it with his approval. The one used on this occasion by Birch was doubtless the Bingham picture, as his first employment when he came to America in 1794 was by Mr. Bingham, in making an enamel of Mrs. Bingham and as instructor of his daughters in painting.

Additional evidence of the contemporary preference shown for Stuart's first head, and by the one person most competent to judge, is the fact that Mrs. Washington, soon after the President's death, had several copies of this portrait made on ivory by Robert Field, the accomplished miniature-painter, which she presented to Tobias Lear and other close personal friends of her husband. The picture used for this purpose must also have been the Bingham canvas, seeing that the Vaughan picture was at the time in England.

William Bingham was a man of wealth and consideration, who posed as a patron of the arts—indeed, among the first in this country. In 1780 he had married the beautiful Ann Willing, and in 1795 was a Senator in Congress from Pennsylvania. During the intervening years he lived much abroad, both in official and in

* See "Story of a Portrait," *Harper's Weekly*, March 16, 1895.



STUART'S FIRST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

From the original, painted in 1795, and now in the possession of Charles Henry Hart, Philadelphia

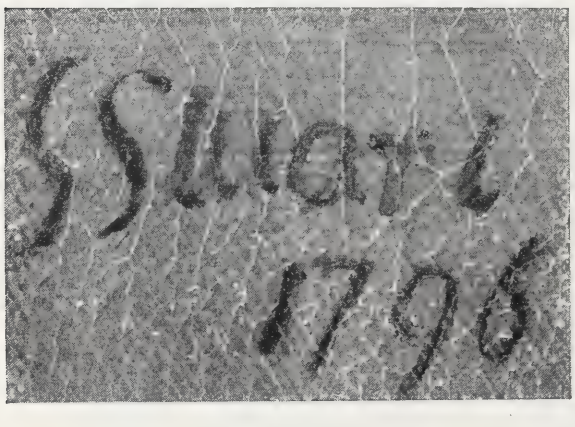
private station, and had acquired the friendship of America's friend, the Earl of Shelburne, afterward first Marquis of Lansdowne, with whom he also had close business relations. Thus equipped, it is not surprising that it was his pleasure to employ Gilbert Stuart to paint for him at least three portraits of Washington—a full bust for his mansion in the city, and two whole-lengths, one for presentation to his friend Lord Lansdowne, and the other to grace his country-seat, named after the noble lord.

The Lansdowne picture is now owned by the Earl of Rosebery, and at the Royal Academy exhibition of the works of the Old Masters, which opened on January 4th of the present year, was given the place of honor. The Bingham picture belongs to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, received from Mr. Bingham's executors in 1811. It is to these two pictures, the sitting for one of which Mrs. Bingham arranged with the President one hundred years ago, that special consideration will be given at this time.

The question presented is, which of the two whole-length portraits of Washington painted by Gilbert Stuart for William Bingham is the original from life, and which the replica?

My opinion is that the picture belonging to the Academy of the Fine Arts, at Philadelphia, is the original, and Lord Rosebery's the replica.

I base my opinion upon the intrinsic evidence of the picture's originality, its freedom and animation, and upon the important fact that it is signed and dated—G.



STUART'S SIGNATURE, PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY PORTRAIT.

Stuart, 1796—while the Lansdowne canvas is neither signed nor dated. This last fact of itself would seem to be conclusive upon the subject, without the support of sustaining circumstances, for Stuart is known to have signed but two of his paintings, the Academy's Washington and the portrait of a young girl, Nancy Pennington, which is signed in full—"Gilbert Stuart, Bordentown, 1805." Dunlap says that when he asked Stuart why he did not put his name or initials upon his pictures to mark them, Stuart answered, "I mark them all over." Which is certainly true, if somewhat conceited.

After the death of the Marquis of Lansdowne his pictures were sold, and Stuart's Washington was purchased by Mr. Samuel Williams, a British merchant. In that very entertaining book of gossip, *Nollekens and his Times*, by John Thomas Smith, the author says "Nollekens once called out across the street to me on the opposite side of Hays-hill, 'Smith, Peter Coxe has just knocked down General Washington, Stuart's picture. Well, what do you think? It fetched a great deal more than any modern picture ever brought by auction before, for he has just sold it at Lord Lansdowne's for £540 15*s*. You knew Stuart; he was born in America; he painted that fine portrait of Caleb Whitefoord; he is a very clever fellow, just as clever as Dance, I mean Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland.'"

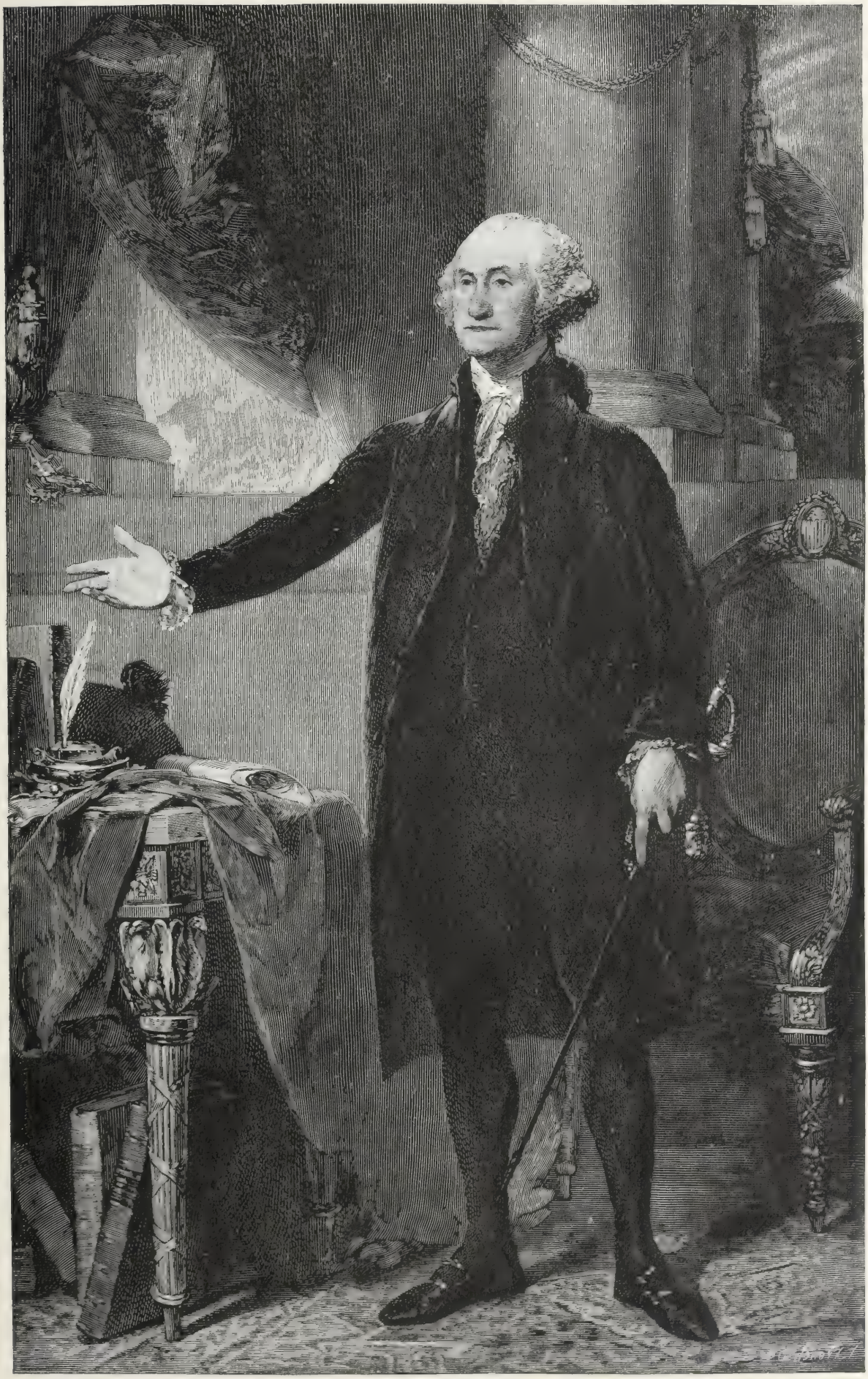
Mr. Williams becoming insolvent, his creditors disposed of the Lansdowne Washington by a lottery of forty tickets, at fifty guineas each, when it became the property of John Delaware Lewis, M. P., who in 1876 sent it to this country for exhibition at the Centennial Exposition, where, remarkable to relate, it was hung in the British section. In the winter of 1889 I inquired of Mr. Herman Leroy Lewis, who had inherited the picture from his father, whether it was signed and dated. In reply he said, "I have looked the picture over carefully, and have not been able to discover any trace of signature."

The picture subsequently passed into the possession of Lord Rosebery. Being still desirous of finding a signature and date upon it, if there were one, I asked my valued friend the late Sir George Scharf, the well-known expert and keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, London, to critically scrutinize the canvas for me, with a view to discovering a signature. The following excerpts from Mr. Scharf's letters tell the result.

October 10, 1892, he writes: "The photograph of the group of Gilbert Stuart's paintings in your gallery is excellent, and I thank you particularly for sending it to me. . . . There is, I presume, no uncertainty that Lord Rosebery's picture actually belonged to Lord Lansdowne. With that picture I am well acquainted. So far as can be judged from the reduced scale in the photograph which you so kindly send me, the Bingham portrait in your Academy, in point of drawing and arrangement of light and shade, fully equals the Lansdowne portrait now in Lord Rosebery's possession in Berkeley Square."

November 30, 1892, he writes: "I know Lord Rosebery's picture of Washington very well, and I think I may safely say there is no signature upon it. I am not aware of Stuart ever having signed his pictures. Had his 'Skater' been signed, there would have been no discussion about it in 1878."

January 25, 1893, he writes: "I am



GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the original picture painted in 1796, now in the Gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

under the impression that I told you I had recently examined the Washington portrait, now in possession of Lord Rosebery, and that I consider it the best Gilbert Stuart I have met with. Lord Rosebery afforded me unlimited time for studying it, and I made careful notes of the entire composition. Being accustomed to look for signatures, I feel sure that none of ordinary clearness on the picture would have escaped me. But paintings in dwelling apartments have not the same chance of being exhaustively scanned as in well-lighted public galleries. My impression is that Lord Rosebery's Washington is not signed, and I believe I mentioned to you that I had never met with a Gilbert Stuart that is. I therefore note with interest the two examples that you have cited."

March 9, 1893, he writes: "Now that you have given me the definite information as to the precise locality of signature on the picture belonging to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, I paid a fresh visit to Lord Rosebery's picture and concentrated my attention on the spot which your letter indicated. Although the day was bright, and I had also the use of a wax taper, I failed entirely to detect any signature. If I remember rightly, Heath's engraving says, 'Painted by G. Stuart, in 1797,' and the Pennsylvanian picture you tell me is dated 1796. This also the Pennsylvanian catalogue shows. I think on receiving the photograph of the wall group of Stuart's works I expressed my impression that, judging by photography only, the Pennsylvanian picture was fully equal to Lord Rosebery's."

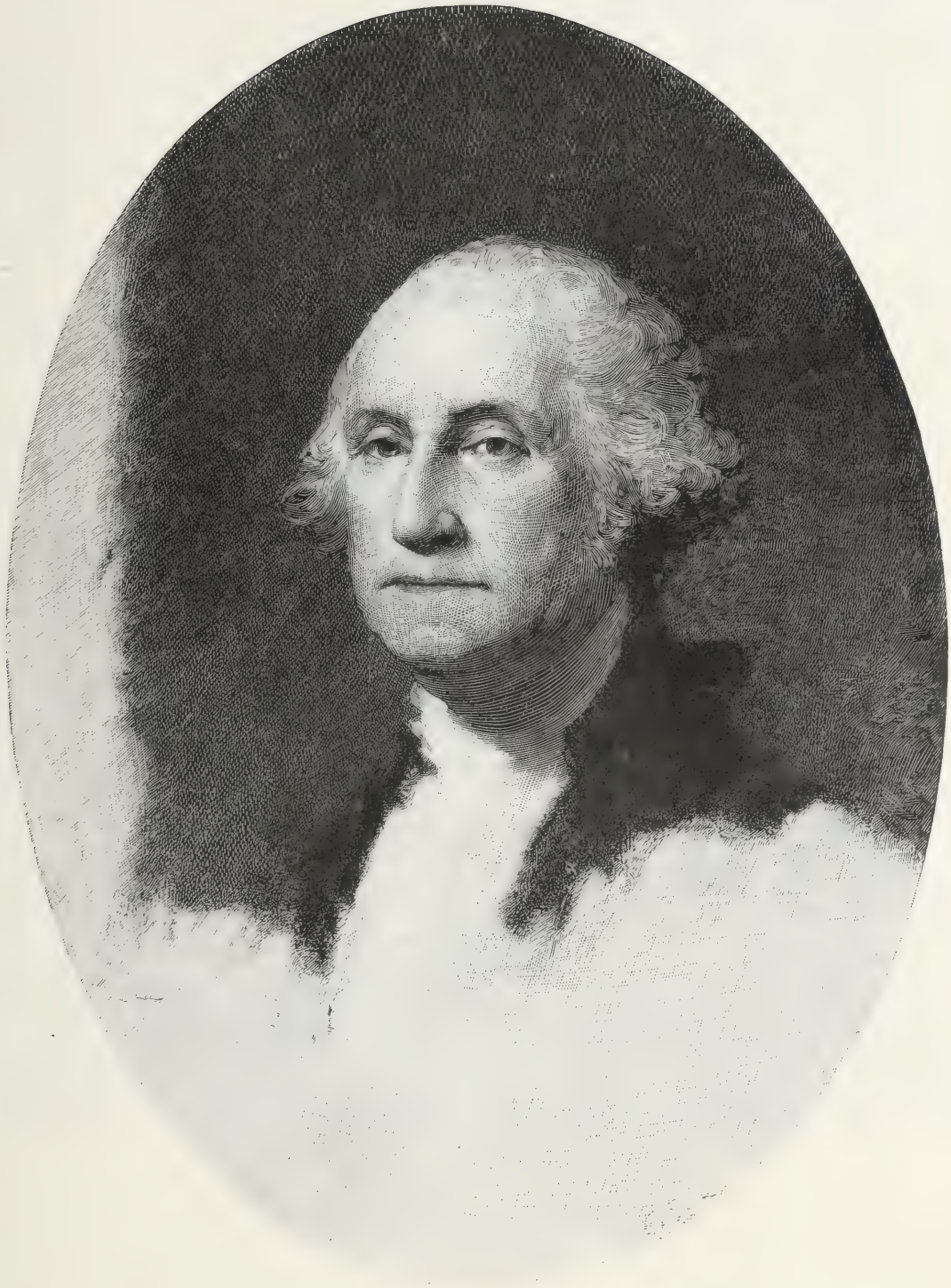
From the foregoing testimony of Messrs. Lewis and Scharf it can be accepted as conclusive, I think, that the Lansdowne picture is neither signed nor dated.

It must be remembered that Stuart's facility with the brush and quickness of execution were as remarkable as his other artistic qualities. Therefore it would take him but a comparatively short time to complete the picture that was begun in mid-April, 1796. Yet the letter from the Marquis of Lansdowne acknowledging the receipt of the picture was not written until March 5, 1797. It is addressed to Major William Jackson, who had been private secretary to Washington and was the brother-in-law of Mrs. Bingham, having married her younger sister, to whom Lord Lansdowne had previously written, October 10, 1796, covering a letter for Mr. Bingham, but without a word in reference to the picture. The letter of acknowledgment is sufficiently interesting to merit transcribing:

"*London, March 5th*, 1797.

"DEAR SIR,—Col. Markland and Mr. Richards arrived together, which brought me the favor of your two letters of the 28th November. I never received that to which you allude, which, with some others, I have reason to believe were either stopped or miscarried. But I have received the picture, which is in every respect worthy of the original. I consider it as a very magnificent compliment, and the respect I have for both Mr. and Mrs. Bingham will always enhance the value of it to me and my family. I have just had the honor of writing to Mrs. Bingham my acknowledgments, but must depend on your making my excuses for not writing instantly, which can only be excused by the fact of an almost unceasing pain in my head. I am not alarmed at it, because I know the cause and the remedy, which last consists in the Bath water, with constant air exercise and perfect leisure; but nothing could cure me if Mrs. Bingham thought me wanting for a moment. This state of health and many other circumstances would make me consider it as a great calamity to return to my public situation. I know but one circumstance which could reconcile me to it, which is next to impossible: that I could have it in my power to introduce a little more civilization among nations, and to put war at a greater distance. The weakness of government and the extreme popularity of the sea service, added to old and false prejudices and habits, make it difficult to render the commerce of neutral nations as sacred as it ought to be; but nothing should detain me from the attempt if I saw a probability of succeeding. I cannot express to you the satisfaction I have felt in seeing the forts given up. I may tell you, in confidence, which may astonish you, as it did me, that up to the very last debate in the House of Lords the ministry did not appear to comprehend the policy upon which the boundary line was drawn, and persist in still considering it as a measure of necessity, not of choice. However, it is now indifferent who understands it. The deed is done, and a strong foundation laid for eternal amity between England and America. General Washington's conduct is above all praise. He has left a noble example to sovereigns and nations, present and to come. I beg you will mention both me and my sons to him in the most respectful terms possible. If I was not too old, I would go to Virginia to do him homage."

Desiring to secure every particle of evidence possible bearing upon the question, I inquired of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, the biographer of his distinguished ances-



THE ATHENÆUM PORTRAIT.

tor, the Earl of Shelburne, if there was on file among the Lansdowne House MSS. any letter from Mr. or Mrs. Bingham, or from Major Jackson, announcing that the picture had been sent, or any memoranda to show the time when it was received. He courteously made an examination of the family papers, but could find nothing relative to the subject. While Lord Lansdowne may not have acknowledged the "very magnificent compliment" *instantly* upon its receipt, it is only fair to assume that the delay could not have been for more than a few weeks.

Another potent fact is that the contemporary engraving of the Lansdowne picture, by James Heath, gives the date of the painting as "1797," while the Bingham picture we have seen is dated "1796." As both portraits were painted for William Bingham, it is not at all unlikely that the original was signed and dated by the artist to ear-mark it, and was retained in this country intentionally, very possibly at Stuart's own suggestion, for his use in painting duplicates. We know that Stuart did subsequently paint a repetition of it for William Constable, of New York, from whom it descended to the late Mr. Henry E. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn. In this replica, which was billed by the artist "July 4, 1797," there is an entire shifting of the light from the right to the left side of the figure. Afterward he made several full-length portraits of the President, in which, however, he varied the pose, which change has caused them to be dubbed, from the position of the arms, "teapot portraits," the best known being now in the gallery of the Lenox Library.

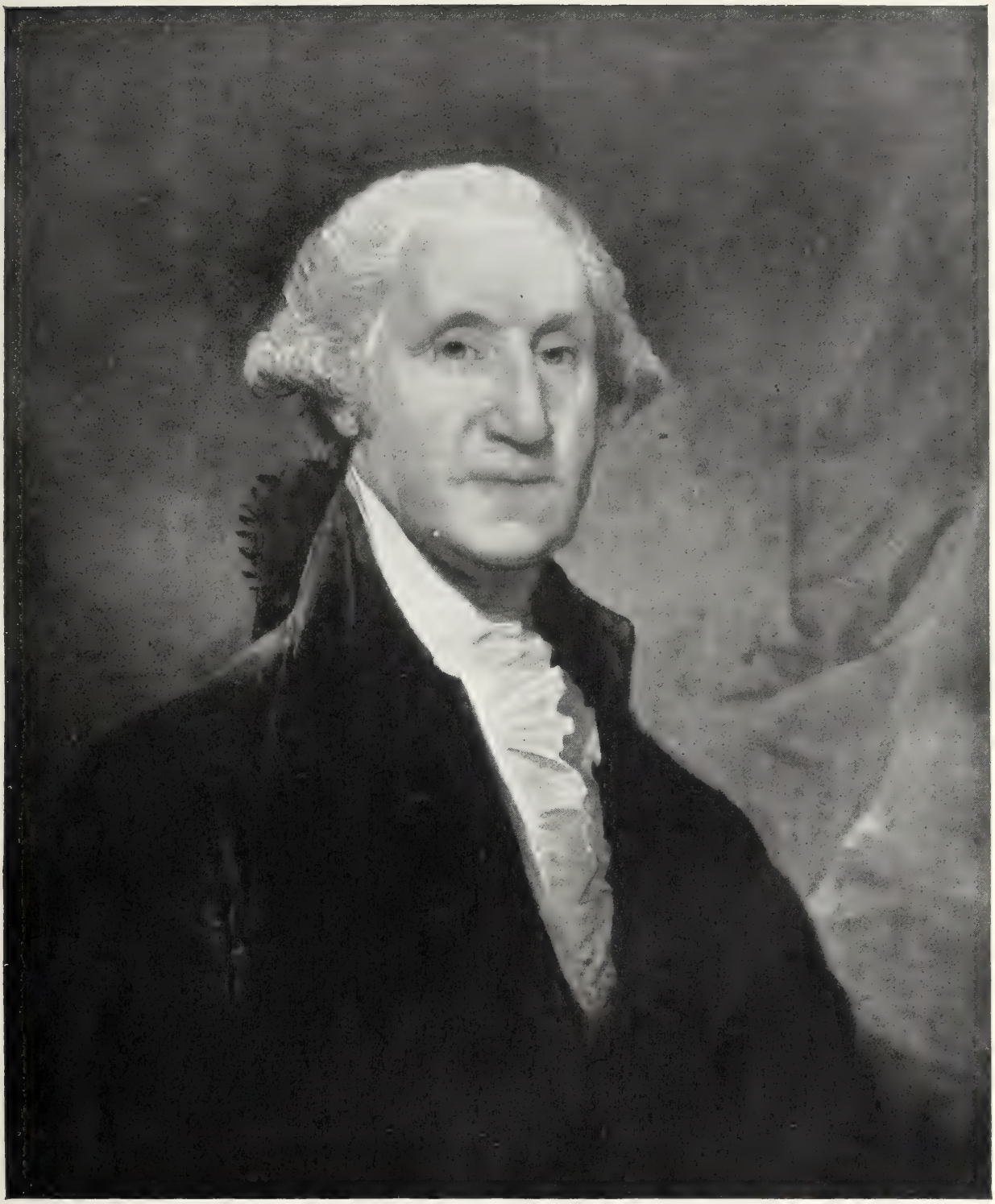
Too much stress cannot be placed upon the fact that the Pennsylvania Academy's canvas is both signed and dated. We have seen Mr. Scharf's observation on this point, and I have myself critically examined a vast number of Stuart's pictures, certainly all of the important ones in this country, and the only ones signed are the two previously noted.

There is but one bit of evidence to support the position that the Lansdowne picture is the original from life, and upon it Lord Rosebery's canvas has held first place unquestioned until now.

In 1823, Stuart gave to Samuel Williams, who then owned the picture, the autograph letter he had received from Washington, with which this article opens. Upon it he placed the following certificate: "In looking over my papers to find one that had the signature of George Washington, I found this, asking me when he should sit for his portrait, which is now owned by Samuel Williams, of London. I have thought it proper that it should be his, especially as he owns the only original painting I ever made of Washington, except one I own myself. I painted a third, but rubbed it out. I now present this to his brother, Timo. Williams, for said Samuel. Boston, 9th day of March, 1823. Gt. Stuart."

It will be observed that this endorsement was made more than a quarter of a century after the picture was painted, and three thousand miles away from it. Stuart was at this time in his sixty-eighth year, and had never seen the portrait that went to the Marquis of Lansdowne since it was sent across the water. We know to a certainty also that, besides the manifest inaccuracy in respect to the number of originals he had painted, one statement at least in the memorandum—"I painted a third, *but rubbed it out*"—is incorrect. We do not know all the circumstances under which the endorsement was written; but doubtless Mr. Williams, meeting Stuart in Boston, told him that his brother owned the Lansdowne picture, and thereupon asked the artist if he could give him a signature of Washington, possibly for his brother to place with the picture—a not uncommon fashion with some collectors, and one that was followed in the present instance, for the letter which Stuart gave to Williams hangs to this day in a frame pendant to the painting. It will be borne in mind, too, that Stuart's search was for a mere "signature of George Washington," when he accidentally found this interesting letter; and then, twenty-seven years after the happening of the events noted, with at best only a vague and uncertain recollection of the actual facts, or more probably with no particular consideration of them, and without the picture before him, wrote and signed the memorandum, in the presence of Isaac P. Davis, W. Dutton, and L. Baldwin.

That this statement, written so many years after the date of the recorded events, and without any refreshing of the writer's memory by an inspection of either of the pictures he had painted for Mr. Bingham, with inaccuracy apparent on its face, and



THE "GIBBS-CHANNING" PORTRAIT.

Painted by Gilbert Stuart. Owned by S. P. Avery, Esq., and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

certainly one error, is insufficient to overcome and outweigh the signature and date on the Bingham canvas, together with the intrinsic evidence that the picture is an original, will be plain to all accustomed to historical investigation and research, who have learned that the only evidence to be depended upon is contemporary evidence.

A prominent instance in American history proves this. A tablet was placed in the corridor of Independence Hall when that building was restored prior to 1876, commemorative of the signing of the agreement not to import anything from the mother-country until the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act, the inscription on which claimed that the "Non-Importation Agreement," as it is called, was dated October 25, 1765, and thereby ante-

dated similar agreements of other colonial towns. Relying upon the correctness of this statement, Mr. Bancroft altered the reference to the event in the centennial edition of his history, giving priority to the Philadelphia merchants. Subsequent investigation showed that the original document bore no date, except that put upon it in lead-pencil by its custodian in 1835, when he was ninety years of age, and that contemporary evidence pointed clearly to November 7th as the day when the resolutions were agreed to.

Another curious illustration of the fallibility of human memory is exemplified in Stuart's own daughter. In the Dreer collection of autographs, belonging to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, there is a letter written in the last century, signed "Gilbert Stuart," which bears a certificate to this effect: "This letter is in the handwriting of my father, Gilbert Stuart the artist. Jane Stuart." The letter is addressed to the Earl of Buchan, and a perusal of it shows that it was written by Gilbert Stuart the Scotch antiquary, and not by "my father, Gilbert Stuart the artist."

Stuart was not a very reliable man, and may have had a direct object and a selfish motive in making it appear that his only other original portrait of Washington, aside from the one he owned himself, was out of the country. This would also account for the rubbing-out story. Stuart had lived a prodigal life, and in his old age was very poor. The portrait of Washington now known as the Athenæum head he still owned, from which he had made more than sixty copies—a few good, some indifferent, and many very bad. This Athenæum head was all he had to leave to his family, and he anticipated and naturally desired that it would realize for them a large sum. Therefore, if it were thought to be the only original portrait of Washington in this country that he had painted, it would enhance its value, and cause it to produce a greater sum than if it were known that there were other originals; and here was a good opportunity to make the impression—a statement published at the time, and since often repeated.

Apart from this, Stuart had been away from Philadelphia for a score of years, and his recollection as to which of the whole-length portraits he had painted for Mr. Bingham was the original and which the replica, if he knew, or indeed remembered, that he had painted two whole-lengths for him, might very well have become dimmed. It was not as if, at the time he gave the letter, he had both pictures before him, and looking "first upon this picture and then upon that," had said, "This picture is the original I painted from life, and that one is a replica I painted from it." But he had neither the one nor the other before him, and certainly had not seen the English picture for over a quarter of a century, and it was probably nearly as many years since he had seen the one that was kept here. It may not be amiss to note in this connection—for it might account for any animus Stuart may have had in the matter—that the presentation of the whole-length portrait of Washington by Mr. Bingham to Lord Lansdowne caused a rupture between the artist and his patron that led Stuart to refuse to complete a large group he had begun of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham with their children. Stuart claimed that he had stipulated with Mr. Bingham that the picture was not to be copied or engraved, and had enjoined upon him to communicate this fact to Lord Lansdowne, which, however, was not done; and no sooner had the picture been seen in England than Heath arranged to engrave it. Although the plate was commenced at once, it was not published until a month after Washington's death, and the first Stuart knew that his picture had been engraved was when the prints were exposed for sale in a shop in Philadelphia. To add to the artist's aggravation, the engraving was a very unsatisfactory rendering of the painting, and was lettered, "Painted by Gabriel Stuart, 1797." Poor Stuart never got over the disappointment—or "robbery," as he called it; but he had to be witty even over his own misfortunes. Referring to the misnaming of him "Gabriel," he said, "You see, they will make an angel out of me in spite of myself."

The history that I have now given of the two paintings I believe will satisfy the most sceptical of the accuracy of my deductions, and a submission of the evidence to a judicial sifting and weighing will result in the final verdict that the picture belonging to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, is the original whole-length painted from life, and Lord Rosebery's picture a replica.



A MOORISH VILLAGE.

PEEPS INTO BARBARY.

BY J. E. BUDGETT MEAKIN.*

COMPARATIVELY few, even of the ever-increasing number of visitors who year after year bring Morocco—the only remaining independent Barbary State—within the scope of their pilgrimage, are aware of the interest with which it teems for the scientist, the explorer, the historian, and students of human nature in general. A residence of nine years among the Moors, for the most part spent in gleaning information about them and their country, has enabled me to gain some insight into many things of which the mere passer-by never dreams, and I have come to look upon these people and their customs in a very different light from that of former years. Instead of "the poor rejected Moors who raised our childish fears," as Hood described them, they are a fine open race, capable of everything, but literally rotting in one of the finest countries in the world. The Moorish remains in Spain and the pages of history testify to the flourishing condition in which they once lived, but today their appearance is that of a nation asleep. Yet great strides towards reform have been made during the present century, and each successive decade sees more important progress than the last.

One great cause which has ever worked disastrously in the history of Morocco, as of every country in which it has existed, is the lack of union among the constituent races of its population. The very name of Moor is a European invention, unknown in the land, where no more precise definition of its inhabitants can be given than that of "Westerns"—*Maghribeein.** Our appellative is formed from the name we give to the country, itself a corruption of the native name for the southern capital, Marrákesh (Morocco city), through the Spanish version *Marruecos.* The genuine Moroccans are the Berbers, from whom the Arabs wrenched a great part of the country towards the close of the eighth century, introducing the blacks from Guinea in their raids across the Atlas. The remaining important body of the people are Jews of two classes—those settled in the country from prehistoric times, and those driven to it when expelled from Spain. With the exception of the Arabs and the blacks, none of these pull together, and in that case it is only because the latter are either subservient to the former or incorporated with them.

* For some years editor of the *Times of Morocco.*

* Singular, Maghribi, from Maghreb, the Sunset (Land), the name by which Morocco is known to the Arabs.

First in importance, then, come the earliest known possessors of the land. These are not confined to Morocco, but still hold the rocky fastnesses which stretch away from the Atlantic opposite the Canaries to the borders of Egypt, from the sands of the Mediterranean to those of the Sahara, that vast extent of territory to which we have given their name, Barbary.

The character of the Berber is almost as great a contrast to that of the Arab as his language. Like mountaineers all the world over, his race has proved unconquerable, and it has defied for a thousand years the nation which has dominated the plains with ease. Phœnicians, Romans, Goths, and Vandals had already left their mark upon the country before the Arabs appeared, but none ever penetrated far inland. Had their many tribes been united, the followers of Islam would never have been masters of the country; but section after section was overcome, and adopted the religion of their conquerors, till it was professed from end to end of the land, and Arabic became the language of both creed and court. Beyond this and the introduction of a few Eastern customs, the masses of the people remain as unchanged as ever, and each successive Sultan of the various Fez and Morocco dynasties has in vain endeavored to subdue them entirely. Only a small proportion really amalgamated with the Muslim victors, and it is only to this mixed race which occupies the cities that the name of Moor is strictly applicable. Even at the present time the Sultan of Morocco undertakes annual expeditions against these Berber tribes, to maintain his nominal authority right in the heart of his kingdom, and to collect his tributes by force. As soon as his back is turned the governors he has imposed are slain or driven away, and the people do much as they like till another expedition comes their way.

"Powder has spoken on the hills of the Zemmoor." So runs the news from mouth to mouth, and it is thereby understood that one of the most powerful Berber tribes between Mequinez and the sea is in revolt once more. The proud, fierce clansmen are tired of quarrelling with one another, and wearied with the exactions and injustice of the imperial officials in their district. The heads of these worthies have been impaled above their dwellings; the whole country-side is up in arms. A period of comparative rest has allowed the tribe to recoup its energies: its corn-stores and its powder-flasks are full, and, forethought and discretion being cast aside, every male capable of shouldering a gun is eager for the fray. The Sultan and his army are away settling a similar account with a tribe on the other side of the empire, so for a time the spirits of the rebels rise as they give themselves to plunder. Those of their neighbors who have remained loyal to Shereefian* rule suffer continually from their forays, and the enriched insurgents, elated with success, openly dare their liege lord to attack them. But at last comes slow-fed vengeance.

The Sultan has passed a winter in the neighboring capital, and his warriors have recouped their strength at the expense of their purses. Now both they and their steeds fret and chafe to be away. The spring has come, and with it dreams of booty. On the appointed day a hundred thousand men camp round the imperial tent outside the walls. As the sun rises on the morrow they march away in a direction until then a secret in the Sultan's breast. It is to the homes of the rebel Zemmoor, whose boasts still ring in the air. At length their borders are invaded and their land laid waste on every side. Homes are burned; but they are empty. The arrival of so numerous a host has struck terror into the heart of the people, who have retired into their strongholds in the hills. As they are followed thither by the troops, a wild guerilla warfare is commenced. Every rock and every tree stump hides a shooter. Presently from across the valley rushes a line of mounted warriors, girded with flowing robes, brandishing above their heads their long quaint flintlocks, as their forefathers did their spears. They sweep onwards till they near the advancing foe. In a second each weapon is levelled at a signal from the leader, and, immediately it has been fired, their sturdy steeds are reined almost upon their haunches, wheeled about, and madly galloped out of range for a reload. At night the very mules are stolen from the Sultan's camp; his foraging parties are cut off, and his army becomes desperate from lack of provender, the rebels having de-

* The present dynasty is styled "Shereef," *i. e.*, noble, as claiming descent from Mohammed.

stroyed all in their retreat. A pitched battle is seldom heard of. Meanwhile the fugitive undefended have been overtaken — women, children, and old men. Then begins a most heart-rending massacre; for, in spite of the orders of their imperial chief, the wild, fierce soldiery rush in and work their will. Such as are not fit for slaves are butchered, often after awful cruelties and insults. If peace is not yet sued for, the aid of the European officers* and cannon in the Sultan's service is called in. Strongholds are "removed" with dynamite, and a speedy termination is brought about by the submission of the rebels. The heads of the leaders are distributed among the chief towns of the empire, after having been pickled by the Jews, and are placed above the gates to warn all others, and dumbly tell of the prowess of "our lord." Many are loaded with chains and sent to rot in the dungeons of the capitals, while more than double the amount of tribute due is levied. A new governor and new assistants are appointed, and the army retires rich from a wasted country—"eaten up," as the native expression goes. Such are Moorish tax-gatherings.

I have already remarked how different the Berbers are from the Arabs, and I think this is shown in no way more than by their treatment of their women. Instead of that enforced seclusion and concealment of the features to which the followers of Islam elsewhere doom them, in these mountain homes they enjoy almost as perfect liberty as their sisters in Europe. I have been greatly struck with their intelligence and generally superior appearance to such Arab women as I have by chance been able to see. Once, when supping with the son of a powerful governor from above Fez, his mother, wife, and wife's sister sat composedly to eat with us, which could never have occurred in the dwelling of a Moor. No attempt at covering their faces was made, though male attendants were present at times, but the little daughter shrieked at the sight of a Nazarene. The grandmother, a fine buxom dame, could read and write—an astonishing accomplishment for a Moor-

* These are "military missions" from France, Spain, and Italy, and two private English officers employed as drill-instructors.

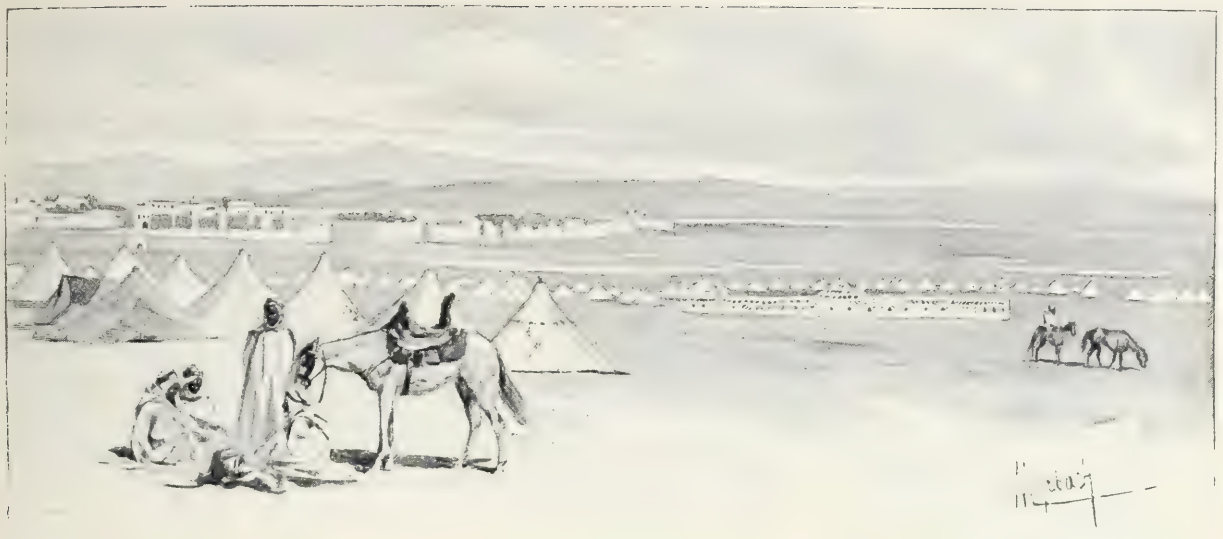


A TANGIER MARKET

ish woman—and she could converse better than many men who would in this country pass for educated.

The men are a hardy, sturdy race, wiry and lithe, inured to toil and cold; fonder far of the gun and sword than of the ploughshare, and steady riders of an equally wiry race of mountain ponies. Those who have always resided at home have a poor idea of Europeans, and will not allow them to enter their territories if they can help it. Only those who are in subjection to the Sultan permit them to do so freely. Their dwellings are of stone and mud, often of two floors, flat-topped, with rugged projecting eaves, the roofs being made of poles covered with the same material as the walls, stamped and smoothed. These houses are seldom whitewashed, and present a most ruinous appearance. Their ovens are domes about three feet or less in height outside; they are heated by a fire inside, then emptied, and the bread put in. Similar ovens are employed in camp to bake for the court. The Berber dress has either borrowed from or lent much to the Moor, but a few articles stamp them wherever worn. These are a large black hooded cloak of goat's-hair, impervious to rain, made of one piece, with no armholes. At the point of the cowl hangs a black tassel, and right across the back, about the level of the knees, runs an assegai-shaped patch of yellow, often with a centre of red. It has been opined that this remarkable feature represents the All-seeing Eye, so often used as a charm, but from the scanty information I could gather from the people themselves, I believe that they have lost sight of the original idea, though some have told me that variations in the pattern mark clan distinctions. I have ridden—when in the disguise of a native—for days together in one of these cloaks, during pelting rain, which never penetrated it. In more remote districts, seldom visited by Europeans, the garments are ruder far, entirely of undyed wool, and unsewn—mere blankets with slits cut in the centre for the head. There is, however, in every respect, a great difference between the various districts. The turban is little used by these people, skull-caps being preferred, while their red cloth gun-cases are commonly used turbanwise, and often a camel's-hair cord is deemed sufficient protection for the head.

Only on the plains are the Arabs to be found, but here their tents are scattered in every direction. From the Atlantic to the Atlas, from Tangier to Mogador, and then away through the fertile province of Soos, one of the chief features of Morocco is the series of wide alluvial treeless plains, often apparently as flat as a table, but here and there cut up by winding rivers and crossed by low ridges. The fertility of these districts is remarkable, but owing to the misgovernment of the country, which renders native property so insecure, only a small portion is cultivated. It is on the untilled slopes which border these plains that the Arab encampments are to be found—circles or ovals of low, goat-hair tents, each covering a large area in proportion to its height. As the traveller approaches them he is greeted by a chorus of barking, which soon brings out some swarthy form—in the daytime usually that of a woman, for the men will be away with the flocks or cattle, ploughing, sowing, or reaping. Unless they are travelling or fighting, here ends the chapter of their occupations. In the evenings they stuff themselves to repletion, if they can afford it, with a wholesome dish of prepared barley or wheat meal, seldom accompanied with meat; then, after a gossip round the crackling fire, or, on state occasions, three cups of syrupy green tea apiece, they roll themselves up in their long blankets and sleep on the ground. The first blush of dawn sees them stirring, and soon all is life and excitement. The men go off to their various labors, as do many of the stronger women, while the remainder attend to their scanty household duties, later on basking in the sun. But the moment the stranger arrives the scene changes, and the incessant din of dogs, hags, and babies commences, to which the visitor is doomed till late at night, with the addition then of neighs and brays. Outside the circle of tents is a ring of thorny bushes, cut and piled in such a manner that their interwoven branches prove an effective barrier, and at night the only space left free for an entrance is closed in the same manner. The roofs only of the tents are of cloth; the sides, about three feet high, are formed of bundles of thistles stood on end, or of any brushwood the locality affords. Inside, the leaves of the palmetto serve for plush, being supplemented by a mat or two. The furniture consists perhaps of a rude hand-loom, a hand-mill, and three



OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF FEZ.

stones in a hole for a fireplace. Around the sides are tethered donkeys or calves, while fowls and dogs have the run of the establishment. Dirt is the prevailing feature.

It never seemed to me that these poor folk enjoyed life, but rather that they took things sadly. How could it be otherwise? No security of life and property tempts them to make a show of wealth; on the contrary, they bury what little they may save, if any, and lead lives of misery, for fear of tempting the authorities. Their work is hard; their comforts are few. The wild wind howls through their humble dwellings, and the rain splashes in at the door. In sickness, for lack of medical skill, they lie and perish. In health, their only pleasures are animal. Their women, once they are past the prime of life, which means soon after thirty with this desert race, go unveiled, and work often harder than the men, carrying burdens, binding sheaves, or even perhaps helping a donkey to haul a plough. Female features are never so jealously guarded here as in towns. Yet these are a jolly, simple, good-natured folk. Often have I spent a merry evening round the fire with them, squatted on a bit of matting, telling of the wonders of "That Country"—the name which alternates in their vocabulary with "Nazarene Country" as descriptive of all the world but Morocco and such portions of North Africa or Arabia as they may have heard of. Many an honest laugh have we enjoyed over their wordy tales, or perchance some witty sally, but in my heart I have pitied these poor down-trodden people in their ignorance and want. Home they have not. When the pasture in Shechem is short, they remove to Dothan; next month they may be somewhere else. But they are always ready to share their scanty portion with the wayfarer, wherever they are.

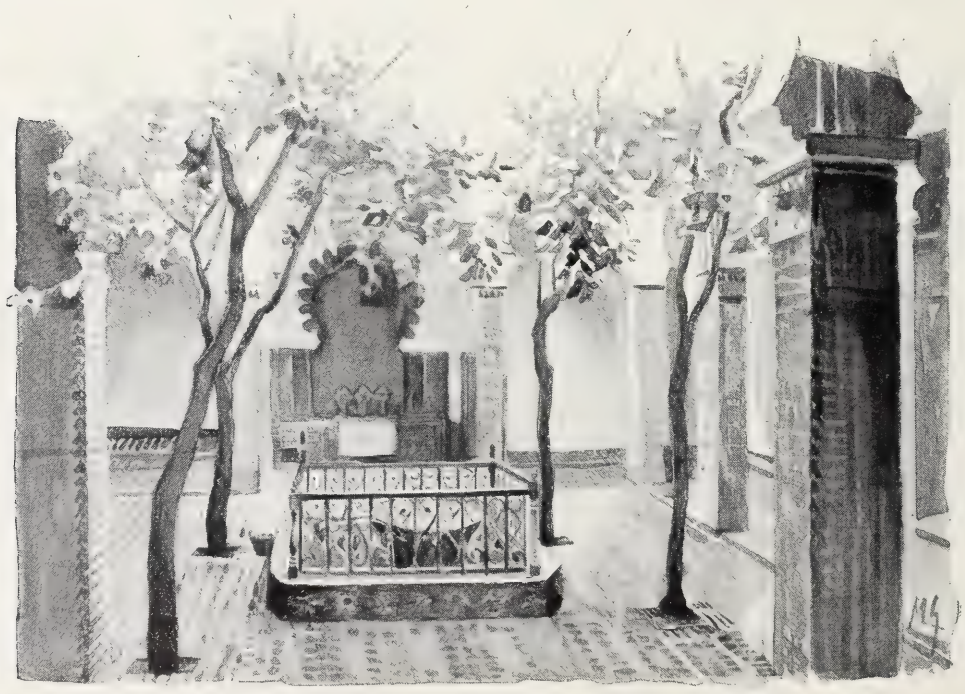
Though there are other dwellers in the country, who perforce must go unmentioned in so brief a sketch, we must seek the mingled people we call Moors in the cities they have founded — at the busy mart and in the seat of office. Cloaked and turbaned, they glide about in slippered feet, the women shod in red, the men in bright yellow. But for their exceedingly substantial build, the Moorish women in the street might pass for ghosts, for their costume is, with this one exception, white. A long and heavy blanket of coarse homespun effectually conceals every feature but the eyes, which are touched up with antimony on the lids, and, as a rule, are sufficiently expressive. Sometimes a wide-brimmed straw hat, its edges supported by adjustable cords from the crown, is jauntily clapped on; but here ends the plate of Moorish out-door fashions. In-doors all is color, light, and glitter. Where cash is plentiful nothing is spared to make the home a paradise—in Muslim eyes; yet all is forbidden to male outsiders. But in matters of color and flowing robes the men are not far behind, and they make up abroad for any lack at home. I think no garment is more artistic and no drapery more graceful than that in which the wealthy Moor takes his daily airing, either on foot or muleback.

Beneath a gauzelike woollen toga—relic of ancient art—glimpses of luscious hues are caught—crimson and purple, deep greens and "afternoon-sun color,"* salmons and pale clear blues. A dark blue cloak, when it is cold, negligently but gracefully thrown across the shoulders, or a blue-green prayer-carpet folded beneath the arm, helps to set off the whole.

Side by side with this picture of ease and comfort, cheek by jowl, wanders the tattered negro whose eyes have been put out—a punishment now very rare. His sightless orbs follow appealingly the guidance of a little child, as one after another of the passers-by is importuned in vain. "May God bring it"—the alms—is a refusal far more conclusive than an excuse or negative, and the appeal is made to another. The narrow winding streets, ill-paved, and ofttimes ankle-deep in mud, are crowded with men and beasts; the ever-changing scene is a kaleidoscope of Eastern fancy: Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, Bluebeard, Aladdin, and the Grand Vizier all pass the corner in succession. Donkeys bearing loaded panniers of garden produce or rubbish are followed by stately officials on barrel-bodied mules, and in the coast towns a good sprinkling of European costumes, worn by foreigners and Jews, add fresh variety.

* The native name for a rich orange.

Chez lui our friend of the flowing garments is a king, with slaves to wait upon him, wives to obey him, and servants to fear his wrath. His every-day reception-room is the lobby of his stables, where he sits behind the door in rather shabby garments attending to business matters, unless he is a merchant or shopkeeper, when his store serves as office instead. Those whom he wishes to honor are asked inside the house, after the order has been shouted to his women folk to "make a road." Pausing to allow this to be accomplished, a scuffle of feet is heard, and a moment after the deserted court is entered, with no reminder of its recent occupants but the swing of the curtain in the doorway, where a dainty finger holds it back to feed inherent curiosity. Dinner may then be served, or the traditional three glasses of tea, but only a slave lass or two will be seen, as they silently do the serving, after respectfully kissing the hands of the guests. No, the Moor has no home life—no family unity—not half so much as the Arab or Berber in tent or hut. It is seldom that the wife eats with the husband, and the children with the father never. Lust reigns supreme in the lives of both sexes, and no other relationships than it allows between them are dreamed of. Morals in practice they have none, though their theories are perfect enough to deceive many into thinking



A HIGH-CLASS MOORISH HOUSE.

Islam a model system. The grand idea of their lives is to live like beasts in this world, and to trust to Mohammed and good deeds to secure their admission to a hereafter where all sin shall be lawful.

Of intellectual pleasures, occupations which should raise their social tone and feed the mind, the Moors know nothing. What study some few of them do is so bewildering in its complexity and uselessness that they gain little by it, and reading for information's sake is rare. Their evenings thus hang heavily, and if not passed in a state of lethargy from overeating, idle gossip is their only amusement. Chess and draughts are sometimes seen, but are not general. In business the Moor is keen and parsimonious, though, as results show, a poor match for the sons of Israel, who swarm on every hand. At first suspicious, if well treated he treats well, and becomes a steady if perhaps self-seeking friend.



ARAB BOY AND GIRL, TOWN.
After a photograph by G. W. Wilson.

But list! what is that weird, low sound which strikes upon our ear and interrupts our musings? It is the call to prayer. For the fifth time to-day that cry is sounding—a warning to the faithful that the hour for evening devotions has come. See! yonder Moor has heard it too, and is already spreading his felt cloth on the ground for the performance of his nightly orisons. Standing Meccawards and bowing to the ground, he goes through the set of forms known throughout the Mohammedan world. The majority satisfy their consciences by working off the whole five sets at once. But that cry! I hear it still; as one voice fails, another carries on the strain, in ever-varying cadence, as each repeats it to the four quarters of the heavens.

It was yet early in the morning when the first cry burst upon the stilly air; the sun had not then risen o'er the hill-tops, nor had his first soft rays dispelled the shadows of the night. Only the rustling of the wind was heard as it died among the tree-tops—that wind which was a gale last night. The hurried tread of the night guard going on his last—perhaps his only—round before his return home, had awakened me from my dreaming slumbers, and I was just about to doze away into that sweetest of sleeps, the morning nap, when that distant cry broke forth. Pitched in a high clear key, the Muslim confession of faith was heard: "La iláha il' Al - lah ; wa Mohammed er-rasool Al-l-a-h!" Could ever bell send thrill like that? I wot not.

A Moorish "college" is a simple affair —no seats; no desks; a few books. For beginners, boards about the size of foolscap, whitened on both sides with clay,

take the place of book, paper, and slate. On these the various lessons, from the alphabet to the Koran, are plainly written in large black letters. A switch or two, a sand-box in lieu of blotter, and a book or two complete the paraphernalia. The dominie squats on the ground, tailor fashion, as do his pupils before him. They, from ten to thirty in number, imitate him as he repeats the lesson in a sonorous singsong voice, accompanying the words by a rocking to and fro, which sometimes enables them to keep time. A sharp application of the switch to bare pate or shoulder is wonderfully effective in recalling wandering attention, and really lazy boys are speedily expelled. Girls, as a rule, get no schooling at all.

On the admission of a pupil the parents pay some small sum, varying according to their means; and every Wednesday, which is a half-holiday, a payment is made of from half a cent to five cents. New moons and feast-days are made occasions for the giving of larger sums, as are also holidays, which last ten days in the case of the greater festivals. Thursdays are whole holidays, and no work is done on Friday mornings, that day being the Mohammedan Sabbath, or at least "meeting-day," as it is called.

After learning the letters and figures, the youngsters set about committing the Koran to memory. When the first chapter is mastered — the one which with them corresponds to the "Pater Noster" of Christendom—it is customary for them to be paraded round the town on horseback with ear-splitting music, and sometimes charitably disposed persons make small presents to the young students by way of encouragement. After the first chapter the last is learned, then the last but one, and so on backwards to the second, as, with the exception of the first, the longest chapters are at the beginning.

Though reading and a little writing are taught at the same time, all the scholars do not arrive at the pitch of perfection necessary to indite a respectable letter, so that there is plenty of employment for the numerous scribes and notaries who make a profession of this art. These sit in a little box-shop, with their appliances before them—reed pens, ink, paper, and sand, with a ruling-board with strings across at regular intervals, on which the paper to be lined is pressed. They usually possess also a knife and scissors, with a case to hold them all. In writing, they place the paper on the left knee, or upon a pad or book in the left hand. The plebs who cannot read or write, and all who wish to make declarations or arguments, appear with their statements before two of these—there are usually four in a shop —and after it has been written out and read over to the deponent, it is signed by two of the notaries. Such a document is the only one recognized by Moorish law. Individual signatures, except of high officials, are worthless, and even then the signature of the local judge (kadi) is necessary to legalize the others. These signatures are nicknamed by the natives "beetles," being absolutely undecipherable scrawls, crossed and recrossed till they are almost a blot. Naturally this system, like so many others in Morocco, is open to serious abuses, as notaries often make more by twisting a statement to suit a client behind the scenes than ever a simple fee could amount to.

Even to the visitor unacquainted with the language the sight of the Arab bard and his quaint attentive audience on some erstwhile bustling market, towards the close of the afternoon, is a source of never-failing attraction, and full of interest to the student of human nature. After a long trudge from their homes, and a weary haggling over the most worthless of "coppers" during the heat of the day, the poor folk are all the better for the quiet resting-time, with something to distract their minds, and fill them with thoughts for the homeward way and the week to come. Here have been fanned and fed all the great religious and political movements which have from time to time convulsed the empire, and here the pulse of the country throbs. In the cities men lead a different life, and though their inhabitants enjoy tales as much as anybody, it is on these market-places that the wandering troubadour gathers his largest crowds.

Like public performers everywhere, a story-teller of note always goes about accompanied by regular assistants, who act as summoners to his entertainments and chorus to his songs. They usually consist of a player on the native banjo, another who keeps time on a tambourine, and a third who beats a kind of earthenware one-sided drum with his fingers. Less pretentious "professors" are content with the manipulation of a tambourine or



THE SULTAN ON HIS WAY TO PRAYERS AT THE MOSQUE.

two-stringed banjo for themselves, and to many this style has a peculiar charm of its own. Each pause, however slight, is marked by two or three beats on the tightly stretched string, or twangs with a palmetto-leaf plectrum, loud or soft, according to the subject of the discourse at that point. The dress of this class, the one most frequently met with, is usually of the plainest if not of the scantiest: a tattered brown jellâb (a hooded round woollen cloak), and a camel's-hair cord round the wrinkled and shaven skull, are the garments which strike the eye. Waving bare arms and sinewy legs, with a wild, keen featured face lit up by flashing eyes, complete the picture.

This is the man of whom to learn of love and fighting, fair women and hair-



MOSQUE TOWER OF A DESERTED TOWN.

breadth escapes, the whole on the model of the *Thousand and One Nights*, of which versions more or less recognizable may now and again be heard from his lips. Commencing with plenty of tambourine and a few suggestive hints of what is to follow, he gathers around him a motley audience, the first-comers squatting in a circle, and later arrivals standing behind. Gradually their excitement is aroused, and as their interest grows, the realistic semi-acting of the performer rivets every eye upon him. Suddenly his wild gesticulations cease at the most entrancing point. One step more for liberty, one blow, and the charming prize would be in the possession of her adorer. Now is the time to "cash up." With a pious reference to "our lord Mohammed — the prayers of God be on him, and peace!"— and an invocation of the local saint, an appeal is made to the pockets of the faithful, "for the sake of Mûlàï Âbd el Káder" —our lord Slave-of-the-Able. Aroused from a trance, the eager listeners instinctively commence to feel in their pockets for the balance after the day's bargaining. One by one throws down his hard-earned coppers—one or two — and turns away with a long-drawn breath to untether his beasts and begin the journey home.

One of the features of Moorish society, whether Arab or Berber, or of the mixed races of the town, is the numerous class of individuals who have succeeded in establishing a reputation for sanctity. This is far larger than is generally imagined, for their calling is, on the whole, a profitable one, and well suited to indolent natures. To be considered a saint it is sufficient either to be or to act as a madman, whose thoughts are believed to be so much occupied with heavenly matters that mundane interests have no hold upon him. Of course this quaint fancy opens a wide door for imposture, and as it would be impious to interfere with such worthies unless they were actually dangerous to society, the most remarkable performances are tolerated. I have myself met a naked man in the streets of Fez, "remarkably" holy in the popular mind. Once when dining with the governor of an important place, a really loathsome personage entered without the slightest ceremony, unopposed by the servants, and squatted at the side of the dish into which we two were plunging our hands. Needless to say that when his fist went in, ours came out to await the next course, while on the removal of the dish our visitor finished it and departed. He had spoken no word beyond the customary greetings. As I saw with relief the last

of his rags and tatters at the door, I asked what it all meant. "He is a saint," was the curt but conclusive reply.

The majority of these individuals claim hereditary sanctity, many tracing back their pedigree to Mohammed himself, though of the thousands who for this reason are dubbed nobles (shereefs) only a small proportion are actually what one may call saints. The tombs of the original saints of a line are jealously guarded by their heirs, who make a good thing out of the offerings of those who visit them as pilgrims. Every sort of supernatural power for assisting mortal man in his troubles is ascribed to these "seyyids," as they are called, and no supplicant comes to their shrines empty-handed. One has some bodily infirmity, and another believes himself bewitched. One wants to find hidden treasure, and another yearns for offspring. There are stones and old guns on which would-be mothers sit for hours in faith. One seeks a husband and another a divorce. Some saints are patrons of particular callings, and the medicinal value of certain hot mineral springs is ascribed to the workings of defunct celebrities of this stamp belowground. Their shrines are sanctuaries, including often whole streets in their vicinity, where evil-doers of every sort are safe from the clutches of the law. At the mosque of Mulai Edrees at Fez hang boards which may be carried away by refugees in search of pardon or composition, which shall entitle them for a limited time to equal protection to that afforded by the limits of the shrine itself. These sanctuaries are forbidden to all but Muslims, under pain of death or "resignation" to the teachings of Mohammed. However, success in disguise in other parts of the country led me to explore some of the holiest in Fez and elsewhere, as the only one or two Europeans who had ventured inside had left such scanty descriptions. On an occasion I went through the motions of evening prayers in the mosque referred to, perspiring freely, though cool outwardly, and busy with mental notes.

The ends of the streets approaching the sanctuary of Mulai Edrees II. at Fez are crossed by chains or bars to keep out four-footed animals and warn off Jews or Christians. They are the only decently paved ones in the whole of the metropolis, and the shops in them, chiefly devoted to the sale of native candles, relics, and sweetmeats, are better than usual. One end of the street, past the chief door, is prettily arched in colored plaster, and the door itself is very elegant in pink and gold carving, the design including the Muslim creed. Inside is first a carpeted room surrounded by mattresses, like an ordinary native sitting-room, with the walls plain whitewashed, a sort of antechamber. Beyond this is another similar apartment, and then the tomb in the third room, but the direct way is barred, and a side door is used. The tomb resembles a large chest of casket shape, about four feet high, covered with rich gold-embroidered cloth. Round the edge were eighteen gilt censers, and round the top fourteen more, with a tall one in the centre, all reputed to be gold. The walls were covered with gold-braided



A MOORISH SCHOOL-BOY.



CHIEF MOSQUE OF TANGIER.

hangings, and the ceiling exquisitely carved and painted in arabesque designs. There were very many lanterns and gilt and glass chandeliers suspended from the roof, the principal one, a monster, being in the centre. There were about eighty gilt glass lamps, and thirty-five plain ones, like huge tumblers of oil with floating wicks. There was one Moorish lantern about eight feet high, and a large gilt candlestick with eighteen lights, some six feet high. Among other ornaments were two large "grandfather" clocks, and three large gilt round ones, some bearing London makers' names. At the left end of the sarcophagus, looking from the mosque, is a richly ornamented alms-chest. In front of the tomb is the pulpit of the imam, who thus, while facing Mecca, also faces the shrine. It is believed that Gabriel is wont to visit this holy spot from time to time in human garb, and that if any visitor has had the good luck to touch the hem of his garment, his entry into paradise is assured. The body of the mosque attached to this tomb is very pretty, being completely ornamented with the local cut tiles, as used in the Alhambra. The main tint is blue, which, intermingled with white, looks very cool and inviting.

The mosque of the Karueein, reputed to be the largest in Africa, is close by, but it is not grand. Only one court, reminding one of that of the Lions at Granada, is at all beautiful. As near as I could calculate, the number of pillars is about 416, but they are not marble, as often erroneously stated, with the exception of twenty-eight in the court mentioned. I visited it several times, and was greatly struck with the appearance of those many aisles, divided by the square matting-covered pillars and whitewashed horseshoe arches, but it comes nowhere near the mosque of Cordova for beauty.

Another class of forbidden buildings my curiosity has tempted me into was the steam baths, but I am thoroughly disgusted with them, they are so poor and dirty, with few conveniences. Being very cheap, they are patronized by every class, men at one hour, women at another.

One section of the inhabitants of Morocco—by no means the least important—has still to be glanced at: these are the ubiquitous persecuted and persecuting Jews. Everywhere that money changes hands and there is business to be done they are to be found. In the towns, and among the thatched huts of the plains, even in the Berber villages on the slopes of the Atlas, they have their colonies. With the exception of a few of the ports where European rule in past centuries has destroyed the boundaries, they are obliged to live in their own quarters, and in most instances are only permitted to cross the town barefooted and on foot, never to ride a horse. In the Atlas they live, as it were, in separate villages adjoining or close to those belonging to the Berbers, and sometimes even larger than they. Always clad in black or dark-colored cloaks, with hideous black skull-caps or blue cotton handkerchiefs with white spots on their heads, they are conspicuous everywhere. They address the Moors with a villanous cringing look, which makes the sons of Ishmael savage,

for they know it is only feigned. The Moors treat the Jews like dogs, and cordial hatred exists on both sides. So they live, together yet divided; the Jew indispensable but despised, bullied but thriving. He only wins at law when richer than his opponent; of justice there is scant pretence. He dares not lift his hand against a Moor, however illtreated, but he has his revenge by sucking his life's blood by means of usury. Showed no mercy, he shows none, and once in his clutches, the Moor is fortunate to escape with his life.

The whole round of the system is this: Government officials, only nominally paid, prey each upon the one below him, till the local sheiks recoup themselves by preying on the people. A sudden demand for cash is made upon an official or private individual; some trumpery charge is brought up against him, and he has the alternative of paying or being thrust into a dungeon in irons, and being stripped of his possessions. Recourse is had to the Jewish money-lender—Europeans are also employed in this trade—and a notarial document is drawn up stating that he has received double the amount actually lent to him, the price in advance of such and such nature produced to be delivered in six months' time or the cash returned. If this is not then forth-coming, he must either give a new bond for double the sum, or fall again into the hands of his superior. This goes on till the debt is as much as he is worth, when he goes to prison after all, has his property seized, and maybe dies there. This picture is one of every day in Morocco.

I am thankful to say that the influence of European Jews is making itself felt in the chief towns through excellent schools supported from London and Paris, which are turning out quite another class of highly respectable citizens. While the Moors fear the advancing tide of civilization, the town Jews court it, and in them centres one of the chief prospects of the country's welfare.

The greatest obstacle to progress in Morocco is the blind prejudice of ignorance. It is hard for them to realize that their presumed hereditary foes can wish them well, and it is suspicion rather than hostility which induces them to crawl within their shell and desire to be left alone. Too often are they shown by subsequent events what good ground they have had for suspicion. It is a pleasure for me to be able to state that during all my intercourse with them I have never received the least insult, but have been well repaid in my own coin. What more is to be expected?



GROUP OF MOUNTAIN JEWS.

THE SILENT VOICE.

A Play.

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THE DUCHESS.
KATE, }
URSULA, } *her maidens.*
ISABEL, }
A LITTLE PAGE.
HENRY OSBORNE.

A. D., 15—.

The Duchess's room. She is discovered at work among her maidens, who bend over their frames. The close of day.

Kate (*with a lute, sings*).

"Beneath the willows on the green,
With hands entwined and nimble feet,
They danced to music swift and sweet,
When Love came by unseen.

"He fanned them with his airy wings,
He touched them with his finger-tip,
But fled ere he had taught the lip
To utter what the dumb heart sings."

. . . . .

[*The* Duchess *rises and goes to the window.*

Ursula. Her Grace is weary, hush!
Isabel. How ends the song?
Ursula. Not well. Kate never tells a merry tale.
Duchess. 'Tis getting dark.
Kate. Your Grace?
Duchess. The sun has set.
Ursula. I heard the clock strike five; the days grow long.
Ere yet we know it, 'twill be spring.
Kate. To-day
I thought the trees looked misty in the forest.
Duchess (*to herself*).

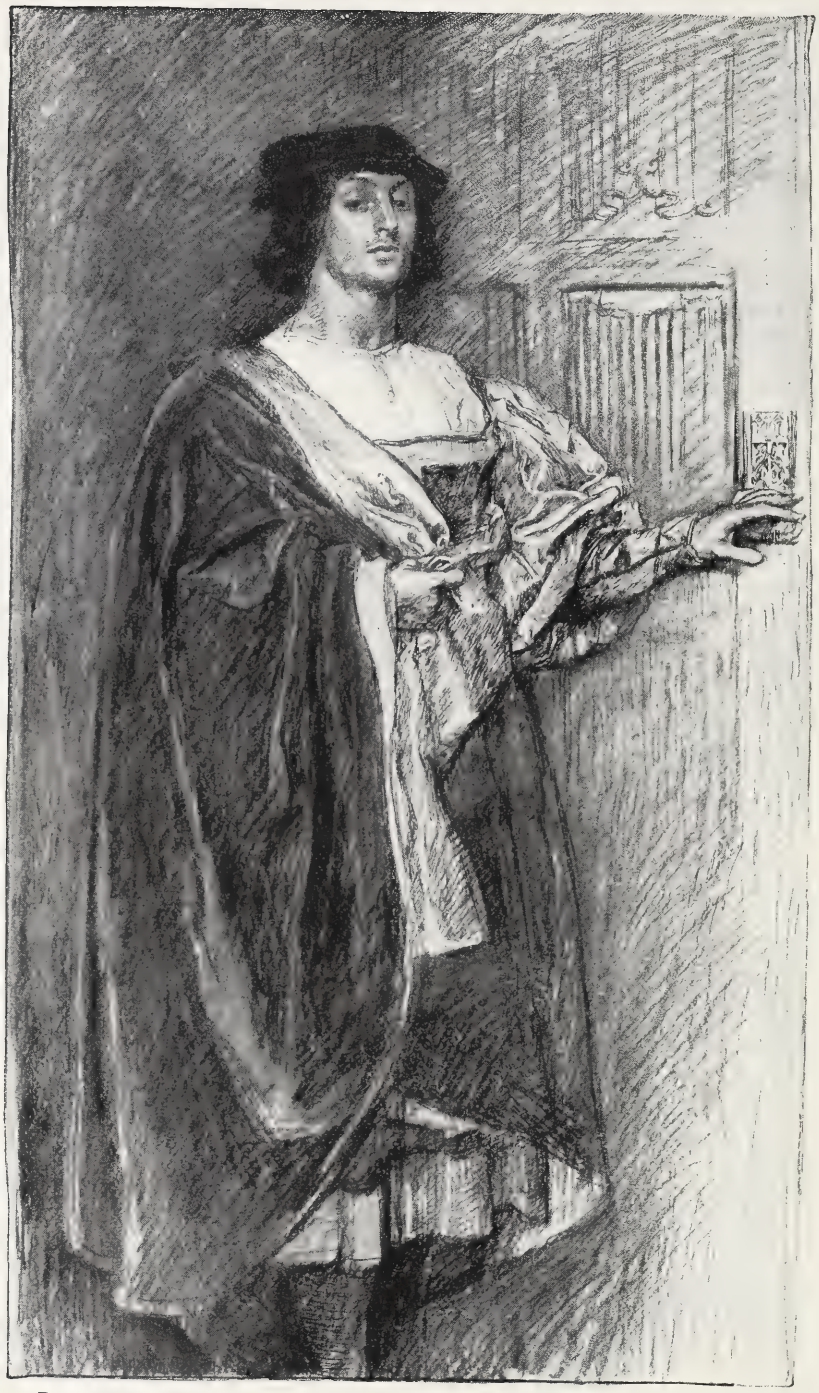
"But fled ere he had taught the lip
To utter what the dumb heart sings."

Isabel. That song, methinks, is false. If e'er I love,
I'll tell it or I'll die.
Kate. But what of him?
Isabel. Why "what of him"?
Kate. I mean, if he say naught?
Isabel. I'll tell my love or die!
Ursula. Nay, Isabel;
That dare no maid.
Isabel. Die must she, then, and he
Laugh? Never know for whom she lies in earth?
I never loved, and yet methinks I shall;
And then I shall love more than any man,
And tell my love, or die.
Ursula. I, when I love,
Shall neither die nor tell, but live and listen.
I could not love the man that loved not first.
A woman's love is but an answer.
Isabel. Kate,

How many kinds of women, think you, dwell
Upon the earth?
Kate. I know not, sweet.
Isabel. For some,
It seems, are lovers; others mirrors merely,—
Men's answers. Which are happiest?
Kate. Who can tell?
Isabel. How would Kate love, if ever Kate should love?
Kate. She'd neither die nor tell, but with pale smile
Live the day through; her pillow in the night
Should hide her tears.
Isabel. There are three kinds of women.
Duchess. Or maybe four.... Which of you three has loved?
Isabel. Oh, none, your Grace. These are our dreams.
Duchess. Think you
All women dream?
Ursula. Most women, surely.
Duchess. So,
I mean—of love?
Kate. Some dream of heaven, lady.
Isabel. That's when the first dream's dead.
Duchess. You fill mine eyes
With dawn, and spring-time. When I was a girl,
Out in the village where my father lived,
Amidst our days of care—for we were poor—
There came from time to time a holiday,
A merrymaking. I remember well
Awaking on such days; the washen frock,
The ribbons month-long kept in lavender,
Lay spread upon the chair beside my bed;
I would not rise, so sweet it seemed to think
The whole day's joy untouched lay shining there.
A day?—a lifetime! filled with glimmering shades
Of unformed hopes, an all-enfolding day
That was to leave me richer than it came.—
The frock was tumbled when I went to bed;
There was no color in the sky; the morrow
Showed as a doorway into hueless weeks....
You make me think of this, you three; your frocks
Are very white, your day untouched and long.
God bless you, girls! Who knows? Maybe ere noon
You'll meet him.
Isabel. Think you so? When I find mine,
I'll tell your Grace.
Ursula. I too. But there's no haste.
I'll wait till afternoon.
Isabel. Or soon or late,
Love comes.
Duchess. Not always.—'Tis too dark to work.
Go tell my page to bring me light.
[*Exit* Isabel. *The* Duchess *sits.*
The child
Is passionate of heart. I fear the future
For such as she. (*To* Ursula.) Women of our make
Are happiest. For my Kate, why, she must come
Into my room to-night.—Kate, thou hast loved.
Kate. Perhaps.
Duchess. I envy thee.

Re-enter Isabel *with the* Page.

What news, my Page?
Page. There's none, your Grace.
Duchess. What, has no knight been here
Asking for Madam Ursula? What, boy,
No troubadour sits sighing at the gate
For Lady Isabel?
Page. I've seen none such.
Duchess. Go, boy, and look. Methinks along the road
Three horsemen ride—thou'lt see them thro' the dark.
Their hearts' flames shine as torches in the night.
Page. I'll look, your Grace.



Drawn by E. A. Abbey, A.R.A.

"ENTER HENRY OSBORNE."

Duchess. Boy, where's the Duke?
Page. Asleep.
His Grace was long in the forest, and brought home
A fine young buck. My Lords Fitzhugh and Darcy
Returned and sat to table with him. Now
All three are weary and asleep. [*The* Duchess *sighs.*
His Grace
Has given order that he be not waked.
Duchess. Come, little boy, come here and stand by me.
Sir Manikin, I knew thy mother well;
There was no gold in her hair.
Page. My father's locks
Were like the sun. He died ere I was born.

Duchess. Poor woman! Where she lies she cannot pass
Her fingers through thy curls. She loved thee, wight;
Forget her not.
Page. Oh no!
Duchess. Now to the turret,
And tell me of those knights with hearts of flame!
Page. I will, your Grace. [*Exit* Page.
Duchess. Come, idle maids, to work!
Isabel. Your Grace has promised me a troubadour.
I think of him.
Ursula. I of my knight.
Isabel. What color
Shall his eyes be?
Duchess. The color thine are not.
Kate. Shall mine be sad or gay?
Duchess. If thou be sad,
Why, then, let him be merry! When true love
Makes interchanging sweet, let each one give
Unto the other what that other lacks.—
Let him be gay, Kate; for, beneath one roof,
Two sad hearts make long grief; two light ones, folly.
Isabel. Shall mine be old, or young?
Duchess. Near to thine age,
That you may walk with even step together.
Take no old husband, child, lest when thou skip
Thou hit his crutches with thy lightsome foot.
A little older than thyself were good.
Yet, oh, be young together!
Ursula. That's my mind.
Isabel. Your Grace is very wise.
Duchess. That well might be.
Yet Kate there is the wisest of us all,
For she has loved.—What ask thine eyes?
Isabel. I dare not.
Duchess. Ask, little one.
Isabel. Your Grace is married—then
How should it be your Grace has never loved?
Duchess. Why, yes, that's true. Yet, Isabel, maybe
There are four kinds of women. When he comes,
Thy troubadour,—nay, ere he come, ere yet
Thou findest him whose heart is as thine own,—
Give it not hence, this hasty hand of thine.
For there are women, child, who marry men
They love not, for some other worldlier cause,
For riches or for splendor, or perchance
For silly pride that one renowned and gray
Should choose a country maiden for his wife.
And so they close their bosom's door on Love
Ere Love has knocked; and then they never dare
Look out of window for the troubadour,
Lest, if he come one day....
Isabel. I understand.
There are four kinds of women.

Enter the Page.

Duchess. Ha! Sir Page!
Hast seen them on the road?
Page. I see but one,
A horseman—and his bosom bears no flame.
Duchess. Then comes he not for us.
Page. He's on the bridge.
Duchess. Perchance some envoy for my lord the Duke.
Yet go and ask his name. [*Exit the* Page. *The* Duchess *rises.*
I vow I yawn
For very weariness and length of days.
We'll have a game, girls, when the boy returns.
Put by your frames, and fetch the shuttlecocks.
[*The maidens obey. The* Page *returns.*
How now?
Page. A messenger, your Grace.
Duchess. For me?

Page. He says he brings you news from home.
Duchess. From home?
Let him come in!
[*The page lifts the curtain. A pause. The girls stand together, battledoor in hand.*

Enter Henry Osborne.

Duchess. What, Henry! Henry Osborne!
Henry. Your humble servant.
Duchess. We've not met for years.
How strange! I hardly knew you the first minute.
I think I had forgotten you.... Four years
Is a long time.
Henry. Years such as these, your Grace,
Count for eternities, so strangered are we.
Duchess. Think you?
Henry. We meet on crooked terms, for I
Am what I was.
[Ursula, Isabel, *and the* Page *slip away.* Kate *takes her frame.*
Duchess. And so am I.
Henry. Ah! no!
Anne Sorrell's dead.
Duchess. No, Henry, no, indeed.
Anne Sorrell lives—lives ever, though she breathe
Within a shell. The Duchess walks and talks,
Puts on apparel, decks her hair with pearls,
But Nancy Sorrell lives within. I feel it
Now, seeing you; your face is not your face
Merely, but something fraught with memories
Of home, of once familiar every-day....
'Tis strange; as you came in, I saw the lane
Outside my father's house.
Henry. I'm glad.
Duchess. And I
Am glad to see you. Welcome, Henry; welcome!
The breath of things long past you bring with you.
Your hands!
Henry. I had not hoped to find you so.
As I stood waiting at your door just now,
I wished I had not come. [*She lets go his hands and laughs.*
Duchess. That's like you, Henry.
You always spoke the truth. [*She sits.*
Are you a coward?
Henry. No, I think not. But as I waited there
I thought: "Why did I come? She will stand tall
On high court-heel; I shall not touch her hand,
So wide her farthingale; a stately pride
Will have wiped out the dimples and the smiles."
Duchess. Why did you come?
Henry. Your Grace's uncle Edward....
Duchess. Don't say "your Grace"; it sets a wall between us.
I want the air you bring with you to beat
Full in my face.—Kate, have the others gone?
Kate. They're playing shuttlecock, your Grace.
Duchess. That's right.
Go too, sweet Kate. [*Exit* Kate.
Well, yes; my uncle?....
Henry. Heard
That I was bound for London. He had sought
Since long a trusty bearer for this packet.
He bade me pass this way.
Duchess. Thanks; put it down;
I'll read it when you've gone. Yes, lay it there.
You have not come, then, of your own accord?
Henry. No. What excuse had I?
Duchess. You needed none.
Yet it has been the same with all my friends:
False pride, false judgment, and unjust. The heart
That once beat warm beneath a cambric kerchief
Need not change measure when it lies encased
In jewelled stomacher. I might have been

Less lonely these four years, had some of you
Remembered this. But now, tell me the news!
My uncle, he is well?
Henry. In perfect health.
Duchess. My aunt?
Henry. The same as ever.
Duchess. Round? and kind?
Is the dog dead that used to bite our heels
When we stole apples in the orchard? Why,
Of course he must be dead—my thoughts went back
Too far. Last year....ten years ago....the past
Is past.—Is it not so?
Henry. It must be so.
But whilst I have the present and the future,
I think but little of the past, your Grace.
Duchess. You are no courtier, Henry! What am I,
If not the past?
Henry. The present.
Duchess. Well, so be it.
But, news! Come, tell me all; I long to hear.
My cousin Susan's married, that I know.
I sent her a new gown of Flanders silk;
They called the baby Nancy after me.
Henry. Her brother is betrothed.
Duchess. To whom?
Henry. A stranger.
Duchess. The little dark girl at the mill, she loved him.
Heigho, I'm sorry!—Tell me, who's the man
That bought my father's house?
Henry. A stranger too.
You would not know the place; the elms are down.
Duchess. Ah, well-a-day! The past is very past.
Are they all married—all the lads and lasses
Of our own time?
Henry. Yes, wellnigh all.
Duchess. And you?
Where's your wife, Henry Osborne?....
Henry. Mine? My wife
Was never born, your Grace; she neither lives
Upon the earth, nor in my fancy.
Duchess. Sit—
Sit there. Nay, wait a second. You are taller
Than when I knew you.
Henry. I think not.
Duchess. For certain.
Look in the mirror. You were not so tall
Above me in those days.
Henry. I think I was.
Our eyes were just about as they are now.
Duchess. You might have grown since; you were young, remember.
Besides, you stooped; when others called you handsome,
I used to say. how can a man be handsome
Who stoops as he does?—Sit.
Henry. They say that truth
Will out at last. I always felt quite sure
You laughed at me.
Duchess. No, no; indeed I did not.
With you, not *at* you.
Henry. Both. All women did.
Duchess. You were too sensitive. When you were gay,
You made us laugh. But sudden humors caught you.
Shy then, and silent, you'd forget the laugh
Was of your making.
Henry. That may be. [*A pause.*
Duchess. 'Tis strange
How one forgets! I had forgotten you;
But now a thousand memories are stirred.
Henry. I am struck silent by the weight of them.
Duchess. You too?....Can you still laugh, Hal, as you used,
Out in the garden of an evening?
I think not; you have grown a solemn man.
You are more changed than I.

Henry. Not so, your Grace.
Duchess. Hush! Not that name—let me forget it once!
There's nothing on your face to tell it me,
That I am Duchess now, not Nancy Sorrell.
I sometimes sit here longing for the past;
—I am happy, sir, mistake me not—but youth
Was dearer. Every time you say "your Grace,"
The vision leaves me that your voice has conjured,
Of home and girlhood, father, mother, friends,
Of fields and woods and freedom.
Henry. Is it so?
Are we still dear to thy heart, Anne?
Duchess. Ay,
Most dear—Hal!—I very seldom weep,
But I was near it then.... Come, make me laugh.
Henry. The gift is gone.
Duchess. How so?
Henry. I know not.
Duchess. Stay!
Your neighbor's daughter, she that went to France—
Did you not love her once?
Henry. I never did.
How comes it that a woman always thinks
Love's at the root of all? If it be so,
Why, then I am not made as other men.
I never loved.
Duchess. What, never?
Henry. I repeat it;
Never.—You smile?
Duchess. Yes; though we always quarrelled,
I knew full well there lay between us two
An understanding deeper far than speech.
One hour ago—nay, not so much—I used
The selfsame words: "I never loved."—Your hand!
We two, we outcasts in a world of lovers,
Must own the bond that binds us. So.
Henry. Most men
Are liars; and, I fear, most women too.
This sovereign Love—whose praise they sing so loud,
Yet to whose blame all human ills are laid;
Whose joys, intensified a thousandfold,
Are blazoned o'er the world—has no existence.
It is a bubble merely, blown by poets
For boys and girls to chase.
Duchess. Perhaps.
Henry. If men
And women would consent to own the truth,
I wonder in how many breasts the gleam
That shone as flame would lose its heat, and flicker,
A fen-fire merely?
Duchess. I have never doubted
That Love could be. We are at odds again.
You say that Love is a delusion. Well!
Mine eyes can never rest on a new face
But I must think: "Here's one more rich than I.
This beggar here has loved, and I have not."
Henry. Wrong, Nance!.... Forgive me!
Duchess. No, go on; I like it.
There's none to hear.—And so it seems I'm wrong?
Henry. Why, yes, for Love is loss.—Smile not; you know
I was observant in my 'teens. We two
Have naught to mourn, for there can be no loss
Where there was no possession; and since Love
Is mortal—even if it be a blessing,
Which yet I doubt—'tis better not to have it
Than have it, cherish it, and then shed tears.
Duchess. That's true. But if it be a thing so sweet
That it annul all bitterness....
Henry. Soft, soft,
Those words were coined by others; there's the lie
That poets fill your ears with! I can hear
The jangle of their metre in your speech!

Duchess. But listen here....
Henry. I'll listen, Nance, all night;
It does not follow I shall understand.
Duchess. That's true: when men and women talk together,
The devil flies away with half the words.
Henry. You have not changed.
Duchess. I said so.—Well, go on!
I'll sit here mum and listen.—Nothing?
Henry. Nothing. [*A pause.*
Duchess. Well, then, no wife.
Henry. No, Heaven help me!
Duchess. Heaven
Has helped a woman, for there's one poor wretch
Been spared a husband! But, in solemn earnest,
What dreams have you?
Henry. Dreams? I? I have no dreams.
Duchess. Young man, take care, or we'll not meet above!
Henry. My fancies are all facts. They always were.
Duchess. Not always; no, there once were dreams enough
Flew up the chimney with the sparks. Come, come,
Your dreams, now.
Henry. I've not found a pillow yet.
Duchess. But when your eyes are lifted to the future,
What see you?
Henry. Nothing.
Duchess. Nay, the truth.
Henry. How tell
Another what I cannot tell myself?
Duchess. Right. Lift your head—look up, out at the stars.
Is nothing written there?
Henry. Not clearly; this
At most: a battle-field; my sword is drawn;
I stand upon the dead; the living press
Around me; so, and so, and so I slash;
My blade goes whizzing; here and there it sticks
In foeman's flesh; the sun is sinking red;
All's red about me, earth and sky and banner—
Blood-red. I hear a cry uprise tumultuous,
Re-echoed by the mountains—Victory!—
Here, even here, the blade has pierced. I fall,
And so all's done.
Duchess. Hal! no, thou shalt not die!
Henry. We all must die, Anne.
Duchess. But not thus, in blood,—
No, no, not thus.... Is this thine only dream?
Henry. I think so.
Duchess. Let me dream a dream for thee!
Henry. Thou 'lt make me die on down. Death is death, Nancy.
An earth-clod for a pillow suits me.... Strange!
I feel as one that long has lain asleep;
Yet am I scarce awake.
Duchess. How so?
Henry. At first
I could not see thee through the jewels; now
I see two women interlaced— No, no,
I cannot speak my thoughts. I see her there,
The Duchess; but before her stands a shade,
A ghost transparent and yet clear,—thyself,
In dove-hued frock; white here about the neck,
Thy hair all neatly braided, and a rose
Stuck here, and here again.
Duchess. My Sunday frock!....
Prithee go on. What else? A scarlet hood?
Henry. No; I forget the scarlet hood.
Duchess. And yet
I had it on the day we met again,
Tall youth and maiden, after thy long absence.
Said they: the parson's nephew has come home;
He'll be upon the green. The hood was new....
Henry. I don't remember it.
Duchess. What see'st thou more?
Henry. Thy face.

Duchess. The old upon the new?
Henry. I know not.
Rather what now thou art, than what thou wert.
This day once gone, methinks I shall have lost
Forever Nancy Sorrell's face.
Duchess. And I
Am yet so little changed! If I sit here
With head down-bent, and listen to thy voice,
It all returns—all! Not remembrance merely;
Sensation, actual being. Here we sit
At home; father's asleep there by the fire,
In the green chair....
Henry. We must not speak too loud
Lest we should wake him.
Duchess. Mother is upstairs....
Henry. She's gone to put the linen in the press.
Duchess. Ah, Hal! I heard the door creak then! How strange!
It all comes back so clearly, and the sound
Of father's snoring, and the crumbling logs....
No, no, 'tis summer! As we sit, we hear
The creeper knocking at the window-pane.
Henry. Why sit in-doors on such a night as this?
Duchess. Right, Hal—we'll go into the garden.
Henry. Nay—
There's dancing on the green.
Duchess. Ah, now I know
What brings thee here! Art come to fetch me?
Henry. None
Can dance like thee.
Duchess. Did I dance well—indeed?
Take me out, Hal, upon the grass! I hear
The fiddles and the hautboys!—Wait! The air
Flits in my memory....I have it....nay....
Henry. What air?
Duchess. Wait, wait....I have it! [*She sings.*
What came next?
Henry. Went it not so?
Duchess. That's it! And this the place
Where thou hast always put the wrong foot down.
Henry. I? No!
Duchess. Indeed. Sing, and I'll show thee. Thus
We stand—nay, the left hand—and—sing!--just here
Upon this bar— No, no, the measure's out.
Henry. Begin at the beginning—dance with me!
Duchess. The fiddlers tune their fiddles.... Hush. Away!
[*They dance to unseen music. The* Duchess, *lifting her silken skirt, foots it gayly, a country maid once more.* Henry Osborne *makes a false step.*
I said so! And behold, the very place!
Henry. For the first time.
Duchess. The hundredth, sir! Away!
[*They continue dancing. At a given point, the girl feigning to run from the man, he catches her round the waist. When she feels herself girdled by his arms, the* Duchess *stands suddenly still; laughing, she looks at him, he at her, and the smile fades from their faces. The music ceased as they stood still; abruptly, discordantly, enters from without the voice of*
Kate (*singing*).

"But fled ere he had taught the lip
To utter what the dumb heart sings."

[*The* Duchess *turns away, slowly unclasping his fingers from her waist. Silence.*

Enter the Page.

Duchess. How now?
Page. Your Grace, my lord the Duke has waked.
Duchess. Anon, I come. Send me my maids.
[*Exit the* Page. *A pause.*
Farewell!....
How foolish we have been! Yet, take not hence

Too poor remembrance of the Duchess Anne!
Believe me, I am heavy, sir, of heart,
Rather than light, as you have seen me now.
You brought with you a breath of days long past
That summoned Nancy Sorrell back to life;
But here she dies a second death.

Enter the maidens and the Page.

My Page,
Conduct this gentleman.
Henry. Farewell, your Grace.
Duchess. Sir, whither are you bound?
Henry. For London now,
But thence abroad: there's fighting to be done.
Duchess. You must return a knight. When you come back,
Pass here and tell me of the wars.
Henry. I will.
Unless I find my pillow.
Duchess (*holding out her hand*). So, Sir Henry....
Henry. Not yet.
Duchess. Then, Henry Osborne, fare thee well!
[*He bends, as if to kiss her fingers.*
No, no,—in friendship!
[*Exeunt* Henry Osborne *and the* Page. *A pause.*

Ursula. Madam, will you dress?
The Duke has called.
Duchess. No. When the boy returns,
Let him go tell my lord I come anon.—
Open the window, Kate, my head aches.... Nay,
Stand not about me! fetch your frames, and work.
We'll have an hour's silence.

Re-enter the Page.

Boy, come here.
What said he ere he went—the messenger?
Page. Nothing, your Grace.
Duchess. That's well. Go play, my widgeon.
But first excuse me to my lord the Duke.
Tell him I am unwell. [*Exit the* Page. *A pause.*

Isabel. 'Tis raining.
Duchess. So?
Kate, take thy lute.
Kate. What shall I sing, your Grace?
Duchess. What thou wert singing when the twilight fell.
[*She sits among her maidens, as before.*
Kate (*sings*).

"Beneath the willows on the green,
With hands entwined and nimble feet,
They danced to music swift and sweet,
When Love came by unseen.

"He fanned them with his airy wings,
He touched them with his finger-tip,
But fled ere he had taught the lip
To utter what the dumb heart sings.

"She knew not when her hand she gave,
Within whose breast her young hopes lay;
He knew not it was grief, one day,
Found him a soldier's grave."

[*The* Duchess *buries her face in her hands. Silence. The curtain falls.*

THE STRANGE DAYS THAT CAME TO JIMMIE FRIDAY.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE "Abwee-chemun"* Club was organized with six charter members at a heavy lunch in the Savarin restaurant—one of those lunches which make through connections to dinner without change. One member basely deserted, while two more lost all their enthusiasm on the following morning, but three of us stuck. We vaguely knew that somewhere north of the Canadian Pacific and south of Hudson Bay were big lakes and rapid rivers—lakes whose names we did not know; lakes bigger than Champlain, with unnamed rivers between them. We did not propose to be boated around in a big birch-bark by two voyagers among blankets and crackers and ham, but each provided himself a little thirteen-foot cedar canoe, twenty-nine inches in the beam, and weighing less than forty pounds. I cannot tell you precisely how our party was sorted, but one was a lawyer with eye-glasses and settled habits, loving nature, though detesting canoes; the other was nominally a merchant, but in reality an atavic Norseman of the wolf and raven kind; while I am not new. Together we started.

Presently the Abwees sat about the board of a lumbermen's hotel, filled with house-flies and slatternly waiter-girls, who talked familiarly while they served greasy food. The Abwees were yet sore in their minds at the thoughts of the smelly beds upstairs, and discouragement sat deeply on their souls. But their time was not yet.

After breakfast they marched to the Hudson Bay Company's store, knowing as they did that in Canada there are only two places for a traveller to go who wants anything—the great company or the parish priest; and then, having explained to the factor their dream, they were told "that beyond, beyond some days' journey"—oh! that awful beyond, which for centuries has stood across the path of the pioneer, and in these latter days confronts the sportsman and wilderness-lover—"that beyond some days' journey to the north was a country such as they had dreamed — up Temiscamingue and beyond."

The subject of a guide was considered.

* Algonquin for "paddle and canoe."

Jimmie Friday always brought a big toboggan-load of furs into Fort Tiemogamie every spring, and was accounted good in his business. He and his big brother trapped together, and in turn followed the ten days' swing through the snow-laden forest which they had covered with their dead-falls and steel-jawed traps; but when the ice went out in the rivers, and the great pines dripped with the melting snows, they had nothing more to do but cut a few cords of wood for their widowed mother's cabin near the post. Then the brother and he paddled down to Bais des Pierres, where the brother engaged as a deck hand on a steamboat, and Jimmie hired himself as a guide for some bush-rangers, as the men are called who explore for pine lands for the great lumber firms. Having worked all summer and got through with that business, Jimmie bethought him to dissipate for a few days in the bustling lumber town down on the Ottawa River. He had been there before to feel the exhilaration of civilization, but beyond that clearing he had never known anything more inspiring than a Hudson Bay post, which is generally a log store, a house where the agent lives, and a few tiny Indian cabins set higgledy-piggledy in a sunburnt gash of stumps and bowlders, lost in the middle of the solemn, unresponsive forest. On this morning in question he had stepped from his friend's cabin up in the Indian village, and after lighting a perfectly round and rather yellow cigar, he had instinctively wandered down to the Hudson Bay store, there to find himself amused by a strange sight.

The Abwees had hired two French-Indian voyagers of sinister mien, and a Scotch-Canadian boy bred to the bush. They were out on the grass, engaged in taking burlaps off three highly polished canoes, while the clerk from the store ran out and asked questions about "how much bacon," and, "will fifty pounds of pork be enough, sir?"

The round yellow cigar was getting stubby, while Jimmie's modest eyes sought out the points of interest in the new-comers, when he was suddenly and sharply addressed:

"Can you cook?"

Jimmie couldn't do anything in a hur-

ry, except chop a log in two, paddle very fast, and shoot quickly, so he said, as was his wont,

"I think—I dun'no'—"

"Well—how much?" came the query.

"Two daul—ars—" said Jimmie.

The transaction was complete. The yellow butt went over the fence, and Jimmie shed his coat. He was directed to lend a hand by the bustling sportsmen, and requested to run and find things of which he had never before in his life heard the name.

After two days' travel the Abwees were put ashore—boxes, bags, rolls of blankets, canoes, Indians, and plunder of many sorts—on a pebbly beach, and the steamer backed off and steamed away. They had reached the "beyond" at last, and the odoriferous little bedrooms, the bustle of the preparation, the cares of their lives, were behind. Then



"THE LAWYER HAD BECOME A VOYAGER."



"IT IS STRANGE HOW ONE CAN ACCUSTOM HIMSELF TO 'PACK.'"

there was a girding up of the loins, a getting out of tump-lines and canvas packs, and the long portage was begun.

The voyagers carried each two hundred pounds as they stalked away into the wilderness, while the attorney-at-law "hefted" his pack, wiped his eye-glasses with his pocket-handkerchief, and tried cheerfully to assume the responsibilities of "a dead game sport."

"I cannot lift the thing, and how I am going to carry it is more than I know; but I'm a dead game sport, and I am going to try. I do not want to be dead game, but it looks as though I couldn't help it. Will some gentleman help me to adjust this cargo?"

The night overtook the outfit in an old beaver meadow half-way through the trail. Like all first camps, it was tough. The lean-to tents went up awkwardly. No one could find anything. Late at night the Abwees lay on their backs under the blankets, while the fog settled over the meadow and blotted out the stars.

On the following day the stuff was all gotten through, and by this time the lawyer had become a voyager, willing to car-

ry anything he could stagger under. It is strange how one can accustom himself to "pack." He may never use the tump-line, since it goes across the head, and will unseat his intellect if he does, but with shoulder-straps and a tump-line a man who thinks he is not strong will simply amaze himself inside of a week by what he can do. As for our little canoes, we could trot with them. Each Abwee carried his own belongings and his boat, which entitled him to the distinction of "a dead game sport," whatever that may mean, while the Indians portaged their larger canoes and our mass of supplies, making many trips backward and forward in the process.

At the river everything was parcelled out and arranged. The birch-barks were repitched, and every man found out what he was expected to portage and do about camp. After breaking and making camp three times, the outfit could pack up, load the canoes, and move inside of fifteen minutes. At the first camp the lawyer essayed his canoe, and was cautioned that the delicate thing might flirt with him. He stepped in and sat gracefully down in about two feet of water, while the "delicate thing" shook herself saucily at his side. After he had crawled dripping ashore and wiped his eye-glasses, he engaged to sell the "delicate thing" to an Indian for one dollar and a half on a promissory note. The trade was suppressed, and he was urged to try again. A man who has held down a cane-bottom chair conscientiously for fifteen years looks askance at so fickle a thing as a canoe twenty-nine inches in the beam. They are nearly as hard to sit on in the water as a cork; but once one is in the bottom they are stable enough, though they do not submit to liberties or palsied movements. The staid lawyer was filled with horror at the prospect of another go at his polished beauty; but remembering his resolve to be dead game, he abandoned his life to the chances, and got in this time safely.

So the Abwees went down the river on a golden morning, their double-blade paddles flashing the sun and sending the drip in a shower on the glassy water. The smoke from the lawyer's pipe hung behind him in the quiet air, while the note of the reveille clangored from the little buglette of the Norseman. Jimmie and the big Scotch backwoodsman swayed their bodies in one boat, while the two sinister voyagers dipped their paddles in the big canoe.



"DOWN THE RIVER ON A GOLDEN MORNING."



A REAL CAMP.

The Norseman's gorge came up, and he yelled back: "Say! this suits me. I am never going back to New York."

Jimmie grinned at the noise; it made him happy. Such a morning, such a water, such a lack of anything to disturb one's peace! Let man's better nature revel in the beauties of existence; they inflate his soul. The colors play upon the senses—the reddish-yellow of the birch-barks, the blue of the water, and the silver sheen as it parts at the bows of the canoes; the dark evergreens, the steely rocks with their lichens, the white trunks of the birches, their fluffy tops so greeny green, and over all the gold of a sunny day. It is my religion, this thing, and I do not know how to tell all I feel concerning it.

The rods were taken out, a gang of flies put on and trolled behind—but we have all seen a man fight a five-pound bass for twenty minutes. The waters fairly swarmed with them, and we could always get enough for the "pot" in a half-hour's fishing at any time during the trip. The Abwees were canoeing, not hunting or fishing; though, in truth, they did not need to hunt spruce-partridge or fish for bass in any sporting sense; they simply went out after them, and never staid over half an hour. On a point we stopped for lunch: the Scotchman always struck the beach a-cooking. He had a "kit," which was a big camp-pail, and inside of it were more dishes than are to be found in some hotels. He broiled the bacon, instead of frying it, and thus we were saved the terrors of indigestion. He had many luxuries in his commissary, among them dried apples, with which he filled a camp-pail one day and put them on to boil. They subsequently got to be about a foot deep all over the camp, while Furguson stood

around and regarded the black-magic of the thing with overpowering emotions and Homeric tongue. Furguson was a good genius, big and gentle, and a woodsman root and branch. The Abwees had intended their days in the wilderness to be happy singing flights of time, but with grease and paste in one's stomach what may not befall the mind when it is bent on nature's doings?



And thus it was that the gloomy Indian Jimmie Friday, despite his tuberculosis begotten of insufficient nourishment, was happy in these strange days—even to the extent of looking with wondrous eyes on the nooks which we loved—nooks which previously for him had only sheltered possible "dead-falls" or not, as the discerning eye of the trapper decided the prospects for pelf.

Going ashore on a sandy beach, Jimmie wandered down its length, his hunter mind seeking out the footprints of his prey. He stooped down, and then beckoned me to come, which I did.

Pointing at the sand, he said, "You know him?"

"Wolves," I answered.

"Yes—first time I see 'em up here—they be follerin' the deers—bad—bad. No can trap 'em—verrie smart."

A half-dozen wolves had chased a deer into the water; but wolves do not take to the water, so they had stopped and drank, and then gone rollicking together up the beach. There were cubs, and one great track as big as a mastiff might make.

"See that—moose track—he go by yesterday;" and Jimmie pointed to enormous footprints in the muck of a marshy place. "Verrie big moose—we make call at next camp—think it is early for call."

At the next camp Jimmie made the usual birch-bark moose-call, and at evening blew it, as he also did on the following morning. This camp was a divine spot on a rise back of a long sandy beach, and we concluded to stop for a day. The Norseman and I each took a man in our canoes and started out to explore. I wanted to observe some musk-rat hotels down in a big marsh, and the Norseman was fishing. The attorney was content to sit on a log by the shores of the lake, smoke lazily, and watch the sun shimmer through the lifting fog. He saw a canoe approaching from across the lake. He gazed vacantly at it, when it grew strange and more unlike a canoe. The paddles did not move, but the phantom craft drew quickly on.

"Say, Furguson—come here—look at that canoe."

The Scotchman came down, with a pail in one hand, and looked. "Canoe—hell—it's a moose—and there ain't a pocket-pistol in this camp," and he fairly jumped up and down.

"You don't say—you really don't say!" gasped the lawyer, who now began to exhibit signs of insanity.

"Yes—he's going to be d——d sociable with us—he's coming right bang into this camp."

The Indian too came down, but he was long past talking English, and the gutturals came up in lumps, as though he was trying to keep them down.

The moose finally struck a long point of sand and rushes about two hundred yards away, and drew majestically out of the water, his hide dripping, and the sun glistening on his antlers and back.

The three men gazed in spellbound admiration at the picture until the moose was gone. When they had recovered their senses they slowly went up to the camp on the ridge—disgusted and dumfounded.

"I could almost put a cartridge in that old gun-case and kill him," sighed the backwoodsman.

"I have never hunted in my life," mused the attorney, "but few men have seen such a sight," and he filled his pipe.

"Hark—listen!" said the Indian. There was a faint cracking, which presently became louder. "He's coming into camp;" and the Indian nearly died from excitement as he grabbed a hatchet. The three unfortunate men stepped to the back of the tents, and as big a bull moose as walks the lonely woods came up to within one hundred and fifty feet of the camp, and stopped, returning their gaze.

Thus they stood for what they say was a minute, but which seemed like hours. The attorney composedly admired the unusual sight. The Indian and Furguson swore softly but most viciously until

"THE INDIANS USED 'SETTING-POLES.'"

the moose moved away. The Indian hurled the hatchet at the retreating figure, with a final curse, and the thing was over.

"Those fellows who are out in their canoes will be sick abed when we tell them what's been going on in the camp this morning," sighed Mr. Furguson, as he scoured a cooking-pot.

I fear we would have had that moose on our consciences if we had been there: the game law was not up at the time, but I should have asked for strength from a higher source than my respect for law.

The golden days passed and the lake grew great. The wind blew at our backs. The waves rolled in restless surges, piling the little canoes on their crests and swallowing them in the troughs. The canoes thrashed the water as they flew along, half in, half out, but they rode like ducks. The Abwees took off their hats, gripped their double blades, made the water swirl behind them, howled in glee to each other through the rushing storm. To be five miles from shore in a seaway in kayaks like ours was a sensation. We found they stood it well, and grew contented. It was the complement to the golden lazy days when the water was glass, and the canoes rode upside down over its mirror surface. The Norseman grinned and shook his head in token of his pleasure, much as an epicure might after a sip of superior Burgundy.

"How do you fancy this?" we asked the attorney-at-law.

"I am not going to deliver an opinion until I get ashore. I would never have believed that I would be here at my time of life, but one never knows what a —— fool one can make of one's self. My glasses are covered with water, and I can hardly see, but I can't let go of this paddle to wipe them," shrieked the man of the office chair, in the howl of the weather.

But we made a long journey by the aid of the wind, and grew a contempt for it. How could one imagine the stability of those little boats until one had tried it?

That night we put into a natural harbor and camped on a gravel beach. The tents were up and the supper cooking, when the wind hauled and blew furiously into our haven. The fires were scattered and the rain came in blinding sheets. The tent-pegs pulled from the sand. We sprang to our feet and held on to the poles, wet to the skin. It was useless; the rain blew right under the canvas. We laid the tents on the "grub" and stepped out into the dark. We could not be any wetter, and we did not care. To stand in the dark in the wilderness, with nothing to eat, and a fire-engine playing a hose on you for a couple of hours—if you have imagination enough, you can fill in the situation. But the gods were propitious. The wind died down. The stars came out by myriads. The fires were relighted, and the ordinary life begun. It was late in the night before our clothes, blankets, and tents were dry, but, like boys, we forgot it all.

Then came a river—blue and flat like the sky above — running through rushy banks, backed by the masses of the forest; anon the waters rushed upon us over the rocks, and we fought, plunk-plunk-plunk, with the paddles, until our strength gave out. We stepped out into the water, and getting our lines, and using our long double blades as fenders, "tracked" the canoes up through the boil. The Indians in their heavier boats used "setting-poles" with marvellous dexterity, and by furious exertion were able to draw steadily up the grade — though at times they too "tracked," and even portaged. Our largest canoe weighed two hundred pounds, but a little voyager managed to lug it, though how I couldn't comprehend, since his pipe-stem legs fairly bent and wobbled under the enormous ark. None of us by this time were able to lift the loads which we carried, but, like a Western pack-mule, we stood about and had things piled on to us, until nothing more would stick. Some of the backwoodsmen carry incredible masses of stuff, and their lore is full of tales which no one could be expected to believe. Our men did not hesitate to take two hundred and fifty pounds over short portages, which were very rough and stony, though they all said if they slipped they expected to break a leg. This is largely due to the tump-line, which is laid over the head, while persons unused to it must have shoulder-straps in addition, which are not as good, because the "breastbone," so called, is not strong enough.

We were getting day by day farther into "the beyond." There were no traces here of the hand of man. Only Jimmie knew the way—it was his trapping-ground. Only once did we encounter people. We were blown into a little

board dock, on a gray day, with the waves piling up behind us, and made a difficult landing. Here were a few tiny log houses—an outpost of the Hudson Bay Company. We renewed our stock of provisions, after laborious trading with the stagnated people who live in the lonely place. There was nothing to sell us but a few of the most common necessities; however, we needed only potatoes and sugar. This was Jimmie's home. Here we saw his poor old mother, who was being tossed about in the smallest of canoes as she drew her nets. Jimmie's father had gone on a hunting expedition and had never come back. Some day Jimmie's old mother will go out on the wild lake to tend her nets, and she will not come back. Some time Jimmie too will not return—for this Indian struggle with nature is appalling in its fierceness.

There was a dance at the post, which the boys attended, going by canoe at night, and they came back early in the morning, with much giggling at their gallantries.

The loneliness of this forest life is positively discouraging to think about. What the long winters must be in the little cabins I cannot imagine, and I fear the traders must be all avarice, or have none at all; for there can certainly be absolutely no intellectual life. There is undoubtedly work, but not one single problem concerning it. The Indian hunters do fairly well in a financial way, though their lives are beset with weakening hardships and constant danger. Their meagre diet wears out their constitutions, and they are subject to disease. The simplicity of their minds makes it very difficult to see into their life as they try to narrate it to one who may be interested.



ROUGH WATER.

From here on was through beautiful little lakes, and the voyagers rigged blanket sails on the big canoes, while we towed behind. Then came the river and the rapids, which we ran, darting between rocks, bumping on sunken stones—shooting fairly out into the air, all but turning over hundreds of times. One day the Abwees glided out in the big lake Tes-



TRYING MOMENTS.

miaquemang, and saw the steamer going to Bais des Pierres. We hailed her, and she stopped, while the little canoes danced about in the swell as we were loaded one by one. On the deck above us the passengers admired a kind of boat the like of which had not before appeared in these parts.

At Bais des Pierres we handed over the residue of the commissaries of the Abwee-Chemun to Jimmie Friday, including personally many pairs of well-worn golf-breeches, sweaters, rubber coats, knives which would be proscribed by law in New York. If Jimmie ever parades his solemn wilderness in these garbs, the owls will laugh from the trees. Our simple forest friend laid in his winter stock—traps, flour, salt, tobacco, and pork, a new axe—and accompanied us back down the lake again on the steamer. She stopped in mid-stream, while Jimmie got his bundles into his "bark" and shoved off, amid a hail of "good-byes."

The engine palpitated, the big wheel churned the water astern, and we drew away. Jimmie bent on his paddle with the quick body-swing habitual to the Indian, and after a time grew a speck on the reflection of the red sunset in Temiscamingue.

The Abwees sat sadly leaning on the after-rail, and agreed that Jimmie was "a lovely Injun." Jimmie had gone into the shade of the overhang of the cliffs, when the Norseman started violently up, put his hands in his pockets, stamped his foot, said, "By George, fellows, any D. F. would call this a sporting trip!"

THE SONG OF PAN.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

MAD with love, and laden
With immortal pain,
Pan pursued a maiden—
Pan, the god, in vain.

For when Pan had nearly
Touched her, wild to plead,
She was gone—and clearly
In her place a reed!

Long the god, unwitting,
Through the valley strayed,
Then at last, submitting,
Cut the reed, and made,

Deftly fashioned, seven
Pipes, and poured his pain
Unto earth and heaven
In a piercing strain.

So with god and poet;
Beauty lures them on,
Flies, and ere they know it
Like a wraith is gone.

Then they seek to borrow
Pleasure still from wrong,
And with smiling sorrow
Turn it to a song.



HOW little do we appreciate our opportunities for natural observation! Even under the most apparently discouraging and commonplace environment, what a neglected harvest! A back-yard city grass-plot, forsooth, what an invitation! Yet there is one interrogation to which the local naturalist is continually called to respond. If perchance he dwells in Connecticut, how repeatedly is he asked, "Don't you find your particular locality in Connecticut a specially rich field for natural observation?" The botanist of New Jersey or the ornithologist of Esopus-on-Hudson is expected to give an affirmative reply to similar questions concerning his chosen hunting-grounds, if, indeed, he does not avail himself of that happy aphorism with which Gilbert White was wont to instruct his questioners concerning the natural-history harvest of his beloved Selborne: "That locality is always richest which is most observed."

The arena of the events which I am about to describe and picture comprised a spot of almost bare earth less than one yard square, which lay at the base of the stone step to my studio door in the country.

The path leading to the studio lay through a tangle of tall grass and weeds, with occasional worn patches showing the bare earth. As it approached the door-step the surface of the ground was quite clean and baked in the sun, and barely supported a few scattered, struggling survivors of the sheep's-sorrel, silvery cinquefoil, ragweed, various grasses, and tiny rushes which rimmed the border. Sitting upon this threshold stone one morning in early summer, I permitted my eyes to scan the tiny patch of bare ground at my feet, and what I observed during a very few moments suggested the present article as a good piece of missionary work in the cause of nature, and a suggestive tribute to the glory of the commonplace. The episodes which I shall describe represent the chronicle of a single day—in truth, of but a few hours in that day—though the same events were seen in frequent repetition at intervals for months. Perhaps the most conspicuous objects—if, indeed, a hole can be considered an "object"—were those two ever-present features of every trodden path and bare spot of earth anywhere, ant-tunnels and that other circular burrow, about the size of a quill, usually associated, and which is also commonly attributed to the ants.

As I sat upon my stone step that morning, I counted seven of these smooth clean holes within close range, three of them hardly more than an inch apart. They penetrated beyond the vision, and were evidently very deep. Knowing from past experience the wary tenant which dwelt within them, I adjusted myself to a comfortable attitude, and remaining perfectly motionless, awaited developments. After a lapse of possibly five minutes, I suddenly discovered that I could count but five holes; and while re-counting to make sure, moving my eyes as slowly as possible, my numeration was cut short at four. In another moment two more had disappeared, and the remaining two immediately followed in obscurity, until no vestige of a hole of any kind was to be seen. The ground appeared absolutely level and unbroken. Were it not for the circular depression, or "door-yard," around each hole, their location would, indeed, have been almost impossible. A slight motion of one of my feet at this juncture, however, and, presto! what a change! Seven black holes in an instant! And now another wait of five minutes, followed by the same hocus-pocus, and the black spots, one by one, vanishing from sight even as I looked upon them. But let us keep perfectly quiet this time and examine the suspected spots more care-

fully. Locating the position of the hole by the little circular "door-yard," we can now certainly distinguish a new feature, not before noted, at the centre of each—two sharp curved prongs, rising an eighth of an inch or more above the surface and widely extended.

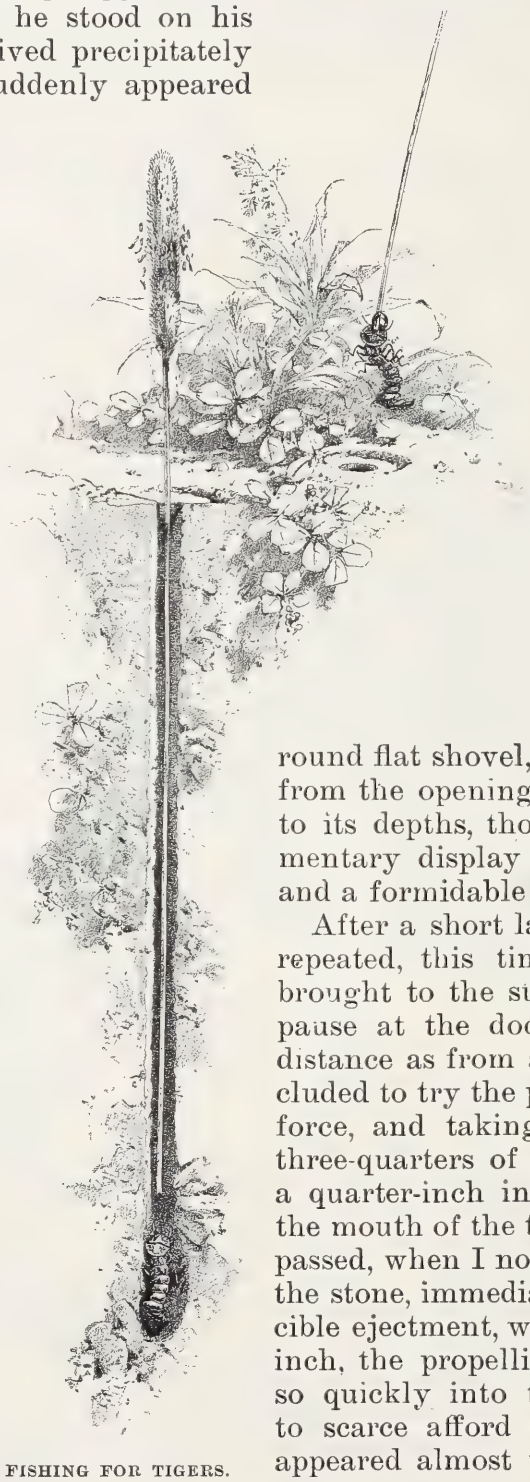
What a danger signal to the creeping insect innocent in its neighborhood! How many a tragedy in the bug world has been enacted in these inviting, clean-swept little door-yards—these pitfalls, so artfully closed in order that their design may be the more surely effective. As I have said, these tunnels are commonly called "ant-holes," perhaps with some show of reason. It is true that ants occasionally are seen to go into them, but not by their own choice, while the most careful observer will wait in vain to see the ant come out again. Here at the edge of the grass we see one approaching now—a big red ant from yonder ant-hill. He creeps this way and that, and anon is seen trespassing in the precincts of the unhealthy court. He crosses its centre, when, click! and in an instant his place knows him no more, and a black hole marks the spot where he met his fate, which is now being duly celebrated in a supplementary fête several inches belowground.

A poor unfortunate green caterpillar, which, with a very little forcible persuasion in the interest of science, was in-



THE DOOR-STEP ARENA WITH ITS PITFALLS.

duced to take a short-cut across this nice clean space of earth to the clover beyond, was the next martyr to my passion for original observation. He might have pursued his even course across the arena unharmed, but he too persisted in trespassing, and suddenly was seen to transform from a slow creeping laggard into the liveliest acrobat, as he stood on his head and apparently dived precipitately into the hole which suddenly appeared beneath him. A certain busy fly made itself promiscuous in the neighborhood, more than once to the demoralization of my necessary composure, as it crept persistently upon my nose. What was my delight when I observed the fickle insect in curious contemplation of a pair of calipers at the centre of one of the little courts! But, whether from past experience or innate philosophy in the insect I know not, the pronged hooks, though coming together with a click once or twice at the near proximity of the tempter, failed in their opportunity, and the trap was soon seen carefully set again, flush with the ground at the mouth of the burrow.



FISHING FOR TIGERS.

The contrast of these clean-swept door-yards with the mound of débris of the ants suggested an investigation of the comparative methods of burrowing and the disposal of the excavated material. Here is a hole evidently some inches in depth; what, then, has become of the earth removed? Suiting action to the thought, I swept into the openings of two or three of the holes quite a quantity of loose earth scraped from the close vicinity, and thus completely obliterated the opening of burrow, door-yard and all.

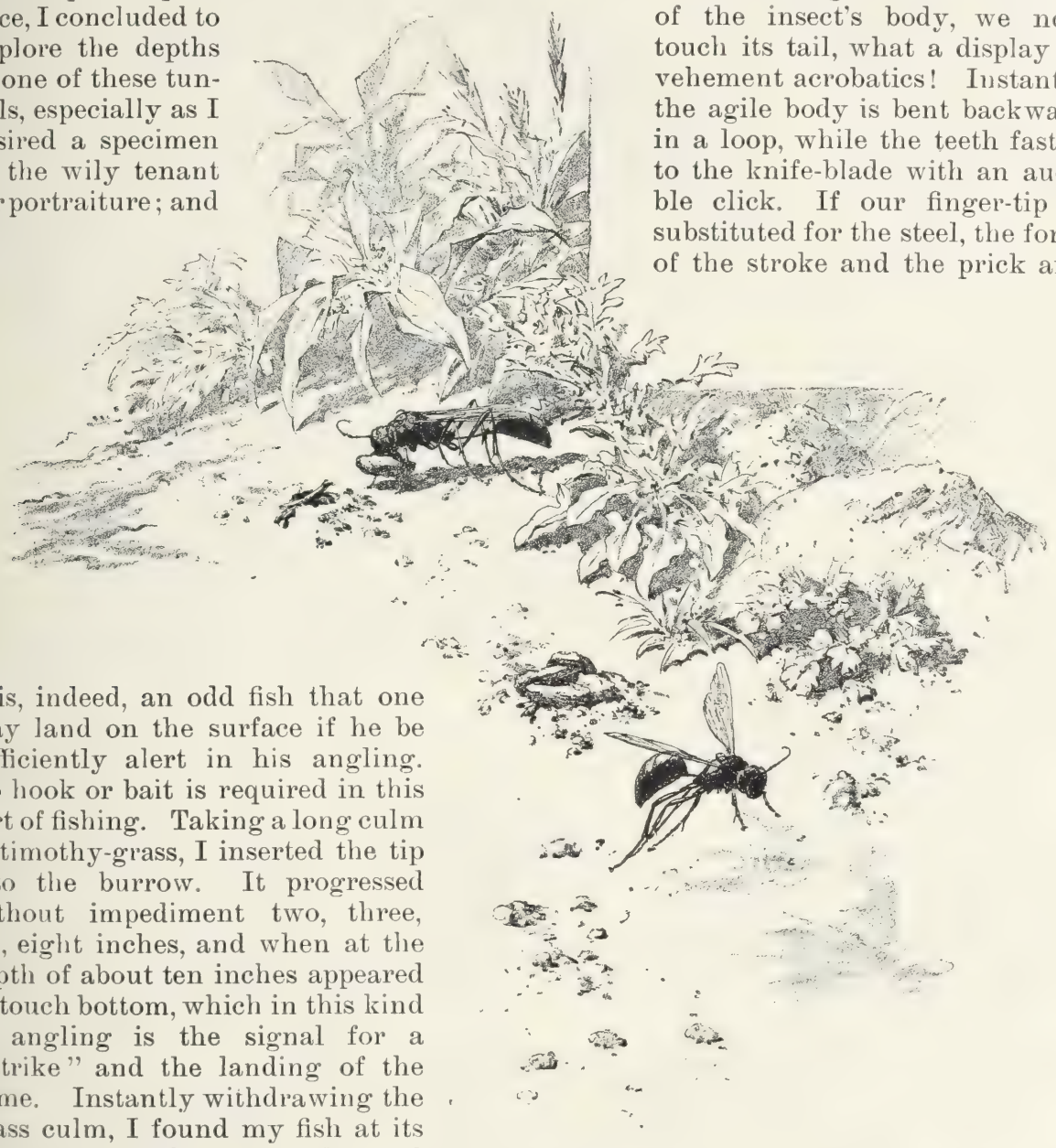
I awaited in vain any sign of returning activity at the surface, and, my patience being somewhat taxed, I entered my studio, where I remained for a quarter of an hour, perhaps. Upon stealing cautiously to the doorway, I observed all the obliterated holes had reappeared, and upon taking once more my original position I was soon rewarded with a demonstration of the method of excavation. After a moment or two a pellet of earth seemed suddenly to rise from within the cavity, and when arrived at the level of the ground was suddenly shot forth a distance of five or six inches, as though thrown from a tiny round flat shovel, which suddenly flashed from the opening, and as quickly retired to its depths, though not without a momentary display of two curved prongs and a formidable show of spiderlike legs.

After a short lapse of time the act was repeated, this time a tiny stone being brought to the surface, and after a brief pause at the doorway, was jerked to a distance as from a catapult. I now concluded to try the power of this propelling force, and taking a small stone, about three-quarters of an inch in length and a quarter-inch in thickness, laid it over the mouth of the tunnel. A few minutes passed, when I noticed a slight motion in the stone, immediately followed by a forcible ejectment, which threw it nearly an inch, the propelling instrument retiring so quickly into the burrow beneath as to scarce afford a glimpse. The stone appeared almost to have jumped voluntarily.

For an hour or more the bombardment of pellets and small stones continued from the mouth of the pit, until a small pile of the spent ammunition had accumulated at several inches distance, and at length the hole entirely disappeared, the earth in

its vicinity presenting an apparently level surface—an armed peace, in truth, with the two touchy curved calipers on duty, as already described.

Following the hint of past experience, I concluded to explore the depths of one of these tunnels, especially as I desired a specimen of the wily tenant for portraiture; and it is, indeed, an odd fish that one may land on the surface if he be sufficiently alert in his angling. No hook or bait is required in this sort of fishing. Taking a long culm of timothy-grass, I inserted the tip into the burrow. It progressed without impediment two, three, six, eight inches, and when at the depth of about ten inches appeared to touch bottom, which in this kind of angling is the signal for a "strike" and the landing of the game. Instantly withdrawing the grass culm, I found my fish at its tip, from which he quickly dropped to the ground. His singular identity is shown in my illustration—an uncouth nondescript among grubs. His body is whitish and soft, with a huge hump on the lower back armed with two small hooks. His enormous head is now seen to be apparently circular in outline, and we readily see how perfectly it would fill the opening of the burrow like an operculum. But a close examination shows us that this operculum is really composed of two halves, on two separate segments of the body, the segment at the extremity only being the true head, armed with its powerful, sharp, curved jaws.



PROTECTING THE BURROW WHILE SEARCHING FOR PREY.

As he lies there sprawling on his six spiderlike legs, we may now easily test the skill of his trap, and gain some idea of his voracious personality.

If with the point of our knife-blade, holding it in the direction of the insect's body, we now touch its tail, what a display of vehement acrobatics! Instantly the agile body is bent backward in a loop, while the teeth fasten to the knife-blade with an audible click. If our finger-tip is substituted for the steel, the force of the stroke and the prick and grip of the jaws are unpleasantly perceptible.

In order to fully comprehend the make-up of this curious cave-dweller we must turn biologists for the moment. He must be considered from the evolutionary stand-point, or at least from the stand-point of comparative anatomy.

The first discovery that we make is that as we now see him he is crawling on his back—a fact which seems to have escaped his biographers heretofore. It is, in truth,

the under side of his head which is uppermost at the mouth of the burrow, and his six zigzag legs are distorted backward to enable him to keep this contrary position. And what a hideous monster is this, whose flat, metallic, dirt-begrimed face stares skyward from this circular burrow! Well might it strike terror to the heart of the helpless insect which should suddenly find himself confronted by the motionless stare of these four cruel, glistening black eyes! But he is now a "fish out of water," and is about as helpless, nature never having intended him to be seen outside of his burrow, at least in this present form. There he dwells, setting his circular trap at the mouth of his pitfall, and waiting for the voluntary sacrifice of his insect neighbors to fill his maw.



THE SPIDER VICTIM.

But this uncouth shape, which so courts obscurity, is not always thus so reasonably retiring. A few glass tumblers inverted above as many of these larger holes during the summer will intercept the winged sprite into which he is shortly to be transfigured—a brilliant metallic-hued beetle, perhaps flashing with bronzy gold or glittering like an emerald—the beautiful *cicindela*, or tiger-beetle, known to the entomologist as the most agile-winged among the coleopterous tribe; known to the populace, perhaps, simply as a bright glittering fly that revels in the hot summer sands of the sea-shore or dusty country road, making its short spans of glittering flight from the very feet of the observer.



FILLING THE SPIDER'S GRAVE.

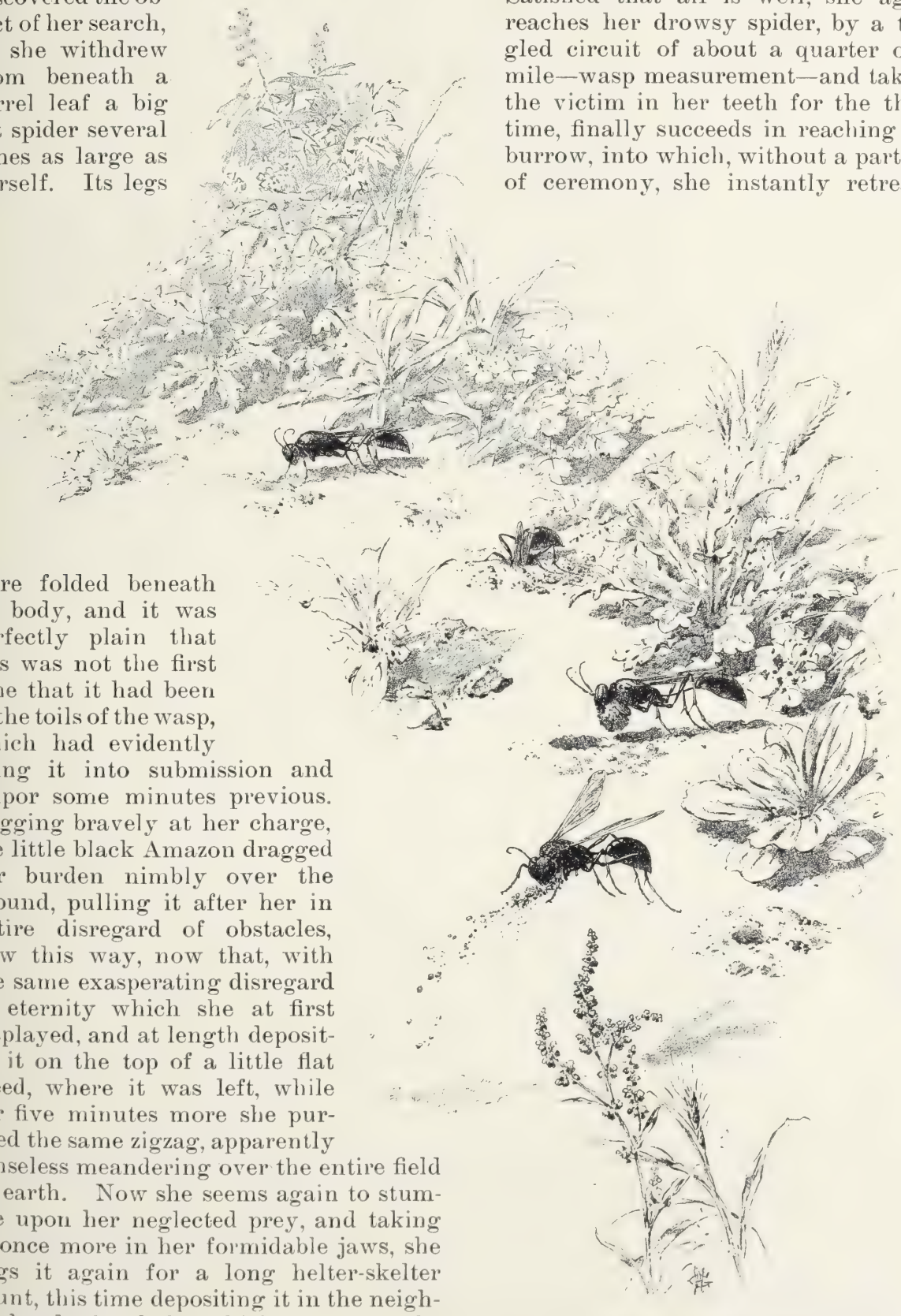
If we capture one of them with our butterfly-net he will be found to bear a general resemblance to the portrait indicated on the margin of page 426—a slender-legged, proportionably large-headed beetle, with formidable jaws capable of wide extension, and re-enforced by an insatiate carnivorous hunger inherited from his former estate.

It will thus be seen that all the holes which we observe in the ground are not ant-holes; nor, indeed, are they monopolized by the tiger-beetles. There were other tunnels which I saw dug in my square yard of earth on that morning, which, while not of quite such depth, represented equally deep-laid plans.

While observing my cicindelas on that morning, my attention was at length diverted by an old friend of mine, who gave promise of much entertainment—a tiny black wasp, whose restless, rapid, zigzag, apparently aimless wanderings over the ground brought him into continual danger of contact with the snatching jaws of the cave-dwelling tiger, from which, however, he somehow escaped, though I dis-

tinctly heard the occasional clicking of the eager jaws.

With short abrupt flights or agile runs of a few inches, accompanied by nervous periodic flirts of the folded wings, the insect had covered pretty much of the ground in a short time, until she at length appeared to have discovered the object of her search, as she withdrew from beneath a sorrel leaf a big fat spider several times as large as herself. Its legs were folded beneath its body, and it was perfectly plain that this was not the first time that it had been in the toils of the wasp, which had evidently stung it into submission and stupor some minutes previous. Tugging bravely at her charge, the little black Amazon dragged her burden nimbly over the ground, pulling it after her in entire disregard of obstacles, now this way, now that, with the same exasperating disregard of eternity which she at first displayed, and at length deposited it on the top of a little flat weed, where it was left, while for five minutes more she pursued the same zigzag, apparently senseless meandering over the entire field of earth. Now she seems again to stumble upon her neglected prey, and taking it once more in her formidable jaws, she lugs it again for a long helter-skelter jaunt, this time depositing it in the neighborhood of a hole, which at first sight might have been considered an "ant-hole," from the débris which lay scattered about in its vicinity. After considerable needless delay, she is seen for once motionless, so far as her legs are concerned, but with her head over the tunnel, while, with flipping wings and rapidly waving antennæ, she investigates its depths. Satisfied that all is well, she again reaches her drowsy spider, by a tangled circuit of about a quarter of a mile—wasp measurement—and taking the victim in her teeth for the third time, finally succeeds in reaching the burrow, into which, without a particle of ceremony, she instantly retreats,



BLACK DIGGER-WASP.

dragging her helpless burden after her. Both wasp and spider are soon out of sight, and so remain perhaps for a space of two minutes, when the tips of the nervous antennæ appear at the doorway and the wasp emerges. What now follows is most curious and interesting. With an energy and directness in striking contrast to her previous proceedings, she proceeds to fill the cavity, biting the earth with her mandibles, and with her spiked legs kicking and shoving in the loose soil thus collected, ever and anon backing up to the hole and inserting the tip of her tail to force down the mass. As the filling is nearly completed, with the fore feet and jaws the surrounding earth is scraped for material, which she immediately proceeds to pack by a rhythmic tamping motion of the tail, until, at the end of five minutes, perhaps, the ground-level is finally reached, the surface smoothed, and no sign remains to mark the grave of the stupefied spider victim.

Not an hour after this episode I was treated to another of even more interest. As I took my seat upon the door-step I started into flight a big black wasp, upon whose doings I had evidently been intruding.

This wasp was much larger than the one just described, being about an inch in length. Its wings were pale brown and its body jet-black, with sundry small yellowish spots about the thorax. But its most conspicuous feature, and one which would ever fix the identity of the creature, was the long, slender, wirelike waist, occupying a quarter of the length of its entire body.



In a moment or two the wasp had returned, and stood at the mouth of the shallow pit. Eying me intently for a space, and satisfied that there was nothing to fear, she dived into the hollow and began to excavate, turning round and round as she gnawed the earth at the bottom, and shovelling it out with her spiked legs. Now and then she would back out of the burrow to reconnoitre, and her alert attitude at such times was very amusing—her antennæ drooping towards the burrow and in incessant motion; the abdomen on its long wire stem bobbing up and down at regular intervals, accompanied by a flipping motion of the wings; the short fore legs, one or both, upraised with comical effect.

As the tunnel was deepened a new method of excavation was employed. It has now reached a depth of an inch, only the extremity of the insect's body appearing, and the two hindermost legs clinging to surrounding earth for purchase. The deep digging is now accompanied by a continual buzzing noise, resembling that produced by a bluebottle fly held captive between one's fingers. At intervals of about ten or fifteen seconds the wasp would quickly back out of the burrow, bringing a load of sand, which it held between the back of the jaws and its thorax, sustained at the sides by the two upraised fore legs. After a moment's pause with this burden, the insect would make a sudden short darting flight of a foot or more in a quick circuit, hurling the sand a yard or more distant from the burrow. At the end of about fifteen minutes the burrow was sunk to the depth of an inch and a half, the wasp entirely disappearing, and indicated only by the continuous buzzing.

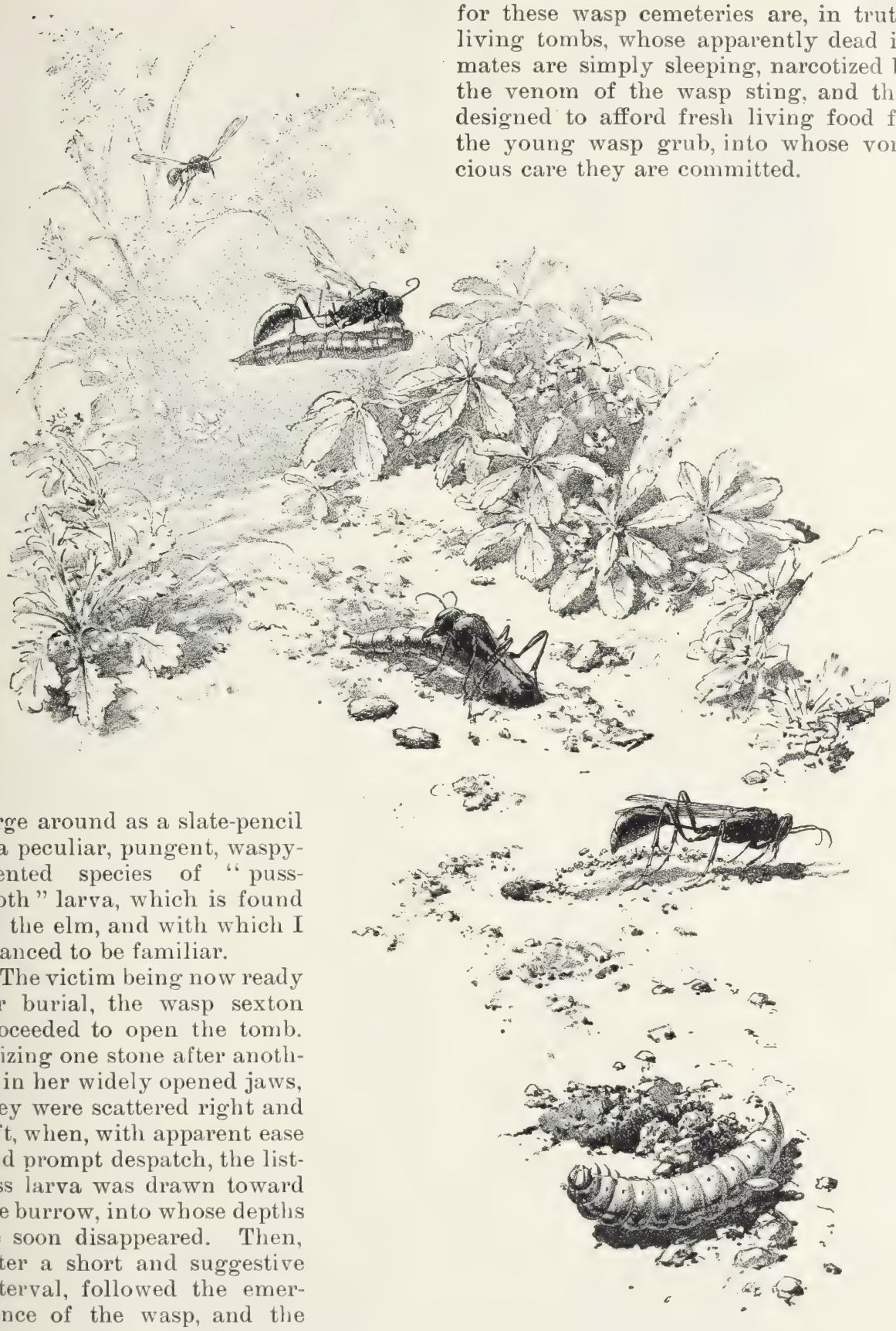
At this time, the luncheon hour having arrived, I was obliged to pause in my investigations, and, in order to be able to locate the burrow in the event of its obliteration by the wasp before my return, I scratched a circle in the hard dirt, the hole being at its exact centre.

Upon my return, an hour later, I was met with a surprise. The ways of the digger-wasps of various species were familiar, but I now noted a feature of wasp-engineering which indeed seems to await its chronicler, as I find no mention of it by the wasp-historians.

At the exact centre of my circle, in place of a cavity, I now found a tiny pile of stones, supported upon a small stick and fragment of leaf, which had been first drawn across the opening.

This was evidently a mere temporary protection of the burrow, I reasoned, while the digger had departed in search of prey, and my surmise was soon proved to be correct, as I observed the wasp, with bobbing abdomen and flipping wings, zigzagging about the vicinity. Presently disappearing beneath a small plantain leaf, she quickly emerged, drawing behind her not a spider, as in the case of her smaller predecessor, but a big green caterpillar, nearly double her own length, and as

for these wasp cemeteries are, in truth, living tombs, whose apparently dead inmates are simply sleeping, narcotized by the venom of the wasp sting, and thus designed to afford fresh living food for the young wasp grub, into whose voracious care they are committed.



THE BLACK DIGGER-WASP AND HIS VICTIM, SHOWING EGG OF WASP ATTACHED.

large around as a slate-pencil —a peculiar, pungent, waspy-scented species of "puss-moth" larva, which is found on the elm, and with which I chanced to be familiar.

The victim being now ready for burial, the wasp sexton proceeded to open the tomb. Seizing one stone after another in her widely opened jaws, they were scattered right and left, when, with apparent ease and prompt despatch, the listless larva was drawn toward the burrow, into whose depths he soon disappeared. Then, after a short and suggestive interval, followed the emergence of the wasp, and the prompt filling in of the requisite earth to level the cavity, much as already described, after which the wasp took wing and disappeared, presumably bent upon a repetition of the performance elsewhere. But she had not simply buried this caterpillar victim, nor was the caterpillar dead,

By inserting my knife-blade deep into the soil in the neighborhood of this burrow I readily unearthed the buried caterpillar, and disclosed the ominous egg of



THE "COW-SPIT" MYSTERY DISCLOSED.

the wasp firmly imbedded in its body. The hungry larva which hatches from this egg soon reaches maturity upon the all-sufficient food thus stored, and before many weeks is transformed to the full-fledged, long-waisted wasp like its parent.

The disproportion in the sizes of the predatory wasps and their insect prey is indeed astonishing. The great sand-hornet selects for its most frequent victim the buzzing cicada, or harvest-fly, an insect much larger than itself, and which it carries off to its long sand tunnels by short flights from successive elevated points, such as the limbs of trees and summits of rocks, to which it repeatedly lugs its clumsy prey. In the present instance the contrast between the slight body of the wasp and the plump dimensions of the caterpillar was even more marked, and I determined to ascertain the proportionate weight of victor and victim. Constructing a tiny pair of balances with a dead grass stalk, thread, and two disks of paper, I weighed the wasp, using small square pieces of paper of equal size as my weights. I found that the wasp exactly balanced four of the pieces. Removing the wasp and substituting the caterpillar, I proceeded to add piece after piece of the paper squares until I had reached a total of twenty-eight, or seven times the number required by the wasp, before the scales balanced. Similar experiments with the tiny black wasp and its spider victim showed precisely the same proportion, and the ratio was once increased eight to one in the instance of another species of slender orange-and-black-bodied digger which I subsequently found tugging its caterpillar prey upon my door-step patch.

The peculiar feature of the piling of stones above the completed burrow was not a mere individual accomplishment of my wire-waisted wasp. On several occasions since, I have observed the same manœuvre, which is doubtless the regular procedure with this and other species. The smaller orange-spotted wasp just alluded to indicated to me the location of her den by pausing suggestively in front of a tiny cairn. In this instance a small flat stone, considerably larger than the tunnel, had been laid over the opening, and the others piled upon it. On two occasions I have surprised this same species of wasp industriously engaged in the selection of a suitable flat foundation-stone with which to cover her burrow: her widely extended slender jaws enable her to grasp a pebble nearly a third of an inch in width.

In my opening vignette I have indicated two other door-step neighbors which bore my industrious wasps company in their arena of one square yard. To the left, surrounding a grass stem, will be seen an object which is unpleasantly familiar to most country folks—that salivary mass variously known by the libellous names of "snake-spit," "cow-spit," "cuckoo-spit," "toad-spit," and "sheep-spit," or the inelegant though expressive substitute of "gobs." The foam-bath pavilion of the "spume-bearer," with his glittering, bubbly domicile of suds, is certainly familiar to most of my readers; but comparatively few, I find, have cared to investigate the mysterious mass, or to learn the identity of the proprietor of the foamy lavatory.

The common name of "cow-spit," with the implied indignity to our "rural divinity," becomes singularly ludicrous when we observe not only the frequent generous display of the suds samples, thousands upon thousands in a single small meadow, but the further fact that each mass is so exactly landed upon the central stalk of grass or other plant—"spitted" through its centre, as it were. The true expectorator is within, laved in his own home-made suds. If we care to blow

or scrape off the bubbles, we readily disclose him—a green speckled bug, about a third of an inch in length in larger specimens, with prominent black eyes, and blunt, wedge-shaped body.

In the appended sketch I have indicated two views of him, back and profile, creeping upon a grass stalk. A glance at the insect tells the entomologist just where to place him, as he is plainly allied to the cicadæ, and thus belongs to the order *Hemiptera*, or family of "bugs," which implies, among other things, that the insect possesses a "beak for sucking." To what extent this tiny soaker is possessed of such a beak may be inferred from the amount of moisture with which he manages to inundate himself, which has all been withdrawn from the stem upon which he has fastened himself, and finally exuded from the pores of his body.

This is the spume-bearer, *Aprophora*, in his first or larval estate, which continues for a few weeks only. Erelong he will graduate from these ignominious surroundings, and we shall see quite another sort of creature — an agile, pretty atom, one of which I have indicated in flight, its upper wings being often brilliantly colored, and re-enforced by a pair of hind feet which emulate those of the flea in their powers of jumping, which agility has won the insect the popular name of "frog-hopper." They abound in the late summer meadow, and hundreds of them may be captured by a few sweeps of a butterfly-net among the grass.

My other remaining claimant for notice, shown upon the plant at the right margin of page 421, is a modest and inconspicuous individual, and might readily escape attention, save that a more intent observer might possibly wonder at the queer little tubular pinkish blossoms upon the plant—a rush—while a keen-eyed botanist would instantly challenge the right of a *juncus* to such a tubular blossom at all, especially at seed-time, and thus investigate. But the entomologist will probably classify this peculiar blossom at a glance, from its family resemblance to other specimens with which he is familiar. He will know, for instance, that this is a sort of peripatetic or nomadic blossom that will travel about on the plant, with which its open end will always remain in close contact. Many of the individuals are seen apparently growing upright out of the rounded seed-pod of the rush; and when the pink or speckled tube finally concludes to take up its travels, a clean round hole marks the spot of its tarrying, and an empty globular shell tells the secret of this brief attachment.

For this petal-like tube, so commonly to be seen upon the little rush of our paths, is, in truth, a tiny silken case enclosing the body of a small larva—a diminutive psychid, or sack-bearer, which I have not chanced to see described. Only the head and six prolegs of the occupant ever emerge from its case. Dragging its house along upon the plant, it attaches the open mouth of the sack close to the green seed-pod, after which the shell is gnawed through at the point of contact, and the young seeds devoured at pleasure, when a new journey is made to the next capsule, and thus until the maturity of the larva. At this time the case is about half an inch in length. It is now firmly attached to the plant. The opening is completely spun over with silk, and the case becomes a cocoon for the winter; and a few of these September cocoons are well worth gathering, if only to see the queer little moth which will emerge from them the following spring.



THE TIGER'S HEAD, FROM A VICTIM'S STAND-POINT.



HER PREROGATIVE.

BY E. A. ALEXANDER.

MERRIMAN and the Painter were alarmed to find so many people at Ker-Maria. A varied experience of summer boarding-houses, both at home and abroad, had taught them to believe that dreadful complications are the usual result of a summer's untrammelled intercourse with all sorts and conditions of boarders, huddled together at a common table three times a day. Still, the surface of Ker-Maria seemed quite unruffled, and perhaps, by preserving a civil reserve, troubles might be avoided.

At first all went well, and the Painter, after two months of peaceful serenity, unheeding all Merriman's dismal warnings, began to unbend, and even went so far in his attempts to enliven the table that his sallies elicited peals of appreciative laughter from his opposite neighbors —a tall, hard-featured woman and her two not unattractive daughters.

Then, with unexpected suddenness, the storm broke, and when luncheon called the inmates of Ker-Maria to the dining-room on the 14th of August, it was plainly to be seen that trouble was brewing.

Mrs. Cleathers and her daughters, usually so lively and talkative, were gloomily silent; the retired English Colonel, who occupied the head of the table, was stiffer than ever before, and every button of his yellowish-brown Norfolk jacket was scrupulously fastened in its proper buttonhole.

A wild panic had seized upon Pelagie, the Breton handmaiden, who waited on the table, and she dropped more spoons and forks than usual on her way to and from the kitchen. She was at the best of times an uncertain and tearful person, and to-day Merriman observed that in bringing in the uncovered tureen two large tears had trickled down poor Pelagie's broad cheeks and into the soup, and he carefully refrained from partaking thereof in consequence.

Towards the end of a very uncomfortable meal, two new boarders, their spirits dampened by the general gloom, retired to the garden, and sat and smoked pensively on a bench attached to the garden wall on the edge of the highway. They had first to chase away a stout pig and several dilapidated fowls, that left it reluctantly and with varied sounds of indignant protest.

Merriman, after watching carefully, could not make up his mind positively whether the attitude of the Cleathers family was one of silent resignation or suppressed rage, but concluded before the end of the meal that it could be converted into either at a moment's notice.

Only the evening before, all had been as charming as possible. After dinner the entire household had strolled out on the cliffs to see the moon rise. The Painter, whose attempts at wit had received so much encouragement from the Cleatherses, thought it the most natural thing in the world when he found himself wandering along the cliff path with the elder Miss Cleathers. Her sister and mother, followed by the other boarders, straggled after them, while Merriman, apparently absorbed in the smoking of his evening pipe, formed a solitary rear-guard.

On their return, good-nights had been exchanged in the cheerfulest of tones. The next morning Merriman and the Painter spent at Dermalec, for the purpose of hav-

ing their hair cut, and to revel for an hour or so in something faintly resembling a town and civilization: Ker-Maria consisted of the solitary pile of buildings belonging to the inn, and a few scattered cottages inhabited by the fishing-folk of the district. They returned just in time to hurry to the dining-room, and lo! the whole atmosphere of that hitherto genial apartment had changed, and there was no possible ignoring of the fact that there was thunder in the air.

Miss Catheringhorn, a tall English spinster, who painted in water-color, and whose sketching umbrella was always a conspicuous object in the landscape, was the only person wholly unruffled by the general uneasiness. She kept up an unceasing commentary about the inferior quality of the food and service to her right-hand neighbor — a nervous young man with drooping eyelids, whose name was Cooperly — who was being slowly but effectually fascinated by a fixed stare from Mrs. Cleathers's gloomy eye.

Now and then a half-stifled laugh filtered in from the smokers on the garden bench. At the second repetition of this laugh Mrs. Cleathers rose majestically, and, followed by her daughters, sailed from the room, out through the garden, past the scoffers on the bench, and into the adjoining building, which was Ker-Maria's sole annex, and stood just across the highroad. If she had been able to annihilate the two young men with a look, it would have been given without a moment's hesitation.

Soon after she left, Merriman and the Painter joined the loungers on the bench, and before long all the masculine element were sunning themselves on its long seat. A few yards away, perched along the sea-wall, eight little white-coifed models knitted industriously, and clanked the stones with restless sabots. One by one the men disappeared, and as each left, his model jumped down from her seat and ran after him, and a few minutes later the couple, laden with painting materials, would trudge off to work in the fields or on the cliffs. Merriman and the Painter were the last to leave.

"What's up with the widow?" asked the Painter. He had dismissed his model, and was just going up to his studio under the eaves in the annex.

"I don't know, but you're in it," said Merriman, with some malice. "I could see that plainly from the glances cast in your direction. I hope when it's too late you will remember that I warned you."



PELAGIE.

"I'm sure I have had little enough to do with them," said the Painter, in an injured tone. He suspected that Merriman, who was fond of teasing, was making fun of him, and his conscience rather pricked him for having relaxed in his plan of maintaining a civil reserve. It was unfair in Merriman, he thought, to insinuate that his recent chats with the Cleathers

family were in any way unusual, so he turned on his heel and sought the seclusion of his studio, where Merriman was the only person admitted without a special invitation.

He locked the door, smoked many cigarettes, and became thoroughly disgusted with his summer's work, which he found, on minute inspection, to be "flat, stale, and unprofitable" to the last degree.

Then he flung himself into a hammock hung between two rafters, and was just dozing off, when—tap-tap—there came a knock at his door. Quite forgetting he had locked it, he called out,

"Come in!"

The door-knob rattled, but of course with no result, and tap-tap came the knock again.

He tumbled out of his hammock, and, much ruffled as to hair and neck-tie, unlocked the door, and, to his utter astonishment, admitted—the elder Miss Cleathers!

With a gasp the Painter gathered together his scattered senses and offered Miss Cleathers the only chair in the room. He was oppressed with a feeling that this visit portended all sorts of disagreeable consequences, and would probably entail varied complications.

He felt even more sure of this when, looking at his guest, he perceived that she had discarded the usual untidy garb worn by the feminity of Ker-Maria, and which Merriman described in his home letters as "pleasing negligee," and was dressed, from her tightly drawn spotted veil to her abnormally shiny patent-leather shoes, with a precision of detail that carried panic to his soul, and made him long for Merriman, who delighted in grappling with, and always extricated himself gloriously from, these trying experiences.

Miss Cleathers, who was visibly embarrassed, seated herself, and leaned silently on the handle of her umbrella, while the agitated Painter balanced himself on a three-legged stool, and anxiously wondered what was going to happen next.

Why had he not been quick enough to announce at once, before letting her in, that he was busy, and could not admit any one? He racked his brains to discover a motive for her visit, and became more and more uncomfortably certain that it had some reference to the prevailing depression in the dining-room. He grew desperate at her long silence, and made feeble remarks about the weather, but Miss Cleathers only responded absently, and smiled a weak smile.

She was a tall, blowsy girl, with quantities of light colorless hair, accompanied by an equally colorless pair of eyes and a washed-out complexion. Her general indecision of feature was emphasized by a white veil, which covered her face from the brim of her somewhat jaunty hat to the collar of her dress, which was colorless as her person. She was so vague and undecided that she made the Painter think of a dissolving view after the process of dissolving has made visible progress.

"How I wish she really was a dissolving view!" thought the distracted Painter. But unfortunately she was a palpable reality.

The situation was becoming almost unbearable when at last Miss Cleathers decided to speak.

"I have come," she said, pausing sadly between each word, "because I could not bear to think there was some misunderstanding, and I wanted to ask you a question."

The Painter quailed as she fixed her uncertain gray eyes on him, and it was only by exercising great self-control that he was able to keep up a polite attitude of attention; his soul failed him, and he longed once more for Merriman.

"Mamma, Rose, and I have talked the matter over, and we think it better to be perfectly plain and straightforward about it. I had hoped," she added, reproachfully, as the Painter remained silent, and gave no sign of anything but helpless astonishment, "that you would understand and help me out of this difficulty without my having to do all the explaining myself."

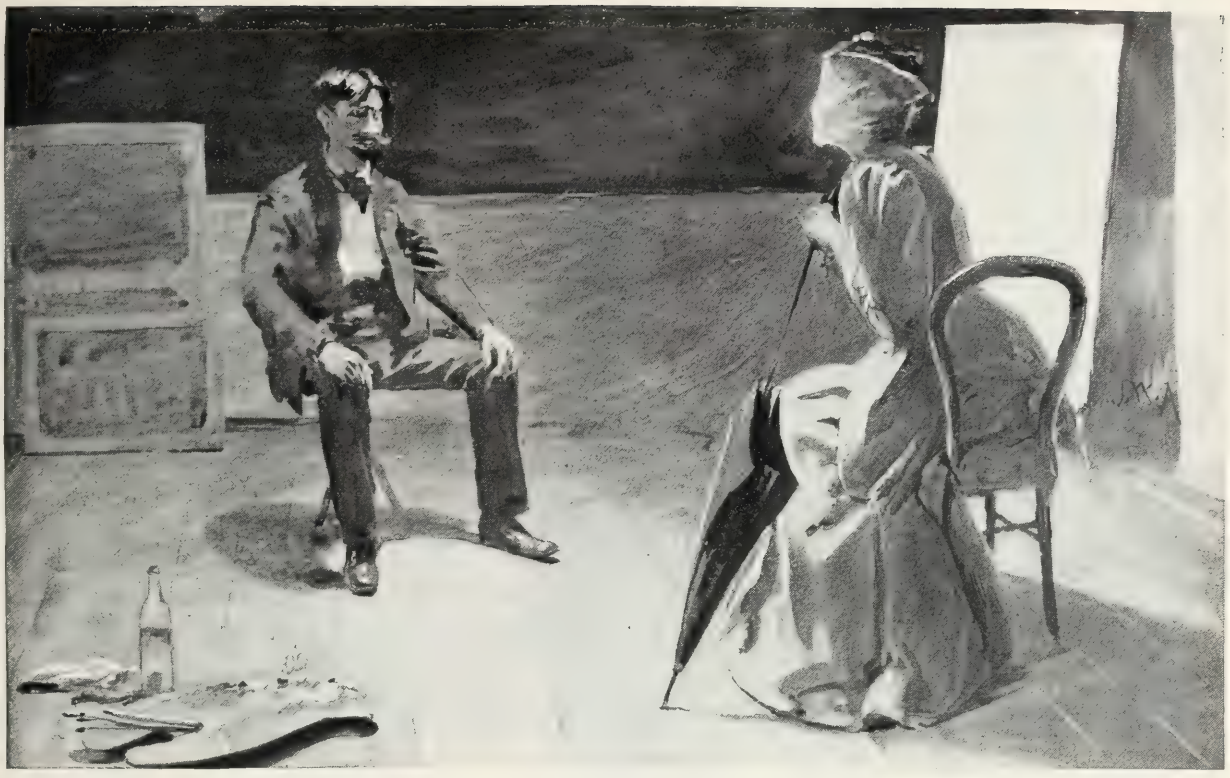
"My dear Miss Cleathers," protested the Painter, who was growing more and more unhappy every minute, "I assure you I have not the least idea what you are talking about."

"I see I was mistaken," she said, bitterly. "Rose said it was useless, but mamma insisted I should at least give you an opportunity to explain yourself before believing the worst." She tossed her head, and looked scornfully at him through her veil.

"I am absolutely at sea," interjected the now hopeless Painter.

"Oh, very well, then! I wish you good-afternoon."

She was much excited, and the Painter



"I AM ABSOLUTELY AT SEA."

could see that tears were moistening her veil, and that she had to bite her lips to keep from more audible signs of grief.

She rose, and glaring down at him, almost paralyzed him with her indignation. He felt sorry to see her cry, and protested over and over again that he was perfectly willing to explain anything if she would be kind enough to give him the slightest clew; but she only groped for the door-knob, and when she found it, could not turn it, and he had to open it for her.

She passed out without another word, and he could hear her go sobbing down the stairs. At first he was troubled, but this feeling gave way later to one of irritation, when he had cooled off sufficiently to calmly review the situation.

Miss Cleathers did not grace the evening meal with her presence; and the Painter, who had waited until the last minute before descending, nearly knocked Pelagie down the front steps: she was laden with a tray of supper, which must have reached the Cleatherses' apartments in a very sloppy condition.

Mrs. Cleathers and Miss Rose only appeared after the omelet—which was an inevitable dish at every repast at Ker-Maria—had been eaten, and its scattered remnants removed by Pelagie, who was tearful again. They left before dessert, and then even Miss Catheringhorn's unfailing spirits suffered from the settled gloom.

Merriman, who also came in late, had to catch up with the others, and had no time for conversation. He ate silently, keeping a watchful eye on all that was going on about him.

It was the custom to linger at the table after the evening meal, but the Painter took possession of Merriman as soon as the latter had finished his coffee, and marched him off to the cliffs at a round pace. There the Painter threw himself down on the rocks, and poured out his afternoon's experience, to the undisguised amusement of his friend, who laughed until the Painter became huffy.

"Can't you see?" said Merriman, shaking with laughter. "You were expected to say, at the first hint, 'Be mine, be mine,' and of course she was disappointed when you did not live up to her expectations."

The Painter, whose description of Miss Cleathers's tears had been, as he thought, particularly touching, ejaculated,

"Stuff!"

"Not at all stuff," said Merriman. "You must have seen this evening that they have become reconciled with Cooperly. I bet you anything you like, he has fallen into the trap. Nothing but your blessed innocence saved you. They could not cope with your genuine obliviousness to what was going on. I might have attempted the same thing, but they would have discovered it was a sham at once.



COOPERLY.

Now that your eyes are opened, I shall never be able to leave you alone for ten minutes again, or I shudder at the possible consequences."

"Come, let's go home," said the Painter, who did not altogether relish Merriman's view of the matter; so they strolled slowly back in the direction of Ker-Maria.

Before they reached it, however, they caught up with two persons, who were wandering slowly homeward, and who turned out to be Cooperly and Rose Cleathers. They had been wandering hand in hand, and were very much embarrassed by the encounter.

Merriman said nothing, but whistled in an irritating manner all the way home, till the Painter was thoroughly exasperated and requested him to cease, whereupon he took himself off to his room, leaving the Painter more disgusted than ever.

It seemed too absurd to believe that Merriman was right in his opinion that the Cleathers family had intended to force him into matrimony. If this was so, the attempt had been clumsy, and almost stupid in its futility. He made up his mind to be magnanimous, and to act as if nothing had happened.

By luncheon-time next day fair weather had set in again at Ker-Maria. Miss Catheringhorn was in great form, and her stories were fully appreciated by the English Colonel, although her American auditors often failed to grasp the points of her anecdotes.

Mrs. Cleathers, accompanied by two cheerful daughters, was talkative as ever. The only sign of yesterday's disturbance was a shade of gentle melancholy that hovered about the elder Miss Cleathers, although she joined in the conversation just as usual.

Only little Cooperly seemed subdued; but as he never had contributed anything of importance to the general amusement, his silence passed almost unnoticed.

The Painter, to avoid meeting the Cleatherses, had thought of going off for the day, and nothing but the vision of a luncheon put up by Pelagie's unskilful fingers deterred him from carrying out this plan. He was almost paralyzed by the gushing bow he received from both mother and daughters when they met him in the garden, just outside the dining-room door. It was so intense that it made him feel uneasy; and this feeling was increased when Miss Fleason, the smallest of his fellow-boarders, came up to him in the hall and astounded him by grasping his hand and pressing it sympathetically as she went into the crowded room.

Every one seemed to be looking at him more or less curiously, but he hoped this was only his fancy, because of his self-consciousness after yesterday's adventure.

To his surprise, Merriman, who was usually so careful to avoid all intercourse

with the Cleathers family, devoted himself to Miss Rose Cleathers in a way that made Cooperly scowl.

Miss Catheringhorn waylaid the Painter in the hall after luncheon to ask his advice about some of her work. She had laid out her feeble attempts in the sitting-room, she said.

Merriman usually backed him up during these inspections—which occurred periodically—and his voluble admiration covered the Painter's somewhat faint praise and soothed the perpetrator's feelings. The Painter looked about helplessly for his friend in this emergency, but Merriman was rapidly disappearing along the sea-wall with Miss Rose Cleathers.

When the Painter joined Miss Catheringhorn in the sitting-room, Mrs. Cleathers was taking her leave, and greeted him with a sunny smile.

"I must be running off to my work," she said, as she hurried past him.

The Painter conscientiously looked over a dozen or so of the sketches, but Miss Catheringhorn seemed to have lost all interest in showing them, and fidgeted about, nervously shuffling over the pages of a sketch-book she held in her hand. After responding absently to several remarks about her drawings, she said, hesitatingly,

"I have been watching Miss Cleathers with the greatest interest, and I think her conduct has been perfect."

The Painter, seized with astonishment, said nothing.

"It is always such a difficult thing," continued Miss Catheringhorn, "for a young girl to behave perfectly under such trying circumstances. I must confess that I had not noticed anything unusual until Mrs. Cleathers drew my attention to it, but you have my deepest sympathy, and you are certainly fortunate in having such a reserved and charming girl to deal with."

Miss Catheringhorn was gathering up her drawings preparatory to departure.

"For Heaven's sake," cried the exasperated painter, "tell me what this is all about!"

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Catheringhorn, soothingly. "There is no need for any concealment with me. I know all about it. Mrs. Cleathers thought it only right to explain matters to me, fearing I might place a wrong construction on Miss Cleathers's conduct."

"Look here, Miss Catheringhorn!" cried the Painter, wildly. "Everybody seems to have had an explanation of this business excepting myself, and I am going to have one right now, at once. You are going to sit right down and tell me what you are talking about," and in his excitement he seized her by the arm.

"How dare you touch me?" she cried, wrenching herself free and sweeping from the room.

The Painter sat dejectedly where she had left him. He was completely baffled. Life at Ker-Maria was not turning into a bed of roses. Just then the Colonel sauntered down the hall, and poked his head in the doorway.

"Cheer up, my boy," he said, cocking his head on one side and turning very red. "These are things one must bear like a man." And before the Painter had time to recover from his stupefaction he was gone.

"Confound it all!" cried the now desperate Painter, and he rushed out to find Merriman; but Merriman had disappeared so effectually that, after hunting about the cliffs and up and down the sea-wall for half an hour, the Painter gave up searching and started out to work, at a pace very displeasing to his young model, who sulked all the afternoon, and carefully lost several of his pet brushes on their homeward trip as a revenge for his thoughtlessness.

"I have a piece of news for you," said Merriman, as they met in the dining-room doorway at dinner-time.

"For Heaven's sake, don't keep me in suspense!" responded his thoroughly limp and weary friend.

"Cooperly's engaged to Rose Cleathers."

"Whew!" whistled the Painter.

"This piece of news has cost me a day's work; I hope you appreciate my devotion. I spent the whole afternoon roaming the cliffs with Rose Cleathers, entirely on your account."

"Where do I come in?" asked the Painter, gloomily.

"She also told me, in the strictest confidence," went on Merriman, soberly, but with a twinkle in his eye, "that her sister had never felt so badly in her life *as when she had to refuse you!*"

The Painter jumped as if he had been stung, and Merriman stood aside to let the Cleathers family pass in to dinner.



TWO MORMONS FROM MUDDLETY.

BY LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL.

PART II.

WHEN Delissa saw that her husband had indeed gone, that she was left alone, it seemed to her as if the very heart of the world had ceased beating. She watched him and the General pull the boat up the beach. They disappeared in the twilight and brushwood.

She shut the door and sat down on a stool. An hour passed, and then another. It was all over now, and no doubt she had been wrong from the beginning. But why in the name of sense had they not taught her to cook? Was there a thing more mysterious than that there was nothing whatever about cooking in the novels? They eat the most abundant and the most savory "viands," but who in heaven's name cooked the viands?

Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone cooked for themselves — Nicholas couldn't. She had done her best, all to no purpose! And now — Red Dolly! and doubtless Nicholas would go and tell *her* all about his "wife"! As for Misery, he was the devil in cat form; he was possessed; or else the first Mrs. Barr was in the cat; at least, the cat sided with the first Mrs. Barr in every hair of his body, else why

did he always trip her up? It made no difference; it was all over—cooking, all her efforts, her self-restraint, and—and—love— and Nicholas didn't care for her now—and indeed why talk about it? It was all over! all over! If she could upset herself in the river, if the bottom would unexpectedly fall out of the boat, then she would drown. Nicholas would see her lying at the bottom, all white; or if some brutal man would happen in and kill her, then Nicholas would find her body lying right across the threshold. The tears began to rise.

Three light knocks were given upon the cabin door. After a moment or two they were repeated. Delissa had started to her feet with the first knock, but before she could make up her mind to bolt the door, the latch clicked. The door opened; a long, white, hairy hand appeared, clasping the side of the door, followed by an arm in seedy black as the door pushed open wider.

Delissa fell back several paces, the blood rushing to and fro, from her heart and to her head, and back again, as she fixed her eyes on the door, now at a standstill.

"May godly strangers receive welcome here?" said a voice, hollow enough to have been followed by a racking cough.

"Visitors from the Lord," rapped out another voice, quickly, lightly, and in a tone that evinced an eager desire to see inside. Delissa would have spoken if she could. As she gave no reply, the door farther opened, and Delissa saw slowly enter a tall, pale man, followed by a short, fat one. Her breath came quick.

"We are peace-lovers," said the tall man, unctuously.

"Peace-bringers," followed up the little one, at once echoing and outdoing his brother, who blocked both his vision and entrance by standing full in the doorway.

The tall man, whom Delissa now saw to be of a doughy-white complexion and bald-headed, cast a pair of large brown eyes upon her inquiringly. As she merely gasped in reply, he came farther in, allowing his younger fellow to enter, which the younger fellow did briskly.

He also looked inquiringly at the girl, but receiving no answer, both men, having learned the custom of the country through which they had travelled for some months, directed their eyes toward the floor, and sat down in the chairs nearest them. Delissa recovered herself suddenly on seeing them seated, and said,

"You can come in."

Not knowing what to do next, she sat down and folded her hands in her lap. But a side glance of the younger man suddenly apprised her of the fact, of which she had been forgetful, that she was in her red petticoat, and that as this petticoat was short, more was visible than should be. She stood up as if shot out of her seat, and reddened.

What to do? She was afraid to leave the two men for a moment, and her other dress was locked up in a box in the house. She turned abruptly away from the men, whose eyes were still fastened to the floor, and began angrily washing the ashes from her burnt hand. A hot sensation all over her body told her that both men were using their opportunity to examine her from top to toe. She became aware also that the kettle could still be seen lying on the stone hearth, and that the water-pan was upside down on the floor. There was a moment when she could have sat down on the floor herself, in the thus lengthened and decent midst of her red petticoat, and told these two wretched Mormon creatures (for she guessed them to be such) to go about their business. But her hand began to smart, and at the same time the tall, elder man spoke:

"We ar' came to ask a night's lodging, end we ar' came to spread the great news—the gospel 'cording to Smith—end—"

Delissa still kept her back to the two men, mainly out of a sense that if her ankles could be seen that way, as well as any other, at least she couldn't see that they were being seen. The younger man interrupted rapidly:

"Blessed are they 't hold to the prophet; blessed are the Latter-Day Saints," he said, skurrying over the words in a sharp, high, singsongy voice, and in such a way that the words seemed pitched out headlong. "Blessed are the— You've hurt your hand, Mrs.—? Let me— What? Yes, certainly."

Delissa flushed a bright pink. But before she had half an idea of what was happening, the little man, with skilful, quick, white, fat fingers had lapped her hand about with oiled rag—oil and rag both produced from his own pocket—and

had carefully tied a piece of dirty ribbon round the whole.

"There, Mrs.—?"

"Barr," she replied. "My husband, he'll be in, in a short time. You can stay; he'll see you. I thank you for—" she held out her hand shyly. "I guess he'll be here soon."

Silence ensued, during which Delissa was enabled to observe her guests more narrowly. The tall man had sunk together on his chair, and was rubbing the knuckles of one hand gently in the palm of the other. Delissa disliked him. He wore a flowing brown beard. This growth, hanging from his sallow face and lank neck, swept abundantly over a time-yellowed shirt front. But his head was as sterile of hair as his jaw was profuse. What there was grew almost on his neck, hiding his absence of collar with a thin, glossy, brown fringe. The absence of hair above seemed to have indecently exposed a pair of enormous ears.

Still continuing to play softly with his hands, the tall man opened and shut his mouth once or twice with a licking sound, and then, in his deep voice, "Ball!" He inclined his head slightly to one side, as if in sorrow for what he was about to say, and looking toward where his younger companion was seated, he repeated, with a caressing inflection, "Ball—Ball 's name. Li Ball."

Delissa glanced quickly away from him. She wondered if she would have to sew up the holes in the little man's elbows. She guessed not, as his black waistcoat was held together by two safety-pins, in place of seven long-departed buttons. He had not shaved for a week or more. She hoped Nicholas wouldn't lend him his razor.

Since the elder man's delivery of the word "Ball," in mournful tone and with deprecative glance, the girl had no doubt that Li Ball was his name. She thought it might relieve the strain if she ventured further in the same line.

"And your friend, his name?" she said, looking to the tall man for the information.

"Ball's friend's name," put in the little man, suddenly and lightly. "I'm his friend," he added, more slowly, and pointed with his thumb to his own bosom. "My name's Ball—Li Ball. His name," he continued, nodding toward the tall man—"his name is Sidon—Dank Sidon."

Delissa realized that they made a point of naming each other, as perhaps being more modest.

"Well," she said, having now recovered herself so far as to have determined to accept the shortness of her petticoat, and to make the best of the Mormons—"Well, I expect you're both hungry."

Mr. Ball said with vivacity that he was.

Mr. Sidon made the licking noise that he had before, which signified that he had said, or would like to be considered to have said, precisely what his little friend had.

For a moment Delissa looked helplessly about her. She made up her mind promptly.

"Mr. Sidon, Mr. Ball, I a'n't no account of a cook; and the fact is I spoiled one dinner to-day already; and I'm afeard you'll have to look elsewhere for victuals, or else wait till my man comes home; and if you get it then I don't know, or any other time in this house—unless you cook it yourself," she added, after a pause, and smiling at an idea in itself so absurd.

"Li," said Mr. Sidon, deliberately—"Li, cook."

Li sprang at once to the fire and began to rake among the coals. As Delissa watched him in some surprise, he said: "Saw y' had—course y' did—we all have—trouble. Burned hand, dress—course, too bad! Lost y'r dinner—too bad! What? Yes, certainly!"

Mr. Li Ball hurried over the beginnings of his words, spurted out what remained, and chewed off the ends, speaking all the while with a sharp, clicking voice, and glancing furtively about the cabin from under heavy black eyebrows. If unanswered by Delissa, he answered himself by "What? Yes, certainly."

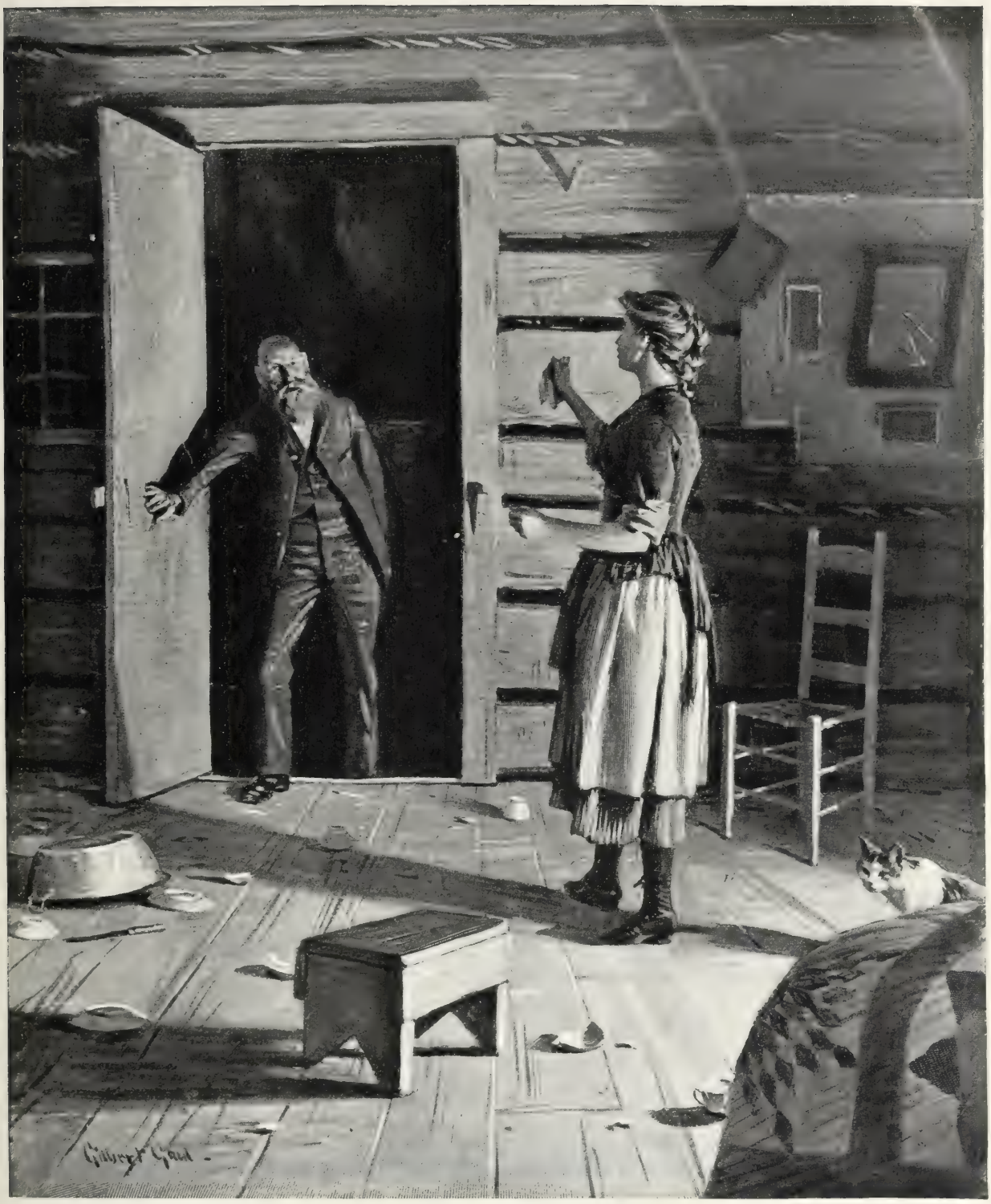
She wondered how a man could be at once so fat and so quick in his motions.

"You may cook—if you can," said Delissa.

"Can't *you?*" said Mr. Ball, turning upon her.

Delissa flushed and felt angry. Mr. Ball became aware that something was wrong.

"Can't cook? Too bad! What's husband say? Nothin'? Thinks a heap, guess! What? Yes, certainly! I'll learn y' cookin'.—D. get a log for th' fire.—Certainly will!—Spiled his dinner, eh? Burnt dress, eh?—hand, too—terrible pain! Nothin' easier! Take lessons me! Y' know she brought him butter in lordly



"DELISSA SAW SLOWLY ENTER A TALL, PALE MAN."

dish—there was feastin' in Bible: eat and drank and was merry for to-morrow they died! Why not? Certainly! Too bad! Of course they did!—I'll teach you!"

Delissa showed Mr. Ball where the various needful stores were kept, and while he was bending over the fire, slipped out of the kitchen cabin.

When she came back she had on a blue dress. As she entered the door she observed with a sudden increase of heat that Mr. Ball's eye slipped down quickly to where her ankles had been previously visible, and as quickly slipped away again in search of some plate or saucer necessary to his operations as cook.

"Dinner's ready," he now said. "D., dinner."

D., thus addressed, elongated himself, and sat down willingly enough at the

table. He blessed the food with unction, his eyes fixed steadily upon it.

The two Mormons ate heartily. Delissa waited on them, as usual.

The meal was tolerably silent. But once during the eating Sidon, without premonitory symptoms of any kind, and as if moved by an inward humor, broke into a hoarse, loud guffaw, a kind of cackle. He then became much embarrassed. Nor did he emit the sound again.

With both hands engaged and mouth full, shortly after this cackle Sidon spoke, without, however, turning towards Delissa:

"'R appetites, Mrs. Barr, are given us to cons'crate."

Sidon took more molasses, while Ball glanced about in all directions, and busied himself partly with eating, and partly with the making of hot cakes.

"What we can't cons'crate we must pluck out. Pluck it out," continued the Saint, in a hollow singsong, at the same time extracting a chicken bone from his mouth, with apparent danger to his hand —"pluck it out and cast it from you." He cast the chicken bone into the fire. "A degraded appetite is a degraded man. A degraded man is—another biscuit, Brother Li—is a fiend in human form; and a fiend is a disgrace and a shame to the place he lives in and the neighborhood that suffers him; yes, a fiend is a burrning shame!" Sidon burred his "r's" furiously.

Mr. Ball, who thus far had kept the corners of his red lips turned piously down, now, with a suddenness that was astonishing, twitched them into a grin that caused the fat of his face to rise up in lumps in odd places, and was near to abolishing his eyes out of his head.

"That's it," he said, evidently restraining his sense of humor with difficulty—"that's what a fiend is!—Certainly!—Have more molasses?—He's the wisest man, Mrs. Barr! Yes, sir! He's a 'possle!—More coffee?—Too bad about husband! Dare say perfect man! I thought—Lived long in wedlock?—No!—Happy state! Oh, yes! course! Oh, perfect!"

Ball rose to make cakes.

Sidon, munching heavily, continued, following the food about with his eyes:

"Brother Li is right.—You are doubtless a happy female. To please your husband is your one wish. End—you please him! I ken see that!—Wedlock is the gate through which the Saints enter into bliss unspeakable. Oh, can't have too much of a good thing!—Butter, Li."

Mr. Sidon's voice seemed to drip with fatness as he spoke. Delissa was not certain whether he had said that wedlock or butter was a bliss unspeakable.

He continued, in more and more of a singsong: "Ah, the grace o' God! That's what we all need here below! We're ugly:—we want grace:—we're in disgrace; we want grace:—we're disgustin', mis'rable, dirty sinners—liars, end horse-thieves, end beastly bishops of false churches, end forgers of false checks. Do we repent? Nay! We return to our pleasurable vices as the dog to his vomit:—see, now, that's where we're not graceful!—not full of the grace o' God. Oh, oh, we're at best but human hogs. Hogs we are born, hogs do we remain, end as hogs, hoggishly, do we become extinct. Nothin' will save us from our hoggishness but grace. Pray for grace! Grace not to be a human hog! End——" Sidon lengthened this "end" out beyond all the others to signify an oncoming climax—"end finally, brethern and sistern, we ken gyrate and circumlocute, but we're nothin' but dirt—dirt"—he seemed to take a delight in the word—"end damned dirt at that, unless the grace of the Church is spread upon our souls.—Butter, Li."

Mr. Sidon, who by this time had eaten enormously, sat back in his chair.

"Husband home soon?" inquired Mr. Ball, wiping his red lips.

Mrs. Barr thought he would be home soon.

"Eat now? or wait?" continued Ball, "wait, I guess; good; too bad 'bout burnt hand!"

"Better than a burrnt soul," said Sidon, with his burr; "better to marry than burn!" he added, out of a clear sky.

Ball looked furtively at Sidon, as if he wished he would stop. Sidon continued,

"You're a lonely woman, a-livin' here, Mrs. Barr."

"Oh, my husband, he—"

"Ha'n't you never thought what it might be to see the crystal pavement, the golden towers, the silver houses, of the Great City? Ha'n't you? No; you ha'n't! You're buried; oncet in these woods, twicet in sin! Oh, come out!"

Sidon's voice almost roared.

Ball left the table and took a chair against the wall. His eyes slipped restlessly about. He seemed ill at ease.

"We," continued Sidon—"we ar' Latter-Day Saints. There were saints in olden times, daughter."

Delissa recoiled within herself from this address, but she showed no sign save to move to the opposite corner of the cabin and sit down on a bench.

"But we are the latter saints: like the latter rain, we visit the earth gently." Sidon's voice seemed once more to drop with fat. "Let no man deceive you, daughter; we're no friends to sin;—oh, no! We'r' the salt of the earth; our savor is not lost; we'r' the sweet burnt sacrifice, smelling in the nosterils; our mouths drop waters of wisdom; oh, daughter, the tongues of those whom Smith hath come strongly upon are steeped in honey."

Delissa began, she knew not why, to feel hot all over. Mr. Ball was playing a sort of devil's tattoo with his feet, resting on his heels, and quivering the toe ends of his boots at a tremendous rate.

"The playsures of the soul are pu-er," shouted Sidon, with uncalled-for vehemence. "Come out to us!"

Delissa was about to say something to the effect of her husband's having a voice in the matter, when the younger saint spoke.

"Bring husband out," said he, abruptly, and kept up the silent tattoo his toes were playing on the air.

"Bring him," said Sidon, rising and straightening out the several joints and compartments of his frame, until the entire lankness of him was erected to its full height. Delissa rose too. She was growing angry, and at the same time afraid.

Ball's eyes twitched about more rapidly than ever in his head.

"Oh," continued Sidon, extending both hands, dropping his chin, and throwing his head back so that the roof of his mouth became visible—"oh, we must be gen'rous; giving of ourselves: give yourself, little daughter! Be gen'rous, not mean—not like these neighbors of yours hereabout. They give nothing but bruises and blows to the Saints. Oh, there's a hell that longs to feed on sinners! There's a house, and its rafters are fire, and it's shingled over with coals of hot fire, and all thine enemies shall fry therein, in the fat of their own mean thoughts—oh!—"

Sidon was lashing himself into a frenzy. Ball's tattoo became faster every moment; his fingers, too, were beating on the side of his chair; and his eyes slipped from Sidon to Delissa and back again every moment. Sidon rushed on, extending one hairy hand, and pointing a long finger with a black nail at the end, as if at an object visible to his corporeal eye:

"There, there, over the door o' that house it is written, 'Mene, mene, Tekel!' Daughter, what does that signify? It's an allusion. Where? In the book. To whom? To Tekel! Nowhere else in the great Book is Tekel mentioned; only there; there he stands, singled out, with that one word pinned to him forever, for all generations to look at. There he stands—Tekel! Mene, mene, Tekel. Not once 'mene,' but twice 'mene.' Tekel, the *meanest* man in the whole world. How mean do you think that man Tekel must ha' been? No meaner than some that's hereabout—"

The Saint was rolling voluminously on, borne chiefly upon the sound of his own voice, when the little man twitched his coat tails from behind, and Sidon sat down quickly, hard, and unexpected to himself. He looked reproachfully at his companion. Delissa, happening to have her back to the two men, was unable to guess the cause of the sudden cessation of Sidon's oratory, but she was thankful that it had stopped. She wished that Nicholas would come back—perhaps now he never would!—if he only would, and throw both the men out of the cabin. As she looked at the hand which the little fat man had so cleverly wrapt about, she could have taken a shovelful of hot wood-ashes and flung it in both their faces, and the picture of herself in this action passed fleetingly before her mental vision. She turned toward the two visitors again, thinking angrily how Sidon's beard would sizzle and smoke with the coals in it; and how, as for the little man, with his heavy black eyebrows and red lips— But before she could imagine the proper torture to be meted out to him, she caught his eye. She colored faintly, feeling that her detestation must be painted upon her face.

But Ball, as for the first time he squarely met the girl's glance, thought simply that she looked very soft and female, and that without doubt they could induce a person of that gentleness and facility of disposition to fall in with their plans and join the "Church."

Delissa, not liking to be inspected so

closely, looked again at the younger Saint as if she expected him to say something.

He broke out suddenly: "Since y'r man doesn't come, better go;—h'm,—too bad;—yes; 's late; must go, Sidon! Just cook you another batch o' hot cakes 'fore I go. H'm!—eh?"

Sidon continued in his unwilling silence, while Ball spent a few minutes in cooking. He covered the hot food carefully with plates and saucers. When all was done he turned to Delissa:

"Don't seem to understand cook'ry?—No; s'pose I come again; give another lesson;—come same hour? Oh, certainly. —No; no trouble;—you'll learn—same hour to-morrow. Good-night. Blessed be house!"

The girl had scarcely time to decide whether or no she would have them come again, for Ball, seizing Sidon by the arm, directed him to and pushed him through the door.

"Oh, the blessing of—"

But Ball had hurtled him out across the step, and shutting the door behind them both, snapped the blessing off short. Sidon's voice could still be heard outside, rolling into the darkness.

Delissa felt her heart beat freely again.

As Ball rowed Sidon across the river he told him he was no small fool not to see the gal wasn't pleased at all that; that she was scared. Now here was their chance. "That gal was not happy. Her husband must be cross to her. P'r'aps he threw her in the fire. Certainly; why not? By gol! if he's like that, we'll have her:—she'll come. But tact!"

"Dad burrn it, Ball!" said Sidon, "when religion gets a grip on me—"

"Religion's all well enough in its place; I'm religious at the right time."

"It don't grip you," said Sidon.

"Tact, for ev'r'-day use, anyway," replied Ball, tugging at the oars.

"It don't throw you down. 'Pears like it got 'mongst my very bow'ls. 'Pears like I can't holler loud enough! 'Pears like I don't know what I'm a-goin' to say next; but all I've got to do is to open my mouth, and the Lord fills me full o' wor-r-rds! 'Pears like it wasn't my voice I heerd a-speakin'—"

"Voice of a durned fool 's what ye heerd!" said Ball as he stranded the boat, and with difficulty pulled it up to the spot where he had found it. "I tell ye, tact! There's verses for it. Hasn't the Lord foresight? Well, foresight's where tact commences; tact is oil on the waters. Certainly! The Lord didn't go and play the fool with Moses; He didn't command Moses to take up that serpent by his head, did He? Nay, but by the tail. Certainly. Well, wasn't that tact? Dank, ye're lackin' in tact! Jus' 's tactless as a sheep."

Sidon, silenced by the example from the Book, walked wearily up the mountain road. Ball spent the hour in pointing out to him that by a little skilful cookery at the right moment, and a great deal of soft persuasion, they might win the girl. They passed the night at Red Dolly's cabin.

When Nicholas returned, he made no mention of what had occurred. But he was humble, Delissa thought, almost penitent in demeanor. When he sat down to his meal she could have cried. It was a lie, this meal! She would tell him all about the Mormons. But instantly the thought of Red Dolly crossed her mind. It was her husband's part to speak first. The supper was at all events a well-cooked lie. Nicholas ate heartily. Delissa looked at him shyly now and again, wondering greatly that there was not some trace of Dolly on his countenance; as if "Dolly" must be written there in invisible ink, and perhaps a word would bring it out. Nicholas thought to himself, things are upset, but I won't speak to her to-night; I'll tell her to-morrow after breakfast that I got my dinners that week at my brother's house, and I'll explain about Red Dolly.

The next morning, however, it was rainy, and it seemed to Nicholas far too cold and cloudy to broach such a ticklish subject. After all, D'liss was aware that there were no grounds for jealousy of Red Dolly or of any one else: she knew, of course, that he had been hungry, and had gone elsewhere to be properly fed.

Delissa was left hanging in the air about Red Dolly, therefore, and was by no means pleased with the position. But she had not yet learned to break in upon her husband's silence. She determined she would put Red Dolly out of her mind. After all, she had said a great deal too much about it, and no doubt the "General" had maligned her.

It continued cold and rainy for several days. Nicholas was obliged to set out each day before noon for Carr's Mill. He

was hauling the lumber he had cut. The farm-work over, he hauled two loads before evening. He, of course, had breakfast and supper at his cabin, but instead of stopping at Mrs. Reuben's for dinner, he took a piece of something with him in the wagon, and ate it on the road. He was determined that, come what might, he would give his wife no cause of offence, and would stick to her food if it cost him his life.

The two Mormons, seeing him pass Mrs. Reuben's cabin, and inquiring his name, learned who he was, and his hours of absence from home while teaming it. They took advantage of their knowledge to visit Mrs. Barr at just those hours when her husband was absent.

Their visits were short. Ball cooked supper for himself and Sidon, and when this was despatched, a second for Delissa and her husband. Delissa asked them nothing for the dinner eaten; that Ball cooked the second dinner earned, in her opinion, the first.

The Mormons, in order to excite no distrust in Barr's bosom, always avoided the road on which they would have met him with his team, and instead took a "blaze" through the woods to and from the crossing.

The third day of their coming Ball undertook to sound Delissa. This was experimental. He wished to find a weak spot. That there was something wrong in the household he felt sure; for the very fact that the girl allowed him and Sidon to come each day and cook two meals, and further had very clearly not mentioned the matter to her husband, was proof enough of this.

First of all he set about asking her whom she knew in the neighborhood. She replied that she was acquainted with Amri Carr only, but seeing here a possible opportunity for gaining knowledge, she asked him if he happened to know Miss Stout.

Ball heard something perhaps in the tone of voice which set him on the track. He answered by a question: Did she know her? No? and what sort of a woman was she? Well—

Suddenly it flashed across his mind that he had seen Nicholas at Red Dolly's cabin one morning as he had been reading a paper on the wood-pile. He conceived it likely enough that the girl's husband, although he knew Dolly well, had never told his wife that he knew her; and if she hadn't already learned that he frequented Dolly's cabin, she certainly would in the future, and it might be as well to prepare for the time when she did. He proceeded forthwith to paint soot black by speaking all the evil that he could invent of Red Dolly. He concluded by saying that no self-respecting person would be seen near her cabin; that even so pure and uncontaminatable a soul as Dank Sidon's had felt her abode to be defilement.

Delissa sat spellbound now that she heard all this from an adult source.

As she thought it over, after the departure of the Saints, she grew more and more unhappy. The rain fell in torrents; everything had gone wrong that day; she had broken her comb in the morning, her looking-glass in the afternoon; four chickens had died just before dusk; and now as night fell she heard such news as this.

During the next few days the relation between herself and her husband, strained from the moment when she had mentioned the unfortunate Dolly Stout, grew more and more distressing and unnatural. He was silent; he was always silent. Delissa was afraid to speak. She would have given anything on earth to ask him point-blank about Red Dolly, and even to beg forgiveness for what she had formerly said, and then to have him clear the whole matter up with a few plain words.

But a silence grew up between them. They seemed to drift steadily farther apart.

Nicholas had now enjoyed several days of wonderfully fine cooking. It had surprised him. He was not prepared for the rapidity of the change. Moreover, it was regularly good. The only matter that remained in obscurity was that the cooking at breakfast was invariably poor. However, he did not wish to refer to the matter at all; his wife was progressing, evidently doing her best; and in his slow way he loved her for it—perhaps she was sleepy at breakfast-time. It was odd that she appeared to be so moody, however. Well, in a few days—as soon as it got warmer—he would speak to her about it.

Delissa, in the mean time, became more sensitive each day to the deceit which this Mormon-cooked meal involved. "I don't tell him a lie," she would say, "but

I feed him lies; and I'm a liar!" At another time this would have been too much for her moral digestion, which was properly weak. But now the thought that her husband might leave her forever if she didn't cook well, and the necessity of keeping him away from that horrid red creature, made the lie seem unavoidable. But her sense of guilty falsehood, of stealthy concealment and subterfuge, combined with the bitter war which her jealousy made upon her faith in Nicholas, deprived her of every shred of happiness and peace.

Her work was a task heavily undertaken and wearily done. And the sleep that followed it was restless and unrefreshing. During this time the girl, her work being over, would pole herself across to the little rocky island, and sit there, feeling dreary and small, amidst the noise of the water.

One such morning, while she sat there, the water of the rapids seemed to make a noise that she had not hitherto heard. The sky, with that one cloud sailing through it, appeared different to her from any sky she had before known; and the motion of a hemlock bough to and fro as the current caught and released it, caught and released it again, seemed to her strange and sad. And those two dirty little cabins over there—where had they come from? How unhappy it all looked! How comfortless, and cold, and gray!

She was cold, too. She saw the warm, yellow light of the declining sun far above the deep, noisy, lonely gorge in which she was.

Oh, if she could live in some place like that, where it was always warm, and golden, and far away! Yes, she was miserable now. She must be ugly, too. You were always ugly when you were miserable. But she couldn't see herself any more, since she had broken the looking-glass. She knew her face must look horribly.

There was a small cove in the island, a tiny harbor for leaves and sailing scales of buds, and the like, and almost landlocked by a narrow rib of rock. Delissa went across to it, and kneeling down, leaned over this pool, supporting herself on her two hands, which she thrust up to the wrists in the shallow water, the pebbles giving way about her fingers.

She looked down into this clear mirror with a deep sigh. The image looked sadly, steadfastly into her eyes—a young girl in a blue dress, pale, and with soft yellow hair falling forward and about her face. Delissa looked long. Oh, yes, she had known it! She *was* ugly now. It was pitiable. Her right hand moving in the water caused ripples to arise, which obscured the image.

As face and figure slowly and waveringly reappeared, Delissa sighed again:

"I'm just as miserable as if I'd killed somebody; just as ugly, too. I hate myself. You're a liar," she continued, looking at her own reflection, and nodding her head slightly towards it. "You've very pretty hair—or you had once—but you're just a mean sneak now; and you're jealous—and bad, and—you're just like every wife I ever read of, now—just! and your husband's left you, and he's gone off to some other woman—and you're alone—and it don't make any odds whether you cry or don't! I've lost my beauty—that's what you have! and all my color; and you're just as ugly and lonely—"

A tear dropped heavily upon the water, and again the image passed fleetly away in ripples, and a shimmering confusion of bright colors took its place. Delissa began to cry, but still held herself in check until the image should grow together once more; but no sooner had the light and trembling commotion of the waters subsided, and the fair girlish picture appeared again, than two more tears, hanging from their lids, dropped together, and shook the living mirror and its colored shadow into momentary confusion.

Delissa gave a sudden sob, and cried out: "I haven't even got a glass, not even!—and I've broken my comb;—and he's there now, somewhere—with her;—oh, I'm so ugly! I'm so lonely!"

The tears welled up; she cried bitterly for relief; even after she had forgotten why she began to cry, she continued, feeling instinctive need of tears, and of a great many tears; and these came, accompanied by sobs which shook her entire body, and to bear the sudden shocks of which she had to support and brace herself with both hands.

Presently she heard the noise of the water through her sobs, and through her own murmurs of pain which before she had not seemed to hear, and which still seemed to call for more sobs to relieve them. But the sobs now came at greater intervals. The water had a comforting,

gentle sound. After a while it was over. She felt as if something had happened—something had been broken; a spirit, yearning to be free, was released.

As she sat up it seemed to her that the little brown brambles about her were



"OH, YES, SHE HAD KNOWN IT! SHE WAS UGLY NOW."

touching her tenderly. A spray of green brier moved by the breeze swayed against her cheek, and then away again.

The girl lay back, feeling exhausted, against a rock. The rock held her so firmly! The little, rough mosses were damp and cool, as she laid her burning face against them. How kind it all seemed! The air was cool against her eyelids. She surrendered herself to a sense of lassitude, almost of peace. Presently she walked slowly down to the boat, and bending a moment over the flowing water, bathed her hot forehead with the palm of her hand. It was the most grateful, cold touch. She looked up and saw the fleeting, gray expanse of water. She could almost have thanked the river for its goodness to her.

As she rowed the boat across to the cabin, she thought that perhaps to-morrow might be clear; if it was, she would walk by herself to Mrs. Reuben's. The same evening, as Nicholas ferried his yoke of oxen and team of horses across the Big Thunder in a light rain, he saw tracks of men in the mud on his side of the river. This surprised him. He put the team and yoke in the stable, and returning, examined these traces by the light of his lantern. Two men, clearly. Well, he wouldn't ask Delissa; if she didn't choose to tell him, he supposed it was none of his business. Queer thing, all the same!

The dinner was unusually good that evening. Nicholas remarked it, intending to be pleasant. Delissa flushed. Her husband, looking at her more attentively, thought it odd that now that everything was at last going smoothly, good dinners

and all that, she should be still moody and flush.

To-morrow he would certainly tell her all about where he had got those dinners—to-morrow as soon as he had hauled his last load, or at least he would if it didn't rain.

"You're a-growin' to be a master-cook, D'liss," he said. "How much flour did ye mix to the corn meal in that bread?"

Delissa replied promptly that she didn't know. She appeared suddenly to have found something that needed her undivided attention at the far corner of the cabin. Nicholas thought he would find out who those men were.

The day following his discovery of the foot-marks of the two men about his cabin, Nicholas Barr took General Floyd into his confidence. He thought that as the General was a boy only going on twelve, he couldn't have any sense of a family quarrel; the strained relations of husband and wife were all smoke to him; nor would he be able to build a bridge from the effect to the cause; he lacked the knowledge of age and years, and therefore he was safe. Besides, Nicholas, who was the most naturally undeceitful man in the world, knew that the General possessed a most devilish wit and inventive genius in the way of all things indirect and underhand.

He called the boy out of his cabin, where Mrs. Reuben was as busy as usual. The General knew by his uncle's manner that something important was in the wind. He therefore assumed an air of superior listlessness, and came slowly out on the road, snapping his knee-joints as he walked. His jack-knife, with the blade opened, was in his hand. As he advanced towards Nicholas he tossed the knife lightly in the air, and dexterously caught it again, all the while looking at it with an expression which seemed to say: You see, you silly thing, I can always catch you. When he had reached the spot where his uncle stood, he looked at him as if he had just made the discovery that he was standing there.

"Hello, Nic! that you?"

Nicholas said, bluntly and fearlessly, to the boy, who now stood with his hands rammed into his breeches pockets, and his eye cocked at his uncle:

"There's men comes about my house—comes in my absence." He looked inquiringly at the General.

"Wife home, Nic?"

"Certainly," replied his uncle.

"D'ye trust her—alone?"

"Why, concern it—"

"Do ye, or don't ye, though?"

"Trust her? What's that—"

"Got this to do with it. If she's sound, means honest, don't ye know, why, what's the odds if a hundred men tramps about her? If she's not sound—'ain't got sense, don't ye know—why—"

"Why what?" said Nicholas, gruffly.

"What's your opinion, anyway?" said the General, imperturbably.

"Don'no'," said Nicholas, glumly, and looking suspiciously at the General.

"Women's women al—ways," said the General, throwing his jack-knife in the air again, and catching it. "Say that, don't they?—the old grandmas; they had ought to know; they been women once:—women's women, 's what I've heerd 'em say. Guess it means like sayin' a cat's a cat;—can't trust 'em, not near the cream-pot, sure!"

Nicholas could have cowhided his nephew on the spot. A thousand thoughts, and all of them argus-eyed with suspicions, began to shoot like comets in every direction through his mind.

"What 'n the whole world did I ever ask you to help me fur?" said he at length, angrily helpless of any better answer to the boy's insinuations.

"Ask me to help ye!" exclaimed the General in his shrillest voice, and elevating his eyebrows so that his scalp moved back on his skull an inch or more, as if his very skin was astounded at such a thing;—"ask me!—ye didn't! If ye will, I'll help ye, quick enough!"

"Well?" said Nicholas, savagely.

"'Well' ain't askin'," said the boy; "not fair askin', anyway. I don't give no hungry man his supper for sayin' 'Well!'"

It was not in vain that Mrs. Reuben had drilled her young savage with elementary politeness.

"Help me, then," said Nicholas.

"Why, I guess it's those two Mormonizers, Nic," said the boy, sweetly and confidentially.

Nicholas didn't know whether it was or was not. But in any case they must do something. The General, therefore, having Nicholas now entirely in his grasp, laid a plan of operations. The next day they were to go fishing together. They



SUSPICIOUS FOOTPRINTS.

would take their rifles, too. He, the General, would do all the lying that was necessary. Then they'd turn up at an unexpected moment. As for the Mormonizers, he knew it was they, because they hadn't eaten a dinner of Mrs. Reuben's for seven days now; they went off every day, and eat, they said, at the mill; but they lied in their throats. He'd seen 'em going in another direction.

The General could scarcely sleep that night with desire for the coming day. Ever since his mother had taken up with the two Mormons, the General had suffered more than he deemed necessary. He'd be darned if he could get enough to eat while Old Lickchops sat at table! If there was no more coffee but one cup, Dank Sidon had it; if there was one last biscuit, Dank grabbed it; if there was a little apple-butter only on the plate, Dank gobbled it. Dank even paid visits to the apple-barrel in the corn-crib; he guzzled night and day! And besides, his hands were wet, and two of his front teeth were wanting. The General could have roasted him alive on the latter indictment only.

As for Fatty, he wasn't so bad; he could play jackstraws (he cheated, though); he was good enough. But he, the General, wouldn't trust anybody who moved his hands about like that. "And look at his eyes; he was *always* looking sideways one way before he looked sideways the other, just as if he had his hand in your pocket and wondered whether you guessed it. Both of 'em was dogs, anyway."

The General accordingly passed a night made restless by dreams of torture and revenge.

Early the next afternoon Nicholas and the boy set off with their fishing-rods. They floated past the island, but as soon as the turn of the river hid them from sight, they beached the boat and began to fish. In half an hour Nicholas was on tenter-hooks to go back. But General Floyd would suffer no such folly. The Mormonizers must be well hooked before they drew them in. Nicholas continued therefore to fish savagely, thinking of all things under heaven rather than of the fish he had caught or was catching, and, whether or no as a consequence of this absent state of mind, was more plenteously rewarded with luck than ever in

his life before. He drew out dozens of fish.

The two elders came down the mountain at their accustomed hour. The dug-out was gone, but the General had taken care that the "tub" should be on the bank. Ball rowed his brother clumsily across.

Delissa had suffered from bad dreams the night previous. These were vague, but troublous and unhappy. She awoke with a picture fading rapidly from her sleep-memory of Mr. Ball very ill disguised in Nicholas's great-coat, stealing on her from behind, and whispering that all he wanted was to see if he could make a nice dish out of her red petticoat. But no sooner had he begun to cook it than Misery upset the frying-pan, in which the red petticoat was already no bigger than a little red bean or pea; and in the dense smoke that followed the overturning of the pan suddenly appeared Delissa's wedding-dress—all torn, rumpled, besmirched, and in rags. Delissa awoke crying, and still hearing "Too bad!" and yet further back in her sleep, a remote cackle from Sidon as if from regions of the air.

When, the same afternoon, she saw the Latter-Day Saints coming across in the "tub," she made up her mind that it would be the last day they entered the house.

Ball made unusual despatch in both the preparing and the eating of his dinner on this occasion. His eyes shot about from one object to another, Delissa thought, with even more than their usual celerity and suspicion. Brother Sidon was silent, save when, according to habit, he made noises with his mouth. Once, in a momentary absence from the cabin, the girl thought she heard Sidon burst into the first note of his cackle; she started, for the sound brought the confusion and fear of her dream back to her; but either a white fat hand was laid quickly over the mouth of the elder, and the cackle untimely cut off, or else Delissa was nervous and dreaming, this time with her eyes open. When she re-entered, Sidon was drooping on his chair, with the fingers of one hand up the sleeve of the other arm, and on his face a look of settled spirituality.

Delissa wondered how she had ever allowed two such men to enter the house at all.

As Ball finished cooking the second dinner, and the girl had set the table, and pushed out of sight those plates which bore the mark of use, Misery was heard miaouing dismally at the door.

Delissa opened the door on a crack, and Misery slid through, accompanied by a blast of cold air and the sound of rain.

The girl heard the tall Saint say, in a low voice, to the stout one, "Rain again, Li; better put it off."

There was no audible answer.

The fire had sunk down to a huge mass of glowing wood-coals, which diffused a warm, colored light through the little cabin.

The rafters were red in this glow. The white knitted socks and dish-rags, hanging on the walls opposite the fireplace, were colored by the same light.

The steel cheek of the axe-head on its pegs and the copper kettle below it cast a red sparkle back to the coals. Misery, who sat as close as in his wisdom he deemed politic to even a dying fire, was, save for the green lustre of his orbs, as red as rust. Even Dank Sidon's long brown beard received a golden polish or gloss from the flame fronting which he sat with his chair tilted against the wall; and Delissa, moving about erect, restlessly, and with her eyes cast down, took from the unseen rays of the fire a warm, golden light over all her person. It lay on her blue dress, on her neck and hands, and made her face, that was pale of late with pain and anxiety, seem as radiant as it had been in reality only a few weeks before.

It was the twilight of fire, melting slowly into darkness as the ashes settled and sank. Moved by a side glance from Ball, who was busy wiping the dishes, forks, and knives which Delissa handed to him after washing, the tall elder arose.

"The speerit has fallen," he said, adding suddenly, as he saw Misery rise, hunch his back, and yawn, "on me! Daughter, will you join me in prayer?"

Delissa replied that she felt no call to pray at the moment, but she hoped he would follow his inclination. She refilled the dish-pan with boiling water, and rattled the knives and forks about inside so as to make considerable noise. The noise relieved her.

"I will pray," said Sidon, seemingly in a repentant or depressed condition of mind, for he began in a very low voice, not to say melancholy—"I will pray for



"'WOMEN'S WOMEN, ALWAYS,' SAID THE GENERAL."

thee, little daughter. That thou may'st be like cinnamon, end aloes, end incense, end nard—oh, nard!—that lend themselves willingly to the—oh!—Lord's use! That thou may'st be as sweet, new milk upon the tongue of a saint—"

"In Par'dise," snapped out Ball.

Sidon repeated the phrase in his own time and with his own unction, and began again, or rather continued, for the volume and flow of sound which rushed from him were never wholly silenced, even if the words had ceased or hung fire:

"That thou may'st be sensible of the pleasurable touch of the Holy One—"

"As it were," ejaculated Ball, fiercely, with a glance at his mate. Sidon, perhaps in irritation, did not repeat the correction, but stroking his beard gently, with his eyes a trifle closed, and slightly swaying to and fro, he continued:

"End be, end feel, end submit softly to the fire of the love of the One Body of the True Church; end that thou, in fine end finally, may be moved, end thrilled, end warmed, end overcome with end by the everlastingly sweet kiss—"

Ball dropped a dish in the pan of water with a sousing splash, and, without turning his head, snapped out, sharply:

"O' th' Lord!—Church's embrace! hm!"

"Of the Lord!" roared Sidon, slowly and deliberately.

"Tact! Tact! Pray for tact, 'postle! Hm!—we need tact, sister."

Ball had now gone so far as to call Delissa by this title. Sidon had come to a grieved and gloomy pause. He now added, in nearly his natural voice, though with his eyes tight shut, that he would pray alone.

"Labor and prayer are not in 'cord," he sighed, with a glance at Ball, who was wiping knives and forks with the rapid-

ity of a machine invented for the purpose. He shuffled softly across the uneven floor, and disappeared in the shed, closing the door after him.

Delissa instantly took fright. She had heard all that stuff. Did he think she was a ninny? If her old Sammy had heard such things! A cowhiding was what he wanted! An hour under the pump! Might she wield the handle! She had behaved like a goose. The door was shut, and here she was alone with this nasty little weasel—with his fat fingers!

The girl's face had begun to burn. She was afraid now to meet the little Saint's eye, and afraid, when he glanced sideways at her, as she felt he was at the moment doing, that he would read her fear in her face.

But not even a more acute observer than Ball could have divined the girl's meditations. Her face burned, to be sure; but her fingers were moving about their work dexterously, rapidly; and she herself, erect and busy, had, if anything, a rather dreamy and inattentive look in her blue eyes.

It would have been more natural to suppose her dwelling in mind upon some remote happiness of the past, rather than upon a pump-handle in January, and Ball beneath the spout, or Sidon with a thin coat of ice forming on his hot, bald pate. The Saint perceived some agitation, however, in her manner. He thought it the most hopeful of signs.

"W're leavin' t'-morrer mornin'," said he, as he wiped the plate she put down beside him, without lifting his eyes from it. Delissa made no reply.

"Glad to get shet o' such nuisances—eh?"

Delissa said, "Oh, no," rather more pleasantly than she liked.

"Ain't bent any t'ward our—"

"No," said Delissa, firmly.

"Too bad! Guessed 's much! You're too good;—hm! don't need it! yes; no; fack!"

Delissa said that she didn't pretend to be so very good.

"Don't ye?" returned Ball, sharply. Then, sweetening his voice, "Y' have beauty, anyway; beauty's better'n goodness—in a woman,—ain't 't so?"

Delissa began to tremble from head to foot.

"Yes, you've beauty; mustn't blush;—beauty's beauty—gift o' God—eh? Certainly; can't be denied. No; but it's danger—it's danger."

Delissa, fearing to be silent, replied shakily and at random, that she didn't know much about such things.

The Saint began to tremble down his fat legs. He knew the time had come.

"Yes y' do," he exclaimed, "know all about such things."

Facing her suddenly, he laid one hand on her sleeve. Delissa withdrew the arm.

"Beauty 's 'traction; 'traction 's pleasure; pleasure 's life. Who gives life? —Blessed be 's name! Ah, you're beautiful; nobody sees it; ah, nobody has eyes for it; ah, nobody praises it—no, they don't. Y' just waste y'r beauty cookin'; burn it over th' fire; kill it with carryin'; cry it off y'r cheeks all night. Ain't 't so? Know it is! But some sees y'r beauty, some has eyes for it."

Delissa breathed heavily; the blood filled her face; her bosom heaved visibly; her lips parted; she felt a momentary giddiness, and dropped the dish-rag in the hot water, at the same time catching hold of the ears of the dish-pan to support herself. The young Saint's eyes travelled rapidly from the girl's face over her entire length, and back to her face again. He saw her agitation, and interpreted it according to his lights. His hand hesitated in the air, close to her shoulder, without touching it. "There's some sees it," he continued, hoarsely. "Some has eyes for nothin' else in the world; some as 'd perish ruther n'r see y'r beauty fade out, wash out, flicker out like a candle, leave y' white, wax;—burnt y'rself out cookin'! Ah! that's it! Cookin'!"

Inspiration had come upon Sidon in the outer shed. His voice was now rolling about to his heart's content, and the floor could be heard creaking under his pious knees. Delissa had turned her head, and during Ball's speech was looking out of her soft blue eyes at the little man, her hands still firmly clasping the dish-pan. Ball rushed on, with barely a pause:

"Y'r beauty;—y' know it;—why d' y' hide it under bushel?—The Lord—I love y'—y' know it; certainly—you feel it, I see you do." The Saint wet his red lips, and sweetened his voice again, which he felt had grown too hoarse. "Course I love y'; look at your eyes; look at your face;—you're a dam fine wo—, good, religious woman; certainly!—and y're a

beauty!—I can see—oh,—I can see it.—I love y'; and y'r heart says—don't it say? Certainly does.—Amen!—Oh, sister—"

Ball was about to throw his arms about the girl, but something in her face changed his purpose; he fell on one knee, and looking up with an impudent smile on his hot fat face, encircled her waist with one arm and laid the hand of the other on her hip—Sidon bawling meanwhile in the shed like a calf deprived of its mother's milk. Delissa, as she felt the Saint touch her, straightened her slight, wiry frame suddenly, and with a single lift and swing of the dish-pan, grasped in both hands, fetched the side of it against the side of Ball's head, and tipping it, spilled the contents—hot water, unwashed plates, knives and forks—over his head, face, and shoulders. As the plates crashed on the floor the little Saint shot back with a yell, bearing the dish-pan with him on his head—a gigantic tin hat—which he instantly and furiously dashed to the floor, and stood wringing his hands, the dirty water dripping and trickling down from his black hair, chin, ears, and nose, his entire person, clothed and naked portions alike, steaming, and his mouth sputtering furiously. The prayers in the shed ceased. Delissa darted to the front door in anger and fright. There she remained facing Ball, her hand on the latch, fearing both to leave the cabin and to stay in it. Ball began to curse between his howls of rage and pain.

"I'll—I'll—baw!—I'll—b-r-r-r—'ll! baw!—I'm burnt!—b-r-r-r—'ll—you'll see I'll take you with me to-night;—see if don't! I'll take y'—b-r-r!—Hell!—'ll—this very night! Come here! b-r!—here!"

Delissa was out of the one door as Sidon's bald head appeared inquiringly at the other; but the girl tripped upon the stepping-stone, and stumbling, fell against a man's bosom. She gave a horrified shriek, supposing the bosom Sidon's, but heard in an instant her husband's voice, and stopped short, as if turned to stone.

Nicholas, with a long string of bass, trout, and catfish on a hickory withe in the one hand, and his rifle in the other, sprang across the threshold, shadowed by General Floyd.

"What does this mean?" cried Nicholas, as he caught fair sight of Sidon majestically entering from the shed, and Ball, drenched and dripping, with the broken china and dish-pan—which he knew so well—on the floor.

Ball's eyes dashed hither and thither angrily and fearfully, but he made no answer.

"D'liss, what 's this mean?" shouted Nicholas, roughly.

"Oh, kill him! kill him!" cried the girl from outside, with tears of rage in her voice. This was all the evidence and all the answer required by Nicholas.

He cocked his gun. General Floyd heard the snap, and, without a word, fell across the long barrel of the rifle with both arms, hanging with his entire weight upon it and hugging it to him. Nicholas swayed with the boy's weight; at the same instant Ball turned to the door leading into the shed.

"Let go!" shouted Nicholas, wrestling with the boy. General Floyd gritted his teeth and hung on. "Let go! let go, ye little rat!" yelled Nicholas.

Ball's hand was on the latch; but Sidon, seeing the struggle that was taking place, and judging how it must soon end, had thrown his long body with all the haste possible in the same direction. The two collided; their hands fumbled for the latch; and the next instant Nicholas, with no time to pick and choose, and laying about him for a weapon of any sort, was upon them, in his right hand the yard's length of bass and catfish on the hickory withe. He set one foot against the opening door, and fetched the entire string of fish down, with a sousing smack, upon Sidon's bald head.

It was a dangerous weapon, however fortuitous the choice of it, for the bass were large and the catfish had spikes, sharp as needles and stiff as steel. Nicholas kept his foot against the door, and repeated the blow. Sidon yelled in response. Nicholas hit again; while Ball, safe enough on the other side of his tall brother, was engaged in levering with a broom-handle, which he had jammed into the crack of the door. Nicholas gave another souse to the bald head vainly dodging about, back towards him, and this one was heavier, as the weapon came more to hand. Sidon sank with a loud cackle of pain; and this movement uncovered Ball, who, before he could extract his broomstick, was taken full swing across the face by twenty pounds of fish. He staggered, blinded and stung, but dragged his broomstick out notwithstanding, and began,



A SAINT'S DISCOMFITURE.

with as much celerity as any monkey, to dance and dodge about the room, using the handle as a weapon of offence, poking and stabbing Nicholas in all quarters, and when possible in the centre of his stomach.

This lasted but for a few seconds, when, after an unusually happy poke, responded to by a hard grunt from Nicholas, Ball made a dash at the door. Unfortunately, Misery, who had hitherto been cowering in a corner, was at that moment himself bent on instant escape from the danger of all those flying feet and swinging fish, not to say from the General, who, nearer to him, had extracted a still burning brand from the fire, and was preparing to sell his life dearly. Ball, dashing at the open door, outside of which stood Delissa spell-bound, trod full on the cat, and of course fell, cursing deeply. The General, who was still between him and the door, shut, bolted, and placed his back against it. He then flourished his firebrand in a flaming circle.

Sidon was risen by this time, his bald head bleeding profusely, and was about to open the back door again, when Nicholas, seeing Ball slip and go down, caught the tall Saint by his long coat tails and swept him across the entire cabin; he reeled over Ball's prostrate form, kicking him in passing, and brought up heavily upon both the General and Misery. Misery was by this infuriated beyond respect of persons or power of mercy; he accordingly sunk both claws and teeth in Sidon's hands, at the same time that the General, in no small fear for his personal safety, rammed the glowing brand against the pit of the Saint's stomach. Sidon rose to the occasion; he dashed cat and brand at once to the floor, and at the same instant that his mate succeeded in rising under the swashing blows he was still getting, the elder, either in blindness or desperation, bolted straight against Nicholas.

The hickory withe of fish was no weapon for close quarters, and for a moment Nicholas was involved in a one-handed struggle with his antagonist, who was crazed with both fear and pain. Delissa was looking in at the window in a state of real horror; and Ball, now up, and no longer having to ward the fish from his head and face, seized a three-legged stool, and carelessly disregarding the boy in his rear, prepared to smash Nicholas's skull as soon as it was still enough to aim at, for Sidon and Nicholas were now rolling on the wet floor, while Misery sprang first to one side and then to the other, spitting and squalling, his eyes jet-black, and his red hair on end.

But Sidon suddenly gave out, and fell back prostrate; and just as Ball raised his stool for the blow, the boy in his rear took him across the inside of his knees with the iron barrel of Nicholas's rifle, which he had seized from the floor. The blow was swinging and heavy; the stool flew into the fireplace; Ball himself came down with a smack and a smash upon the unavoidable Misery; there was a stifled waul, the deafening roar of the rifle, which went off as Ball sat down on it. And in the smoke, confusion, and general entanglement of Ball, stool, gun, dish-pan, Misery, Nicholas, the General, and the firebrand, there was nothing whatever to be seen and nothing to be heard, or no more than a series of groans from Sidon, prostrate; short, quick half-curses from Ball; screams of a fearful delight from the General; and the smacking sound of fish, which now had broken loose from their wooden hook, and were flying, three or four at a stroke, across the cabin, as Nicholas, enraged beyond any knowledge of what he was about, pounded at the heads he saw dimly before him in the dense smoke and increasing darkness of the room.

It had long ceased to be humorous for any of those engaged. Another minute might assuredly have brought a death with it, for had Nicholas had a poker or a ploughshare in his hand, now that the striking humor was on him, he would have hammered away with as much heart in his industry as he now had with nothing but loose fish for a weapon. Sidon was flat on the floor, and very bloody. Ball was becoming fagged. But Delissa, more and more frightened, ran round the cabin, and slipping through Sidon's shed, opened the back door into the room and called out to her husband, at the same time seizing him firmly by one arm. In an instant Sidon, who must have been waiting for some such opportunity of exit, was up and out in a most lively manner, followed staggeringly by Ball, at whose back Nicholas aimed heavy blows, dragging his wife across the room with him. He now shook himself loose as he saw the two Saints escaping, seized his rifle from the floor, and unbolting the front door, pitched out into the darkness. General Floyd, who had become apprehensive of his uncle's mistaking him for the shorter Saint in the faint and smoky light, was now beside himself at the thought of a chase through the night. He followed Nicholas with a yell, and Delissa was left suddenly alone in complete silence, the smoke drifting lazily out of the darkening cabin into the cool night, and only Misery's claws to be heard scrabbling along the rafters of the roof.

The floor was catching fire. Delissa threw water on it, and lighting a candle, began to look about to see what damage was done.

The Mormons, fleeing into the night, had instinctively sought the boats. They were both in the tub before either knew of the other's being there, and before reason had returned to them, found themselves several yards from the bank with but one oar. It was too late to go back. The General was dancing savage dances



"THEY FOUND THE MORMONS TOWARDS EVENING."

of glee on the bank. Nicholas was running up to where Ball knew the other boat must be moored. The Saints had fronted necessity of a kindred kind before; they took their chance without even a prayer. By the time their two pursuers had pushed off and were rowing hard, Ball and Sidon had caught the current and were riding the swift undulations of the Big Thunder at a reckless pace.

They scarcely knew their own danger, and this made the chase a longer one. But its end came: about a mile below the bend of the river, at the foot of the second rapid, they were overhauled in calm water, captured, and taken on shore.

In the colloquy they held on the bank, the two Mormons standing wretchedly before them—scalded, burnt, clawed, bitten, beaten, wet, and wounded with catfish, and Ball now having his hands tied rudely together—the General was imperative in his demands. He'd burn 'em about half dead and let 'em go! He'd burn their feet off 'em;—or he'd burn their thievin' hands, if nothing else;—they ought to have their eyes knocked out;—come a-foolin' about a man's wife;—what did they think a wife was for? He'd teach 'em;—if they ever played such tricks to his wife he'd feed 'em on red-hot horseshoe nails!

"Let's bleed 'em," said he at last to Nicholas, with his jack-knife in his hand. But Nicholas was really concerned only that they should be properly run out of the country. He set about devising some method, therefore, which would render it impossible for them to make a forced march that night and escape the wrath of the neighborhood. Take them back to his house he would not. He ended by taking their boots, coats, trousers, and pocket-knives from them. They were then left to do what they pleased, and go where they wished.

"Kind o' tethered 'em, hain't ye?" said the General. "Barefoot tether!" and the exhilaration which this act of tether and freebooty caused the General was only tempered by his disappointment in that they were not at least a little roasted or bled.

The man and boy returned home. Nicholas said to his wife that he hadn't supposed she'd been in the habit of having

so many strange men around in his absence, and he reckoned it wasn't an idea he could get used to.

Delissa spoke up courageously, and made a clean breast of the whole matter—the cooking, her misery over it, the help Ball had been, her fears and her unhappiness, and finally, after every explanation possible, asked him for his forgiveness.

Nicholas was touched; but he was angry too. He gave it to her, he said, but after such a piece of false-appearing, such deceit and lies and all, well, he didn't know as he could feel forgivin'.

He sat down, however, and ate of the fish which his wife had prepared against his return.

The next morning the General took the garments of the Mormons, and cutting cross-sticks, made them into most direful scarecrows—entirely for his own amusement. He planted them firmly in the meadow at some distance behind the house, placing them in such proximity and position with regard to one another that they appeared to be holding hands—and thus they waved in the wind, looking black, degraded, and melancholy.

Later on in the day, a rainy and cold one, Nicholas and the boy rode over to Carr's Mill and told their tale. Nothing had been heard or seen of the Saints. Amri Carr thought they ought to be more lessoned than they had been; lathered with fish seemed to him light enough for such seducin' hypocrites. A couple of dozen men, chiefly young, but headed by Nicholas and Amri in person, were presently gathered together and scouring the woods. They found the Mormons towards evening. They were in a wretched and pitiable state. The feet of both men were badly wounded, and the night and morning of almost freezing rain had absorbed all their vitality.

Amri told the two of them that they must prepare at once to depart out of this miserable world. A coil of rope was laid at their feet. With this before their eyes they both confessed that they had fallen into sin. They begged hard for life, and Sidon chattered so lugubriously in making his appeal that Amri suddenly took human pity on him, and having had a fire lighted, warmed him up with whiskey out of his own flask.

"Spry ye up some for your own undertakin'," was his cheering remark.

But their deaths were not intended. As soon as the whiskey had restored their circulation, a bag full of old clothing was produced. Shoes—in the shape of moccasins which General Floyd had himself cut out of skunk-skins—old tattered coats, and a couple of pairs of meal-bag trousers were found for them, so that, as Amri said, "If they weren't shod with humility, they were with a skunk-skin moc'sin, which he jedged to be pretty nigh to t'other; and if they weren't clothed in sackcloth and ashes, they were in burlap—ought to do for a Latter-day Saint!"

They were separated finally, and ridden forty miles away, facing the tail of a mule, and deposited at the side of the road, to go whithersoever their desires might point.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAYOR'S LAMPS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE serpent had crept into Eden. The Perkins household for ten years had been little less than Paradise to its inmates, and then in a single night the reptile of political ambition had dragged his slimy length through those happy door-posts and sat grinning indecently at the inscription over the library mantel, a ribbon bearing the sentiment "Here Dwells Content" let into the tiles thereof.

How it ever happened no man knoweth, but happen it did. Thaddeus was snatched from the arms of Peace and plunged headlong into the jaws of Political Warfare.

"They want me because they think I'm strong," he pleaded in extenuation of his acceptance of the nomination for Mayor of his town.

"But you ought to know better," returned Mrs. Perkins, failing to realize what possible misconstruction her lord and master might put upon the answer. "The idea of your meddling in politics when you've got twice as much work as you can do already! I think it's awful!"

"I didn't seek it," he said, after hesitating a moment; "they've—they've thrust it on me." Then he tried to be funny. "With me, public office is a public thrust."

"Is there any salary?" asked Mrs. Perkins, treating the jest with the contempt it merited.

"No," said Thaddeus. "Not a cent; but—"

"Not a cent?" cried Mrs. Perkins. "And you are going to give up all your career, or at least two years of it, and probably the best two years of your life, for—"

"Glory," said Thaddeus.

"Glory! Humph," said Mrs. Perkins. "I am not aware that Nations are talking of previous Mayors of Philipseburg. Mr. Jiggers's name is not a household word outside of this city, is it?"

Mr. Jiggers was the gentleman into whose shoes Thaddeus was seeking to place his feet — the incumbent of the mighty office to which he aspired.

"Who is the present Lord Mayor of London?" the lady continued.

"Haven't the slightest idea," murmured the standard-bearer of the Democratic party, hopelessly.

"Or Berlin, or Peking—or even of Chicago?" she went on.

"What has that got to do with it?" retorted the worm, turning a trifle.

"You spoke of glory — the glory of being Mayor of Philipseburg, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. This is going to send your name echoing from sea to sea, reverberating through Europe, and thundering down through the ages to come; and yet you admit that the glories of the Mayors of London with 4,000,000 souls, of Berlin, Chicago, and Peking, with millions more, are so slight that you can't remember their names — or even to have heard them, for that matter. Really, Thaddeus, I am surprised at you. What you expect to get out of this besides nervous prostration I must confess I cannot see."

"Lamps," said Thaddeus, clutching like a drowning man at the one emolument of the coveted office.

Mrs. Perkins gazed at her husband anxiously. The answer was so unexpected and seemingly so absurd that she for a moment feared he had lost his mind. The notion that two years' service in so important an office as that of Mayor of Philipseburg received as its sole reward nothing but lamps was to her mind impossible.

"Is—is there anything the matter with you, dear?" she asked, going over to his side and placing her hand on his brow. "You don't seem feverish."

"Feverish?" snapped the leader of his party. "Who said anything about my being feverish?"

"Nobody, Teddy dear; but what you said about lamps made me think—made me think your mind was wandering a trifle."

"Oh—that!" laughed Perkins. "No, indeed—it's true. They always give the Mayor a pair of lamps. Some of them are very swell, too. You know those wrought-iron standards that Mr. Berkeley has in front of his place?"

"The ones at the driveway entrance, on the bowlders?"

"Yes."

"They're beauties. I've always admired those lamps very much."

"Well—they are the rewards of Mr. Berkeley's political virtue. I paid for them, and so did all the rest of the taxpayers. They are his Mayor's lamps, and if I'm elected I'll have a pair just like them, if I want them like that."

"Oh, I do hope you'll get in, Teddy," said the little woman, anxiously, after a reflective pause. "They'd look stunning on our gate-posts."

"I don't think I shall have them there," said Thaddeus. "Jiggers has the right idea, seems to me — he's put 'em on the newel-posts of his front porch steps."

"I don't suppose they'd give us the money and let us buy one handsome cloisonné lamp from Tiffany's, would they?" Mrs. Perkins asked.

"A cloisonné lamp on a gate-post?" laughed Perkins.

"Of course not," rejoined the lady. "You know I didn't mean any such thing. I saw a perfectly beautiful lamp in Tiffany's last Wednesday, and it would go so well in the parlor—"

"That wouldn't be possible, my dear," said Thaddeus, still smiling. "You don't quite catch the idea of those lamps. They're sort of like the red, white, and blue lights in a drug-store window in intention. They are put up to show the public that that is where a political prescription for the body politic may be compounded. The public is responsible for the bills, and the public expects to use what little light can be extracted from them."

"Then all this generosity on the public's part is—"

"Merely that of the Indian who gives and takes back," said Thaddeus.

"And they must be out-of-doors?" asked Mrs. Perkins. "If I set the cloisonné lamp in the window, it wouldn't do?"

"No," said Thaddeus. "They must be out-of-doors."

"Well, I hope the nasty old public will stay there too, and not come traipsing all over my house," snapped Mrs. Perkins, indignantly.

And then for a little time the discussion of the Mayor's lamps stopped.

The campaign went on, and Thaddeus night after night was forced to go out to speak here and there and everywhere. One night he travelled five miles through mud and rain to address an organization of tax-payers, and found them assembled before the long mahogany counter of a beer-saloon, which was the "Hall" they had secured for the reception of the idol of their hopes; and among them it is safe to say there was not one who ever saw a tax bill, and not many who knew more about those luxuries of life than the delicious flunky, immortalized by Mr. Punch, who says to a brother flunky, "I say, Tummas, wot is taxes?" And he told them his principles and promised to do his best for them, and bade them good-night, and went away leaving them parched and dry and downcast. And then the other fellow came, and won their hearts and "set them up again." Another night he attended another meeting and lost a number of friends because he shone at both ends but not in the middle. If he had taken a glittering coin or two from his vest pocket in behalf of the noble working-men there assembled in great numbers and spirituous mood, they would have forgiven him his wit and patent-leather shoes—and so it went. Perkins was nightly hauled hither and yon by the man he called his "Hagenbeck," the manager of the wild animal he felt himself gradually degenerating into, and his wife and home and children saw less of him than of the unimportant floating voter whose mind was open to conviction, but could be reached only by way of the throat.

"Two o'clock last night; one o'clock the night before; I suppose it 'll be three before you are in to-night?" Mrs. Perkins said, ruefully.

"I do not know, my dear," replied Thaddeus. "There are five meetings on for to-night."

"Well, I think they ought to give you the lamps now," snapped Mrs. Perkins. "It seems to me this is when you need them most."

"True," said Thaddeus, sadly, for in his secret soul he was afraid he would be elected; and now that he saw what kind of people Mayors have to associate with, the glory of it did not seem to be worth the cost. "I'm a sort of Night-Mayor just at present, and those lamps would come in handy in the wee sma' hours." And he sighed and pined for the peaceful days of yore when he was content to walk his ways with no nation upon his shoulders.

"I never envied Atlas anyhow," he confided to himself later, as he tossed about upon his bed and called himself names. "It always seemed to me that his revolving globe must rub the skin off his neck and back; but now, poor devil, with just one municipality hanging over me, I can appreciate more than ever the difficulties of his position — except that he doesn't have to make speeches to 'tax-payers.' Humph! Tax-payers! It's tax-makers. If I'd promised to go into all sorts of wilderness improvement for the sole and only purpose of putting these 'tax-payers' on the corporation at the expense of real laboring-men, I'd win in a canter."

"What is the matter, Thaddeus?" said Mrs. Perkins, coming in from the other room. "Can't you sleep?"

"Don't want to sleep, my dear," returned the candidate. "When I go to sleep I dream I'm addressing mass-meetings. I can't enjoy my rest unless I stay awake. Did your mother come to-day?"

"Yes—and, oh, she's so enthusiastic, Teddy!"

"At last! About me? You don't mean it."

"No—about the lamps. She says lamps are just what we need to complete the entrance. She thinks Mr. Berkeley's scheme of putting them on the stone posts is the best. There's more dignity about it. Putting them on the piazza steps, she says, looks ostentatious, and suggests a beer-saloon or a road-house."

"Well, my dear, that's about all politics seems to amount to," said the reformer. "If those lamps are to be a souvenir of the campaign, they ought to suggest road-houses and beer-saloons."

"They will not be souvenirs of a campaign," replied Mrs. Perkins, proudly. "They will be the outward and visible sign of my husband's merit; the emblem of victory."

"The red badge of triumph, eh?" smiled the candidate, wanly. "Well, my dear, have them where you please, and keep them well filled with alcohol, even if they do burn gas. They'll represent the taxpayers when they get that."

"You mustn't get so tired, Thaddeus dear," said the little woman, smoothing his forehead soothingly with her hand. "You seem unusually tired to-night."

"I am," said Thaddeus, shortly. "The debate wore me out."

"Did you debate? I thought you said you wouldn't."

"Well, I did. Everybody said I was afraid to meet Captain Haskins on the platform, so we had it out to-night over in the Tenth Ward. I talked for sixty-eight minutes, gave 'em my views, and then he got up."

"What did he say? Could he answer you?"

"No—but he won the day. All he said was: 'Well, boys, I'm not much of a talker, but I'll say one thing—Perkins, while my adversary, is still my friend, and I'm proud of him. Now, if you'll all join me at the bar, we'll drink his health — on me.'" Thaddeus paused, and then he added, "I imagine they're cheering yet; at any rate, if I have as much health as they drink—on Haskins—I'll double discount old Methuselah in the matter of years."

The next morning at breakfast the pale and nervous standard-bearer was affectionately greeted by his mother-in-law.

"I've been thinking about those lamps all night," she said, after a few minutes. "The trouble about the gate-posts is that you have three gate-posts and only two lamps."

"Maybe they'd let us buy three lamps instead of two," suggested Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, we won't, even if they do let us," observed Perkins, with some irritation. He had just received a newspaper from a kind friend in Massachusetts with a comic biography and dissipated woodcut of himself in it. "I'm not starting a concert-hall, and I'm not going to put a row of lamps along the front of my place."

"I quite agree with you," replied his mother-in-law. "It occurred to me we might put them, like hanging lanterns, on each of the chimneys. It would be odd."

Thaddeus muttered two syllables to himself, the latter of which sounded like M'dodd, but exactly what it was he said I can only guess. Then he added: "They won't go there. I can't get a gas-pipe up through those chimneys. It's as much as we can do to get the smoke up, much less a gas-pipe. Even if we got the gas-pipe through, it wouldn't do. A putty-blower would choke up the flues."

"Well, I don't know," said the mother-in-law, placidly. "It seems to me—"

A glance from Mrs. Perkins stopped the dear old lady. I think Mrs. Perkins's sympathetic disposition taught her that her husband was having a hard time being agreeable, and that further discussion of the lamp question was likely to prove disastrous.

Thaddeus was soon called for by his manager, and started out to meet the leading lights of the Hungarian and Italian quarters. The Germans had been made solid the day before, and as for the Irish, they were supposed to be with Perkins on principle, because Perkins was not in accord politically with the existing administration.

"It's too bad he's so nervous," said his mother-in-law as he went out. "They say women are nervous, but I must say I don't think much of the endurance of men. How absurd he was when he spoke of the gas-pipe through the chimney!"

"Well, I suppose, my dear mother," said Mrs. Perkins, sadly—"I suppose he can't be bothered with little details like the lamps now. There are other questions to be considered."

"What is the exact issue?" asked the mother-in-law, interestedly.

"Well—the tariff, and—ah—and taxes, and — ah — money, and — ah — ah — I think the saloon question enters in somehow. I believe Mr. Haskins wants more of them, and Thaddeus says there are too many of them as it is. And now they are both investigating them, I fancy, because Teddy was in one the other day."

"We ought to help him a little," said the elder woman. "Let's just relieve him of the whole lamp question; decide where to put them, go to New York and pick them out, get estimates for the laying of the pipes, and surprise him by having

them all ready to put up the day after election."

"Wouldn't it be fun!" cried Mrs. Perkins, delightedly. "He'll be so surprised —poor dear boy. I'll do it. I'll send down this morning for Mr. O'Hara to come up here and see how we can make the connection and where the trenches for the pipes can be laid. Mr. O'Hara is the best-known contractor in town, and I guess he's the man we want."

And immediately O'Hara was telephoned for to come up to Mr. Perkins's, and the fair conspirators were not aware of, and probably can never realize the importance politically of that act. Mr. O'Hara refused to come, but it was hinted about that Perkins had summoned him, and there was great joy among the rank and file, and woe among the better elements, for O'Hara was a boss, and a boss whose power was one of the things Thaddeus was trying to break, and the cohorts fancied that the apostle of purity had realized that without O'Hara reform was fallen into the pit. Furthermore, as cities of the third class, like Philipseburg, live conversationally on rumors and gossipings, it was not an hour before almost all Philipseburg, except Thaddeus Perkins himself and his manager, knew that the idol had bowed before the boss's hat, and that the boss had returned the grand message that he'd see Perkins in the Hudson River before he'd go to his damned mugwump temple; and in two hours they also knew it, for they heard in no uncertain terms from the secretary of the Municipal Club, a reform organization, which had been instrumental in securing Perkins's nomination, who demanded to know in an explicit yes or no as to whether any such message had been sent. The denial was made, and then the lie was given; and many to this day wonder exactly where the truth lay. At any rate, votes were lost and few gained, and many a worthy friend of good government lost heart and bemoaned the degeneration of the gentleman into the politician.

Perkins, worn out, irritated by, if not angry at, what he termed the underhanded lying of the opposition, drove home for luncheon, and found his wife and her mother in a state of high dudgeon. They had been insulted.

"It was frightful the language that man used, Thaddeus," said Mrs. Perkins.

"He wouldn't have dared do it except by telephone," put in the mother-in-law, whose notions were somewhat old-fashioned. "I've always hated that machine. People can lie to you and you can't look 'em in the eye over it, and they can say things to your face with absolute opportunity."

The dear old lady meant impunity, but it must be remembered that she was excited.

"Well, I think he ought to be chastised," said Mrs. Perkins.

"Who? What are you talking about?" demanded Thaddeus.

"That nasty O'Hara man," said Mrs. Perkins. "He said 'he'd be damned' over the wire."

Thaddeus immediately became energetic. "He didn't blackguard you, did he?" he demanded.

"Yes, he did," said Mrs. Perkins, the water in her eyes affecting her voice so that it became mellifluous instead of merely melodious.

"But how?" persisted Perkins.

"Well—we—we—rang him up—it was only as a surprise, you know, dear—we rang him up—"

"You—you rang up—O'Hara?" cried Perkins, aghast. "It must have been a surprise."

"Yes, Teddy. We were going to settle the lamp question; we thought you were bothered enough with—well, with affairs of state—"

The candidate drew up proudly, but immediately became limp again as he realized the situation.

"And," Mrs. Perkins continued, "we thought we'd relieve you of the lamp question; and as Mr. O'Hara is a great contractor—the most noted in all Philipseburg—isn't he?"

"Yes, yes, yes! he is!" said Perkins, furiously; "but what of that?"

"Well, that's why we rang him up," said Mrs. Perkins, with a sigh of relief to find that she had selected the right man. "We wanted Mr. O'Hara to dig the trench for the pipes, and lay the pipes—"

"He's a great pipe-layer!" ejaculated Perkins, the professional humorist getting the better of the would-be statesman for a moment.

"Exactly," rejoined Mrs. Perkins, solemnly. "We'd heard that, and so we asked him to come up."

"But, my dear," cried Perkins, the can-

didate getting the upper hand again, "you didn't tell him you wanted him to put up my lamps? I'm not elected yet."

The agony of the moment for Perkins can be better imagined than portrayed.

"He didn't give us the chance," said the mother-in-law. "He merely swore."

Perkins drew a sigh of relief. He understood it all now, and in spite of the position in which he was placed he was glad. "Jove!" he said to himself, "it was a narrow escape. Suppose O'Hara had come! He'd have enjoyed laying pipes for a Mayor's lamps—two weeks before election."

And for the first time in weeks Perkins was faintly mirthful. The narrowness of his escape had made him hysterical, and he actually emitted a nervous laugh.

"That accounts for the rumor," he said to himself, and then his heart grew heavy again. "The rumor is true, and— Oh, well, this is what I get for dabbling in politics. If I ever get out of this alive, I vow by all the gods politics shall know me no more."

"It was all right—my asking O'Hara, Thaddeus?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Oh yes, certainly, my dear—perfectly right. O'Hara is indeed, as you thought, the most noted, not to say notorious, contractor in town, only he's not laying pipes just now. He's pulling wires."

"For telephones, I presume?" said the old lady, placidly.

"Well, in a way," replied Thaddeus. "There's a great deal of vocality about O'Hara's wires. But, Bess," he added, seriously, "just drop the lamps until we get 'em, and confine your telephoning to your intimate friends. An Irishman on a telephone in political times is apt to be a trifle—er—artless in his choice of words. If you must talk to one of 'em, remember to put in the lightning plug before you begin."

With which injunction the candidate departed to address the Mohawks, an independent political organization in the Second Ward, which was made up of thinking men who never endorsed a candidate without knowing why, and rarely before three o'clock of the afternoon of election day at that, by whom he was received with cheers and back-slapping and button-holings which convinced him that he was the most popular man on earth, though on election day—but election day has yet to be described. It came, and with it there came to Perkins a feeling very much like that which the small boy experiences on the day before Christmas. He has been good for two months, and he knows that to-morrow the period of probation will be over and he can be as bad as he pleases for a little while anyhow.

"However it turns out, I can tell 'em all to go to the devil to-morrow," chuckled Thaddeus, rubbing his hands gleefully, as if consigning ninety per cent. of his fellow-citizens to his Satanic Majesty was his devoutest wish.

"I don't think you ought to forget the lamps, Thaddeus," observed the mother-in-law at breakfast. "Here it is election day and you haven't yet decided where they shall go. Now I really think—"

"Never mind the lamps, grandma," returned Thaddeus. "Let's talk of ballot-boxes to-day. To-morrow we can place the lamps."

"Very well, if you say so," said the old lady; "only I marvel at you latter-day boys. In my young days a small matter like that would have been settled long ago."

"Well, I'll compromise with you, grandma," said Thaddeus. "We won't wait until to-morrow. I'll decide the question to-night—I'm really too busy now to think of them."

"I shall be glad when we don't have to think about 'em," sighed Mrs. Perkins, pouring out the candidate's coffee. "They've really been a care to me. I don't like the idea of putting them on the porch, or on the gate-posts either. They'll have to be kept clean, and goodness knows I can't ask the girls to go out in the middle of winter to clean them if they are on the gate-posts."

"Mike will clean them," said Thaddeus.

Mrs. Perkins sniffed when Mike's name was mentioned. "I doubt it," she said. "He's been lots of good for two weeks."

"Mike has been lots of good for two weeks," echoed Thaddeus, with the accent on the *has*. "He's kept all the hired men in line, my dear."

"I've no doubt he's been of use politically, but from a domestic point of view he's been awful. He's been drunk for the last week."

"Well, my love," said the candidate, despairingly, "some member of the family had to do it, and I'd rather it was

Mike than you or any of the children. Mike's geniality has shed a radiance about me among the hired men of this town that fills me with pride."

"I don't see, to go back to what I said in the very beginning, why we can't have the lamps in-doors," returned Mrs. Perkins.

"I told you why not, my dear," said Perkins. "They are the perquisite of the Mayor, but for the benefit of the public, because the public pays for them."

"And hasn't the public, as you call it, taken possession of the inside of your house?" demanded the mother-in-law. "I found seven gentlemen sitting in the white and gold parlor only last night, and they hadn't wiped their feet either."

"You don't understand," faltered the standard-bearer. "That business isn't permanent. To-morrow I'll tell them to go round to the back door and ask the cook."

"Humph!" said the mother-in-law. "I'm surprised at you. For a few paltry votes you—"

Just here the front door bell rang, and the business of the day beginning stopped the conversation, which bade fair to become unpleasant.

Night came. The votes were being counted, and at six o'clock Perkins was informed that everything was going his way.

"Get your place ready for a brass band and a serenade," his manager telephoned.

"I sha'n't!" ejaculated the candidate to himself—and he was right. He didn't have to. The band did not play in his front yard, for at eight o'clock the tide that had set in strong for Perkins turned. At ten, according to votes that had been counted, things were about even, and the ladies retired. At twelve, Perkins turned out the gas.

"That settles the lamp question, anyhow," he whispered to himself as he went up stairs, and then he went into Mrs. Perkins's room.

"Well, Bess," he said, "it's all over, and I've made up my mind as to where the lamps are to go."

"Good!" said the little woman. "On the gate-posts?"

"No, dear. In the parlor—the cloisonné lamps from Tiffany's."

"Why, I thought you said we couldn't—"

"Well, we can. Our lamps can go in there whether the public likes it or not. We are emancipated."

"But I don't understand," began Mrs. Perkins.

"Oh, it's simple," said Thaddeus, with a sigh of mingled relief and sadness. "It's simple enough. The other lamps are to be put—er—on Captain Haskins's place."

MISS MARIA'S REVIVAL.

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

RELIGION sat easily in Kingshaven, but was by no means neglected. The old church had been added to more than once, until at last it partially covered the grave of the first John Tremelstoun, who might have been called the founder of the town. But it could scarcely be said that religious enthusiasm had caused the building to be enlarged; it had to grow a little in order to accommodate the population, which, though it increased only naturally, yet did increase, and there being no rival house of worship in the place, the old church had to be added to.

In the thirties, however, there was a revival; it could be called nothing else, even though extremely quiet; for the people waked up spiritually, and in a way that went against all the teachings of the past, against all the training and customs, and that amounted almost to a scandal. Indeed, the extremely conservative people said, in so many words, that it "*was* scandalous to let a stranger and a Baptist turn the town topsy-turvy." Nevertheless it was done, and many who went to scoff remained to pray. The meetings were held in the Sunday-school room day after day for a week, and at the end of that time Kingshaven was a new place, and a new Baptist church was projected.

This awakening was epoch-making, and superseded, once for all, the war of 1812 as the thing to date from. Indeed, the war of 1812 was scarcely ever mentioned again, and the effects of the revival were not only numerous, but apparently everlasting. Among other things, the mar-

riage of one of the youngest and loveliest of Kingshaven's daughters to a missionary was thought to be due entirely to the arousing visit of the Baptist preacher. Not that this marriage followed immediately on the stranger's visit; far from it; the young woman had scarcely finished teething when the revival took place; but in a town as conservative as Kingshaven even so ephemeral a thing as a revival remained new for a long time. So this marriage was looked on as one of the most decided results of the revival; because, unless the environment of everybody had been spiritually changed, no one could possibly have married a missionary and have gone to live in China.

When all was done and said, and the girl gone, it was found that a great fillip had been given to the cause of foreign missions, and the religious papers were read far more diligently than ever before; and when letters began to appear in their columns signed by Margaret St. Clair, the papers became fashionable, and those persons who had believed in the revival and in Margaret St. Clair's marriage became more important, and assumed an "I-told-you-so" air that was to some people extremely irritating. It was thus it affected Miss Maria Cathcart, one of the aunts of the town. She remembered the days when the diocesan convention, which was the spiritual event of the year, and the races, which were the secular event of the year, were always arranged to fall together, and were most harmoniously mingled, and she had never been brought to say that it was even incongruous, much less wrong. She had disapproved entirely of the revival, and had declared that those who had announced themselves as "converted" had cast a slur on their forefathers. She, for one, required no change in her religion; those who were gone had been good people, and nobody could ever have changed *them*.

Meanwhile Miss Maria prayed very earnestly for her niece Margaret, and wrote to her regularly and lovingly; but she did not give to China; for she could not divert her charity fund from the channels in which it had always flowed, and she was not able to give more; for long division makes short provision, and if the division of the family property for generations had not in her case made short provision, it had at least made limited provision. She was not poor, for she had her comfortable house and servants, and a regular, if small, income from the family estate; she had her little carriage and her fat little horse; she could not have less; for in Kingshaven the ladies lived in almost Eastern seclusion, and never walked—except to afternoon service on Sundays, when the overfed horses and servants were supposed to need rest.

It was a pretty sight to see the whole town walking across the wide greens and down the shady streets to the old church in the middle of the churchyard, where all their dead lay under the great live-oaks and swaying moss. It was not a very tidy graveyard, but it was solemn and beautiful, and it gave one a reverential feeling. Time, and the genuine faith and love of those buried there, and of those who had buried them, transformed the place, maybe, and hallowed it. People lowered their voices when they came inside the high walls, and ceased talking altogether by the time they reached the church door; and the young men who waited for the young women after service—for even in Kingshaven this thing was done—waited for them outside the big gates.

It was a pleasant day in May when Miss Maria ordered her little carriage, and told her maid Kizzie to put her cap into a covered basket and her knitting into her reticule, and had herself driven to see her cousin, old Mrs. George Bullen. To "spend the morning" was one of the habits of Kingshaven, and this was what Miss Maria purposed doing. She was very fond of her cousin Bullen; and then, Miss Sophia having a large correspondence with the outside world, and Miss Phœbe being thoroughly practical and interested in everything, Miss Maria found a morning spent there a very pleasant thing, and always came away feeling herself fully abreast of the times.

Old Mrs. Bullen sat in her arm-chair; Miss Sophia, in her low sewing-chair, was reading aloud; and Miss Phœbe, in a higher, straighter chair, near a window, was making a cap for her mother.

"I see Cousin Maria's carriage coming across the green," she said, interrupting her sister. "She must have a letter from Margaret."

"Possibly she has heard of this Mr. Bowers who has come," Miss Sophia answered.

"I doubt that," and Miss Phœbe rose. "I'll go down and meet her." So she did, giving orders on the way for cake and wine to be brought up to Mrs. Bullen's room; then she waited in the wide shaded doorway until Miss Maria arrived. "So glad to see you, Cousin Maria," she said. "Mamma is quite well to-day."

"I came to hear all the news," Miss Maria answered, as she slowly mounted the stairs. "Living alone as I do, one hears nothing. Ah, Polly, how well you are looking!" she went on, as she entered Mrs. Bullen's room. "Your daughters take such good care of you."

"You are looking well yourself, Maria," Mrs. Bullen answered. "Take off your bonnet, my dear, and sit near me here out of the wind. What is the news?"

"Asking *me* for news! Indeed, I come here for that very thing. Sophia has more letters than anybody in the town, and Phœbe is such a grand manager. Why, even at the sewing-school her negroes do better than any others. Heard from Cicely yet?"

"Yes; she is to send Dick and the two little girls to us very soon. And what do you hear from Margaret?"

"Nothing since I was here last; she might be dead and buried for *weeks* before *we* could hear. I never thought that I should live to see one of *my* family a missionary. You need not remonstrate, Sophia," shaking her head; "I shall *never* approve of it—*never!*"

"Have you heard of Mr. Bowers?" Miss Sophia asked.

"Bowers?"—putting down her knitting and looking over the top of her spectacles. "Who is Bowers?"

"He is staying at Eliza Tremelstoun's; he has just come over from China, and is begging through the country for money; he is going to preach to-morrow morning. He came yesterday evening on the boat. No one expected him; and Cousin James *happened* to be on the *Bay*, and seeing that he was a clergyman, he spoke to him. He had brought letters from Cousin Richard Denny, so Cousin James took him to his house."

"Of course, if he had letters from Richard Denny, he must be a person of some distinction," Mrs. Bullen said. "Richard is very careful in such matters."

"But a clergyman, mamma," Miss Sophia remonstrated, "would have a *right* to hospitality."

"Not without proper letters," and Miss Maria reared her head back with much dignity. "You got that from that Baptist man, Sophia. You have never been the same since that disagreeable time when everything was upset. I have never given in to those teachings, and I *never* shall. But for that revival —and until that time I had never heard of revivals except among negroes—my niece Margaret would never have gone gallivanting off to China on any such wild-goose chase; and I don't intend to encourage *this* man, for the first thing we know we shall have another revival on our hands, and I *do not* approve of such things."

"But you will surely go to church, Maria," Mrs. Bullen said. "If it were in the week you might stay away, but to stay away on Sunday would cause a great many remarks—it would be very disagreeable."

"*I* am anxious to meet him," Miss Sophia put in, looking out of the window with something like longing in her eyes. "I think it must be glorious to go out and work—to spend one's life in elevating one's fellow-creatures, as Margaret is doing. I—"

"Sophia!" and Miss Maria turned on her sharply. "Don't *you*, a sensible woman, get any such nonsense into *your* head. There are plenty of ordinary people to go out and save Chinese souls; ladies and gentlemen are not meant for such work."

"There is no caste in souls, Cousin Maria," Miss Sophia answered, laughing; "and there is no danger of my ever accomplishing anything. Even if I could leave mamma and Phœbe, I have no strength."

"The 'Lord's mercies are ever sure,'" Miss Maria said, decidedly; "and even your delicate constitution, Sophia, is a mercy. Polly," turning to Mrs. Bullen, "you should let this make you resigned to Sophia's delicacy. Think, if she were strong, what might happen!"

"I hope I have never rebelled, Maria," Mrs. Bullen answered, "and I hope that I should not rebel even if Sophia should go away as a missionary—but I think it would kill me."

"Of *course* it would kill you," Miss Maria assented, promptly. "If I, a maiden aunt, was almost killed when Margaret went, you, a mother, would die imme-

diately—*immediately*. But I am sorry this man has come, and he would never have *thought* of coming to Kingshaven but for that revival, and Margaret's going out as a missionary. I wish we could have been left in peace; and perhaps the Chinese wish so too. I am *quite* sure we should not like any one to come here and worry *us* about a new religion—I am *sure* we should not."

Miss Sophia laughed. "Cousin Maria, we have the *truth*," she said.

"That Baptist minister did not think so," Miss Maria retorted. "It is twenty years ago now, but I remember it as if it had been yesterday how he roared out, 'Ye are dead in your sins!' And I got up immediately and left the room; that a person no one knew anything about should speak to me in that way was *insolent*. But the Chinese — what worse can Margaret say to the Chinese than that? Only I hope she has been too well brought up to roar as that man roared."

"That may all be so, Maria," Mrs. Bullen answered, gently, "but that revival did great good in the town. Think of three of our gayest young men being turned to the ministry—*think* of it! That was a great blessing."

"You can't be sure of that, Polly," Miss Maria returned; "even though they are now middle-aged men, you can't be sure it was a blessing until they are dead; and, blessing or not, I did not think it was dignified to be converted by a man outside of the Church."

"But you will go to church to-morrow, Cousin Maria," Miss Sophia urged. "There can be nothing against Mr. Bowers; he is a regularly ordained clergyman."

"Well, if I go to church, it will be because it is Sunday, and I always go to church on Sunday, and not because I am the least interested in this man or his mission; I have suffered enough in that way. I never was more shocked in my life than when Margaret told me what she intended to do; but in these days people do not seem to realize what is due to their birth and position."

"Won't you have a glass of wine, Cousin Maria," Miss Phœbe asked, "and a bit of cake?"

"Yes, my dear—thank you. And, Sophia, you may right my knitting; I always drop stitches when I am excited, and I always become excited when I speak of missionaries and revivals. There, my dear, take it."

Sunday morning saw Miss Maria in her usual place in church. But there was no humility in her bearing; rather a lofty toleration and a resigned pity—presumably for those who had departed, or who might now depart, from the ways of their forefathers. She went through the service with an air of aloofness, and did not sing the hymns; and when the tall, thin stranger, with a worn, lined face, got up to preach, she turned her head aside to look out of the window—to the graves of those who had lived and died conservatively.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" was the text, and presently Miss Maria's eyes came in from the conservative dead and fastened themselves on a tablet to a former rector; a little later they moved on as far as the chancel railing, then gradually up the steps to the figure in the high old pulpit. Nobody saw her, for nobody's eyes seemed able to wander that day. She had brought her usual Sunday offering, which she deposited in the plate, and she spoke very little on her way from the church to the carriage, and Miss Sophia smiled to herself as she saw Miss Maria's preoccupied manner.

It was a very fine sermon, Miss Maria thought, as she ate her dinner—a really fine sermon; and a preacher like that should not be wasted on Chinese — certainly not; but of course Richard Denny would not have given him letters unless he had been a worthy person—of *course* not. She spoke to Kizzie, the girl who waited on table, and told her how thankful she should be that she was a Christian in a Christian land, and not still a poor deluded heathen, as her people were in Africa. And after dinner she went into her cool chamber and walked about with her hands behind her, thinking still of the sermon and of the blessings of Christianity. It might be very disagreeable to the Chinese to be disturbed, as she had said to Sophia Bullen the day before, but still it was good for them; it was a necessary thing—yes, quite a necessary thing; that man had shown it to be so. And that had been an uncommon sermon; the more she thought of it, the more impressed she was. How blessed to be able to preach in such a way, and how blessed to hear such preaching; how blest she had been in all her life; how comfortable she was,

and how good God had been to her; and how sure a Christian's hope was! Poor heathen! Poor Chinese! How sorry she felt for them!

She extended her walk to the front piazza, which was on the shady side of the house. How quiet and peaceful it all was, and a nice breeze from the water! Her lot had fallen in a fair place, and all who had gone before had lived in this same delightful town, and had died in this same sure faith. Up and down she walked, with her hands clasped behind her, and her face filled with peace; then, in a quavering voice that was not at all true, she began to sing, "How firm a foundation." She sang it all through, rendering the last verse with much vigor, her voice quivering with excitement; then she walked hastily into her room and went down on her knees. Fervently she prayed, then rose up. Alms and prayers went together—of course they did; so, taking a key from a drawer, she opened her wardrobe, and inside of that unlocked a money-box. There was her supply in two neat piles, and she took out five dollars. Yes, she could give that much; she would take it to Sophia Bullen at afternoon service, and ask her to put it with the fund she was collecting for foreign missions. Perhaps she had been wrong in her views of missions; but of course the revival was another affair entirely, and she could never change her views of that. But the poor heathen! And again she began walking up and down the piazza in the pleasant summer weather. Poor Chinese, they had a bad climate; and Margaret had always been so good—not very sprightly, though. Perhaps she *would* help the deluded things. Poor child, she must be lonely sometimes; but God would reward her. Yes, "His mercy was ever sure." Once more she lifted up her thin old voice, this time beginning, "When streaming from the eastern skies." There were no passers-by to hear and be amused and astonished; and if there had been, they would have said, "Only Miss Maria." So on she sang, wiping her eyes over the last verse; for, in spite of all her comforts and friends and relatives, she was very lonely sometimes. But she finished the hymn triumphantly—"To see Thy face and sing Thy praise," and at the last word she retired to her room and knelt down once more. This time her prayers were almost audible, and longer than before; then the money-box was opened and another five dollars was laid aside to be sent to Miss Sophia Bullen. Of course she could give ten dollars—a small tithe from all that God had given her.

"Praise God! praise God!" she said aloud, and broke forth into the doxology before she reached the piazza. This time she sang quite loud and long, beginning with "There is a fountain filled with blood." How *good* God was!—how His blessings surrounded her on every side! And she sang another hymn. How joyful she felt! She must pray again. She prayed aloud—for all her friends and relatives; for all God's children—then laid ten dollars more on the pile for Miss Sophia Bullen. What better could any one do than push forward the glorious work of converting the world, of bringing all men to her state of happiness? Think, if every one were as happy as she was this beautiful afternoon!

"Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go"—she sang at the top of her voice, that rang through the still evening air. That was what the missionaries did; ay, all good people could do it. She was old, past sixty, but she could praise and pray and give—yes, give of her substance. Pray once more; yes, and again she went down on her knees, and afterwards laid another bill aside for missions.

"Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace has given—"

She stopped abruptly, and looked at the pile of bills—

"Good gracious!" she cried, "if I don't stop singing and praying, I shall give *all* my money!" and she pulled the bell-rope violently; then, locking up the money-box and the enclosing drawer hastily, she stood still in the middle of the room, holding the key in her hand.

Presently her maid, Kizzie, appeared.

"Is you ring de bell, Miss 'Ria?" she asked.

"Yes, Kizzie, I rang. Here—I want you to take this key and keep it until to-morrow; never mind if I ask for it, you keep it. Now put out my bonnet and mantilla; it must be almost time for church."

"Ki! is you gwine chu'ch, Miss 'Ria?" the negro asked as she opened the wardrobe doors, which Miss Maria had closed a few moments before. "I been yeddy you sing summuch, I t'ink say you is hab chu'ch up yer—'e soun' same liker 'viva!."

Miss Maria started.

"A 'revival'!" she cried. "You are foolish, Kizzie—an extremely foolish girl. A 'revival'!" She walked up and down nervously for a moment, then stopped, while the maid took off her cap and put it away and brought her bonnet. She put it on quickly, then her mantilla and gloves. Then Kizzie caught sight of the money. She looked at it a moment.

"Is you gwine leff dat money dey, Miss 'Ria?" she asked.

"No, *no*," Miss Maria answered, decidedly; "give it to me; that is to go to the heathen, Kizzie," and Miss Maria folded the bills together and slipped them into her prayer-book, that went into her silk reticule. "The poor heathen. I am going to take it to Miss Sophia to send off; it is to pay the preachers to preach to them, Kizzie."

"Yes, m'am; is dat what you been singin' 'bout, Miss 'Ria, gittin' yo' sperret up to gie dat money? Dat's de way, Miss 'Ria; singin' 'll sho git de sperret up; w'en we niggers gits to singin' en shoutin', we ent know what we do, but I ent t'ink say white people do dat."

Miss Maria hurried away, Kizzie's words ringing in her ears. A revival! What nonsense! Miss Sophia Bullen was trying on her spotted lace veil, that fell full over her face, when Miss Maria appeared.

"I stopped to give you this money, Sophia," she said, "for missions."

"Oh, cousin!" Miss Sophia cried, "*can* you give as much as this?" holding the bills a little away from her. "Is it not too much?"

"I don't know, Sophia," Miss Maria answered, almost indignantly, while a little color crept up her face; "but I *do* know this, that I sang and prayed until I had to lock my money-box and give Kizzie the key to keep for me. It was a most ridiculous proceeding; but that is the money, the result, and I hope it will help your cause."

Miss Sophia smiled.

"A little private revival, cousin!" she said, and kissed the old lady gently.

THE WRECK OF THE "COLUMBIA."

BY PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB.

THE Boston Cunard liner on which I had engaged passage had broken her screw in mid-ocean, and making for the Azores, was not heard from up to her appointed day of sailing. As all the other mail-steamers, both from Boston and New York, were crowded, the agent offered to give such of his passengers as could not wait a passage on the *Columbia*, a ship reported to be seaworthy, and nearly as fast as the regular mail-steamers of that time. This sudden change had a depressing effect on my spirits. While driving to the wharf in East Boston my thoughts wandered back more than twenty years to the scene on the pier of the Collins line when the *Pacific* cast off her moorings for the last time and glided into the stream. I had gone to see a friend off, and as I looked at the waving handkerchiefs, and heard the sounds of scores of merry voices, I little thought this was the last the world would ever know of the ship or her passengers. We are starting to-day as they did then; who knows but that their fate will be ours?

But once on the deck of the ship all gloom vanished. Our party, though not large, was a lively one. We had on board a French opera troupe, not of the first class, which had been performing in Canada. At first the passage was uncommonly rough for the summer season, and the French singers, the female ones at least, were not good sailors. Few of them came to table, and the male members, though lively enough, were not attractive.

The seventh day was one of perfect calm, but of dense fog, so that the whistle offended our ears at the regulation interval of two minutes all day. On the morning of the ninth day we found the sun shining above what seemed to be a low bank of white clouds on the horizon. To the landsman's eye everything predicted a beautiful day. The sea was so smooth that the entire troupe of singers took their places at the breakfast table. I had the place of honor at the captain's right. Scarcely had the breakfast begun when the whistle once more uttered its unearthly shriek. We looked up with some surprise, but the captain remarked, "Only a bank of fog, which will clear off before noon." So the breakfast went

on with more merriment, mostly in French, and more clashing of knives and forks than we had enjoyed at any preceding meal.

There was one little mishap during breakfast. A clumsy waiter, with as many dishes as he could well carry, caught his foot in the carpet, fell flat, and so deluged one of the ladies' feet with coffee that she had to go to her state-room to put on a dry pair of stockings.

The English-speaking passengers sat on each side of the captain. The conversation turned on Irish bulls and blunders. The captain said that a friend of his, a solicitor in Dublin, had described what he thought was the funniest Irish blunder he ever heard of.

"A middle-aged, buxom woman walked into the office of my friend," said the captain, "and said she wanted to enter suit for divorce.

"'On what grounds?' replied the solicitor.

"'Mee husband does not support me properly. He spends most of his wages in drink, and I have to work for my own living.'

"'That is bad,' said the solicitor, 'but it is not, under Irish law, a sufficient ground for a divorce.'

"'But that's not all,' said the woman, after some hesitation; 'he's cruel to me.'

"'In what way?'

"'When he's drunk he beats me.'

"'That might be a sufficient cause in some other country, but it is not sufficient here,' said the solicitor. 'I cannot undertake your suit.'

"The woman turned away disconsolate, but hesitated. She turned around slightly, her head down, as if in deep thought.

"'Well,' said the solicitor, 'have you anything else to say?'

"'Yes, sir, I have. Mee husband—'"

As the captain began the last sentence he took a piece of steak on his fork and was raising it to his mouth. As he did so his attention was arrested by a sudden clatter of feet on the deck above, while the shadows of men rapidly passing to and fro in great excitement flitted over the skylight. Still holding his fork midway, he turned his head and listened in wrapt attention. Then I noticed what looked like a shadow over the port-holes on the opposite side of the saloon, which grew darker every moment. I was much alarmed, but did not wish to say or do anything that would frighten the other passengers. So I quietly but rapidly left my seat and stepped into my state-room, which opened directly into the saloon, threw on a long ulster, and ran back past the tables toward the gangway. At that moment came a shock which nearly threw me off my feet. Then I felt the ship swing around as if she had been a little boat in the hands of a fisherman. The motion was accompanied with a rumbling sound like that which precedes an earthquake, and by a snapping resembling the discharge of pistols, but which my ear recognized as really caused by the cracking of rivets. What I seemed to remember of the scene in the saloon at this moment must, I take it, be a product of my fancy, caused by the mortal terror with which I was struck. It seemed to me the captain was still sitting immovable, and holding his fork between his plate and his lips, while the passengers at the table were all frozen with terror, unable to move or speak. Under such circumstances men rush to the deck, while women generally faint or shriek. Certainly a French opera troupe would be the last set of women to keep quiet. But I neither saw a motion nor heard a sound. As I ran by I seized a bottle of wine which I had ordered for dinner the night before, but had not drunk. When I reached the gangway the ship had nearly righted again, so that I had little difficulty in making my way up stairs, and to the captain's bridge.

During the voyage I had frequently noticed what at that time was a new contrivance, a life-raft on top of the deck-houses, between the bridge and the smoke-stack. Its apparent purpose was to float in case the ship should go down; but it was tied to the deck by so many plies of stout cord that I felt sure it would go down with the ship unless the cords were cut. I knew that in case of shipwreck rescue by the boats was both dangerous and difficult, owing to the crowding of the passengers; and I had reached the conclusion that in such an emergency I should prefer the raft to the boat, provided it could be cut loose from the ship. In the present case the raft became of prime importance, because there was not time to cast off a single boat.

While running up the steps to the raft I had a momentary glance at the scene.

Another ship seemed to be seizing ours, like a prize-fighter grasping his opponent, and making every effort to capsize and sink it. On both decks I saw excited men pulling at ropes and trying to loosen boats, while officers were in the act of shouting their orders. Yet, so far as I recall the scene, I was not conscious of a motion nor a sound; what I was looking at seemed to be a tableau of wax-work. As I mounted the steps there was another lurch, which would have thrown me to the deck had I not seized the steps with both arms. This was followed by a few seconds of rest, during which I made my way upon the raft, drew a large pocket-knife which I was carrying on the voyage, and convulsively cut one or two plies in each of the four cords which held the raft down. There was not time to do anything more, for I felt the raft careen over so that I was about to slide from it. It was composed of eight or ten metallic tubes, each about twelve feet long, fastened side by side like so many immense organ-pipes, with strong pieces of scantling across the bottom, held by cross-pieces of planks across the top. Between the planks, as well as between the tubes, were spaces several inches wide. I thrust my knife into my overcoat pocket without even waiting to close it, put my arms between two of the planks, and convulsively grasped the tube just in time to avoid sliding from the raft. I well knew that the suction of the ship as she sank would carry every ordinary floating thing down with her, except, possibly, the raft. Even if this were carried down it would be sure to rise again, so that the safest thing I could do was to hold on to it, whether it floated or sank. Lying close down on my face, I could see nothing but the chinks below. The raft careened more and more, so that I seemed to hold only by my arms. Then I felt my feet and legs under water, which had, however, scarcely touched them when the raft began to get level once more. Then there was such a splashing of water that I scarcely knew whether I was above or below the surface; but in a moment the raft became quite level, and I found my hands, which were still grasping the pipe, under water. Then everything became still, and my head remained above water. Raising my head and looking around, the water seemed quite smooth, except a small irregular ripple, like that which we see in a shallow tidal current, and a multitude of little whirlpools, which emitted a gurgling sound that to my fancy was a sort of death-rattle. They continued only a few moments. Then I began to hear the familiar sound of waves, wishy-washy-wish, between the tubes of the raft, repeated over and over in regular cadence, just as I had frequently heard them when floating lazily in a dory off Cape Ann.

I hardly know whether I should call this effect soothing or horrible. Had the ocean remained perfectly smooth for a few minutes, as if aghast at the catastrophe it had caused, or if it had raged against me with frightful billows, as not yet over its wrath, either proceeding would have seemed appropriate to the occasion. But to commence this quiet, gentle wishy-wash, just as if nothing had happened, soothing though it was, seemed fearfully unnatural.

I tried to collect my thoughts. It is said that when a bullet is fired from a good rifle at a pane of glass it will make a round smooth hole, without even cracking the pane. So it was with my thoughts at this moment. The suddenness of the catastrophe was such that, though I was from the first moment filled with unspeakable terror, the undercurrent of thought remained undisturbed. The clatter of the dishes on the breakfast table, the clash of knives and forks, and the merry laughter of the singing-girls still sounded in my ears. I recalled the misstep of the clumsy waiter, and wondered whether the lady had yet succeeded in getting on a dry pair of stockings. I still saw the captain at the head of the table, with his fork half-way between the plate and his lips, and heard him tell his story. I could not get rid of the idea that he was still going on with it a few feet below the surface, and that all except myself were enjoying it. Even to-day my conviction that the *Columbia* is a wreck at the bottom of the ocean rests only on a course of reasoning, like the conclusion of a geometrical demonstration. As I cannot help thinking of her, the captain is still sitting there telling his story, and all the passengers except myself are listening.

I think several minutes must have elapsed before I could realize the situation and consider what was to be done. Then I looked around to see if the other

ship were not lying by waiting to rescue us; but she had disappeared in the fog. Only two objects could be seen—one was a bunch of straw which had floated from a beer barrel, the other, about fifty yards away, was the head of a woman, her long dishevelled hair rising and falling on the wave. I still could not quite get rid of the idea that nature was playing some trick upon me, and that I might as well wait and see what it was. Yet it would do no harm to try to save that woman, and if the situation was a reality, it must be done. She must be floating by the aid of a life-preserver, and her face being above water there was no immediate danger of her perishing, unless she was already drowned through being carried down with the ship. But how get at her? This question led to my studying the raft more carefully. I now noticed for the first time a pair of oars lashed to one side, and a little mast, with a sail wrapped around it, and a boat-hook lashed to the other side. There was also a rowlock on each side of the raft; but the breadth of the craft was such that it was hardly possible for one person to use both oars at the same time. I could not untie the ropes which bound the oars, so I cut them with my knife, and rowed as best I could toward the woman. I tried first the plan of using the two oars alternately, but seemed to make no progress. Then, by spreading my arms almost to their full length, I managed to use both oars at the same time, and thus got alongside of her.

I looked anxiously to see if she would grasp at the raft. But she did not. For the moment I was more terrified by the thought that she might be dead than I was by the fate of the whole crowd of my fellow-passengers, whom I fancied to be still listening to the captain's story. I went to the side of the raft, grasped her by the arms, and slowly raised her up. It was a serious strain on my nerves, for the combined weight on one side of the raft nearly drew my feet under water. But I at length got her on board.

Being professor of chemistry and physiology in a medical school, my training served me a good purpose. I saw that she still breathed slightly, and a touch of her eyelids showed that she was not wholly unconscious, though unable to speak. I hastily removed her wet clothing and wrapped her in my ulster, which, singular as it may appear, was still almost dry except around the bottom. Then I flexed her body and chest in the most approved way, so as to assist breathing and promote circulation. Success was soon attained. She began to cry and lament in a language that I did not understand. That a French singing-girl should lament in any other than her own language could arise only from its not being her native tongue. So I spoke to her in English:

"Do not cry; I will help you and save you if I can."

She shook her head to show that she did not understand. I have a very good mastery of French, so I then tried her in that language. She answered me in the same tongue, so I concluded that she was perhaps some Russian member of the troupe who had learned French without its being her native language. Again she began to weep, now exclaiming in French:

"Oh, where is madame? Where is Maude? They are lost! We are lost!"

There was no use in telling her the truth, for she must already know it too well. I wiped her face with my handkerchief.

"Do not cry; I will do all I can for you. I have a wife and daughter at home, and I will do for you exactly as if you were my only daughter. I am a physician, so you may now imagine that you have both a father and a physician taking the best care of you that they can. In addition to all the dangers you have to run is that of pneumonia, owing to the chill you have suffered. So keep yourself warmly wrapped up in this overcoat, and let me rub your chest and back."

When she got calmed down I inquired her name.

"I am the Princess Clotilde of Roumania."

"I do not mean your stage name as an actress; I mean your real name."

She looked up with indignation at the insult.

"But, monsieur, I am no actress. I am the daughter of Charles de Hohenzollern, King of Roumania."

Of course the poor girl was crazed by the mental shock she had undergone, and could not distinguish her two personalities. But I thought it best to humor her delusion.

"I did not know we had a princess on board the *Columbia*. If I had, I would

have tried to show you some attention during the bad weather."

"On board the *Columbia*? I do not understand you, monsieur."

"I mean the ship on which we were passengers. You know she was called the *Columbia*."

"Pardon, monsieur, they called our ship the *Viking*."

Then the truth dawned upon me, and I felt how stupid I was not to have seen it before. She was a passenger on the other ship, which must, therefore, have gone down with ours, leaving us the only survivors of the catastrophe. All hope that the *Viking* might still be lying in the neighborhood, waiting to rescue us when the fogs cleared off, vanished. I felt a weight in my breast so heavy that for some time I could hardly speak.

I tried to relieve myself by questioning the princess as to how she, living in the East, happened to be on a Norwegian ship. Her story was very simple. She and her mother, with her suite, had been travelling in Norway for her health. Not being improved, her physician decided that she should take a sea-voyage to a milder climate. On making inquiries they learned that a Norwegian steamship was soon to sail from Christiania for the Azores. So the princess embarked with her suite, including her physician, a lady-in-waiting, and a maid. It was the morning of the fourth day out, and the fine weather had tempted her on deck, where she sat alone, sipping her morning coffee, at the time of the catastrophe. All she could remember was a fearful shock, and then the captain tying a life-preserver around her, while giving orders about lowering the life-boats. She saw nothing of her companions; knew nothing more until she found herself on the raft.

"I shall be proud indeed if I can restore you to your parents. The first point to be attended to is warmth. So let us wring out the wet clothes, to get as much salt water as possible out of them, and then let them dry before you put them on. Meanwhile keep well wrapped up in the overcoat."

It was evident enough from her lack of success in clothes-wringing that she had never done duty as a washer-woman. Yet the occupation was a great relief to our spirits. It was necessary to wring out every drop of salt water we could, because all the salt left in the dry clothes would operate as an absorbent of moisture from the wet air. I had intended to spread the garments out on the raft to dry, but it was evident that if we took this course as much water would splash upon them from between the crevices of the raft as would evaporate. So I cut loose the little mast with which, as I have said, the raft was provided, and tied the garments as loosely as possible to that with the pieces of twine that still adhered to the raft. They dried so slowly that it was noon before she could put them on and return me my much-needed coat. She complained of being cold, which was quite natural, considering the dampness of her clothing.

"I have a bottle of wine. Let us have some. Where is the wine? I have not seen it since I threw myself down on the raft and grasped the big tube. Gone, gone to the bottom of the ocean!" There we were on the wide ocean, without a morsel of food or a drop of water. How could they fit up a raft and not tie even a keg of water to it? I looked madly into the sky above, at the horizon around, at the water beneath. Can nothing be found? Sea-water? To drink that only increases the thirsty rage. Is there nothing else? A ray of light seemed to shine around me as I reflected that there were rain in the heaven and fish in the ocean. I thought of my loved ones at home, and determined to lose no time. Rain we must wait for, but the fish must be sought without delay. Every hour's delay is two hours lost, for with want of food we shall grow weaker and weaker. But how catch a fish with no appliances whatever? I thought of the boat-hook. Perhaps if a large fish came around the raft I might be able to kill it with that implement. But so completely was everything swallowed that there was nothing to attract even a fish. As hours wore on we looked anxiously, despairingly into the water. Never did time go by so slowly. Minutes seemed days and hours ages. We scarcely spoke. The ceaseless gurgling of the sea between the little timbers of our raft was the only sound. But that little sound soon became soothing and musical. It did not help time fly, but it did make the situation less horrible.

I have no idea what time it was, but night had not approached, though weeks seemed to have elapsed, when I saw a

school of small fish swimming under the raft. Then I remembered that when as a boy I used to go in swimming, the little minnows and trout, who would fly away from one on land, would crowd around me and nibble harmlessly at my flesh while in the water. Perhaps if I got into the water these little fishes would do the same thing. But I felt to do so in this chilly atmosphere was not only dangerous, but would make draughts upon the heating power of the system which would greatly diminish the period of possible endurance. In fact, my knowledge of physiological principles showed me a serious dilemma. With a little water to drink, one remaining perfectly at rest, without bodily or mental excitement, might hold out from one to two weeks; but every form of activity would increase the waste of the system. Even the cold, though not such as to cause serious discomfort, could be counteracted only by a more rapid consumption of the proteids in the blood. Thus, though we tried to catch fish, exhaustion would more rapidly approach if we were not successful. Then I thought that perhaps a handkerchief might attract a fish as well as a human body. To do this effectually it must be spread out under the water. There was nothing on the raft or in my pockets to serve as a sinker but my knife, and this it would be folly to risk. So I removed my coat, rolled my shirt sleeves up to the armpits, and lay down on the raft, with my head projecting off, and my face almost in contact with the water. As I did so the sense of close contact with the fathomless ocean was so overpowering that I shuddered in dismay. Never before did I so feel its immensity:

"A rising world of waters dark and deep."

By rising and shutting my eyes as my face approached the water, I screwed up courage enough to put my hands down to arm's-length below the surface, though before doing this I had to ask my companion to hold my feet lest I should slip off. Still I recoiled from every splash of water upon my face. At length I got the handkerchief below the surface, but by this time the fish had entirely disappeared. There was nothing to do but to give up for the moment and make another trial when the school returned.

In such circumstances nothing makes such a draught on the patience as complete idleness. Although the attempt had, for the moment, ended in nothing, it helped to alleviate the horror of the situation. Soon there was another school of fish. When I saw them crowding around the handkerchief, and nibbling at it, just as they used to at a boy's feet in the water, the revulsion was so strong that I almost felt that we were saved.

But I could not catch one when I got hold of it. It slipped through my fingers like those frictionless bodies that a mathematical student reads about in mechanics. But I at length managed to seize one by the gills. My fingers slipping in between the gill and the shoulder, I landed it without difficulty.

Here was hope, but how retain it? If I once lay it on the raft, it will be back in the water in an instant; I dare not even hand it to the princess, lest it slip in passing from one hand to the other. I was in constant fear that it would wriggle out of my hand, but succeeded in holding on to it until it was dead. Even then how use it for food? The fog had cleared away; the sun was shining between the clouds. In a few days the fish might dry and be somewhat digestible. If, as we are told, arctic explorers chewed the leather of their boots and found nutriment, surely we could find some sort of nutriment in any sort of dried fish. A thought struck me, bringing forth hope, but so mingled with fear that I trembled with fright. With a burning-glass the rays of the sun will cook a fish. I had brought along on the voyage a reading-glass, which I commonly kept in my valise, but sometimes when using it on deck put it in my overcoat pocket. Possibly it might be there now. I convulsively thrust my hand into the pocket, and there it was. Hurrah! Focussed on any spot of the skin of the fish, the latter soon began to smoke. We were not yet so hungry that the fish was palatable, even when cooked in this scientific way, so it went into the pocket of my overcoat to serve for next morning's breakfast.

I caught only one more that day. A little reflection made it clear that one little fish a day for each of us would not make good the waste arising from the exertion of catching, so really it was doubtful whether we were any better off than before. And yet such is human nature that even this temporary ray of hope

was grateful, by making more gradual the lapse into despair.

The longest day has an end, and at length the sun went down. I cannot even attempt to paint the gloom of the evening. Thirst began to be felt more clamorous than hunger. As Providence would have it, the clouds thickened just after sunset, and a heavy shower was seen approaching. But how catch the water? No pocket could hold that. I looked madly around, and soon seized upon the only possible device. I unwrapped the little sail and spread it out to catch the rain. It would probably leak nearly as fast as caught, but yet could be made to serve as a sort of funnel. I told my companion to lie on her back and see what I would do. I held the sail spread out as widely as possible, and told her to take the middle of one edge into her mouth. Then I made a fold there in the shape of a little groove, down which most of the water that gathered might run directly into her mouth. The experiment was a brilliant success. Soon she said she could drink no more. "Now do the same for me," I said. I was so long in teaching her how to hold the sail that I feared the shower might be over before the experiment was successful, but it was not. One of the two problems was solved; we shall not suffer the pangs of thirst if heaven only send us showers.

I spread out the wet sail; we lay down upon it and wrapped ourselves in it. Whether I slept a moment I cannot say. It seemed to me that I was listening for an age to the sound of the waves as they gurgled in rhythmic cadence through the crevices of the raft.

In the forenoon of the second day several schools of little fish appeared, so that I caught three or four. But the sun did not shine long enough to cook one. On the other hand, a little shower of rain answered the purpose of slaking our thirst.

Of course during the day we were constantly and anxiously looking for a sail or a bank of smoke. It was about the middle of the afternoon when a sail appeared on the horizon; in what direction I could not tell. The gleam of hope was simply painful, for the chances that the ship would pass near enough to sight us seemed slight. But she must be coming nearer, else she would not have come in sight at all. In an hour the sail was evidently larger, but the ship was still (in nautical language) hull down. I hardly dared to look, and yet I could not help looking, anxiously, longingly. Another hour and the sail was no nearer. Another, and it became more and more evident that the ship was going by. As the conviction that we had nothing to hope for hardened into a dead certainty, a feeling seized me, one feature of which I almost fear to describe. But I must continue to take the reader into my entire confidence, without respect to the question whether what I tell him shall lead him to think good or evil of me. When it became certain that the sail was disappearing, never to return, the despair which seized me was neutralized by an indefinable pleasure, half mental, half physical. Perhaps I ought to say neither mental nor physical, but something between the two which defies description. I should call it a providential compensation for despair, had it not been accompanied by a sentiment so diabolical that even now I recall it with a shudder. We have all as children read with wonder how the sailors, and sometimes even the passengers, on a sinking ship are changed into fiends at the supreme moment when we should expect them to be intent only on fitting themselves to meet their Maker. But I now had an actual experience of the kind, in thought at least. I went quite unconsciously through a rapid course of reasoning, which, if put in logical forms and expressed in words, would take this shocking form. A hundred years ago we would have said that this was what the devil whispered in my ear:

"You are out of the world forever. The commandments ordained by God, the laws enacted by men, and the rules of conduct laid down by the instincts of civilization are all intended for the government and benefit of men in society. But you are now in a sphere where these commandments and laws have no force. You are completely outside the pale of humanity, never to return to it. Nothing that you can do will have the slightest influence for good or evil on the rest of the human race. For the first and only time in your life you are in a position where there are no commandments, and no law except the will of the strongest. Of the two who fill this sphere, you are the stronger. You have a perfect right to do what you please with that fragile being by your

side; you have a perfect right to kill her, mutilate her, torture her. Nothing you can do to her will either benefit or harm the rest of mankind through all eternity. Then make use of a liberty which you have never before enjoyed. Kill her. You do not want to lose her company? Then mutilate her as cruelly as you can. Regard for your wife and children? You have neither wife nor children. Your wife that was is a widow, and your children which were are orphans. Now and ever hereafter you have no more to do with them than a dead man has. So enjoy the liberty. Exercise it. Do everything that the laws and commandments say that men in society ought not to do. Look at that poor girl. She is a woman, young, beautiful, lovely, innocent. The commandments and all the laws and instincts of mankind have, up to the present hour, made you recoil from the idea of inflicting pain and mutilation on a young, lovely, innocent woman. So now avail yourself of your sweet liberty, and do it. You bear no malice toward her; you have the tenderest feelings toward her. All the more reason for being as cruel as you can. It is your last chance through all eternity. Never again will you have the liberty now freely granted you. Then seize the golden opportunity."

This train of thought naturally led to the suggestion that I could so use my power as to keep myself alive for a month on the raft. Before that time help would be sure to come, or I would be thrown ashore on the coast of Norway, whither we were being carried by the Gulf Stream. And yet the idea of saving my own life at the expense of hers was so revolting that I could not for one moment entertain it. I felt mean that even the thought had occurred to me. Go back to my wife, go back to my children, and have them receive as husband and father a man who had done such a thing as that? Far better die at once than ask them to accept a dishonor. Thus my feelings turned on the question whether I was to return to the world. Acts which, when I thought of myself as a possible future member of society, were revolting, were sweet to think of when I was to be out of the world forever.

My thoughts were arrested by a look of concern on the face of my companion.

"You frighten me. You look as if you were a lion, and wanted to devour me."

I reflected a moment. Why not compound with Satan by simply frightening her?

"I was thinking," I replied, "how nice it would be just to take my knife and go up to you and "—but it became quite clear that if I uttered the words in my mouth she would think I had gone mad and jump overboard, so I had to finish the sentence the best way I could—"to take my knife and kill a lion, so that we should eat him instead of his eating us."

It was an awkward turn, but it served the purpose. In a few minutes I had recovered from the spell.

My memory of what transpired during the next three or four days is somewhat confused. My impression is that passing showers were frequent enough to prevent our suffering much from thirst, but that after the second day no fish could be found. I began to suspect that the mental excitement of looking around for a passing vessel on the horizon and searching for fish in the water was rapidly using up what little vital force was left, and that the chances of ultimate rescue might be improved by a quiet resignation to fate. This conclusion became a certainty on the afternoon of what, I think, was the fifth day, when a little incident showed me that my mind was beginning to wander.

I was talking with my companion about her mother, the Queen.

"If the tales my nurse used to tell me were true," she said, "she was not exactly my mother. I had no real mother but fairies."

"What was the story?"

"A short distance west of our city of Bucharest there is a high mountain, which adventurous youths sometimes ascend. On the farther side is a precipice, rendering access in that direction impossible. The story used to go in my childhood that in this precipice there was a grotto, inhabited by fairies, who would hold communication with no human being except members of the royal family. My mother had given birth to five sons, but no daughter. She made the ascent of the mountain, mounted on a mule, to ask the fairies that she might be given the daughter she so much desired. They answered that if she would watch for the first appearance of a beautiful red cloud at sunset on the top of the mountain, she might at least hope. The mountain was so high that clouds frequently formed on it, and

during the summer the rays of the setting sun tinged both air and clouds with beautiful red and purple hues. The first evening when such a cloud formed, the fairies gathered it in their hands, and, working all night, made a little baby, all but the eyes, which could not be made out of anything so dark as a cloud. But, as sunrise approached, the fairy queen carried the eyeless baby to the rock which crowned the summit, seated herself upon it, raised her hand, caught the first rays of the sun, and twirled them into eyes between her fingers. Then she reached up to the sky, which almost touched the rock, and took blue enough to color them. She put them carefully into baby's head, who at once began to laugh and crow. My mother again rode to the mountain-top, and was enraptured with the gift.

"After telling me this the nurse would add, 'They named the baby Clotilde, and now you know who Clotilde is, and how good a little girl she ought to be.'"

One who has not served in actual warfare, as I did during the civil war, cannot conceive how callous to danger one becomes after repeated exposure to it. It was so with us now. I actually so enjoyed the story as to forget our situation for the moment, and the princess seemed to be carried back to her childhood days.

"A very pretty fairy tale," I remarked.

Then my elation ended, and an impression came over me so fanciful that I can describe it only in fanciful language. A great dark omen seemed to settle around and over us, and to whisper into my brain without making any use of my ears:

"That is no fairy tale. It is the awful, frightful truth."

I was seized with the notion that she was only a phantom and might vanish at any moment. I felt toward her as toward a daughter. I was carried back to the hour when I leaned over the couch of a dying child, and implored, vainly implored, my first-born not to leave me.

"You will not leave me?"

"I do not understand."

"I mean, you will not go away and leave me all alone on this raft?"

She looked at me in alarm. "What can monsieur mean? How could I go away and leave him, when we are here in the middle of the ocean?"

"I feared that, as you are made out of a cloud, you might dissolve away like a cloud, and I should never see you again."

"Do you think I could do it? Let me try."

This was said in a spirit of jest which seemed hardly possible under the circumstances.

"Oh, do not try. Please do not."

I seized both her arms in alarm, to keep her from flying away. The touch of solid flesh and blood was unmistakable, and for a moment the delusion seemed to vanish. The theory which then presented itself to my mind was this: "The notion that she is a phantom arises from the deficient nourishment of my brain. So long as this nourishment can be kept up she will remain with me; but if my brain goes on starving, the time will soon come when she will dissolve away, and I shall see her no more." I was quite proud that, when I felt my mind wandering, I could frame so exact and scientific a theory of the cause. Most people, in losing their reason, also lose their power of judging of the fact. Not so with one so strong-headed as myself.

I told my companion the conclusion I had reached. "By spending the day in anxiously looking around we are exhausting our vital force. I have a red handkerchief in my pocket; should any ship pass in sight she would see it with equal readiness whether we are stirring or lying still." With two pieces of cord which still hung to the raft I tied the handkerchief firmly to the little mast by two of its corners. As darkness approached we spread the sail out for the last time, wrapped it around us in as many folds as possible, and for greater assurance tied it round us with the longest remaining cord. The folds were then thrown around and over our heads, so that light could not readily be seen, and we surrendered ourselves to oblivion.

Of what transpired during the following month my recollection is very vague and indistinct. Only here and there are a few snatches of intelligence. The first thing I recall after lying down was a long and dreary waiting and listening to the gurgle of the waves through what seemed at the time endless ages, but which in memory seems but an hour. Except this, the first sound which I remember was a familiar one, that of the rolling of a ship's pulley as a rope was drawn through it. This was followed by a splashing of oars. But the sounds made no impression upon me, except, possibly,

to induce a feeling that something pleasant was taking place. Then I felt myself pulled about with a series of shocks which were extremely painful.

The next impression is that of finding myself in an upper-deck state-room of a ship. This pleasant impression was soon changed to one of horror. I became two people, each of whom was suffering all that human nature could endure. One was being choked by a fiend, who had seized him by the throat with a grasp he could not shake off. The other lay with a burning log across his breast, so that breathing was almost impossible. After a while there was another change. I was in a larger room, on the land; how or when I got there I knew not. The log now became lighter, and ceased to burn; the fiend lessened his grasp on my throat; and a feeling of pleasure, which I could not explain, now and then came over me. I became conscious of directions and instructions to myself or to others, which I felt obliged to obey, without exactly knowing what they were or whence they came. Later, I was able to recall a few snatches of conversation.

"He is so weak that it is dangerous even to move him."

"Don't let him talk; when he asks about her, say that she is well and he must keep quiet."

"Delirium."

"His wife and daughter are on the *Gallia*."

These words made no impression upon me. They had little or no meaning for me. Now a new feeling came over me. I became conscious of a presence, an angel presence, having no bodily form. An injunction not to speak, look, or even think was over me, why or from whom I knew not. So I simply lay in this half-conscious state, enjoying the presence more and more each day, and patiently waiting the removal of the injunction. One morning the time came.

"He is improving rapidly. You may say a few words to him, but do not let him talk much."

I opened my eyes and looked around. My wife and daughter were by my side, while a strange man looked on.

"Do you know your wife?"

"Yes, and daughter, too."

"How do you feel now?"

"Very weak, but very happy. I know I have been through something dreadful, and I am trying to think what it was. I remember—"

"Please do not try to remember, and do not talk; that will do."

"Only one question; what have they done with the princess?"

My wife turned toward the doctor with a look of distress. A tear glistened in my daughter's eye as she laid her head on my breast.

"Dear, dear papa. Is he never going to stop talking about that princess?"

So I stopped talking about her. But I have never ceased to think of her and wonder what became of her.

TWILIGHT ON SANDUSKY MARSH.

BY JOHN HAY.

LOW in the west the moon's slim crescent swings.
Across the marsh the vesper breezes bear
The sounds of gloaming; from far corn-fields fare
The chittering blackbirds, whose ingathering brings
The silken flutter of a myriad wings.
The wild-duck's cry floats down the thickening air
As of one hunted, full of fear and care.
Sad twilight comes with dubious whisperings.
How changed from that exultant world which lay
In the wide smile of noon! The evening's shiver
Means the day's death; its thronging whispers blend
With thoughts that haunt men when their lives must end.
Another dawn may gild a fairer day,
But this day, when it dies, is gone forever.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

TO say that American literature needs a little discouragement is, perhaps, to put the matter too broadly. It has been now for a century a popular impression in this country that all that is necessary to the bringing forth of what is fondly called American literature is the kindly encouragement of writers, of everybody who desires the publicity of print. Many authors of repute have gained a reputation for service to literature in the soft-hearted encouragement they have given to ambitious talent. If we were to say that this has been an encouragement of mediocrity, and that native literature has been injured by it, we should be within the truth. It would also be the truth to say that the discouragement of the production of what in the popular conception is literature in America has become an evident necessity.

This is a roundabout way of saying that what writing or literary production needs in this country now, more than in any other, is criticism—cool, discriminating, relentless criticism. What every writer needs is to be brought to judgment in the high literary tribunal. A provincial standard can no longer be accepted. To praise an author for doing very well as an American is like praising a poem or a novel as being really creditable for a woman. The judgment must be a cosmopolitan judgment, based upon a comparative study of literatures. This is not a harsh requirement. We make it in all the other arts and industries. A picture, a piece of jewelry, an axe, a pocket-knife, or a watch, is good or bad according to established canons, which exist notwithstanding the prevalence of uneducated taste. The delusion that we can have an American literature that does not conform to the universal standard is like the delusion that we can have an American money that does not conform in value to the standard of the world. We put our American stamp upon the money; yes, but it must have intrinsic universal worth. Every national literature has its individual character, quality, flavor, but every piece of literature is good or bad irrespective of its nationality. The attempt will fail to pass off upon the world as literature the product of exaggeration, feebleness, provincialism, crude conceptions of human nature, simply because it is American in its origin.

Criticism need not always be destructive—though there are times when one would like to see a mowing-machine pass over the whole field—but it needs always to be with knowledge and discrimination. Ask yourselves what is the real value, the value to a beginner, say, who sincerely desires light and leading, in most of the literary "noticing" and criticism in our journals and periodicals. Has it discernment; has it knowledge? Very much of it is made by callow beginners in the art of writing, very much of it by authors who themselves are producers of as poor literature as that they praise or flippantly condemn. Hundreds of books are criticised every day by writers whose only knowledge of the subject treated is derived from the book they are indiscriminately praising or ignorantly belittling. It is an English and American fling, that "the critic is an author who has failed," a phrase repeated till the public has come to believe that most criticism is dictated by personal envy, spite, and uncharitableness. The French idea is out of their conception—the idea that the fully equipped and competent critic is as necessary as the creative writer, that there is an obligation due to literature which is higher than that due to the feelings of any man or woman. This implies the fact that there is a standard. It may be difficult to define what it is, even in France, but no one doubts that there exists some sort of standard of form, of literary quality, which is of the essence of all good workmanship, which is always required, and which it is the ambition of all writers to attain. To this every literary aspirant is held up by the authorities in letters. To attain this finish and position, to come into the guild of letters, all French writers painfully toil, and are forced to toil, before they gain admission.

What is the too common ambition of writers in America and in England? To attract attention, to gain notoriety, to make wares that will suit the public taste and sell. There is no standard recognized by anybody. There is, especially in America, scarcely any authoritative criticism. The lack of this is as bad for young aspirants as it is for literature.

II.

There are some good things about Nature. One of them is that she does not need any encouragement. She does not care anything even for the survival of the fittest. Her office is to keep everything moving. All she cares for is growth, the generation of seeds, continued productive vitality. Generally she is more persistent in the production of weeds than of vegetables useful to man. She rejoices in a vigorous wilderness. Now and then out of her rampant strife comes a magnificent or a graceful tree that no man could create, a flower that no artist can imitate. Her law is not that of literature. Occasionally out of apparent barbarism comes a poem, a legend of immortal beauty. But literature is the art of man—it is cultivation, selection, exclusion, according to purpose, to a definite end; it is the creation of beauty, the expression of thought according to law.

A primeval forest is fascinating. The wild, untrained, unrestrained growth has the charm of freedom and vigor and novelty to the eye sated with trim gardens and orderly parks. The enjoyment of it is entirely legitimate. No wonder that the European explorers of this continent broke out into panegyrics over a New World! To live in it, however, they had to subdue and transform it. And when the artist arrived he found that he must, for his pictures, select and reject, as he had done in his own more orderly landscapes. Even the element of the picturesque had to be evoked by his own genius. Yet there was an impression that an American literature could grow up like an American wilderness, in a wild luxuriance of untutored, unrestrained productivity. It should be fostered, encouraged, bragged about. Criticism was resented as impertinent, malicious, unpatriotic. The result cannot be said to have justified the method. After a century of license, judging the product by universal standards, it must be confessed that we have suffered for want of intelligent, incisive, cosmopolitan criticism. Our loss is of two kinds: first, in trained writers, who have a standard higher than the indiscriminating and sometimes debased popular taste; and second, in the failure to create a public capable of discerning literary quality and judging between good work and bad work. In a country like ours, wanting such standards as exist in France, and where the commercial spirit is strong, the taste of the audience inevitably reacts upon the writers, the supply tends to answer to the demand, and a vicious circle is formed which it seems impossible to break.

III.

A pathetic aspect of this situation is the constant wreck of promising talent. We hear a great deal of neglected and cruelly discouraged genius. It is not altogether an ideal world for justice or for the appreciation of new departures. We can all recall the names of important makers of literature who never came to their own until it was too late to bring them either fortune or enjoyment. But I believe that for one writer who has been denied a career by want of public appreciation, ten have been ruined by foolish encouragement and indiscriminate praise. The literary history of the last twenty-five years illustrates this. Scores have been ruined by too quick success. They have literally gone up like rockets and come down like sticks. Overpraise has made them vain, self-conscious, and unfitted them for the labor that is needed to make them accomplished workmen. They lack knowledge, discipline, high purpose. They take themselves seriously, but not their art. A brilliant knack counts for only a moment's success with a writer who has a slim cultivation and little experience of life. And the public is often at fault for the failure. The man who sits in the seat of the critic, and has a kind heart or a false idea of the way to train writers, is equally responsible. No sooner does an article or a book appear that strikes the faintest new note, has a new flavor or situation, especially if it is daring and what is called "strong" (meaning, generally, imprudent), than there bursts forth an epidemic of laudation. A new genius has arisen. All notion of the value of the work, rela-

tive to the accepted good literature of the world, is ignored. The writer is acclaimed in the newspapers, taken up by the coteries, run after, flattered, dined by publishers and clubs, interviewed, his movements chronicled, his opinions asked on all subjects, inquiries made as to his habits of writing, how he obtained his style, what books have influenced him, and his portrait becomes as common as that of General Grant or Queen Victoria. If the writer is a woman or a young girl, ah! then adjectives fail, and the increased wonder that a woman is capable of such an extraordinary performance is taken as a new compliment to woman. After a year or two the epidemic subsides, and the writer who has been deceived by his easy success, and not been made humble and incited to laborious days and nights to win a real distinction, complains bitterly of the fickleness of the public favor.

Is there any help for this state of things? In France another method is pursued. If a writer exhibits any talent or originality, the critics recognize it; but they fall upon his faults, his callowness, his ignorance, his want of form, without mercy. They cuff him, and kick him, and knock him down, and in time, under this discriminating discipline, if he has any stuff in him, he becomes a writer. The French authors write about and criticise each other in a manner that would astonish an English or American public. With them art stands first, personality second. French literature has its distinction because French critics have not been afraid of hurting feelings, and because they have a literary standard.

IV.

There need be no more wonder why there are so few good biographies in the world than why there are so few good portraits. The talent required is essentially the same in each case—to represent the man without distracting the observer by non-essential details. But portrait-painting is acknowledged to be the most difficult of the arts; it is not at all sufficient to make a resemblance, nor what is called a good likeness; the character of the subject must be given so that it can be felt, and felt by an observer unacquainted with the original. It is exactly so in the art of making a biography. All the materials may be gathered, all the events of a man's life may be put into a book; it may be full of painstaking details; but if the author lacks the constructive imagination to combine and arrange these into a whole, no real portrait of the man is given to the reader. And the writer must not only have imagination, but he must, without prejudice, seek the truth. He is not to make a eulogy or a caricature. That he must have sympathy with his subject goes without saying, for sympathy is a part of understanding.

Some such thoughts as these ran through my mind as I was reading the opening chapters of *The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, by John T. Morse, Jun. (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.). The author himself is sitting before his materials in doubt. But I became interested as soon as I saw him begin to draw, and engaged when he began to lay on the colors. A real portrait is not done at a sitting, nor is it to be judged until it is finished. I found the process very interesting, the little touches here and there, bits of autobiography, witty sayings, scraps of letters in youth and in mature years, opinions, whims, likes and dislikes, and I kept saying, "that is like," "that is like the doctor"; but it was only when I had finished the volumes that I was able to see that a distinct image of a personality had been raised in my mind, independent of memory, that I am confident is a correct image of Doctor Holmes, one that will convey a just impression of the man to the next generation. This is a great feat, and it is not accomplished in this case by the Boswellian method. Mr. Morse shows his hand in the construction; he is critical at times; he subjects the pieces of literature he is considering to a test much broader than the Common (Holmes wrote to Motley, "we all carry the Common in our heads as the unit of space"), and he hides none of the peculiarities of his author, nor the amiable and human weaknesses that so endear him to his readers. It was an uneventful life with which the biographer had to deal; it was a somewhat self-centred life in its interests—though his mind travelled much more than his body—but the artist had to draw one of the most fascinating figures in New England life, and he has drawn him to the life. It is true that he has in a large measure permitted the doctor to draw himself by words out of his own mouth, and by attitudes he himself took towards the world, but the lines are in the right places,

and the colors are put on where they should be, to produce a faithful portrait.

What a vivid, questioning, highly developed personality it is! And how little it owes to its surroundings! One cannot but wonder what a man of this original capacity and eagerness to know everything, and the talent to analyze everything, would have been in a French or English setting. Suppose he had been nurtured in the critical atmosphere of Paris, or amid the traditions, historical and literary, of London? It is interesting to note, by his early letters, what a spurt was given to the growth of Holmes by his short residence in Paris; how he was stimulated and had his horizon broadened. What would he have become if that stimulation had been applied for a lifetime, and that criticism directed to his whole development? The speculation is idle, but it is safe to say that the short time he spent abroad was of great value to him; and it is easy to believe that his life would have been richer in many ways to himself, and his literature been of wider interest, if he had travelled more and taken into the laboratory of his testing mind the varieties of older civilizations. The alertness of his intellect was almost phenomenal, and seeing what he produced with the *dramatis personæ* of a Boston boarding-house, we wonder what shrewd and illuminating interpretations he would have given us of the Oriental phenomena of Egypt and India. He was certainly one of the shrewdest observers of our time, and probably no other would have seen as much as he saw from windows opening only on Boston Common.

This biography, so successful in the portraiture of the subject—the main object of such a work—nevertheless draws attention to a certain poverty of background which commonly contrasts the American biography with the French, the English, and the German. What I mean is illustrated by the life and letters of almost any prominent Englishman, who may be himself of much less importance than Doctor Holmes. The life surrounding the English character is wider and richer, the world which the character touches is more cosmopolitan, has more varied interests, moves in larger circles. It is a more complicated and colored civilization in which the figure is set. The affairs may be no more interesting for us than ours, and the development not so full of either interest or promise, but it is certainly richer in the elements of comprehensive life. We are brought in contact with world-wide politics in the interlacing relations of nations. We are surrounded with traditions, and put into communication with the stirring thought and activity of the planet. I recall the effect produced upon my mind by a volume entitled *Three Generations of English Women*, by Mrs. Janet Ross. These three women had no official position, two of them were untravelled. But not only are their lives revealed by their correspondence, but the Europe and the Orient of their generation are revealed, the vital life, the thought of the time. These women were in the great movement of the day; their correspondence with many of the chief men, the great thinkers and actors of the time, in Europe, raises the curtain on the problems that were making for the civilization of that era. Art, literature, science, politics, religious agitations, great social movements, are discussed, and one not only comprehends what a full life may be, even to a woman not in active affairs, but has an idea how much a life may be enriched by contact with the great world. And there is another consideration touching our American life, as it is shown now and then in biographies; that we cannot well know what it is, its wants and its possibilities, except in the light of the older and wider civilizations. We have a vigorous life that is not likely to be enfeebled by example. But it may be a great deal richer and more fruitful for ourselves by multiplying our communications with foreign life. It is the part of patriotism to open ourselves to these helpful influences, to learn from the experience of others, and to better our instructions in our freer opportunity. He is no friend to the cultivation of American literature who is unwilling to submit it to the test of universal students.

The question may be raised whether the New England flavor, for which we value Doctor Holmes, would not have been weakened if his interest in the life of the world had been broadened; but I have such a faith in his original vital force that I should like to have seen the effect of bringing his mind into active contact with the great spirits of his generation, the artists, the authors, the statesmen who had not the advantage of being born in America.

V.

New York in May had a lesson for itself, which is of value to all American large cities, in the parade of Colonel Waring's entire department and machinery for cleaning the streets of the city. It was a lesson in organization and discipline of the highest importance. The display itself, in order and appearance, would have been creditable to a body of a more military character. The citizens knew that their streets had been kept clean as never before, and they appreciated the achievement; but they learned by this parade that this had not been accomplished by any haphazard method, but by perfect organization, and the cultivation of an *esprit de corps* that pervaded the whole department. Here was really a creation of a new force in the city, applied to its ends and kept up to the mark by discipline. Putting the force into uniform had much to do with it. The men in line, the sweepers and cartmen, and even the juvenile clubs the commissioner had organized and inspired with a love of New York and a pride in having it clean, had a consciousness of place and of service that made them all, old and young, better citizens. Even the humblest service becomes ennobled by the manner in which it is performed. New York has long had a street department. It was an original discovery of Colonel Waring's that this could be made and used to clean the streets. The parade showed that the result was attained by brains and discipline.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed June 2, 1896.—President Cleveland, May 6, issued an order placing 30,000 employés of the national government under the civil service rules, virtually completing the reform begun in General Grant's administration. Governor Morton, May 28, completed a similar reform in the civil service of New York State by placing under the provision of the civil service law the special agents of the Raines excise system and 500 other State employés.

The House of Representatives on June 2 passed by a vote of 220 to 60, and over the President's veto, a bill appropriating about eighty million dollars for improvements in the rivers and harbors of the United States. The bill was repassed by the Senate on the following day by a vote of 56 to 5.

During May, tornadoes did great damage in the West and South. In Grayson and Denton counties, Texas, 250 persons were killed in a storm May 15. In Iowa, on the 25th, fifty lives were lost in a tornado, and as many more in a storm in Oakland County, Michigan. On the 27th a tornado at St. Louis caused the death of 427 persons and destroyed property worth many millions of dollars. Forest fires also did damage in several States.

Strained relations between Spain and the United States continued, owing to the situation in Cuba. Five prisoners captured on board the filibustering schooner *Competitor* were sentenced to death by court martial at Havana May 9. Two of them were Americans. Owing to the interference of the Spanish government, following the protest of the United States government, the sentences were commuted to imprisonment.

Governor Morton, May 11, signed the bill providing for the union of New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City, and Richmond County under one municipal government.

Yale won the inter-collegiate championship in track athletics in New York on May 30, with the University of Pennsylvania second, and Harvard third.

The Czar Nicholas II. of Russia was crowned at Moscow May 26 with the most imposing ceremonies of modern times. During the people's fête on a plain outside Moscow on the 30th nearly 1500 persons were trampled to death in a panic. The Czar paid the burial expenses of persons killed in the stampede, and presented 1000 rubles to the family of each victim. His coronation was marked by evidences of increased liberality in government, including the pardon of a large number of political prisoners.

The Greeks resident in Crete rebelled against Turkish misrule under a Mussulman governor, and a force of two thousand insurgents besieged the Turkish garrison at Vamos. The Greek nation was aroused, and demanded the annexation of the island, a step with which the government and the Crown-Prince were said to be in sympathy, but which the King opposed out of regard for the friendship of Russia.

President Krueger of the South African Republic on May 31 pardoned all the members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee with the exception of the four leaders, whose sentence of death had previously been commuted to imprisonment.

OBITUARY.

May 10.—At Mentone, Enrico Cernuschi, the political economist, aged seventy-five years.

May 11.—At Nutley, New Jersey, Henry Cuyler Bunner, editor of *Puck*, aged forty-one years.

May 12.—At Paris, Germain See, the medical writer, aged seventy-eight years.

May 15.—At Rockville, Maryland, Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Stevens, retired, aged seventy-seven years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

ONE OF BOB'S TRAMPS.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

I HAD passed him coming up the dingy corridor that led to Bob's law-office, and knew at once that he was one of Bob's tramps.

When he had squeezed himself through the partly opened door and had closed it gently —closed it with a hand held behind his back, like one who had some favor to ask or some confidence game to play—he proved to be a man about fifty years of age, fat and short, with a round head partly bald, and hair quite gray. His face had not known a razor for days. He was dressed in dark clothes, once good, showing a white shirt, and he wore a collar without a cravat. Down his cheeks were uneven furrows, beginning at his spilling, watery eyes, and losing themselves in the stubble-covered cheeks—like old rain-courses dried up—while on his flat nose were perched a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, over which he looked at us in a dazed, half-bewildered, half-frightened way. In one hand he held his shapeless slouch hat; the other grasped an old violin wrapped in a grimy red silk handkerchief.

For an instant he stood before the door, bent low with unspoken apologies; then placing his hat on the floor, he fumbled nervously in the breast pocket of his coat, from which he drew a letter, penned in an unknown hand and signed with an unknown name. Bob read it, and passed it to me.

"Please buy this violin," the note ran. "It is a good instrument, and the man needs the money. The price is sixty dollars."

"Who gave you this note?" said Bob. He never turns a beggar from his door if he can help it. This reputation makes him the target for half the tramps in town.

"Te leader of te orchestra at te theatre. He say he not know you, but dat you loafe good violin. I come von time before, but vas nobody here." Then, after a pause, his wavering eye seeking Bob's, "Blease you buy him?"

"Is it yours?" I asked, anxious to get rid of him. The note trick had been played that winter by half the tramps in town.

"Yes. Mine vor veefteen year," he answered, slowly, in an unemotional way.

"Why do you want to sell it?" said Bob, his interest increasing, as he caught the pleading look in the man's eyes.

"I don't vant to sell it—I vant to keep it; but I haf notting," his hands opening wide. "Ve vas in Phildelphy, ant ten Scranton, ant ten we get here to Peetsburgh, and all te scenery is by te shereef, ant te manager haf notting. Vor vourteen tays I valk te streets, virst it is te ofercoat ant vatch, and yestertay te ledder case vor veefty cents. If you ton't buy him I must keep valking till I come by New York."

"I've got a good violin," said Bob, softening.

"Ten you don't buy him?" and a look as of a returning pain crossed his hopeless, impassive face. "Vell, I go vay, ten," he said, with a sigh that seemed to empty his heart.

We both looked on in silence as he slowly wrapped the silk rag around it, winding the ends automatically about the bridge and strings, as he had no doubt done a dozen times before that day in his hunt for a customer. Suddenly as he reached the neck he stopped, turned the violin in his hand, and unwound the handkerchief again.

"Tid you oxamine te neck? See how it lays in te hand! Tid you ever see neck like dat? No, you don't see it, never," in a positive tone, looking at us again over the silver rims of his spectacles.

Bob took the violin in his hand. It was evidently an old one and of peculiar shape. The swells and curves of the sides and back were delicately rounded and highly finished. The neck, too, to which the man pointed, was smooth and remarkably graceful, like the stem of an old meerschaum pipe, and as richly colored.

Bob handled it critically, scrutinizing every inch of its surface—he adores a Cremona as some souls do a Madonna—then he walked with it to the window.

"Why, this has been mended!" he exclaimed in surprise and with a trace of anger in his voice. "This is a new neck put on!"

I knew by the tone that Bob was beginning now to see through the game.

"Ah, you vind day oud, do you? Tat *is* a new neck, sure, ant a goot von, put on py Simon Corunden—not Auguste!—Simon! It is better as efer."

I looked for the guileless, innocent expression with the regulation smile that distinguishes most vagabonds on an errand like this, but his lifeless face was unlit by any visible emotion.

Drawing the old red handkerchief from his pocket in a tired, hopeless way, he began twisting it about the violin again.

"Play something on it," said Bob. He evidently believed every word of the impromptu explanation, and was weakening again. Harrowing sighs — chronic for years — or trickling tears shed at the right moment by some

grief-stricken woman never failed to deceive him.

"No, I don't blay. I got no heart inside of me to blay," with a weary movement of his hand. He was now tucking the frayed ends of the handkerchief under the strings.

"*Can* you play?" said Bob, grown suddenly suspicious, now that the man dare not prove his story.

"Can I *blay?*" he answered, with a quick lifting of his eyes, and the semblance of a smile lighting up his furrowed face. "I blay mit Strakosch te Mendelssohn Sonata in te olt Academy in Vourteenth Street; ant ven Alboni sing, no von in te virst violins haf te solo but me, and dere is not a pin drop in te house, ant Madame Alboni send me all te flowers tey gif her. Can I BLAY!"

The tone of voice was masterly. He was a new experience to me, evidently an expert in this sort of thing. Bob looked down into his stagnant, inert face, noting the slightly scornful, hurt expression that lingered about the mouth. Then his tender heart got the better of him.

"I cannot afford to pay sixty dollars for another violin," he said, his voice expressing the sincerity of his regret.

"I cannot sell him vor less," said the man, in a quick, decided way. It would have been an unfledged amateur impostor who could not have gained courage at this last change in Bob's tone. "Ven I get to New York," he continued, with almost a sob, "I must haf some money more as my railroad ticket to get anudder sheap violin. Te peoples will say it is Grossman come home vidout hees violin—he is broke. No, I no can sell him vor less. Tis cost one hundret ant sefenty-vive dollar ven I buy him."

I was about to offer him five dollars, buy the patched swindle, and end the affair—I had pressing business with Bob that morning—when he stopped me.

"Would you take thirty dollars and my old violin?"

The man looked at him eagerly.

"Vere is your violin?"

"At my house."

"Is it a goot von? Stop a minute—" For the third time he removed the old red silk handkerchief. "Draw te bow across vonce. I know aboud your violin ven I hears you blay."

Bob tucked the instrument under his chin and drew a full, clear, resonant tone.

The watery eyes glistened.

"Yes, I take your violin ant te money," in a decided tone. "You know 'em, ant I tink you loafe 'em too."

The subtle flattery of this last touch was exquisitely done. The man was an artist.

Bob reached for a pad, and with the remark that he was wanted in court or he would go to his house with him, wrote an order, sealed it, and laid three ten-dollar bills on the table.

I felt that nothing now could check Bob. Whatever I might say or do would fail to convince him. "I know how hard a road can be and how sore one's feet can get," he would perhaps say to me, as he had often done before when we blamed him for his generosities.

The man balanced the letter on his hand, reading the inscription in a listless sort of way, picked up the instrument, looked it all over carefully, flecked off some specks of dust from the finger-board, laid the violin on the office table, thrust the soiled rag into his pocket, caught up the money, and without a word of thanks closed the door behind him.

"Bob," I said, the man's absolute ingratitude and my friend's colossal simplicity irritating me beyond control, "why in the name of common-sense did you throw your money away on a sharp like that? Didn't you see through the whole game? That note was written by himself. Cornnden never saw that fiddle in his life. You can buy a dozen of them for five dollars apiece in any pawn-shop in town."

Bob looked at me with that peculiar softening of the eyelids which we know so well. Then he said, thoughtfully: "Do you know what it is to be stranded in a strange city with not a cent in your pocket? Afraid to look a policeman in the face lest he run you in; hungry, unwashed, not a clean shirt for weeks? I don't care if he is a fraud. He sha'n't go hungry if I can help it."

There are some episodes in Bob's life to which he seldom refers.

"Then why didn't he play for you?" I asked, still indignant, yet somewhat touched by an intense earnestness unusual in Bob.

"Yes, I wondered at that," he replied, in a musing tone, but without a shadow of suspicion in his voice.

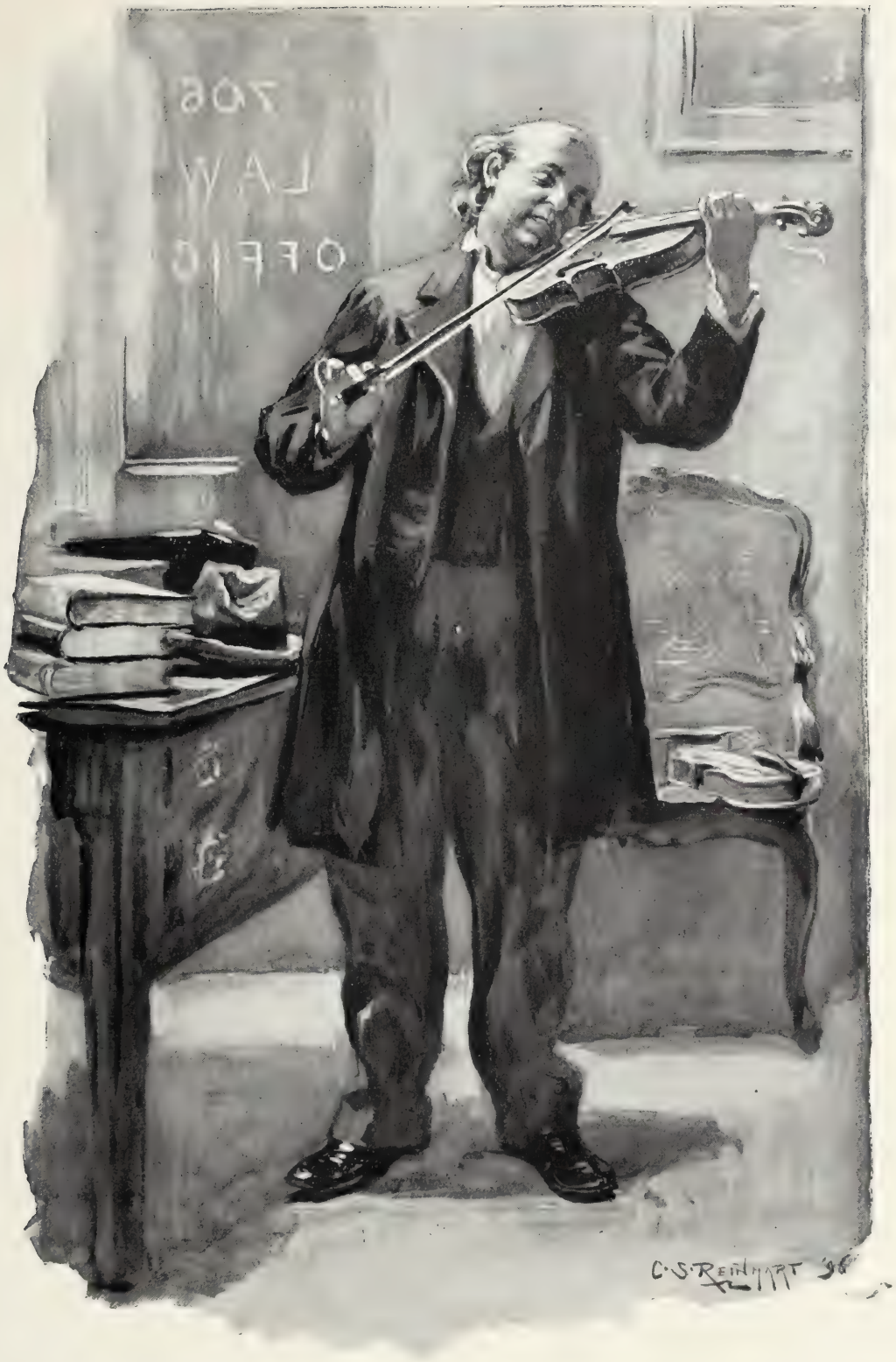
"You don't think," I continued, "he's such a fool as to go to your house for your violin? I'll bet you he's made a bee-line for a rum-mill; then he'll doctor up another old scraper and try the same game somewhere else. Let me go after him and bring him back."

Bob did not answer. He was tying up a bundle of papers. The violin lay on the green-baize table where the man had put it, the law books pushed aside to give it room. Then he put on his coat and went over to court.

In an hour he was back again—he and I, sitting in the small inner office overlooking the dingy court-yard.

We had talked but a few moments when a familiar shuffling step was heard in the corridor. I looked through the crack in the door, touched Bob's arm, and put my finger to my lips. Bob leaned forward and watched with me through the crack.

The outer office door was being slowly opened in the same noiseless way, and the same man was creeping in. He gave an anxious glance about the room. He had Bob's own violin in his hand;. I knew it by the case.



THE INSTRUMENT SEEMED PART OF HIMSELF.

"Tey all oud," he muttered in an undertone.

For an instant he wavered; looked hungrily towards his old violin, laid Bob's on a chair near the door, stepped on tiptoe to the green-baize table, picked up the Cremona, looked it all over, smoothing the back with his hands, then nestling it under his chin, drew the bow gently across the strings, shut his eyes, and began the Sonata—the one he had played with Alboni—not with its full volume of sound or emphasis, but with echoes, pulsations, trèmulous murmurings, faint breathings of its marvellous beauty. The instrument seemed part of himself, the neck welded to his fingers, the bow but a piece of his arm, with a heart-throb down its whole length.

When the Sonata was ended he rubbed his cheek softly against his old comrade, smoothed it once or twice with his hand, laid it tenderly back in its place on the table among the books, picked up Bob's violin from the chair, and gently closed the door behind him.

I looked at Bob. He was leaning against his desk, his eyes on the floor, his whole soul filled with the pathos of the melody. Suddenly he roused himself, sprang past me into the other room, and calling to the man, ran out into the corridor.

"I couldn't catch him," he said, in a dejected tone, coming back all out of breath, and dropping into a chair.

"What did you want to catch him for?" said I; "he never robbed you of a thing."

"Robbed me!" said Bob, the tears starting to his eyes. "Robbed *me!* Good God, man! Couldn't you hear? I robbed *him!*"

We searched for him all that day — Bob with the violin under his arm, I with an apology.

But he was gone.

MR. POPPLEDUKE'S ADVENTURE.

Mr. Poppleduke and Major Simms are two worthy bachelors inhabiting the same boarding-house. Each is happy in the possession of a good many friends, and not having to get up early in the morning, they sometimes stay out late at night. It must be admitted that Major Simms sometimes has trouble in making port, especially after a dinner. Not so in the case of Mr. Poppleduke. No matter how late the dinner or joyous the occasion, his fine instinct never deserts him. Naturally he has often girded at the Major on his weakness.

"Why," he said, "you have trouble in getting home after a supper, and never can do it without help after a dinner. Major, *I* could come home all right after a breakfast!"

But Mr. Poppleduke's hour of humiliation arrived. It was after a glorious dinner to a friend who had just been appointed consul to an important post. Mr. Poppleduke came home in a cab. He never faltered as he went up the front steps, and his hand had the precision of a conjurer's as he sought the key-hole. Inside he deposited his hat and coat and started up the stairs, walking with preternatural stiffness, and disdaining to touch the banisters or wall. Now it happened that a servant, after doing some cleaning in the second story, had very carelessly left a stepladder at the head of and facing the stairs. Of course Mr. Poppleduke went on up the stepladder. "Shteepesh shtairs ever sheen," he was heard to observe when about half-way up. Then he went on, and reaching the top, stepped off. The back of the stepladder broke his fall, and he only shot to the floor like a very rapid toboggan, and sat there with his feet thrust straight out in front of him. He hitched his shoulders up into position, and after giving the subject the thought which so remarkable a phenomenon deserved, said, "Mosht shtraordinary 'currence ever knew. Came up front shtairs. Front shtairs shtraordinarily shteep. Fell down back shtairs. Back shtairs shteeper'n front shtairs." (A long pause, during which he spied his own door directly in front of him.) "No, that washn't it. Girl left piesh wet shoap on shtairs. Shtepped on wet shoap. Fell off; then fell down. Won't tip girl nex' Chrishmash!" He reached up, turned the knob, and crept into his room on his hands and knees, not daring again to trust himself on his feet.

The next morning it was Major Simms's turn to gird. But he refused to acknowledge that he had placed the stepladder where it was found.

THE SQUARE THING.

The sheriff was talking politics when a constable drove up with a man in a buggy.

"Majah, this yere is Jim Howland, who has ben sentenced to jail fur ninety days by the court over at Marion," said the constable.

"Jim Howland, eh?" queried the sheriff. "What's the sentence fur?"

"Stealin' two pigs," said the prisoner.

"Waal, yo' orter be sent to jail. Look yere, Jim Howland, what sort of a man might yo' be on the average?"

"Purty squar', kurnel—purty squar'."

"Because," resumed the official, "one end of the jail has caved out, the roof has sunk in, and the niggers has ripped out all the floors. It's a mighty lonesome place to put a white man in, and I don't reckon he'd stay but over two minutes. I don't want to be bothered goin' around thar two or three times a day, and I don't want to put yo' to the trouble of breakin' out."

"I see," mused the prisoner.

"And so yo'd better pass yo'r word not to get onery and skip out, and yo' kin hang around town, and come up to the house fur meals."

"I'd druther be in jail, kurnel. Fact is, I've allus wanted to be sent to jail, but sunthin' has allus happened to prevent."

"But consider the circumstances, Jim. Yo' hain't nuthin' agin me, hev yo'?"

"Oh no; but it 'll disapp'int the ole woman and childern if I'm not put behind the bars."

"Thar hain't a blamed bar or bolt or lock about the shanty, Jim."

"Couldn't I be chained to the wall?"

"Y-e-s, yo' could, but it would be bad fur yo'r health. Yo'd hev chills inside of three days. They'll hev the new jail done next year, and then, if yo' feel that yo' must go to jail, I'll take yo' in fur thirty days."

"Waal," said Jim, "I don't want to be onery to nobody, and as yo' seem to want to do the squar' thing, I'll agree to hang around town, but remember, kurnel, that the next time I'm sent to jail I'm either goin' thar or rip the cotton out of one hull side of this county!"

And Jim got down, and was soon seated on the platform, telling the crowd of idlers what ailed the county and the remedy for it.



AS IS OFTEN THE CASE.

SISTER. "Why, Tom, for whom are all these presents?"
TOM (*just back from Europe*). "Well, my dear, I've just been looking them over, and I'm surprised to find that most of them are for me!"

A WITTY NEW-YORKER.

IF the witty sayings of Jordan L. Mott, the well-known Quaker iron-founder of Mott Haven, were collected and published, we are sure the public would welcome the book with delight. A witty New York newspaper man many years ago christened him "Bon Mot," and the title was well deserved. A few of Mr. Mott's stories have been sent to the Drawer, as follows:

In his early youth, a child of five, he was taken in London to the House of Lords. On being told its name, he lisped to his nurse, "Is dis where Dod lives?"

Stopping over in Roanoke, Virginia, with two of his friends, not long ago, he stepped into a restaurant to get dinner. At the back of the eating-counter there was an immense billiard and gaming room, crowded with people. Asking the colored attendant if he had soup and fish for dinner, he then said,

"Have you any game?"

"Yes, sir," said the darky; "we have pool and keno in the back room."

When Mr. Mott was a member of the old Fire Department one of the company died, and he was deputed to engage a certain band of music for the funeral. Going to the leader, he was told by him that they could not play at that time, as they had made another engagement.

"But," said Mr. Mott, "you must play then, for our departed comrade said he would have no other band play at his funeral."

"Is that so?" said the leader, gratified. "Then we will do it; but why did he say that?"

"Because," said Mr. Mott, "he wanted everybody to be sorry for his death."

IRREVERENT.

AUNT BECKY, as she is known to a loving neighborhood, is famous for her garrulity. An unceasing flow of conversation excites the wondering admiration of her callers, and the ancients who gather about the stove in the village store insist upon it that she "kin talk the brass knocker right off'n a front door."

"Hello, John!" I said to Aunt Becky's son one day, as I came from his home; "I've been up having a talk with your mother."

"Nothin' to brag of in that; it's dead easy," was the filial reply.



TO A DIVING-BELLE.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

I.

How shall I woo thee, 'way up there,
O beauteous ocean-belle;
How to a maid so much in air
My earthly passion tell?

II.

Yet, *renversée* above the spray,
Thou scarce couldst choose but hear,
And all who saw thee, sweet, would say
Thou didst incline an ear.

III.

Thy downcast eyes, my brooding brow,
What wonder quidnuncs stare?
I heels o'er head in love—and thou
Heels over head in air.

IV.

On nearer footing had we met—
I in the swim with thee,
Or circling in thy summer set
Above this summer sea—

V.

Then, by thy side, content with fate,
On any board to fare,
I'd walk the plank with thee, elate,
And thy reverses share.

VI.

As 'tis, I may but lift my love
Unto thee from the shore,
And thou, rotating there above,
Canst turn things o'er and o'er.

VII.

But while I stand upon the sand
And watch thy hand-springs neat,
Would I were sure as thou to land
At last upon my feet!



See "First in Peace."

WASHINGTON IN THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIII SEPTEMBER, 1896 No. DLVI



First in Peace

by

Woodrow Wilson

THE victory at Yorktown brought neither peace nor ease in affairs. The Revolution was indeed accomplished—that every man could see who had the candor to look facts in the face; but its accomplishment brought tasks harder even than the tasks of war. Hostilities slackened—were almost wholly done with before another spring had come; no more troops came over sea; the ministry in England were discredited and ousted. Every one knew that the proud mother-country must yield, for all her stout defiance of the world. But a long year dragged by before even preliminary articles of accommodation were signed; and yet another before definitive peace came, with independence and the full fruits of victory. Meanwhile there was an army to be maintained, despite desperate incompetence on the part of the congress and a hopeless indifference among the people; a government to be kept presentably afoot, despite lack of money and lack of men. Articles of Confederation, proposed at the heart of the war-time (November 15, 1777), had at last been adopted (March 1, 1781), in season at least to create a government which could sign treaties and conclude wars, but neither soon enough nor wisely enough to bring order out of chaos. The States, glad to think the war over, would do nothing for the army, nothing for the public credit, nothing even for the maintenance of order; and the Articles of Confederation only gave the congress written warranty for offering advice: they did not make its shadowy powers real.

It was beyond measure fortunate that at such a critical time as this Washington still kept his command, still held affairs under the steady pressure of his will. His successes had at last given him a place of authority in the thoughts and affections of his countrymen in some sort commensurate with his capacity and his vision in affairs. He had risen to a very safe footing of power among all the peo-

Copyright, 1896, by Harper and Brothers. All rights reserved.

ple as the war drew towards its close, filling their imaginations, and reigning among them as securely as among his troops, who for so long had felt his will wrought upon them from day to day. His very reserve, and the large dignity and pride of his stately bearing, made him seem the more like a hero in their eyes. They could understand a man made in this ample and simple kind, give them but time enough to see him in his full proportions. It answered to their thought of him to find him too proud to dissemble, too masterful to brook unreasonable faults, and yet slow to grow impatient, though he must wait a whole twelvemonth to see a plan mature, or coax a half-score States to get a purpose made good. And they could not deem him cold, though they found him self-possessed, keeping his own counsel; for was not the country full of talk how passionately he was like to act at a moment of crisis and in the field? They only feared to lose a leader so reckless of himself when danger was sharpest. "Our army love their general very much," one of his officers had said, "but they have one thing against him, which is the little care he takes of himself in any action;" for he had seen how Washington pressed at Trenton and at Princeton to the points that were most exposed, thinking of his troops, not of himself. The spirit of fight had run high in him the whole war through. Even during those dismal weeks of 1776 when affairs looked darkest, and he had but a handful of men about him as he all but fled before Howe through New Jersey, he had spoken, as if in the very pleasantry of daring, of what he would do should things come to the worst with him. His thought turned to those western fastnesses he knew so well, where the highlands of his own State lay, and he spoke calmly of a desperate venture thither. "Reed," he exclaimed, to one of his aides, "my neck does not feel as though it was made for a halter. We must retire to Augusta County, in Virginia, and if overpowered, must pass the Alleghany Mountains." And when the last movement of the war came, it was still with the same feeling that he drew his lines about Cornwallis. "We may be beaten by the English," he said; "it is the chance of war; but there is the army they will never conquer."

"The privates are all generals, but not soldiers," the gallant Montgomery had cried, in his hot impatience with the heady militiamen he was bidden command; but it was not so in the presence of Washington, when once these men had taken his measure. They were then "rivals in praising him," the Abbé Robin declared, "fearing him even when he was silent, and retaining their full confidence in him after defeats and disgrace." The singular majesty and poise of this revolutionary hero struck the French officers as infinitely more remarkable than his mastery in the field and his ascendency in council. They had looked to find him great in action, but they had not thought to see in him a great gentleman, a man after their own kind in grace and courtesy and tact, and yet so lifted above the manner of courts and drawing-rooms by an incommunicable quality of grave sincerity which they were at a loss how to describe; for no one could tell whether it were a gift of the mind or of the heart. It was certain only that it constituted the atmosphere and apotheosis of the man. The Marquis de Chastellux noted, with a sort of reverent awe for this hero not yet turned of fifty, how perfect a union reigned between his physical and moral qualities. "One alone," he declared, "will enable you to judge of all the rest." "It is not my intention to exaggerate," he said; "I wish only to express the impression of a perfect whole, which cannot be the product of enthusiasm, since the effect of proportion is rather to diminish the idea of greatness." Strangers who had noted his appearance in the earlier years of the war had remarked the spirit and life that sat in Washington's eyes; but when the war was over, and its strain relaxed, they found those eyes grown pensive, "more attentive than sparkling"; steady still, and noble in their frankness and good feeling, but touched a little with care, dimmed with watching. The Prince de Broglie found him "still as fresh and active as a young man" in 1782, but thought "he must have been much handsomer three years ago," for "the gentlemen who had remained with him during all that time said that he seemed to have grown much older." 'Twould have been no marvel had he broken under the burden he had carried, athletic soldier and hardened campaigner though he was. "This is the seventh year that he has commanded the army and that he has obeyed the con-

gress: more need not be said," the Marquis de Chastellux declared, unconsciously uttering a very bitter gibe against the government, when he meant only to praise its general.

Such service told the more heavily upon Washington because he had rendered it in silence. No man among all the Revolutionary leaders had been more at the desk than he, pouring forth letters of command and persuasion, reports that carried every detail of the army's life and hopes in their careful phrases, orders of urgency and of provident arrangement, writings of any and every sort that might keep the hard war afoot. No one who was under orders, no man who could lend the service a hand or take a turn at counsel, was likely to escape seeing the commander-in-chief's handwriting often enough to keep him in mind of his tireless power to foresee and to direct. Washington seemed present in every transaction of the war. And yet always and to every one he seemed a silent man. What he said and what he wrote never touched himself. He spoke seldom of motives, always of what was to be done and considered; and even his secretaries, though they handled the multitude of his papers, were left oftentimes to wonder and speculate about the man himself — so frank and yet so reserved, so straightforward and simple and yet so proud and self-contained, revealing powers, but somehow not revealing himself. It must have seemed at times to those who followed him and pondered what they saw that he had caught from Nature her own manner while he took his breeding as a boy and his preparation as a man amidst the forests of a wild frontier; that his character spoke in what he did and without self-consciousness; that he had no moods but those of action.



THE BUST BY ECKSTEIN.
Owned by Frederick McGuire, Esq., Washington.

Nor did men know him for what he really was until the war was over. His own officers then found they had something more to learn of the man they had fought under for six years—and those six, all of them, years such as lay bare the characters of men. What remained to be done during the two trying, anxious years 1782 and 1783 seemed as if intended for a supreme and final test of the qualities of the man whose genius and whose character had made the Revolution possible. "At the end of a long civil war," said the Marquis de Chastellux, with a noble pride for his friend, "he had nothing with which he could reproach himself;" but these last were the years which were to crown such perfect praise with its full meaning. In the absence of any real government, Washington proved the only prop of authority and law. What the crisis was no one knew quite so thoroughly or so particularly as he. It consisted in the ominous fact that the army was the only organized and central power in the country, and that it had deep

reason for discontent and insubordination. When it had served its purpose greatly at Yorktown, and the war seemed ended at a stroke, the country turned from it in indifference — left it without money; talked of disbanding it without further ceremony, and with no provision made for arrears of pay; seemed almost to challenge it to indignation and mutiny. It was necessary, for every reason of prudence and good statesmanship, to keep the army still upon a war footing. There were sure signs of peace, no doubt, but no man could foretell what might be the course of politics ere England should have compounded her quarrel with France and Spain, with which the Revolution had become involved. 'Twere folly to leave the English army at New York unchecked; premature confidence that peace had come might bring some sudden disaster of arms, should the enemy take the field again; the army must be ready to fight, if only to make fighting unnecessary. Washington would have assumed the offensive again, would have crushed Clinton where he lay in New York; and the congress was not slack—as slackness was counted there — in sustaining his counsels. But the congress had no power to raise money; had no power to command. The States alone could make it possible to tax the country to pay the army: their thirteen governments were the only civil authority, and they took the needs and the discontents of the army very lightly, deemed peace secure and war expenses unnecessary, and let matters drift as they would.

They came very near drifting to another revolution — a revolution such as politicians had left out of their reckoning, and only Washington could avert. After Yorktown, Washington spent four months in Philadelphia, helping the congress forward with the business of the winter; but as March of the new year (1782) drew towards its close, he rejoined the army at Newburgh, to resume his watch upon New York. He had been scarcely two months at his post when a letter was placed in his hands which revealed, more fully than any observations of his own could have revealed it, the pass to which affairs had come. The letter was from Colonel Lewis Nicola, an old and respected officer, who stood nearer than did most of his fellow-officers to the commander-in-chief in intimacy and affection, and who felt it his privilege to speak plainly. The letter was calm in temper, grave and moderate in tone, with something of the gravity and method of a disquisition written upon abstract questions of government; did not broach its meaning like a revolutionary document; but what it proposed was nothing less, when read between the lines, than that Washington should suffer himself to be made King, and that so an end should be put to the incompetency and ingratitude of a band of weak and futile republics. Washington met the suggestion with a rebuke so direct and overwhelming that Colonel Nicola must himself have wondered how he ever dared make such a venture. "Be assured, sir," said the indignant commander, "no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army. . . . I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. . . . Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature." He was cut to the quick that his own officers should deem him an adventurer, willing to advance his own power at the expense of the very principles he had fought for. His thought must have gone back at a bound to his old comradeship with his brother Lawrence, with the Fairfaxes, George Mason, and the Lees, and all that free company of gentlemen in the Northern Neck who revered law, loved liberty, and hated a usurper.

But he could not blink the just complaints and real grievances of the army, nor did he wish to. Though others were angry, after a manner he scorned, no man's grief or indignation was deeper than his that the army should be left penniless after all it had suffered and done, and be threatened, besides, with being turned adrift without reward or hope of provision for the future. "No man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample



KENMORE, THE HOME OF MRS. BETTY WASHINGTON LEWIS, FREDERICKSBURG.

justice done to the army than I do," he had declared to Colonel Nicola; "and as far as my power and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it." The pledge was fulfilled in almost every letter he wrote, private or public. He urged the States, as he urged the congress, in season and out of season, to see justice done the men who had won the Revolution, and whom he loved as if they had been of his blood. But even his great voice went too long unheeded. "The spirit of party, private interest, slowness, and national indolence slacken, suspend, and overthrow the best concerted measures," the Abbé Robin had observed, upon his first coming with Rochambeau; and now measures were not so much as concerted until a final menace from the army had brought the country to its senses. A troubled summer came and went, and another winter of anxious doubt and ineffectual counsel. The very approach of peace, as it grew more certain, quickened the angry fears of the army, lest peace should be made a pretext, when it came, to disperse them before their demands could be driven home upon the demoralized and reluctant government they were learning to despise. Another spring and the mischief so long maturing was ripe; it looked as if even Washington could not prevent it. It had been rumored in Philadelphia, while the winter held, "that the army had secretly determined not to lay down their arms until due provision and a satisfactory prospect should be afforded on the subject of their pay," and that Washington had grown unpopular among almost all ranks because of his harshness against every unlawful means of securing justice. "His extreme reserve, mixed sometimes with a degree of asperity of temper, both of which were said to have increased of late, had contributed to the decline of his popularity"—so ran the report—and it grew every week the more unlikely he could check the treasonable purposes of his men.

In March, 1783, the mine was sprung; and then men learned, by a new sign,



JOHN PARKE CUSTIS, JUN.

From a miniature in the possession of General Custis Lee, Lexington, Virginia.

what power there was in the silent man: how he could handle disaffection and disarm reproach. An open address was spread broadcast through the camp, calling upon the army to use its power to obtain its rights, and inviting a meeting of the officers to devise a way. "Can you consent to be the only sufferers by this Revolution? . . . If you can, . . go, . . carry with you the ridicule, and, what is worse, the pity of the world. Go, starve, and be forgotten. . . . But if you have sense enough to discover, and spirit enough to oppose, tyranny, . . awake; attend to your situation, and redress yourselves." Such were its kindling phrases; and no man need deceive himself with thinking they would go unheeded. Washington upon the instant showed his tact and mastery by assuming control of the movement, with a sharp rebuke for such a breach of manly propriety and soldierly discipline, but with no thought to stay a righteous protest. He himself summoned the officers; and when they had come together, stepped to the desk before them, with no show of anger or offended dignity, but very gravely, with a sort of majesty it moved one strangely to see, and taking a written paper from his pocket, adjusted his spectacles to read it. "Gentlemen," he said, very simply, "you will permit me to put on my spectacles, for I have not only grown gray, but almost blind, in the service of my country." There were wet eyes upon the instant in the room; no man stirred while he read—read words of admonition, of counsel, and of hope which burned at the ear; and when he was done, and had withdrawn, leaving them to do what they would, they did nothing of which he could be ashamed. They spoke manfully, as was right, of what they deemed it just and imperative the congress should do for them; but they "*Resolved*, unanimously, that at the commencement of the present war the officers of the American army engaged in the service of their country from the purest love and attachment to the rights and liberties of human nature, which motives still exist in the highest degree; and that no circumstances of distress or danger shall induce a conduct that may tend to sully the reputation and glory which they have acquired at the price of their blood and eight years' faithful services."

Washington knew, nevertheless, how black a danger lurked amongst these distressed men; did not fail to speak plainly of it to the congress; and breathed freely again only when the soldiers' just demands had at last in some measure been met by at any rate the proper legislation. He grew weary with longing for peace, when the work seemed done, and his thoughts had leisure to turn towards his home again. But once in all the lengthened days of fighting had he seen Mount Vernon. He had turned aside to spend a night or two there on his way to Yorktown, and he had seen the loved place again for a little after the victory was won. Now, amidst profitless days at Newburgh, or in counsel with the committees of the congress upon business that was never finished, while affairs stood as it were in a sort of paralysis, waiting upon the interminable conferences of the three powers who haggled over definitive terms of peace at Paris, home seemed to him in his weariness more to be desired than ever before. Private griefs had stricken him at the very moment of his triumph. Scarcely had the victory at Yorktown

been celebrated when he was called (November, 1781) to the death-bed of Jack Custis, his wayward but dearly loved stepson, and had there to endure the sight of his wife's grief and the young widow's hopeless sorrow added to his own. The youngest two children he claimed for himself, with that wistful fatherly longing that had always marked him; and Mount Vernon seemed to him more like a haven than ever, where to seek rest and solace. The two years he had yet to wait may well have seemed to him the longest of his life, and may have added a touch of their own to what strangers deemed his sternness.



FRAUNCES' TAVERN, NEW YORK.

He had seldom seemed so stern, indeed, as in one incident of those trying months. An officer of the American army had been taken in a skirmish, and the English had permitted a brutal company of loyalists, under one Captain Lippincott, to take him from his prison in New York and wantonly hang him in broad daylight on the heights near Middletown. Washington at once notified the British commander that unless the murderers were delivered up to be punished, a British officer would be chosen by lot from among his prisoners to suffer in their stead, and, when reparation was withheld, proceeded without hesitation to carry his threat into execution. The lot fell upon Captain Charles Asgill, an engaging youth of but nineteen, the heir of a great English family. Lady Asgill, the lad's mother, did not stop short of moving the French court to intervene to save her son, and at last the congress itself counselled his release, the English commander having disavowed the act of the murderers in whose place he was to suffer, and Washington himself having asked to be directed what he should do. "Captain Asgill has been released," Washington wrote to Vergennes, in answer to the great minister's intercession. "I have no right to assume any particular merit from the lenient manner in which this disagreeable affair has terminated. But I beg you to believe, sir, that I most sincerely rejoice, not only because your humane intentions are gratified, but because the event accords with the wishes of his Most Christian Majesty." It lifted a great weight from his heart to have the innocent boy go unhurt from his hands, and he wrote almost tenderly to him in acquainting him with his release; but it was of his simple nature to have sent the

lad to the gallows, nevertheless, had things continued to stand as they were at the first. He was inexorable to check perfidy and vindicate the just rules of war. Men were reminded, while the affair pended, of the hanging of André, Arnold's British confederate in treason, as a spy, and how pitiless the commander-in-chief had seemed in sending the frank, accomplished, lovable gentleman to his disgraceful death, granting him not even the favor to be shot, like a soldier. It seemed hard to learn the inflexible lines upon which that consistent mind worked, as if it had gone to school to Fate.

But no one deemed him hard or stern, or so much as a thought more or less than human, when at last the British had withdrawn from New York, and he stood amidst his officers in Fraunces' Tavern to say good-by. He could hardly speak for emotion: he could only lift his glass and say: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. . . . I cannot come to each of you and take my leave," he said, "but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." When General Knox, who stood nearest, approached him, he drew him to him with a sudden impulse and kissed him, and not a soldier among them all went away without an embrace from this man who was deemed cold and distant. After the parting they followed him in silence to Whitehall Ferry, and saw him take boat for his journey. And then, standing before the congress at Annapolis to resign his commission, he added the crowning touch of simplicity to his just repute as a man beyond others noble and sincere. "I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to congress," he said, as he stood amidst the august scene they had prepared for him, "and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence—a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven. The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence and the assistance I have received from my countrymen increases with every review of the momentous contest. . . . I consider it my indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping." It was as if spoken on the morrow of the day upon which he accepted his commission: the same diffidence, the same trust in a power greater and higher than his own. The plaudits that had but just now filled his ears at every stage of his long journey from New York seemed utterly forgotten; he seemed not to know how his fellow-countrymen had made of him an idol and a hero; his simplicity was once again his authentic badge of genuineness. He knew, it would seem, no other way in which to act. A little child remembered afterwards how he had prayed at her father's house upon the eve of battle; how he had taken scripture out of Joshua, and had cried, "The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, He knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord (save us not this day)." There was here the same note of solemnity and of self-forgetful devotion, as if duty and honor were alike inevitable.

On Christmas eve, 1783, he was once more at Mount Vernon, to resume the life he loved more than victory and power. He had a zest for the means and the labor of succeeding, but not for the mere content of success; he put the Revolution behind him as he would have laid aside a book that was read; turned from it as quietly as he had turned from receiving the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—interested in victory not as a pageant and field of glory, but only as a means to an end; and looked to find very sweet satisfaction in the peace which war had earned, as sufficient a scope for his powers at home as in the field. Once more he would be a Virginian, and join his strength to his neighbors' in all the tasks of good citizenship. He had seen nothing of the old familiar places since that far-away spring



WASHINGTON BRINGING HIS MOTHER INTO THE BALLROOM, FREDERICKSBURG.

of the year 1775 when he had left his farming and his fox-hunting, amidst rumors of war, to attend the congress which was to send him to Cambridge. He had halted at Fredericksburg, indeed, with the Count de Rochambeau, two years ago, ere he followed his army from York to its posts upon the Hudson. Mrs. Lewis, his seventy-four years, and as quiet as a queen at receiving the homage of her son's comrades in arms. He had got his imperious spirit of command from her. A servant had told her that "Mars George" had put up at the tavern. "Go and tell George to come here instantly," she had commanded; and he had come, masterful man that



LOWER BRANDON, NORTH FRONT.

sister, had returned one day from visiting a neighbor in the quiet town to look in astonishment upon an officer's horses and attendants at her door, and had entered to find her beloved brother stretched upon her own bed within, sound asleep in his clothes, like a boy returning from hunting. There had been a formal ball given, too, in celebration of the victory, before the French officers and the commander-in-chief left Fredericksburg to go northward again, and Washington had had the joy of entering the room in the face of the gay company with his aged mother on his arm, not a whit bent for all her he was. He had felt every old affection and every old allegiance renew itself as he saw former neighbors crowd around him; and that little glimpse of Virginia had refreshed him like a tonic—deeply, and as if it renewed his very nature, as only a silent man can be refreshed. But a few days in Fredericksburg and at Mount Vernon then had been only an incident of campaigning, only a grateful pause on a march. Now at last he had come back to keep his home and be a neighbor again, as he had not been these nine years.

It was not the same Virginia, nor even



MONTPELIER, THE HOME OF MADISON.

the same home and neighborhood he had gone from. He had left Mount Vernon in the care of Lund Washington, his nephew, while the war lasted, and had not forgotten amidst all his letter-writing to send seasonable directions and maintain a constant oversight upon the management of his estate. It was part of his genius to find time for everything; and Mount Vernon had suffered something less than the ordinary hazards and neglects of war. It had suffered less upon one occasion, indeed, than its proud owner could have found it in his heart to wish. In the spring of 1781 several British vessels had come pillaging within the Potomac, and the anxious Lund had regaled their officers with refreshments from Mount Vernon to buy them off from mischief. "It would have been a less painful circumstance to me," his uncompromising uncle had written him, "to have heard that, in consequence of your noncompliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruin. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative." Kept though it was from harm, however, the place had suffered many things for lack of his personal care. There was some part of the task to be done over again that had confronted him when he came to take possession of the old plantation with his bride after the neglects of the French war.

But Virginia was more changed than Mount Vernon. He had left it a colony, at odds with a royal Governor; he returned to find it a State, with Benjamin Harrison, that stout gentleman and good planter, for Governor, by the free suffrages of his fellow-Virginians. There had been no radical break with the aristocratic traditions of the past. Mr. Harrison's handsome seat at Lower Brandon lay where the long reaches of the James marked the oldest regions of Virginia's life upon broad, half-feudal estates, where there were good wine and plate upon the table, and gentlemen kept old customs bright and honored in the observance. But the face of affairs had greatly changed, nevertheless. The old generation of statesmen had passed away, almost with the colony, and a younger generation was in the saddle, notwithstanding a gray-haired figure here and there. Richard Bland had died in the year of the Declaration; Peyton Randolph had not lived to see it. Edmund Pendleton, after presiding over Virginia's making as a State, as chairman of her revolutionary Committee of Safety,

was now withdrawn from active affairs to the bench, his fine figure marred by a fall from his horse, his old power as an advocate transmuted into the cooler talents of the judge. Patrick Henry, the ardent leader of the Revolution, had been chosen the State's first Governor, in the year of the Declaration of Independence; three years later Thomas Jefferson had succeeded him in the office, the philosophical radical of those times of change; the choice of Mr. Harrison had but completed the round of the new variety in affairs. Men who, like Richard Henry Lee, had counselled revolution and the breaking of old bonds, were now in all things at the front of the State's business; and younger men, of a force and power of origination equal to their own, were pressing forward, as if to bring a new generation on the stage which had known nothing but independence and a free field for statesmanship. Among the rest, James Madison, only a little more than ten years out of college, but already done with serving his novitiate in the Congress of the Confederation, a publicist, and leader in the Old Dominion at thirty-two. Edmund Randolph, of the new generation of the commonwealth's great family of lawyers, like his forebears in gifts and spirit, was already received, at thirty, into a place of influence among public men. John Marshall, just turned of twenty-eight, but a veteran of the long war none the less, having been at the thick of the fighting, a lieutenant and a captain among the Virginian forces, from the time Dunmore was driven from Norfolk till the eve of Yorktown, was, now that that duty was done, a lawyer in quiet Fauquier, drawing to himself the eyes of every man who had the perception to note qualities of force and leadership. James Monroe had come out of the war at twenty-five to go at once into the public councils of his State, an equal among his elders. Young men came forward upon every side to take their part in the novel rush of affairs that followed upon the heels of revolution.

Washington found himself no stranger in the new State, for all it had grown of a sudden so unlike that old community in which his own life had been formed. He found a very royal welcome awaiting him at his home-coming. The old commonwealth loved a hero still as much as ever; was as loyal to him as it had been in the far-away days of the French war, when Dinwiddie alone fretted against him; received him with every tribute of affection; offered him gifts, and loved him all the better for refusing them. But he must have felt that a deep change had come upon his life, none the less, and even upon his relations with his old familiars and neighbors. He had gone away honored indeed, and marked for responsible services among his people—a Burgess as a matter of course, a notable citizen, whose force no man who knew him could fail to remark, but not accounted greatest by any means, even among the men who gathered for the colony's business at Williamsburg; chosen only upon occasion for special services of action; no debater or statesman, so far as ordinary men could see; too reserved to be popular with the crowd, though it should like his frankness and taking address, and go out of its way to see him on horseback; a man for his neighbors, who could know him, not for the world, which he refused to court. But the war had suddenly lifted him to the view of all mankind; had set him among the great captains of the world; had marked him a statesman in the midst of affairs—more a statesman than a soldier even, men must have thought who had read his letters or heard them read in Congress, on the floor or in the committee rooms; had drawn to himself the admiration of the very men he had been fighting, the very nation whose dominion he had helped to cast off. He had come home perhaps the most famous man of his day, and could not take up the old life where he had left it off, much as he wished to; was obliged, in spite of himself, to play a new part in affairs.

For a few weeks, indeed, after he had reached Mount Vernon, Nature herself assisted him to a little privacy and real retirement. The winter (1783–4) was an uncommonly severe one. Snow lay piled, all but impassable, upon the roads; frosts hardened all the country against travel; he could not get even to Fredericksburg to see his aged mother; and not many visitors, though they were near neighbors, could reach him at Mount Vernon. "At length, my dear Marquis," he could write to Lafayette in his security, "I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free

from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all, and the courtier, who had gone by since his home-coming before he could note in his diary (June 30, 1785): "Dined with only Mrs. Washington, which, I believe, is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life"—for some visitors had broken their way even through the winter roads. Authors sent him what they wrote; inventors submitted their ideas and models to him; everything that was being said, ev-



THE MARY WASHINGTON HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG.

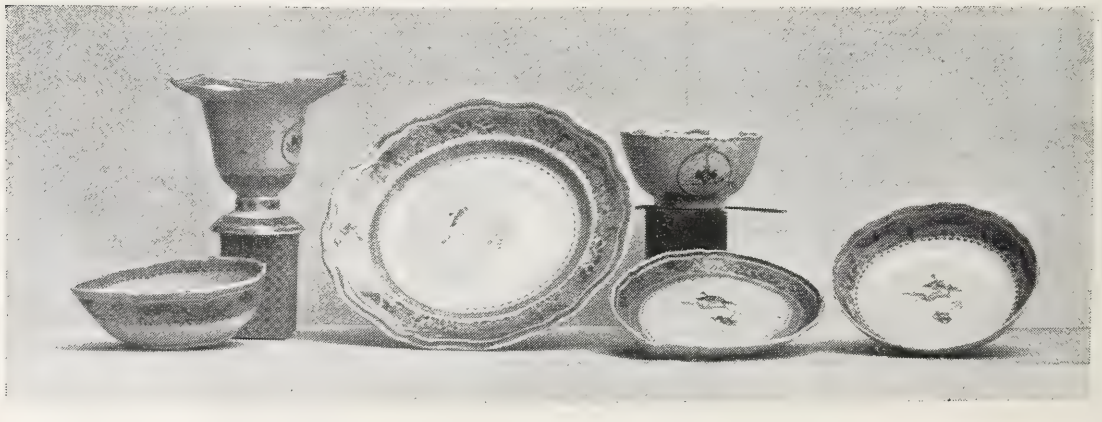
is always watching the countenance of his prince, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself. . . . Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of time until I sleep with my fathers." The simple gentleman did not yet realize what the breaking up of the frosts would bring. With the spring the whole life of the world seemed to come pouring in upon him. Men of note everywhere pressed their correspondence upon him; no stranger visited America but thought first of Mount Vernon in planning where he should go and what he should see; new friends and old sat every day at his table; a year and a half

erything that was being done, seemed to find its way, if nowhere else, to Mount Vernon—till those who knew his occupations could speak of Washington, very justly, as "the focus of political intelligence for the New World." He would not alter his way of living even in the face of such overwhelming interruptions. His guests saw him for a little after dinner, and once and again, it might be, in the evening also; but he kept to his business throughout all the working hours of the day; was at his desk even before breakfast, and after breakfast was always early in the saddle and off to his farms.

Only at table did he play the host, lingering over the wine to give and call for toasts and relax in genial conversation, losing, as the months passed by, some of the deep gravity that had settled upon

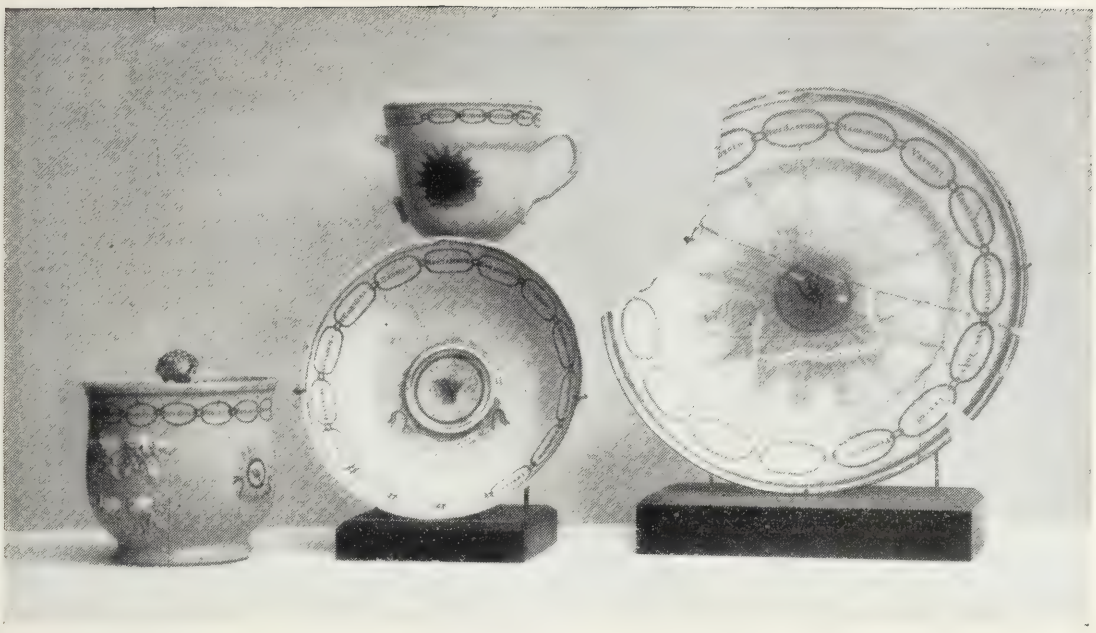
him in the camp, and showing once more an enjoying relish for "a pleasant story, an unaffected sally of wit, or a burlesque description," as in the old days after hunting. Strangers were often in awe of him. It did not encourage talk in those who had little to say to sit in the presence of a man who so looked his greatness in the very proportions of his strong figure even, and whose grave and steady eyes so challenged the meaning of what was said. Young people would leave off dancing and romping when he came into the room, and so force him to withdraw, and peep at the fun from without the door, unobserved. It was only among his intimates that he was suffered and taken to be the simple, straightforward, sympathizing man he was, exciting not awe, but only a warm and affectionate allegiance. "The General, with a few glasses of champagne, got quite merry," a young Englishman could report who had had the good luck to be introduced by Richard Henry Lee, "and being with his intimate friends, laughed and talked a good deal." As much as he could, he resumed the old life, and the thoughts and pastimes that had gone with it. Once more he became the familiar of his hounds at the kennels, and followed them as often as might be in the hunt at sunrise. He asked but one thing of a horse, as of old, "and that was to go along. He ridiculed the idea that he could be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs." The two little children, a tiny boy and a romping, mischievous lassie, not much bigger, whom he had adopted at Jack Custis's death-bed, took strong hold upon his heart, and grew slowly to an intimacy with him, such as few ventured to claim any longer amidst those busy days in the guest-crowded house. It seemed to Lafayette a very engaging picture when he saw Washington and the little toddling boy together—"a very little gentleman with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good General's remarkable hand, which (so large that hand!)" was all the tiny fellow could manage. These children took him back more completely than anything else to the old days when he had brought his bride home with her own little ones. He felt those days come back, too, when he was on his horse in the open, going the round of good twelve miles and more that carried him to all the quarters of his plantation.

Once more he was the thorough farmer, ransacking books, when men and his own observation failed him, to come at the best methods of cultivation. Once more he took daily account of the character of his slaves and servants, and of the progress of their work, talking with them when he could, and gaining a personal mastery over them. Contracts for work he drew up with his own hand, with a minuteness and particularity which were sometimes whimsical, and shot through with a gleam of grim humor. He agreed with Philip Barter that if he would serve him faithfully as gardener and keep sober at all other times, he would allow him "four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for



SAMPLE PIECES OF THE FAMOUS CINCINNATI DINNER SET.

Blue and white china with a centre decoration in bright colors of an angel with a trumpet carrying the insignia of the order.



REMAINS OF A TEA SET BELONGING TO MRS. WASHINGTON.

White china, decorated in gilt.

two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon"; and the contract was drawn, signed, and witnessed with all formality. Philip no doubt found short shrift of consideration from his thorough-going master if there was any drunkenness in the garden beyond the limit of the eight days nominated in the bond, and found the contract no jest in the end, for Washington had small patience and no soft words for a breach of agreement, whatever its kind. He would help men in distress with a generosity and wise choice of means which few took pains to exercise, but he had only sharp rebuke for carelessness or neglect or any slackness in the performance of a duty. Men who had cheated or sought to impose upon him deemed him harsh and called him a hard master, so sharply did they smart after he had reckoned with them. He exacted the uttermost farthing. But he spent it, with the other hand, to relieve genuine suffering and real want, though it were deserved and the fruit of a crying fault. In his home dealings, as in everything else, his mind kept that trait by which men had been awed in the camp—that trick, as if of Fate, of letting every act come at its consequences and its full punishment or reward, as if he but presided at a process which was just Nature's own. When he succored distress he did it in pity, not in justice—not excusing fault, but giving leave to mercy. If he urged the government to pension and reward the soldiers of the war, who had only done their duty, he himself set an example. There were black pensioners not a few about his own homestead. Bishop, his old body-servant, lived like a retired gentleman in his cottage there; even Nelson, the good sorrel who had borne him so bravely in the field till Yorktown, now went forever unsaddled, free in his own pasture.

But, much as he loved his home, and courted retirement amidst the duties of a planter, the old life would not come back, was gone forever. He was too famous, and there was an end on't. He could not go abroad without drawing crowds about him. If he attended service on a Sunday away from home, though it were in never so quiet a parish, the very walls of the church groaned threateningly under the unaccustomed weight of people gathered in the galleries and packed upon the floor to see the hero of the Revolution. Not even a ride into the far west, to view his lands and pull together his neglected business on the Ohio, was long enough to take him beyond the reach of public affairs. On the 1st of September, 1784, with Dr. Craik for



MUSTERED OUT—A REST ON THE WAY HOME.

company, he set out on horseback to go by Braddock's road again into the west. For nearly five weeks he was deep in the wilderness, riding close upon seven hundred miles through the forested mountains, and along the remote courses of the long rivers that ran into the Mississippi, camping out as in the old days when he was a surveyor and a soldier in his 'prenticeship in these very wilds, renewing his zest for the rough life and the sudden adventures of the frontiersman. But, though he had come upon his own business, it was the seat of a future empire he saw rather than his own acres scattered here and there. When last he had ridden the long stages from settlement to settlement and cabin to cabin in this far country of the Ohio, he had been a Virginian and nothing more, a colonial colonel merely, come to pick out lands for his comrades and himself, their reward for serving the crown against the French. A transformation had been worked upon him since then. He had led the armies of the whole country; had been the chief instrument of a new nation in winning independence; had carried its affairs the while by his own counsels as no other man had done; had seen through all the watches of those long campaigns the destinies and the hopes that were at stake. Now he saw the crowding immigrants come into the west with a new solicitude he had not felt before. A new vision was in his thought. This western country was now a "rising world," to be kept or lost, husbanded or squandered, by the raw nation he had helped put upon its feet. His thought was stretched at last to a continental measure; problems of statesmanship that were national, questions of policy that had a scope great as schemes of empire, stood foremost in his view. He returned home more engrossed than ever by interests not his own, but central to public affairs, and of the very stuff of politics.

And so not the letters merely which poured in with every mail, not only his host of visitors, great and small—the Governor of the State, the President of Congress, foreign noblemen, soldiers, diplomatists, travellers, neighbors, friends, acquaintances, intruders—but his own unbidden thoughts as well, and the very suggestions of his own interest as a citizen and land-owner, drew him from his dreams of retirement and forced him upon the open stage again. Even hunting ceased before many seasons were out. The savage boar-hounds which Lafayette had sent, in his kindness, from the Old World, proved too fierce and great a breed for even the sharp sport with the gray fox; the old hunting companions were gone—the Fairfaxes over sea; Belvoir deserted and burned; George Mason too much engaged—none but boys and strangers left to ride with. 'Twas poor sport, after all, without the right sportsmen. It must needs give way before a statesman's cares. Upon his first home-coming Washington had found it hard to break himself of his habit of waking very early in the morning with a sense of care concerning the affairs of the day, as if he were still in camp and in the midst of public duties. Now a new sense of responsibility possessed him, and more and more gained ascendency over him. He began to feel a deep anxiety lest a weak government should make independence little better than a reproach, and the country should fall into a hopeless impotency. At first he had been very sanguine. "Notwithstanding the jealous and contracted temper which seems to prevail in some of the States," he wrote to Jonathan Trumbull in January, 1784, "yet I cannot but hope and believe that the good sense of the people will ultimately get the better of their prejudices, and that order and sound policy, though they do not come so soon as one could wish, will be produced from the present unsettled and deranged state of public affairs. . . . Everything, my dear Trumbull, will come right at last, as we have often prophesied. My only fear is that we shall lose a little reputation first." But the more he observed the temper of the time, the more uneasy he grew. "Like a young heir," he cried, "come a little prematurely to a large inheritance, we shall wanton and run riot until we have brought our reputation to the brink of ruin, and then, like him, shall have to labor with the current of opinion, when compelled, perhaps, to do what prudence and common policy pointed out, as plain as any problem in Euclid, in the first instance. . . . I think we have opposed Great Britain, and have arrived at the present state of peace and independency, to very little purpose, if we cannot conquer our own prejudices."

For the present he saw little that could be done beyond holding up the hands of the Congress, and increasing, as it might prove possible to do so, the meagre powers of the Confederation. "My political creed," he said, "is to be wise in the choice of delegates, support them like gentlemen while they are our representatives, give them competent powers for all federal purposes, support them in the due exercise thereof, and, lastly, to compel them to close attendance in Congress during their delegation." But his thoughts took wider scope as the months passed; and nothing quickened them more than his western trip. He saw how much of the future travelled with those slow wagon-trains of immigrants into the west; realized how they were leaving behind them the rivers that ran to the old ports at the sea, and going down into the valleys whose outlet was the great highway of the Mississippi and the ports of the Gulf; how the great ridge of the Alleghanies lay piled between them and the older seats of settlement, with only here and there a gap to let a road through, only here and there two rivers lying close enough at their sources to link the east with the west; and the likelihood of a separation between the two populations seemed to him as obvious as the tilt of the mountains upon either slope. "There is nothing which binds one country or one State to another but interest," he said. "Without this cement the western inhabitants, who more than probably will be composed in a great degree of foreigners, can have no predilection for us, and a commercial connection is the only tie we can have upon them." "The western settlers," he declared, but ten days after his return from the Ohio, "stand as it were upon a pivot. The touch of a feather would turn them any way"—down the Mississippi to join their interests with those of the Spaniard, or back to the mountain roads and the head-waters of the eastern streams, to make for themselves a new allegiance in the east. He was glad to see the Spaniard so impolitic as to close the Mississippi against the commerce offered him, and hoped that things might stand so until there should have been "a little time allowed to open and make easy the ways between the Atlantic States and the western territory."

The opening of the upper reaches of the Potomac to navigation had long been a favorite object with Washington; now it seemed nothing less than a necessity. It had been part of the original scheme of the old Ohio Company to use this means of winning a way for commerce through the mountains. Steps had been taken more than twenty years ago to act in the matter through private subscription; and active measures for securing the necessary legislation from the Assemblies of Virginia and Maryland were still in course when Washington was called to Cambridge and revolution drew men's minds imperatively off from the business. In 1770 Washington had written to Jefferson of the project as a means of opening a channel for "the extensive trade of a rising empire"; now the empire of which he had had a vision was no longer Britain's, but America's own, and it was become a matter of exigent political necessity to keep that western country against estrangement, winning it by commerce and close sympathy to join itself with the old colonies in building up a free company of united States upon the great continent. Already the west was astir for the formation of new States. Virginia had taken the broad and national view of her duty that Washington himself held, and had ceded to the Confederation all her ancient claims to the lands that lay northwest of the Ohio River, reserving for herself only the fair region that stretched south of that great stream, from her own mountains to the Mississippi. North Carolina would have ceded her western lands beyond the mountains also, but they were not empty and unclaimed, like the vast territory that lay beyond the Ohio. For many a year settlers had been crossing the mountains into the fertile valleys that lay beyond, and both this region and that which Virginia still kept for her own now showed many a clearing and many a rude hamlet where hardy frontiersmen had begun to make a new home for civilization. Rather than be handed over to Congress, to be disposed of by an authority which no one else was bound to obey, North Carolina's western settlers declared they would form a State of their own, and North Carolina had to repeal her gift of their lands to the Confederation before their plans of defiance could be checked and defeated. Virginia found her own frontiersmen no less ready to take the initiative in whatever affair touched their interest. Spain offered the United States

trade at her ports, but refused to grant them the use of the lower courses of the Mississippi, lest territorial aggression should be pushed too shrewdly in that quarter; and news reached the settlers beyond the mountains, in the far counties of North Carolina and Virginia, that Mr. Jay, the Confederation's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had proposed to the Congress to yield the navigation of the Mississippi for a generation in exchange for trade on the seas. They flatly declared they would give themselves, and their lands too, into the hands of England again, rather than submit to be so robbed, cramped, and deserted. The New England States, on their part, threatened to withdraw from the Confederation if treaties were to wait upon the assent of frontiersmen on the far Mississippi.

The situation was full of menace of no ordinary sort. It could profit the Confederation little that great States like Virginia and New York had grown magnanimous, and were endowing the Confederation with vast gifts of territory in the west, if such gifts were but to loosen still further the already slackened bonds of the common government, leaving settlers in the unclaimed lands no allegiance they could respect. Without a national government spirited and strong enough to frame policies and command obedience, "we shall never establish a national character or be considered as on a respectable footing by the powers of Europe," Washington had said from the first. He had made a most solemn appeal to the States in his last circular to them, ere he resigned his commission, urging them to strengthen the powers of Congress, put faction and jealousy away, and make sure of "an indissoluble union under one federal head." "An option is still left to the United States of America," he had told them, with all his plain and stately eloquence; "it is in their choice, and depends upon their conduct, whether they will be respectable and prosperous, or contemptible and miserable, as a nation. This is the time of their political probation." The hazards of that probation had been a burden upon his heart through all the toil of the Revolution, and now it seemed as if the States must needs make every evil choice in meeting them. Congress could not so much as carry out the provisions of the treaty of peace, for its commissioners had made promises for the States which the States would not redeem. England consequently refused to keep her part of the agreement and relinquish the western posts. She levied commercial war against the country, besides, without fear of reprisal; for Congress had no power to regulate trade, and the States were too jealous of each other to co-operate in this or any other matter. English statesmen had consented to give up the colonies, and recognize their independence as a nation, rather than face any longer the world in arms; but they now looked to see them presently drop back into their hands again, out of sheer helplessness and hopeless division in counsel; and there were observant men in America who deemed the thing possible, though it brought an intolerable fire into their blood to think of it.

Other nations, too, were fast conceiving a like contempt for the Confederation. It was making no provision for the payment of the vast sums of money it had borrowed abroad, in France and Holland and Spain. It could not make any. It could only ask the States for money, and must count itself fortunate to get enough to pay even the interest on its debts. It was this that foreign courts were finding out, that the Confederation was a mere "government of supplication," as Randolph had dubbed it; and its credit broke utterly down. Frenchman and Spaniard alike would only have laughed in contemptuous derision to see the whole fabric go to pieces, and were beginning to interest themselves with surmises as to what plunder it would afford. The States that lay neighbors to each other were embroiled in boundary disputes, and were fallen to levying duties on each other's commerce. They were individually in debt, besides, and were many of them resorting to issues of irredeemable paper money to relieve themselves of the inevitable taxation that must sooner or later pay their reckonings. "We are either a united people, or we are not so," cried Washington. "If the former, let us in all matters of general concern act as a nation which has a national character to support; if we are not, let us no longer act a farce by pretending to it." As the months passed it began to look as if the farce might be turned into a tragedy.

The troubles of the country, though he filled his letters with them and wrung his heart for phrases of protest and per-

suasion that would tell effectually in the deep labor of working out the sufficient remedy of a roused and united opinion, though he deemed them personal to himself, and knew his own fame in danger to be undone by them, did not break the steady self-possession of Washington's life at Mount Vernon. "It's astonishing the packets of letters that daily come for him, from all parts of the world," exclaimed an English visitor; but it was not till he had struggled to keep pace with his correspondence unassisted for a year and a half that he employed a secretary to help him. "Letters of friendship require no study," he wrote to General Knox; "the communications are easy, and allowances are expected and made. This is not the case with those that require researches, consideration, recollection, and the de—l knows what to prevent error, and to answer the ends for which they are written." He grew almost docile, nevertheless, under the gratuitous tasks of courtesy thrust upon him. His gallantry, bred in him since a boy; the sense of duty to which he was born; his feeling that what he had done had in some sort committed him to serve his countrymen and his friends everywhere, though it were only in answering questions, disposed him to sacrifice his comfort and his privacy to every one who had the slightest claim upon his attention. He even found sitting for his portrait grow easy at last. "*In for a penny, in for a pound*, is an old adage," he laughed, writing to Francis Hopkinson. "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am *now* altogether at their beck; and sit 'like Patience on a monument' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. . . . At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray-horse moves more readily to his thill than I do to the painter's chair." Besides the failure of the public credit, it concerned him to note the fact that, though he kept a hundred cows, he was obliged to buy butter for his innumerable guests. He saw to it that there should be at least a very definite and efficient government upon his own estate, and, when there was need, put his own hand to the work. He "often works with his men himself—strips off his coat and labors like a common man," measures with his own hands every bit of building or construction that is going forward, and "shows a great turn for mechanics," one of his guests noted, amidst comments on his greatness and his gracious dignity. It was such constancy and candor and spirit in living that took the admiration of all men alike upon the instant; and his neighbors every day saw here the same strenuous and simple gentleman they had known before ever the war began.

It was through the opening of the Potomac, after all—the thing nearest his hand—that a way was found to cure the country of its malady of weakness and disorder. Washington had been chosen president of the Potomac Company, that it might have the advantage both of his name and of his capacity in affairs; and he had gone upon a tour of inspection, with the directors of the company, to the falls of the river in the summer of 1785, keeping steadily to the business he had come upon, and insisting upon being in fact a private gentleman busy with his own affairs, despite the efforts made everywhere he went to see and to entertain him; and it presently became evident even to the least sanguine that the long-talked-of work was really to be carried through. A visitor at Mount Vernon in the autumn of 1785 found Washington "quite pleased at the idea of the Baltimore merchants laughing at him, and saying it was a ridiculous plan, and would never succeed. They begin now, says the General, to look a little serious about the matter, as they know it must hurt their commerce amazingly." The scheme had shown its real consequence in the spring of that very year, when it brought commissioners from the two States that lay upon the river together in conference to devise plans of co-operation. Both Virginia and Maryland had appointed commissioners, and a meeting had been set for March, 1785, at Alexandria. For some reason the Virginian commissioners were not properly notified of the place and time of conference. The meeting was held, nevertheless, a minority of the Virginian commissioners being present; and, as if to give it more the air of a cordial conference of neighbors, Washington invited the representatives of both States to adjourn from Alexandria to Mount Vernon. There they sat, his guests, from Friday to Monday. He was not formally of the commission; but

conference was not confined to their formal sessions, and his counsel entered into their determinations. It was evident that two States were not enough to decide the questions submitted to them. Pennsylvania, at least, must be consulted before the full line of trade they sought could be drawn from the head-waters of the Ohio to the head-waters of the Potomac; and if three States were to consult upon questions of trade which concerned the whole continent, why should not more be invited, and the conference be made general? Such was the train of suggestion, certainly, that ran in Washington's mind, and which the commissioners carried home with them. Every sign of the time served to deepen its significance for Washington. Just before quitting the army he had ridden upon a tour of inspection into the valley of the Mohawk, where a natural way, like this of the Potomac, ran from the northern settlements into the west. He knew that the question of joining the Potomac with the Ohio was but one item of a policy which all the States must consider and settle—nothing less than the policy which must make them an empire or doom them to remain a weak and petty confederacy.

The commissioners did not put all that they had heard at Mount Vernon into their report to their respective Assemblies. They recommended only that, besides cooperating with each other and with Pennsylvania in opening a way to the western waters, Virginia and Maryland should adopt a uniform system of duties and of commercial regulations, and should establish uniform rules regarding their currency. But the Maryland Assembly itself went further. It presently informed the Virginian Legislature that it had not only adopted the measures recommended by the commissioners, but thought it wise to do something more. Delaware ought to be consulted, with a view to carrying a straight watercourse, by canal, from Chesapeake Bay to the Delaware River; and, since conference could do no harm and bind nobody, it would be as well to invite all the States to confer with them, for the questions involved seemed far-reaching enough to justify it, if not to make it necessary. Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts had that very year urged his Legislature to invite a general convention of the States in the interest of trade. The whole country was in a tangle of disagreement about granting to Congress the power to lay imposts; Gardoqui, it was rumored, was insisting, for Spain, upon closing the Mississippi: 'twas evident enough conference was needed. Every thoughtful man might well pray that it would bring peace and accommodation. When Maryland's suggestion was read in the Virginian Assembly, there was prompt acquiescence. Virginia asked all the States of the Union (January, 1786) to send delegates to a general conference to be held at Annapolis on the first Monday in September, to consider and recommend such additions to the powers of Congress as might conduce to a better regulation of trade. "There is more wickedness than ignorance in the conduct of the States, or, in other words, in the conduct of those who have too much influence in the government of them," Washington wrote hotly to Henry Lee, upon hearing to what lengths contempt of the authority of Congress had been carried; "and until the curtain is withdrawn, and the private views and selfish principles upon which these men act are exposed to public notice, I have little hope of amendment without another convulsion." Perhaps the conference at Annapolis would withdraw the curtain and give the light leave to work a purification; and he waited anxiously for the issue.

But when the commissioners assembled they found only five States represented—Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, and New York. Maryland had suddenly fallen indifferent, and had not appointed delegates. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and North Carolina had appointed delegates, but they had not taken the pains to come. Connecticut, South Carolina, and Georgia had ignored the call altogether. The delegates who were in attendance, besides, had come with only the most jealously restricted powers; only New Jersey, in her great uneasiness at being neighbor to the powerful States of New York and Pennsylvania, had authorized her representatives to "consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations *and other important matters* might be necessary to the common interest and permanent harmony of the several States." The other delegates had no such scope; all deemed it futile to attempt their business in so small a convention; and it was

resolved to make another opportunity. Alexander Hamilton, of New York, drew up their address to the States, and in it made bold to adopt New Jersey's hint, and ask for a conference which should not merely consider questions of trade, but also "devise such further provisions as should appear to them necessary to render the constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union." Hamilton held with Washington for a national government. He had been born, and bred as a lad, in the West Indies, and had never received the local pride of any colony-state into his blood. He had served with the army, too, in close intimacy with Washington, and though twenty-five years his captain's junior, had seen as clearly as he saw the deep hazards of a nation's birth.

The Congress was indifferent, if not hostile, to the measures which the address proposed; and the States would have acted on the call as slackly as before, had not the winter brought with it something like a threat of social revolution, and fairly startled them out of their negligent humor. The central counties of Massachusetts broke into violent rebellion, under one Shays, a veteran of the Revolution —not to reform the government, but to rid themselves of it altogether; to shut the courts and escape the payment of debts and taxes. The insurgents worked their will for weeks together; drove out the officers of the law, burned and plundered at pleasure through whole districts, living upon the land like a hostile army, and were brought to a reckoning at last only when a force thousands strong had been levied against them. The contagion spread to Vermont and New Hampshire; and even when the outbreak had been crushed, the States were irresolute in the punishment of the leaders. Rhode Island declared her sympathy with the insurgents; Vermont offered them asylum; Massachusetts brought the leaders to trial and conviction, only to pardon and set them free again. Congress dared do no more than make covert preparation to check a general rising. "You talk, my good sir," wrote Washington to Henry Lee, in Congress, "of employing influence to appease the present tumults in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, or, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence* is no *government.* Let us have one by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once." It was an object-lesson for the whole country; the dullest and the most lethargic knew now what slack government and financial disorder would produce. The States one and all—save Rhode Island—bethought them of the convention called to meet in Philadelphia on the second Monday in May, 1787, and delegates were appointed. Even Congress took the lesson to heart, and gave its sanction to the conference.

The Legislature of Virginia put Washington's name at the head of its own list of delegates, and after his name the names of Patrick Henry, Edmund Randolph, John Blair, James Madison, George Mason, and George Wythe — the leading names of the State, no man could doubt. But Washington hesitated. He had already declined to meet the Society of the Cincinnati in Philadelphia about the same time, he said, and thought it would be disrespectful to that body, to whom he owed much, "to be there on any other occasion." He even hinted a doubt whether the convention was constitutional, its avowed purposes being what they were, until Congress tardily sanctioned it. His real reason his intimate friends must have divined from the first. They knew him better in such matters than he knew himself. He not only loved his retirement; he deemed himself a soldier and man of action, and no statesman. The floor of assemblies had never seemed to him his principal sphere of duty. He had thought of staying away from the House of Burgesses on private business twenty years ago, when he knew that the Stamp Act was to be debated. But it was not for the floor of the approaching convention that his friends wanted him; they told him from the first he must preside. He was known to be in favor of giving the Confederation powers that would make it a real government, and he thought that enough; but they wanted the whole country to see him pledged to the actual work, and, when they had persuaded him to attend, knew that they had at any rate won the confidence of the people in their patriotic purpose. His mere presence would give them power.

Washington and the other Virginians were prompt to be in Philadelphia on the day appointed, but only the Pennsylvanian delegates were there to meet them;

they had to wait an anxious week before so many as seven States were represented. Meanwhile, those who gathered from day to day were nervous and apprehensive, and there was talk of compromise and half-way measures, should the convention prove weak or threaten to miscarry. They remembered for many a long year afterwards how nobly Washington, "standing self-collected in the midst of them," had uttered the brave counsels of wisdom in their rebuke. "It is too probable," he said, "that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God." It was an utterance, they knew, not of statesmanship merely, but of character; and it was that character, if anything could, that would win the people to their support. When at last seven States were represented—a quorum of the thirteen—an organization was effected, and Washington unanimously chosen president of the convention. He spoke, when led to the chair, "of the novelty of the scene of business in which he was to act, lamented his want of better qualifications, and claimed the indulgence of the house towards the involuntary errors which his inexperience might occasion"; but no mere parliamentarian could have given that anxious body such steadiness in business or such grave earnestness in counsel as it got from his presence and influence in the chair. Five more States were in attendance before deliberation was very far advanced; but he had the satisfaction to see his own friends lead upon the floor. It was the plan which Edmund Randolph had proposed, for his fellow-Virginians, which the convention accepted as a model to work from; it was James Madison, that young master of counsel, who guided the deliberations from day to day, little as he showed his hand in the work or seemed to put himself forward in debate. No speeches came from the president; only once or twice did he break the decorum of his office to temper some difference of opinion or facilitate some measure of accommodation. It was the 17th of September when the convention at last broke up; the 19th when the Constitution it had wrought out was published to the country. All the slow summer through, Washington had kept counsel with the rest as to the anxious work that was going forward behind the closed doors of that long conference; it was a grateful relief to be rid of the painful strain, and he returned to Mount Vernon like one whose part in the work was done.

"I never saw him so keen for anything in my life as he is for the adoption of the new scheme of government," wrote a visitor at Mount Vernon to Jefferson; but he took no other part than his correspondence afforded him in the agitation for its acceptance. Throughout all those long four months in Philadelphia he had given his whole mind and energy to every process of difficult counsel by which it had been wrought to completion; but he was no politician. Earnestly as he commended the plan to his friends, he took no public part either in defence or in advocacy of it. He read not only the *Federalist* papers, in which Hamilton and Madison and Jay made their masterly plea for the adoption of the Constitution, but also "every performance which has been printed on the one side and the other on the great question," he said, so far as he was able to obtain them; and he felt as poignantly as any man the deep excitement of the momentous contest. It disturbed him keenly to find George Mason opposing the Constitution—the dear friend from whom he had always accepted counsel hitherto in public affairs—and Richard Henry Lee and Patrick Henry, too, in their passionate attachment to what they deemed the just sovereignty of Virginia. He could turn away with all his old self-possession, nevertheless, to discuss questions of culture and tillage, in the midst of the struggle, with Arthur Young over sea, and to write very gallant compliments to the Marquis de Chastellux on his marriage. "So your day has at length come," he laughed. "I am glad of it with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you. Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels all the way across the Atlantic Ocean, by catching that terrible contagion—domestic felicity—which, like the small-pox or the plague, a man can have only once in his life, because it commonly lasts him (at least with us in America—I don't know how you manage such matters in France) for his whole lifetime."

Ten months of deep but quiet agitation —the forces of opinion in close grapple— and the future seemed to clear. The Constitution was adopted, only two States dissenting. It had been a tense and stubborn fight; the concerted action of men at the centres of trade against the instinctive dread of centralization or change in the regions that lay back from the rivers and the sea in such States as Massachusetts and New York; the leaders who had vision against those who had only the slow wisdom of caution and presentiment in States like Virginia, where the mass of men waited to be led. But though she acted late in the business, and some home-keeping spirits among even her greater men held back, Virginia did not lose the place of initiative she had had in all this weighty business of reform. Something in her air or her life had given her in these latter years an extraordinary breed of public men — men liberated from local prejudice, possessed of a vision and an efficacy in affairs worthy of the best traditions of statesmanship among the English race from which they were sprung, capable of taking the long view, of seeing the permanent lines of leadership upon great questions, and shaping ordinary views to meet extraordinary ends. Even Henry and Mason could take their discomfiture gracefully, loyally, like men bred to free institutions, and Washington had the deep satisfaction to see his State come without hesitation to his view and hope.

The new Constitution made sure of, and a time set by Congress for the elections and the organization of a new government under it, the country turned as one man to Washington to be the first President of the United States. "We cannot, sir, do without you," cried Governor Johnson of Maryland, "and I and thousands more can explain to anybody but yourself why we cannot do without you." To make any one else President, it seemed to men everywhere, would be like crowning a subject while the king was by. But Washington held back, as he had held back from attending the Constitutional Convention. He doubted his civil capacity, called himself an old man, said "it would be to forego repose and domestic enjoyment for trouble, perhaps for public obloquy." "The acceptance," he declared, "would be attended with more diffidence and reluctance than I ever experienced before in my life." But he was not permitted to decline. Hamilton told him that his attendance upon the Constitutional Convention must be taken to have *pledged* him in the view of the country to take part also in the formation of the government. "In a matter so essential to the well-being of society as the prosperity of a newly instituted government," said the great advocate, "a citizen of so much consequence as yourself to its success has no option but to lend his services, if called for. Permit me to say it would be inglorious, in such a situation, not to hazard the glory, however great, which he might have previously acquired."

Washington of course yielded, simple-minded gentleman and soldier that he was, when it was made thus a matter of duty. When the votes of the electors were opened in the new Congress, and it was found that they were one and all for him, he no longer doubted. He did not know how to decline such a call, and turned with all his old courage to the new task.



THE ART OF DRIVING.

BY HENRY CHILDS MERWIN.

THERE are many city-bred people who have no opportunity to enjoy the use of horses until they have reached a mature age, and I was asked recently by one of this class if there was any book or treatise which taught the art of driving. There is of course the volume on Driving in the very interesting Badminton Series. But this book deals chiefly with the management of four-in-hands and tandems, with coaches and post-chaises, and what it has to say about driving a single horse or a pair is of very little value, especially for the American reader. In fact, the English are almost entirely unpractised in the fine art of driving single horses and pairs. They have no trotters, scarcely any fast roadsters, and the dog-cart, which they usually employ with a single horse, is very heavy, weighing from four to six hundred pounds, so that it is not adapted for quick work, or even for long distances.

Moreover, the English almost always use the curb-bit, which effectually controls the horse, but does not enable the driver to stimulate him, nor to steady him, nor to communicate with him in the various ways which, as we shall presently see, are possible when a snaffle is used. The cardinal principle of English driving is that the reins should be held in the left hand only, the whip being kept in the right hand; and this is doubtless the true manner in which all horses fitted with curbs should be driven. Even in turning to the right or left, the left hand only should be used, the driver guiding his horses by a turn of the wrist. When he wants to slacken speed or to pull up, the right hand, still holding the whip, should grasp the reins back of the left hand; the left hand can then be shifted forward, so as to shorten the reins; and both hands, if necessary, can be used in stopping the horses. In this way the dog-cart horse should be managed, the driver sitting erect, and wielding his whip as gracefully as may be. The dog-cart being a vehicle of some elegance and ceremony, nothing looks worse than to see a man slouching on its seat, with the reins loose or held in both hands, and the whip perhaps (even this depth of degradation has been reached) dangling over his shoulder. A great French lady once received a call in her country house from a young man who was under investigation as an aspirant for the hand of her granddaughter. She watched the suitor as he drove up the avenue in his dog-cart, and observing that his back was bent, and that the reins were loosely held in both hands, she set him down at once as a *parvenu*.

An American should be able to drive his roadster or family horse, or even his trotter, with the left hand, in the manner just described, if only for variety, but, as a rule, he should employ both hands, the reins being held as follows: Coming from the bit, they pass between the little finger and the third finger, across the palm of the hand, and over the thumb (one rein in each hand, be it remembered), and then, if a particularly firm hold is wanted, the rein, after passing over the thumb, may be grasped again by the fingers. When you want either to shorten or to lengthen the reins, it is done by seizing the rein back of the left hand between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, so that the left hand is then free to move up or down the rein, as may be desired; and when this has been done, the same process is repeated with the right hand. In lengthening a rein it may be found more convenient to grasp it in front of rather than behind the hand which holds it. A beginner usually finds his greatest difficulty in pulling up; for instead of shifting the reins in the manner just indicated, he attempts to stop his horses by moving his hands toward his head. Many accidents occur in this way, especially with a pair; for, while the driver is frantically waving his hands above his head, the pole of his carriage is smashing the panels or getting caught in the wheels of some contiguous vehicle, or perhaps punching an innocent pedestrian in the back. As for the figure which the driver cuts under such circumstances, it is well described by the Duke of Beaufort: "His hands go up above the top of his hat. But that does not stop his horses, and he leans back and back and back still more. What is the matter with the poor gentleman? Is he in a fit, or does he wish to shake hands with the groom sitting be-

hind him? or is there a balloon passing overhead that he wishes to see?"

The whip should be held in the right hand, of course, and it may be held all or part of the time, according to the pleasure of the driver. It is possible to touch up a horse with the whip while the reins are held in both hands, but if a real cut is to be administered, the reins should first be shifted to the left hand; otherwise momentary control of the horse or horses will be lost, and a jerk will inevitably be given to the right rein. And, besides, such a movement is extremely awkward. I need not say that the elbows should always be kept close to the sides, and that the hands should be kept down. A driver with his hands up to his nose or his elbows sticking out is a very sorry sight.

The great object in driving is to feel your horse's mouth—to keep up a sort of electric communication with him, and yet not to pull or drag on the bit. A light hand on the reins is partly a natural gift and partly the result of practice. By nature every horse has a sensitive mouth, but commonly before he has reached the age of seven this sensitiveness has been destroyed by bad driving, and the mouth is rendered callous. In teaching boys or girls to drive, the first and chief thing to impress upon them is that the mouth of a horse is a delicate instrument for the driver to play upon, and that it can easily be ruined by a heavy hand. For this reason a child should be taught to drive not by means of an old "plug" whose mouth is gone, but by being allowed to hold the ribbons, for a few minutes at a time, over a spirited horse with a good mouth. Then he will perceive the delicacy of the task. Women, as a rule, drive very badly, from want of sympathy with the horse; but when they like to drive, and take pains about it, they usually drive extremely well, because they are apt to have light hands. I have seen a farmer's wife in Maine tooling a colt along the road at a three-minute gait and holding a baby in her lap at the same time. A great horse-breaker, who had a wonderful seat, but bad hands, once said to me that there were two horses in his stable which he could not ride without making them rear dangerously; "but *she* can ride them," he said, pointing to his daughter, a little girl twelve years old.

If the "new woman" takes to breaking and selling horses, among her other mannish employments—and why should she not?—I am confident that she will display a skill in training and an intellectual subtlety in misrepresenting them such as no male jock ever attained to. Some years ago there was a fast horse driven on the famous "mile ground" in Boston by a sporting butcher, a big man, who used a severe bit, and even with that could only just keep his trotter from running away. After a short time the same horse came into the possession of a woman. She put an easy bit in his mouth, and held him at full speed without the least difficulty. This horse had really a tender mouth—a mouth so tender that the butcher's heavy hand on the bit caused the animal severe pain, and he pulled to get away from it. But when he pulled, the butcher redoubled his efforts, and then the horse in turn pulled the more, so that his jaw became numb; and when this condition has been reached, even a curb-bit will not hold a horse.

I have said that you should gently feel the horse's mouth while he is in motion. When you urge him to full speed, the reins should be held a little tighter, in order to steady him; and it is possible to encourage a tired horse by gently shifting the bit in his mouth. This artifice is often beautifully performed by riders of running horses and by drivers of trotters. In an exaggerated form it is called "reefing." Some years ago two conspicuous figures on the trotting-track were a large, handsome brown mare called Phyllis, and a venerable white-bearded man who owned and drove her. They won many races, and Phyllis proved to be a great campaigner. Her victories were achieved mainly on the homestretch, where the frantic cries and shouts of her driver and his violent "reefing" never failed to excite the spectators. He used to lean far out over the mare's back, wave his arms from side to side, and apparently jerk the bit almost out of her mouth at every stride. But in reality the motion was not so severe, and the good mare, though a high-strung beast, understood her driver perfectly, and doubtless was incited to greater efforts by his contagious enthusiasm. This was the same man, I believe, who first hit upon the ingenious idea of exercising a lame horse by swimming him. Phyllis, while temporarily disabled from a lame ankle, took her work in this manner, and so retained her usual good condition. However, this

is a digression, which I trust the reader will pardon.

It is by means of the bit, also (assisted by the voice), that you prevent your horse from "breaking," *i. e.*, from going into a gallop or run when trotting fast. Before he breaks there is a general unsteadiness to be noticed in his gait, and at the last moment his ears twitch. These are the signals; and the good driver, observing them, turns the bit in the horse's mouth, and the break is most likely prevented. "Many races have been lost," Hiram Woodruff declared, "by inattention to these signs. Two horses are seen coming up the homestretch; both are tired, but the leading one could win. The driver, however, turns his head to look at the ladies in the grand stand, or to see if they are looking at him. At that instant his horse's ears fly back; the driver does not observe it, and the horse breaks; while the ugly man behind keeps his horse level, and wins by a neck."

But if in spite of all precautions a break occurs, the horse's head must be pulled to one side, and sometimes first one way, then the other, until he "catches," or comes back to a trot.

The object of shifting the bit in the horse's mouth is of course to distract his attention; and by this means he can often be prevented from kicking and from shying. Some horse-breakers, indeed, have boastingly declared that they never needed a kicking-strap—that they carried a sufficient kicking-strap in their hands. But the voice is perhaps even more effectual in stopping a premeditated kick. You are driving, we will assume, an animal whose record in this respect is not above reproach, and your eyes are fixed upon his ears—for they are the telltales of what he means to do. Going away from home there has been no trouble, but now you turn back toward the stable, and the horse plucks up a spirit—he is evidently looking for an excuse to misbehave. He may find it in the shape of a wagon coming up behind; or, in default of this, he waits until he reaches that final corner, after which the road runs straightaway for home. Now, he thinks, is the time. His ears fly back, his tail is hugged close to his body, his hind quarters are tucked in (all this in a bare moment), and he is about to let go his heels, when the driver jerks the bit in his mouth and gives a yell, which brings him to his senses. In much the same way a horse can often be prevented from shying. There is, for example, some object ahead which he is afraid to pass; but the driver, by shifting the bit in his mouth and by tapping him gently with the whip, now on one side, now on the other, finally works him by without harm. Horses shy for such different reasons and in such different ways that hardly any general rules can be laid down upon the subject. But the whip should almost never be used as a corrective of shying; if any punishment is advisable, a hard jerk on the bit is commonly much better. Let the horse know that you disapprove of his conduct, but do not make too much of it. Some horsemen always use the whip if a horse refuses to approach an object of which he is afraid. I might do so if I thought that the horse refused out of obstinacy—a rare occurrence—but I should not punish a good-tempered animal who was really in fear. Often, by unchecking the horse and leading him up to the object of which he is afraid, you reassure him, and he will never shy at that particular thing again.

A horse should always be allowed to stand still and look at a new and terrifying object, and then to approach it by degrees. Your aim should be to avoid giving him a fright. Many horses never get over their fear of electric cars, because they were brought up to them too suddenly in the first place.

In a little village among the hills I once saw a farmer driving a very large and beautiful chestnut filly—evidently a high-strung but well-meaning animal. The filly was greatly frightened by a tin-peddler's wagon in the road, and the farmer got out, patted her neck, took her by the bridle, and gradually led her up to the wagon. After smelling and otherwise examining it, the filly became reassured, and the driver took his seat again and drove by without difficulty. One of the wiseacres who sat on the piazza of the village tavern, with his feet upon the rail, cried out, "You don't want to be leading that mare round too much, old man, or you'll spoil her." "I'm breaking this colt to suit myself," was the answer, and the result justified his conduct. I rode behind the same mare not long afterward, and she was then extremely well broken.

However, this is not to say that you

can always spare the whip. If you meet an electric car, for instance, and the horse hesitates or refuses to pass it, the whip must sometimes be applied—not always; it depends upon the horse; but most horses are not irritated by a blow administered under such circumstances, because their minds are taken up by the object ahead. If, in the midst of the affair, your nag's ears fly back, and especially if you see that he is looking back at you, then is the time to withhold your hand, unless you would provoke a kick. Wait a moment, and his mind will become fixed again on the object in front, and then you can safely resume your efforts to urge him forward. The very worst thing that a horse can do in the way of shying is to turn around, with the inevitable result, if he succeeds, of wrecking the carriage, unless it happens to be a two-wheeler. The only possible way of preventing him* is to jerk his head straight, and at the same time to apply the whip with all your strength, as far forward on his body as possible. It is a good general rule, with stupid or bad-tempered horses, to apply the whip near the saddle, or even forward of it. If you touch up your horse on his hind quarter, he is much more likely to kick. I have noticed also that a slap of the reins is far more irritating to a nervous or vicious horse than a cut of the whip. Another rule on this subject is well stated by Hewlett, the famous four-in-hand driver. "To strike a horse twice in the same place," he says, "is almost the same as *asking* him to kick."

Now that we have discussed these rudimentary matters, let us take a look at the harness of our horse, and in the first place at the bit. What suits one horse may not suit another, but the bit most commonly used is the snaffle, *i. e.*, a plain bit jointed in the middle; and it should be of good size, for if too small it has a cutting effect, and becomes a severe bit. The best snaffles I have found were in London. The nickel-plating of an American bit is always badly done. However, this is only the ornamental part, and, excepting the plain snaffle, the best bits for roadsters and trotters are American inventions; and especially is this true of bits intended for soft-mouthed horses. The only trouble is that some of these devices are not strongly made, and cannot be depended upon. I usually employ a bit called the Golden bit, which was designed by the well-known trainer of that name. This consists of a stout, close-linked chain, covered first with patent-leather, or some similar material, which appears to be glued on, and then with ordinary leather. It is a large bit, and being also a soft one, it is as easy as anything that could be put in a horse's mouth; but nevertheless it is a flexible bit, and hence under a pull it will bend and press on the bars and corners of the horse's mouth, so that you can control him. It affords much more control than can be obtained from a hard, uncovered steel bit in the form of a straight bar. In fact, the plain bar bit, though frequently used, is the poorest of all bits. Xenophon knew this, for he states in his treatise on horsemanship that a bit should always be flexible. Nevertheless, a horse will be found now and then who drives better on a straight bar bit than on anything else—such is the infinite variety of equine character and constitution.

Next to the matter of bits comes the much-vexed question of check-reins. Numerous tracts have been written by inexperienced persons of sedentary habits to prove that check-reins are always instruments of torture—and such they often are. Most horses of mature age do not require them. But, on the other hand, to take off the check-rein from a high-spirited or vicious horse is often to invite a terrible accident. Without a check-rein a horse can bend his neck till his head touches his breast, and in that position he is absolutely uncontrollable. A side check, adjusted so as to hold the horse's head at its natural height, and no higher, is usually the most suitable for a roadster. In the case of straight-necked, high-headed horses even the overdraw check can be employed on short drives without cruelty, and its use enables the driver to dispense with the severe bit which might otherwise be necessary to control a half-broken or impetuous animal. But the subject has not yet been exhausted. Some horses undoubtedly travel more easily if they wear a moderate side check than they do when their heads are free. Without the check they get to shuffling and shambling, and they are apt to stumble, whereas with the check they are better balanced, their *mo-*

* Not of correcting the habit: that can be done best by the use of a "four-ring," or other severe bit, or by a Rarey rope.

rale is better, and they travel with less fatigue. But if I were driving such a horse on a long journey I should certainly jump out and uncheck him whenever we approached a steep hill. It only remains to add that, in my opinion at least, the check-rein should always be attached to a separate bit (a small, leather-covered one), so as to leave the bit on which the horse is driven free and loose in his mouth.

Another vexed subject is that of blinders, or winkers. High-spirited, intelligent horses are usually safer in open bridles, for they can look behind them and see what is coming. It is an advantage also, and a pleasure besides, for the driver to be able to watch their eyes as well as their ears. But occasionally a nervous horse goes better with blinders; and this is true also of some young, intelligent horses, who are so exceedingly curious about objects along the road that without blinders it is hard to make them go steadily and swiftly. In short, whether to use blinders or not is mainly a matter for experiment in each case, with the presumption in favor of an open bridle. Lazy horses, people say, are made more lazy by taking off their blinders, for then they can keep an eye on the whip, and need not bestir themselves until it is actually raised. But when a horse is so dull as this it really does not matter much how we harness him.

The greatest caution should be used in driving a horse for the first time without blinders, especially before a top carriage. There was once a dealer in horses who had for sale a valuable trotting-mare. After some difficulty he found a customer, who agreed to take her at the dealer's price, provided that she could be driven in an open bridle. She had trotted all of her races in such a bridle, and he rashly assumed that she would go safely in it under any circumstances. Accordingly he put on her a costly harness, which he had just purchased, hitched her to his new top-wagon, and started off. But when the mare saw the top of the buggy following her out of the stable she became panic-stricken; she ran away, broke the driver's leg, cut her own hocks severely, and distributed the carriage and harness along the road so successfully that a cushion and a few straps were the only articles recovered from the wreck. Nothing more need be said about the harness, except that breeching in a level country is a superfluity, and a well-made horse commonly looks better without it.

The most important rule for long-distance driving is to start off slowly. The roadster should have an opportunity to stretch his legs and to get his second wind before being called upon for a real effort. No matter how great the hurry, time will be gained in the end by driving the first three or four miles at a gait not exceeding six or seven miles an hour. With a substantial load, or in very hot weather, the pace should not be more than five or six miles an hour. I happened once to see a pair of horses just as they finished a drive of twenty miles over a very hilly country. They had accomplished it in the excellent time of two hours and a half, and they arrived in good condition. A week later the same horses were driven by a different man over the same road in three hours and a half, and they were completely exhausted by the journey. The explanation was that the second driver had started at a great pace and kept it up for the first three or four miles, although there were some steep hills to climb. It is a more common mistake to suppose that a horse can maintain a fast gait without fatigue over a long level stretch. When the road is perfectly level the labor of drawing a vehicle, though not excessive, is absolutely continuous, so that it becomes exhausting after a few miles. On such a road the horse should be permitted to walk a little once in every two, three, or four miles, according to the weight of the carriage, the condition and ability of the animal, the weather, and other circumstances. An up-and-down road, even though the hills are steep, is far less fatiguing to the horse than a level one, besides being, as a rule, much more picturesque. At least half of the villages in the mountainous parts of New England are connected by two roads, one through the valley, and another, but seldom used, over the hills. The traveller would do well in most cases to pursue the hilly route.

Much discretion also can be exercised in choosing the good parts of the road, in taking advantage of declivities, in easing the horse where the going is heavy or when he becomes too warm, or even when, for some reason not apparent to the driver, he seems to need a slight let-up. In short, to be a good driver, especially for long distances, a

man must be sympathetic with his horse, and must understand the language of his ears, his tail, and his gait. Care should of course be taken—and a very little will suffice—to turn the horse away from stones, lest he should trip over them, and to clear them with the wheels also, lest an unpleasant jar should be given to the vehicle. There is one peculiar fact about the avoidance of stones with which no doubt all bicycle-riders are familiar. If you begin to make your calculations at some distance off, you are almost sure to miscalculate and to hit the stone, whereas if you wait till the last moment the slightest turn of the wrist will enable you to dust your stone almost without touching it.

In some mountainous regions it is a custom, and not a bad one, to let the horse trot fast down the last part—the very last part—of one hill, and then, taking advantage of the momentum thus gained, to gallop up the succeeding one. This makes easy work for the horse, and is a lively, pleasant way of getting over the ground. It is a mistake, however, to let your roadster trot the whole length of a steep hill. Going fast down hill is likely to injure the feet and to make the shoulders sore, and eventually to shorten the gait. There is of course a great difference among horses in this respect. A nimble little horse might trot with safety where a big, long-gaited, or awkward-going one would be in danger of injury.

I should like to add something about the feeding and watering of roadsters, and the care of them while they are upon the road, but such matters lie outside of our present subject, which is driving, pure and simple. A strong man, it has been said, should always have an excuse for driving instead of riding, and that is true; but the excuse can easily be found. Besides, there is excitement enough in driving certain horses to make the blood even of a strong man tingle. I remember one winter afternoon standing in front of a small tavern in Maine, when a fur-clad farmer drove up in a light sleigh. His horse was such a roadster as one sees in New England now and then, but not often there, and very seldom indeed anywhere else in the world. It was a medium-sized bay mare, with clean black legs, smooth and hard as iron. She swept up the road, with head and tail aloft and ears pricked forward, lifting her feet high, and yet moving with a long, elastic stride, which indicated speed as well as style. Her owner got out of the sleigh, and cast a look behind at the antagonist with whom he had just been racing, and who was now showing his defeated head above the crest of the hill. "Ah!" said he, with that slow, humorous drawl which distinguishes the down-Easter, "a fellow can live two or three years driving such a horse as this for twenty minutes!"

BEWARE THE ROGUE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

DEEP in the shadow of her hazel eyes,
Waiting to capture men, Love lurking lies.
Her glances are the arrows of his bow,
Wherewith he lays unwary victims low;
And she, unused to Cupid's artful wiles,
Unconscious aids his purpose by her smiles,
And knows not, as her smiles and glances dart,
What anguish these may bring to many a heart.

Ah! hapless maiden, innocently gay,
No presage of the future breeds dismay;
She does not know how soon the treacherous guest
Will make her heart the haven of unrest.
Ungrateful Cupid! Soon from her he'll fly,
And seek a refuge in some lover's eye,
Then from that point of vantage aim a dart
To pierce and agonize her maiden heart.

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE

AS TOLD BY HUCK FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT warn't very cheerful at breakfast. Aunt Sally she looked old and tired, and let the children snarl and fuss at one another and didn't seem to notice it was going on, which wasn't her usual style; me and Tom had a plenty to think about without talking; Benny she looked like she hadn't much sleep, and whenever she'd lift her head a little and steal a look towards her father you could see there was tears in her eyes; and as for the old man, his things staid on his plate and got cold without him knowing they was there, I reckon, for he was thinking and thinking all the time, and never said a word and never et a bite.

By-and-by when it was stillest, that nigger's head was poked in at the door again, and he said his Marse Brace was getting powerful uneasy about Marse Jubiter, which hadn't come home yet, and would Marse Silas please—

He was looking at Uncle Silas, and he stopped there, like the rest of his words was froze; for Uncle Silas he rose up shaky and steadied himself leaning his fingers on the table, and he was panting, and his eyes was set on the nigger, and he kept swallowing, and put his other hand up to his throat a couple of times, and at last he got his words started, and says:

"Does he—does he—think—*what* does he think! Tell him—tell him—" Then he sunk down in his chair limp and weak, and says, so as you could hardly hear him: "Go away—go away!"

The nigger looked scared, and cleared out, and we all felt—well, I don't know how we felt, but it was awful, with the old man panting there, and his eyes set and looking like a person that was dying. None of us could budge; but Benny she slid around soft, with her tears running down, and stood by his side, and nestled his old gray head up against her and begun to stroke it and pet it with her hands, and nodded to us to go away, and we done it, going out very quiet, like the dead was there.

Me and Tom struck out for the woods mighty solemn, and saying how different it was now to what it was last summer when we was here, and everything was so peaceful and happy and everybody thought so much of Uncle Silas, and he was so cheerful and simple-hearted and pudd'nheaded and good—and now look at him. If he hadn't lost his mind he wasn't much short of it. That was what we allowed.

It was a most lovely day, now, and bright and sunshiny; and the further and further we went over the hill towards the prairie the lovelier and lovelier the trees and flowers got to be, and the more it seemed strange and somehow wrong that there had to be trouble in such a world as this. And then all of a sudden I catched my breath and grabbed Tom's arm, and all my livers and lungs and things fell down into my legs.

"There it is!" I says. We jumped back behind a bush, shivering, and Tom says:

"'Sh!—don't make a noise."

It was setting on a log right in the edge of the little prairie, thinking. I tried to get Tom to come away, but he wouldn't, and I dasn't budge by myself. He said we mightn't ever get another chance to see one, and he was going to look his fill at this one if he died for it. So I looked too, though it give me the fantods to do it. Tom he *had* to talk, but he talked low. He says:

"Poor Jakey, it's got all its things on, just as he said he would. *Now* you see what we wasn't certain about—its hair. It's not long, now, the way it was; it's got it cropped close to its head, the way he said he would. Huck, I never see anything look any more naturaler than what *it* does."

"Nor I neither," I says; "I'd recognize it anywheres."

"So would I. It looks perfectly solid and genuwyne, just the way it done before it died."

So we kept a-gazing. Pretty soon Tom says:

"Huck, there's something mighty cu-

rious about this one, don't you know? *It* oughtn't to be going around in the daytime."

"That's so, Tom—I never heard the like of it before."

"No, sir, they don't ever come out only at night—and then not till after twelve. There's something wrong about this one, now you mark my words. I don't believe it's got any right to be around in the daytime. But don't it look natural! Jake was going to play deef and dumb here, so the neighbors wouldn't know his voice. Do you reckon it would do that if we was to holler at it?"

"Lordy, Tom, don't talk so! If you was to holler at it I'd die in my tracks."

"Don't you worry, I ain't going to holler at it. Look, Huck, it's a-scratching its head—don't you see?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, this: What's the sense of it scratching its head? There ain't anything there to itch; its head is made out of fog or something like that, and *can't* itch. A fog can't itch; any fool knows that."

"Well, then, if it don't itch and can't itch, what in the nation is it scratching it for? Ain't it just habit, don't you reckon?"

"No, sir, I don't. I ain't a bit satisfied about the way this one acts. I've a blame good notion it's a bogus one—I have, as sure as I'm a-setting here. Because, if it— Huck!"

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"*You can't see the bushes through it!*"

"Why, Tom, it's so, sure! It's as solid as a cow. I sort of begin to think—"

"Huck, it's biting off a chaw of tobacker! By George, *they* don't chaw—they hain't got anything to chaw *with*. Huck!"

"I'm a-listening."

"It ain't a ghost at all. It's Jake Dunlap his own self!"

"Oh, your granny!" I says.

"Huck Finn, did we find any corpse in the sycamores?"

"No."

"Or any sign of one?"

"No."

"Mighty good reason. Hadn't ever been any corpse there."

"Why, Tom, you know we heard—"

"Yes, we did—heard a howl or two. Does that prove anybody was killed? Course it don't. And we seen four men run, then this one come walking out, and we took it for a ghost. No more ghost than you are. It was Jake Dunlap his own self, and it's Jake Dunlap now. He's been and got his hair cropped, the way he said he would, and he's playing himself for a stranger, just the same as he said he would. Ghost! Hum?—he's as sound as a nut."

Then I see it all, and how we had took too much for granted. I was powerful glad he didn't get killed, and so was Tom, and we wondered which he would like the best—for us to never let on to know him, or how? Tom reckoned the best way would be to go and ask him. So he started; but I kept a little behind, because I didn't know but it might be a ghost, after all. When Tom got to where he was, he says:

"Me and Huck's mighty glad to see you again, and you needn't be afeard we'll tell. And if you think it 'll be safer for you if we don't let on to know you when we run across you, say the word, and you'll see you can depend on us, and would ruther cut our hands off than get you into the least little bit of danger."

First off he looked surprised to see us, and not very glad, either; but as Tom went on he looked pleasanter, and when he was done he smiled, and nodded his head several times, and made signs with his hands, and says:

"Goo-goo—goo-goo," the way deef and dummies does.

Just then we see some of Steve Nickerson's people coming that lived t'other side of the prairie, so Tom says:

"You do it elegant; I never seen anybody do it better. You're right; play it on us, too; play it on us same as the others; it 'll keep you in practice and prevent you making blunders. We'll keep away from you and let on we don't know you, but any time we can be any help, you just let us know."

Then we loafed along past the Nickersons, and of course they asked if that was the new stranger yonder, and where'd he come from, and what was his name, and which communion was he, Babtis' or Methodis', and which politics, Whig or Democrat, and how long is he staying, and all them other questions that humans always asks when a stranger comes, and animals does too. But Tom said he warn't able to make anything out of deef and dumb signs, and the same with goo-gooing. Then we watched them go and bully-rag Jake; because we was pretty uneasy for him. Tom said it would take him



"WHAT DOES HE THINK?"

days to get so he wouldn't forget he was a deef and dummy sometimes, and speak out before he thought. When we had watched long enough to see that Jake was getting along all right and working his signs very good, we loafed along again, allowing to strike the school-house about recess time, which was a three-mile tramp.

I was so disappointed not to hear Jake tell about the row in the sycamores, and how near he come to getting killed, that I couldn't seem to get over it, and Tom he felt the same, but said if we was in Jake's fix we would want to go careful and keep still, and not take any chances.

The boys and girls was all glad to see us again, and we had a real good time all through recess. Coming to school the Henderson boys had come across the new deef and dummy and told the rest; so all the scholars was chuck-full of him and couldn't talk about anything else, and was in a sweat to get a sight of him because they hadn't ever seen a deef and dummy in their lives, and it made a powerful excitement.

Tom said it was tough to have to keep mum now; said we would be heroes if we could come out and tell all we knowed; but, after all, it was still more heroic to keep mum; there warn't two boys in a million could do it. That was Tom Sawyer's idea about it, and I reckoned there warn't anybody could better it.

CHAPTER IX.

In the next two or three days Dummy he got to be powerful popular. He went associating around with the neighbors, and they made much of him and was proud to have such a rattling curiosity amongst them. They had him to breakfast, they had him to dinner, they had him to supper; they kept him loaded up

with hog and hominy, and warn't ever tired staring at him and wondering over him, and wishing they knowed more about him, he was so uncommon and romantic. His signs warn't no good; people couldn't understand them, and he prob'ly couldn't himself, but he done a sight of goo-gooing, and so everybody was satisfied, and admired to hear him go it. He toted a piece of slate around, and a pencil; and people wrote questions on it and he wrote answers; but there warn't anybody could read his writing but Brace Dunlap. Brace said he couldn't read it very good, but he could manage to dig out the meaning most of the time. He said Dummy said he belonged away off somers, and used to be well off, but got busted by swindlers which he had trusted, and was poor now, and hadn't any way to make a living.

Everybody praised Brace Dunlap for being so good to that stranger. He let him have a little log cabin all to himself, and had his niggers take care of it, and fetch him all the vittles he wanted.

Dummy was at our house some, because old Uncle Silas was so afflicted himself, these days, that anybody else that was afflicted was a comfort to him. Me and Tom didn't let on that we had knowed him before, and he didn't let on that he had knowed us before. The family talked their troubles out before him the same as if he wasn't there, but we reckoned it wasn't any harm for him to hear what they said. Gener'ly he didn't seem to notice, but sometimes he did.

Well, two or three days went along, and everybody got to getting uneasy about Jubiter Dunlap. Everybody was asking everybody if they had any idea what had become of him. No, they hadn't, they said; and they shook their heads and said there was something powerful strange about it. Another and another day went by; then there was a report got around that praps he was murdered. You bet it made a big stir! Everybody's tongue was clacking away after that. Saturday two or three gangs turned out and hunted the woods to see if they could run across his remainders. Me and Tom helped, and it was noble good times and exciting. Tom he was so brim-full of it he couldn't eat nor rest. He said if we could find that corpse we would be celebrated, and more talked about than if we got drownded.

The others got tired and give it up; but not Tom Sawyer—that warn't his style. Saturday night he didn't sleep any, hardly, trying to think up a plan; and towards daylight in the morning he struck it. He snaked me out of bed and was all excited, and says—

"Quick, Huck, snatch on your clothes—I've got it! Blood-hound!"

In two minutes we was tearing up the river road in the dark towards the village. Old Jeff Hooker had a blood-hound, and Tom was going to borrow him. I says—

"The trail's too old, Tom—and besides, it's rained, you know."

"It don't make any difference, Huck. If the body's hid in the woods anywhere around, the hound will find it. If he's been murdered and buried, they wouldn't bury him deep, it ain't likely, and if the dog goes over the spot he'll scent him, sure. Huck, we're going to be celebrated, sure as you're born!"

He was just a-blazing; and whenever he got afire he was most likely to get afire all over. That was the way this time. In two minutes he had got it all ciphered out, and wasn't only just going to find the corpse—no, he was going to get on the track of that murderer and hunt *him* down, too; and not only that, but he was going to stick to him till—

"Well," I says, "you better find the corpse first; I reckon that's a plenty for to-day. For all we know, there *ain't* any corpse and nobody hain't been murdered. That cuss could a gone off somers and not been killed at all."

That gravelled him, and he says—

"Huck Finn, I never seen such a person as you to want to spoil everything. As long as *you* can't see anything hopeful in a thing, you won't let anybody else. What good can it do you to throw cold water on that corpse and get up that selfish theory that there hain't been any murder? None in the world. I don't see how you can act so. I wouldn't treat you like that, and you know it. Here we've got a noble good opportunity to make a ruputation, and—"

"Oh, go ahead," I says, "I'm sorry and I take it all back. I didn't mean nothing. Fix it any way you want it. *He* ain't any consequence to me. If he's killed, I'm as glad of it as you are; and if he—"

"I never said anything about being glad; I only—"

"Well, then, I'm as *sorry* as you are. Any way you druther have it, that is the way *I* druther have it. He—"

"There ain't any druthers *about* it, Huck Finn; nobody said anything about druthers. And as for—"

He forgot he was talking, and went tramping along, studying. He begun to get excited again, and pretty soon he says—

"Huck, it'll be the bulliest thing that ever happened if we find the body after everybody else has quit looking, and then go ahead and hunt up the murderer. It won't only be an honor to us, but it'll be an honor to Uncle Silas because it was us that done it. It'll set him up again, you see if it don't."

But old Jeff Hooker he throwed cold water on the whole business when we got to his blacksmith shop and told him what we come for.

"You can take the dog," he says, "but you ain't a-going to find any corpse, because there ain't any corpse to find. Everybody's quit looking, and they're right. Soon as they come to think, they knowed there warn't no corpse. And I'll tell you for why. What does a person kill another person *for*, Tom Sawyer?—answer me that."

"Why, he—er—"

"Answer up! You ain't no fool. What does he kill him *for?*"

"Well, sometimes it's for revenge, and—"

"Wait. One thing at a time. Revenge, says you; and right you are. Now who ever had anything agin that poor trifling no-account? Who do you reckon would want to kill *him?*—that rabbit!"

Tom was stuck. I reckon he hadn't thought of a person having to have a reason for killing a person before, and now he see it warn't likely anybody would have that much of a grudge against a lamb like Jubiter Dunlap. The blacksmith says, by-and-by—



"GOO-GOO—GOO-GOO."

"The revenge idea won't work, you see. Well, then, what's next? Robbery? B'gosh that must a been it, Tom! Yes, sir–ree, I reckon we've struck it this time. Some feller wanted his gallus-buckles, and so he—"

But it was so funny he busted out laughing, and just went *on* laughing and laughing and laughing till he was 'most dead, and Tom looked so put out and cheap that I knowed he was ashamed he had come, and wished he hadn't. But old Hooker never let up on him. He raked up everything a person ever could want to kill another person about, and any fool could see they didn't any of them fit this case, and he just made no end of fun of the whole business, and of the people that had been hunting the body; and he said—

"If they'd had any sense they'd a knowed the lazy cuss slid out because he wanted a loafing spell after all this work. He'll come pottering back in a couple of weeks, and then how'll you fellers feel? But, laws bless you, take the dog and go and hunt his remainders. Do, Tom."

Then he busted out and had another of them forty-rod laughs of his'n. Tom couldn't back down after all this, so he said, "All right, unchain him," and the blacksmith done it, and we started home, and left that old man laughing yet.

It was a lovely dog. There ain't any dog that's got a lovelier disposition than a blood-hound, and this one knowed us and liked us. He capered and raced around ever so friendly, and was powerful glad to be free and have a holiday; but Tom was so cut up he couldn't take any intrust in him, and said he wished he'd stopped and thought a minute before he ever started on such a fool errand. He said old Jeff Hooker would tell everybody, and we'd never hear the last of it.

So we loafed along home down the back lanes, feeling pretty glum and not talking. When we was passing the far corner of our tobacker-field we heard the dog set up a long howl in there, and we went to the place, and he was scratching the ground with all his might, and every now and then canting up his head sideways and fetching another howl.

It was a long square the shape of a grave; the rain had made it sink down and show the shape. The minute we come and stood there we looked at one another and never said a word. When the dog had dug down only a few inches he grabbed something and pulled it up, and it was an arm and a sleeve. Tom kind of gasped out and says—

"Come away, Huck—it's found."

I just felt awful. We struck for the road and fetched the first men that come along. They got a spade at the crib and dug out the body, and you never see such an excitement. You couldn't make anything out of the face, but you didn't need to. Everybody said—

"Poor Jubiter; it's his clothes, to the last rag!"

Some rushed off to spread the news and tell the justice of the peace and have an inquest, and me and Tom lit out for the house. Tom was all afire and 'most out of breath when we come tearing in where Uncle Silas and Aunt Sally and Benny was. Tom sung out—

"Me and Huck's found Jubiter Dunlap's corpse all by ourselves with a blood-hound after everybody else had quit hunting and given it up; and if it hadn't a been for us it never *would* a been found; and he *was* murdered, too—they done it with a club or something like that; and I'm going to start in and find the murderer, next, and I bet I'll do it!"

Aunt Sally and Benny sprung up pale and astonished, but Uncle Silas fell right forward out of his chair onto the floor, and groans out—

"Oh, my God, you've found him *now!*"

CHAPTER X.

THEM awful words froze us solid. We couldn't move hand or foot for as much as a half a minute. Then we kind of come to, and lifted the old man up and got him into his chair, and Benny petted him and kissed him and tried to comfort him, and poor old Aunt Sally she done the same; but, poor things, they was so broke up and scared and knocked out of their right minds that they didn't hardly know what they was about. With Tom it was awful; it 'most petrified him to think maybe he had got his uncle into a thousand times more trouble than ever, and maybe it wouldn't ever happened if he hadn't been so ambitious to get celebrated, and let the corpse alone the way the others done. But pretty soon he sort of come to himself again and says—

"Uncle Silas, don't you say another word like that. It's dangerous, and there ain't a shadder of truth in it."

Aunt Sally and Benny was thankful to



"FETCHING ANOTHER HOWL."

hear him say that, and they said the same; but the old man he wagged his head sorrowful and hopeless, and the tears run down his face, and he says—

"No—I done it; poor Jubiter, I done it!"

It was dreadful to hear him say it. Then he went on and told about it, and said it happened the day me and Tom come—along about sundown. He said Jubiter pestered him and aggravated him till he was so mad he just sort of lost his mind and grabbed up a stick and hit him over the head with all his might, and Jubiter dropped in his tracks. Then he was scared and sorry, and got down on his knees and lifted his head up, and begged him to speak and say he wasn't dead; and before long he come to, and when he see who it was holding his head, he jumped like he was 'most scared to death, and cleared the fence and tore into the woods, and was gone. So he hoped he wasn't hurt bad.

"But laws," he says, "it was only just fear that give him that last little spurt of strength, and of course it soon played out, and he laid down in the bush, and there wasn't anybody to help him, and he died."

Then the old man cried and grieved, and said he was a murderer and the mark of Cain was on him, and he had disgraced his family and was going to be found out and hung. Tom said—

"No, you ain't going to be found out. You *didn't* kill him. *One* lick wouldn't kill him. Somebody else done it."

"Oh, yes," he says, "I done it—nobody else. Who else had anything against him? Who else *could* have anything against him?"

He looked up kind of like he hoped some of us could mention somebody that could have a grudge against that harmless no-account, but of course it warn't no use—he *had* us; we couldn't say a word. He noticed that, and he saddened down again, and I never see a face so miserable and so pitiful to see. Tom had a sudden idea, and says—

"But hold on!—somebody *buried* him. Now who—"

He shut off sudden. I knowed the reason. It give me the cold shudders when he said them words, because right away I remembered about us seeing Uncle Silas prowling around with a long-handled shovel away in the night that night. And I knowed Benny seen him too, because she was talking about it one day. The minute Tom shut off he changed the subject and went to begging Uncle Silas to keep mum, and the rest of us done the same, and said he *must*, and said it wasn't his business to tell on himself, and if he kept mum nobody would ever know, but if it was found out and any harm come to him it would break the family's hearts and kill them, and yet never do anybody any good. So at last he promised. We was all of us more comfortable then, and went to work to cheer up the old man. We told him all he'd got to do was to keep still and it wouldn't be long till the whole thing would blow over and be forgot. We all said there wouldn't anybody ever suspect Uncle Silas, nor ever dream of such a thing, he being so good and kind and having such a good character; and Tom says, cordial and hearty, he says—

"Why, just look at it a minute; just consider. Here is Uncle Silas, all these years a preacher—at his own expense; all these years doing good with all his might and every way he can think of—at his own expense, all the time; always been loved by everybody, and respected; always been peaceable and minding his own business, the very last man in this whole deestrict to touch a person, and everybody knows it. Suspect *him*? Why, it ain't any more possible than—"

"By authority of the State of Arkansaw—I arrest you for the murder of Jubiter Dunlap!" shouts the sheriff at the door.

It was awful. Aunt Sally and Benny flung themselves at Uncle Silas, screaming and crying, and hugged him and hung to him, and Aunt Sally said go away, she wouldn't ever give him up, they shouldn't have him, and the niggers they come crowding and crying to the door, and—well, I couldn't stand it; it was enough to break a person's heart; so I got out.

They took him up to the little one-horse jail in the village, and we all went along to tell him good-by, and Tom was feeling elegant, and says to me, "We'll have a most noble good time and heaps of danger some dark night, getting him out of there, Huck, and it 'll be talked about everywheres and we will be celebrated"; but the old man busted that scheme up the minute he whispered to him about it. He said no, it was his duty to stand whatever the law done to him, and he would stick to the jail plumb through to the end, even if there warn't no door to it. It disappointed Tom, and gravelled him a good deal, but he had to put up with it.

But he felt responsible and bound to get his uncle Silas free; and he told Aunt Sally, the last thing, not to worry, because he was going to turn in and work night and day and beat this game and fetch Uncle Silas out innocent; and she was very loving to him and thanked him and said she knowed he would do his very best. And she told us to help Benny take care of the house and the children, and then we had a good-by cry all around and went back to the farm, and left her there to live with the jailer's wife a month till the trial in October.

CHAPTER XI.

WELL, that was a hard month on us all. Poor Benny, she kept up the best she could, and me and Tom tried to keep things cheerful there at the house, but it kind of went for nothing, as you may say. It was the same up at the jail. We went up every day to see the old people, but it was awful dreary, because the old man warn't sleeping much, and was walking in his sleep considerable, and so he got to looking fagged and miserable, and his mind got shaky, and we all got afraid his troubles would break him down and kill him. And whenever we tried to persuade him to feel cheerfuler, he only shook his head and said if we only knowed what it was to carry around a

murderer's load on your heart we wouldn't talk that way. Tom and all of us kept telling him it *wasn't* murder, but just accidental killing, but it never made any difference — it was murder, and he wouldn't have it any other way. He actuly begun to come out plain and square towards trial-time and acknowledge that he *tried* to kill the man. Why, that was awful, you know. It made things seem fifty times as dreadful, and there warn't no more comfort for Aunt Sally and Benny. But he promised he wouldn't say a word about his murder when others was around, and we was glad of that.



"KEPT ME UP 'MOST ALL NIGHT."

Tom Sawyer racked the head off of himself all that month trying to plan some way out for Uncle Silas, and many's the night he kept me up 'most all night with this kind of tiresome work, but he couldn't seem to get on the right track no way. As for me, I reckoned a body might as well give it up, it all looked so blue and I was so downhearted; but he wouldn't. He stuck to the business right along, and went on planning and thinking and ransacking his head.

So at last the trial come on, towards the middle of October, and we was all in the court. The place was jammed, of course. Poor old Uncle Silas, he looked more like a dead person than a live one, his eyes was so hollow and he looked so thin and so mournful. Benny she set on one side of him and Aunt Sally on the other, and they had veils on, and was full of trouble. But Tom he set by our lawyer, and had his finger in everywheres, of course. The lawyer let him, and the judge let him. He 'most took the business out of the lawyer's hands sometimes; which was well enough, because that was only a mud-turtle of a back-settlement lawyer, and didn't know enough to come in when it rains, as the saying is.

They swore in the jury, and then the lawyer for the prostitution got up and begun. He made a terrible speech against the old man, that made him moan and groan, and made Benny and Aunt Sally cry. The way *he* told about the murder kind of knocked us all stupid, it was so different from the old man's tale. He said he was going to prove that Uncle Silas was *seen* to kill Jubiter Dunlap, by two good witnesses, and done it deliberate, and *said* he was going to kill him the very minute he hit him with the club: and they seen him hide Jubiter in the bushes, and they seen that Jubiter was stone-dead. And said Uncle Silas come later and lugged Jubiter down into the tobacker-field, and two men seen him do it. And said Uncle Silas turned out, away in the night, and buried Jubiter, and a man seen him at it.

I says to myself, poor old Uncle Silas has been lying about it because he reckoned nobody seen him and he couldn't bear to break Aunt Sally's heart and Benny's; and right he was: as for me, I would a lied the same way, and so would anybody that had any feeling, to save them such misery and sorrow which *they* warn't no ways responsible for. Well, it made our lawyer look pretty sick; and it

knocked Tom silly too, for a little spell; but then he braced up and let on that he warn't worried—but I knowed he *was*, all the same. And the people—my, but it made a stir amongst them!

And when that lawyer was done telling the jury what he was going to prove, he set down and begun to work his witnesses.

First, he called a lot of them to show that there was bad blood betwixt Uncle Silas and the diseased; and they told how they had heard Uncle Silas threaten the diseased, at one time and another, and how it got worse and worse, and everybody was talking about it, and how diseased got afraid of his life, and told two or three of them he was certain Uncle Silas would up and kill him some time or another.

Tom and our lawyer asked them some questions, but it warn't no use, they stuck to what they said.

Next, they called up Lem Beebe, and he took the stand. It come into my mind, then, how Lem and Jim Lane had come along talking, that time, about borrowing a dog or something from Jubiter Dunlap; and that brought up the blackberries and the lantern; and that brought up Bill and Jack Withers, and how *they* passed by, talking about a nigger stealing Uncle Silas's corn; and that fetched up our old ghost that come along about the same time and scared us so—and here *he* was, too, and a privileged character, on accounts of his being deef and dumb and a stranger, and they had fixed him a chair inside the railing, where he could cross his legs and be comfortable, whilst the other people was all in a jam so they couldn't hardly breathe. So it all come back to me just the way it was that day; and it made me mournful to think how pleasant it was up to then, and how miserable ever since.

Lem Beebe sworn, said: "I was a-coming along, that day, second of September, and Jim Lane was with me, and it was towards sundown, and we heard loud talk, like quarrelling, and we was very close, only the hazel bushes between (that's along the fence); and we heard a voice say: 'I've told you more'n once I'd kill you,' and knowed it was this prisoner's voice; and then we see a club come up above the bushes and down out of sight again, and heard a smashing thump, and then a groan or two; and then we crope soft to where we could see, and there laid Jubiter Dunlap dead, and this prisoner standing over him with the club; and the next he hauled the dead man into a clump of bushes and hid him, and then we stooped low, to be out of sight, and got away."

Well, it was awful. It kind of froze everybody's blood to hear it, and the house was 'most as still whilst he was telling it as if there warn't nobody in it. And when he was done, you could hear them gasp and sigh, all over the house, and look at one another the same as to say, "Ain't it perfectly terrible—ain't it awful!"

Now happened a thing that astonished me. All the time the first witnesses was proving the bad blood and the threats and all that, Tom Sawyer was alive and laying for them; and the minute they was through, he went for them, and done his level best to catch them in lies and spile their testimony. But now, how different! When Lem first begun to talk, and never said anything about speaking to Jubiter or trying to borrow a dog off of him, he was all alive and laying for Lem, and you could see he was getting ready to cross-question him to death pretty soon, and then I judged him and me would go on the stand by-and-by and tell what we heard him and Jim Lane say. But the next time I looked at Tom I got the cold shivers. Why, he was in the brownest study you ever see—miles and miles away. He warn't hearing a word Lem Beebe was saying; and when he got through he was still in that brown study, just the same. Our lawyer joggled him, and then he looked up startled, and says, "Take the witness if you want him. Lemme alone—I want to think."

Well, that beat me. I couldn't understand it. And Benny and her mother—oh, they looked sick, they was so troubled. They shoved their veils to one side and tried to get his eye, but it warn't any use, and I couldn't get his eye either. So the mud-turtle he tackled the witness, but it didn't amount to nothing; and he made a mess of it.

Then they called up Jim Lane, and he told the very same story over again, exact. Tom never listened to this one at all, but set there thinking and thinking, miles and miles away. So the mud-turtle went in alone again, and come out just as flat as he done before. The lawyer for the prostitution looked very comfortable, but the judge looked disgusted. You see, Tom was just the same as a regular lawyer,

nearly, because it was Arkansaw law for a prisoner to choose anybody he wanted to help his lawyer, and Tom had had Uncle Silas shove him into the case, and now he was botching it, and you could see the judge didn't like it much.

All that the mud-turtle got out of Lem and Jim was this: he asked them—

"Why didn't you go and tell what you saw?"

"We was afraid we would get mixed up in it ourselves. And we was just starting down the river a-hunting for all the week besides; but as soon as we come back we found out they'd been searching for the body, so then we went and told Brace Dunlap all about it."

"When was that?"

"Saturday night, September 9th."

The judge he spoke up and says—

"Mr. Sheriff, arrest these two witnesses on suspicions of being accessionary after the fact to the murder."

The lawyer for the prostitution jumps up all excited, and says—

"Your Honor! I protest against this extraordi—"

"Set down!" says the judge, pulling his bowie and laying it on his pulpit. "I beg you to respect the Court."

So he done it. Then he called Bill Withers.

Bill Withers, sworn, said: "I was coming along about sundown, Saturday, September 2d, by the prisoner's field, and my brother Jack was with me, and we seen a man toting off something heavy on his back, and allowed it was a nigger stealing corn; we couldn't see distinct; next we made out that it was one man carrying another; and the way it hung, so kind of limp, we judged it was somebody that was drunk; and by the man's walk we said it was Parson Silas, and we judged he had found Sam Cooper drunk in the road, which he was always trying to reform him, and was toting him out of danger."

It made the people shiver to think of poor old Uncle Silas toting off the diseased down to the place in his tobacker-field where the dog dug up the body, but there warn't much sympathy around amongst the faces, and I heard one cuss say, "'Tis the coldest-blooded work I ever struck, lugging a murdered man around like that, and going to bury him like a animal, and him a preacher at that."



"'SET DOWN!' SAYS THE JUDGE."

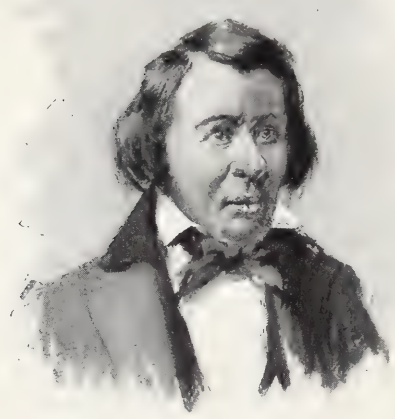
Tom he went on thinking, and never took no notice; so our lawyer took the witness and done the best he could, and it was plenty poor enough.

Then Jack Withers he come on the stand and told the same tale, just like Bill done.

And after him comes Brace Dunlap, and he was looking very mournful, and 'most crying; and there was a rustle and a stir all around, and everybody got ready to listen, and lots of the women folks said "Poor cretur, poor cretur," and you could see a many of them wiping their eyes.

Brace Dunlap, sworn, said: "I was in considerable trouble a long time about my poor brother, but I reckoned things warn't near so bad as he made out, and I couldn't make myself believe anybody would have the heart to hurt a poor harmless cretur like that"—(by jings, I was sure I seen Tom give a kind of a faint little start, and then look disappointed again)—"and you know I *couldn't* think a

preacher would hurt him—it warn't natural to think such an onlikely thing—so I never paid much attention, and now I sha'n't ever, ever forgive myself; for if I had a-done different, my poor brother would be with me this day, and not laying yonder murdered, and him so harmless." He kind of broke down there and choked up, and waited to get his voice; and people all around said the most pitiful things, and women cried; and it was very still in there, and solemn, and old Uncle Silas, poor thing, he give a groan right out so everybody heard him. Then Brace he went on: "Saturday, September 2d, he didn't come home to supper. By-and-by I got a little uneasy, and one of my niggers went over to this prisoner's place, but come back and said he warn't there. So I got uneasier and uneasier, and couldn't rest. I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep; and turned out, away late in the night, and went wandering over to this prisoner's place and all around about there a good while, hoping I would run across my poor brother, and never knowing he was out of his troubles and gone to a better shore—" So he broke down and choked up again, and most all the women was crying now. Pretty soon he got another start and says: "But it warn't no use; so at last I went home and tried to get some sleep, but



"OUR LAWYER."

couldn't. Well, in a day or two everybody was uneasy, and they got to talking about this prisoner's threats, and took to the idea, which I didn't take no stock in, that my brother was murdered; so they hunted around and tried to find his body, but couldn't, and give it up. And so I reckoned he was gone off somers to have a little peace, and would come back to us when his troubles was kind of healed. But late Saturday night, the 9th, Lem Beebe and Jim Lane come to my house and told me all—told me the whole awful 'sassination, and my heart was broke. And *then* I remembered something that hadn't took no hold of me at the time, because reports said this prisoner had took to walking in his sleep and doing all kind of things of no consequence, not knowing what he was about. I will tell you what that thing was that come back into my memory. Away late that awful Saturday night when I was wandering around about this prisoner's place, grieving and troubled, I was down by the corner of the tobacker-field and I heard a sound like digging in a gritty soil; and I crope nearer and peeped through the vines that hung on the rail fence and seen this prisoner *shovelling*—shovelling with a long-handled shovel—heaving earth into a big hole that was most filled up; his back was to me, but it was bright moonlight and I knowed him by his old green baize work-gown with a splattery white patch in the middle of the back like somebody had hit him with a snowball. *He was burying the man he'd murdered!*"

And he slumped down in his chair crying and sobbing, and 'most everybody in the house busted out wailing, and crying, and saying "Oh, it's awful—awful—horrible!" and there was a most tremenduous excitement, and you couldn't hear yourself think; and right in the midst of it up jumps old Uncle Silas, white as a sheet, and sings out—

"*It's true every word—I murdered him in cold blood!*"

By Jackson, it petrified them! People rose up wild all over the house, straining and staring for a better look at him, and the judge was hammering with his mallet, and the sheriff yelling "Order—order in the court—order!"

And all the while the old man stood there a-quaking and his eyes a-burning, and not looking at his wife and daughter, which was clinging to him and begging him to keep still, but pawing them off with his hands and saying he *would* clear his black soul from crime, he *would* heave off this load that was more than he could bear, and he *wouldn't* bear it another hour! And then he raged right along with his awful tale, everybody a-staring and gasping, judge, jury, lawyers, and everybody, and Benny and Aunt Sally crying their hearts out. And by George, Tom Sawyer never looked at him once! Never once—just set there gazing with all his eyes at something else, I couldn't tell what. And so the old man raged right along, pouring his words out like a stream of fire:

"I killed him! I am guilty! But I never had the notion in my life to hurt him or harm him, spite of all them lies



"I STRUCK TO KILL."

about my threatening him, till the very minute I raised the club—then my heart went cold!—then the pity all went out of it, and I struck to kill! In that one moment all my wrongs come into my mind; all the insults that that man and the scoundrel his brother, there, had put upon me, and how they had laid in together to ruin me with the people, and take away my good name, and *drive* me to some deed that would destroy me and my family that hadn't ever done *them* no harm, so help me God! And they done it in a mean revenge—for why? Because my innocent pure girl here at my side wouldn't marry that rich, insolent, ignorant coward, Brace Dunlap, who's been snivelling here over a brother he never cared a brass farthing for"—(I see Tom give a jump and look glad *this* time, to a dead certainty)—"and in that moment I've told you about, I forgot my God and remembered only my heart's bitterness—God forgive me!—and I struck to kill. In one second I was miserably sorry—oh, filled with remorse; but I thought of my poor family, and I *must* hide what I'd done for their sakes; and I did hide that corpse in the bushes; and presently I carried it to the tobacker-field; and in the deep night I went with my shovel and buried it where—"

Up jumps Tom and shouts—

"*Now*, I've got it!" and waves his hand, oh, ever so fine and starchy, towards the old man, and says—

"Set down! A murder *was* done, but you never had no hand in it!"

Well, sir, you could a heard a pin

drop. And the old man he sunk down kind of bewildered in his seat, and Aunt Sally and Benny didn't know it, because they was so astonished and staring at Tom with their mouths open and not knowing what they was about. And the whole house the same. *I* never seen people look so helpless and tangled up, and I hain't ever seen eyes bug out and gaze without a blink the way theirn did. Tom says, perfectly ca'm—

"Your Honor, may I speak?"

"For God's sake, yes—go on!" says the judge, so astonished and mixed up he didn't know what he was about hardly.

Then Tom he stood there and waited a second or two—that was for to work up an "effect," as he calls it—then he started in just as ca'm as ever, and says:

"For about two weeks, now, there's been a little bill sticking on the front of this court-house offering two thousand dollars reward for a couple of big di'monds —stole at St. Louis. Them di'monds is worth twelve thousand dollars. But never mind about that till I get to it. Now about this murder. I will tell you all about it—how it happened—who done it —every *de*tail."

You could see everybody nestle, now, and begin to listen for all they was worth.

"This man here, Brace Dunlap, that's been snivelling so about his dead brother that *you* know he never cared a straw for, wanted to marry that young girl there, and she wouldn't have him. So he told Uncle Silas he would make him sorry. Uncle Silas knowed how powerful he was, and how little chance he had against such a man, and he was scared and worried, and done everything he could think of to smooth him over and get him to be good to him; he even took his no-account brother Jubiter on the farm and give him wages, and stinted his own family to pay them; and Jubiter done everything his brother could contrive to insult Uncle Silas, and fret and worry him, and try to drive Uncle Silas into doing him a hurt, so as to injure Uncle Silas with the people. And it done it. Everybody turned against him and said the meanest kind of things about him, and it graduly broke his heart—yes, and he was so worried and distressed that often he warn't hardly in his right mind.

"Well, on that Saturday that we've had so much trouble about, two of these witnesses here, Lem Beebe and Jim Lane, come along by where Uncle Silas and Jubiter Dunlap was at work—and that much of what they've said is true, the rest is lies. They didn't hear Uncle Silas say he would kill Jubiter; they didn't hear no blow struck; they didn't see no dead man, and they didn't see Uncle Silas hide anything in the bushes. Look at them now — how they set there, wishing they hadn't been so handy with their tongues; anyway, they'll wish it before I get done.

"That same Saturday evening, Bill and Jack Withers *did* see one man lugging off another one. That much of what they said is true, and the rest is lies. First off they thought it was a nigger stealing Uncle Silas's corn—you notice it makes them look silly, now, to find out somebody overheard them say that. That's because they found out by-and-by who it was that was doing the lugging, and *they* know best why they swore here that they took it for Uncle Silas by the gait—which it *wasn't*, and they knowed it when they swore to that lie.

"A man out in the moonlight *did* see a murdered person put underground in the tobacker-field—but it wasn't Uncle Silas that done the burying. He was in his bed at that very time.

"Now, then, before I go on, I want to ask you if you've ever noticed this: that people, when they're thinking deep, or when they're worried, are most always doing something with their hands, and they don't know it and don't notice what it is their hands are doing. Some stroke their chins; some stroke their noses; some stroke up *under* their chin with their hand; some twirl a chain, some fumble a button, then there's some that draws a figure or a letter with their finger on their cheek, or under their chin, or on their under lip. That's *my* way. When I'm restless, or worried, or thinking hard, I draw capital V's on my cheek or on my under lip or under my chin, and never anything *but* capital V's — and half the time I don't notice it and don't know I'm doing it."

That was odd. That is just what I do; only I make an O. And I could see people nodding to one another, same as they do when they mean "*that's* so."

"Now, then, I'll go on. That same Saturday—no it was the night before—there was a steamboat laying at Flagler's Landing, forty miles above here, and it was raining and storming like the nation. And there was a thief aboard, and he had

them two big di'monds that's advertised out here on this court-house door; and he slipped ashore with his hand-bag and struck out into the dark and the storm, and he was a-hoping he could get to this town all right and be safe. But he had two pals aboard the boat, hiding, and he knowed they was going to kill him the first chance they got and take the di'monds; because all three stole them and then this fellow he got hold of them and skipped.

"Well, he hadn't been gone more'n ten minutes before his pals found it out, and they jumped ashore and lit out after him. Prob'ly they burnt matches and found his tracks. Anyway, they dogged along after him all day Saturday and kept out of his sight; and towards sundown he come to the bunch of sycamores down by Uncle Silas's field, and he went in there to get a disguise out of his hand-bag and put it on before he showed himself here in the town—and mind you he done that just a little after the time that Uncle Silas was hitting Jubiter Dunlap over the head with a club—for he *did* hit him.



"A MURDER WAS DONE."

"But the minute the pals see that thief slide into the bunch of sycamores, they jumped out of the bushes and slid in after him.

"They fell on him and clubbed him to death.

"Yes, for all he screamed and howled so, they never had no mercy on him, but clubbed him to death. And two men that was running along the road heard him yelling that way, and they made a rush into the sycamore bunch—which was where they was bound for, anyway—and when the pals saw them they lit out, and the two new men after them a-chasing them as tight as they could go. But only a minute or two—then these two new men slipped back very quiet into the sycamores.

"*Then* what did they do? I will tell you what they done. They found where the thief had got his disguise out of his carpet-sack to put on; so one of them strips and puts on that disguise."

Tom waited a little here, for some more "effect"—then he says, very deliberate—

"The man that put on that dead man's disguise was—*Jubiter Dunlap!*"

"Great Scott!" everybody shouted, all over the house, and old Uncle Silas he looked perfectly astonished.

"Yes, it was Jubiter Dunlap. Not dead, you see. Then they pulled off the dead man's boots and put Jubiter Dunlap's old ragged shoes on the corpse and put the corpse's boots on Jubiter Dunlap. Then Jubiter Dunlap staid where he was, and the other man lugged the dead body off in the twilight; and after midnight he went to Uncle Silas's house, and took his old green work-robe off of the peg where it always hangs in the passage betwixt the house and the kitchen and put it on, and stole the long-handled shovel and went off down into the tobacker-field and buried the murdered man."

He stopped, and stood a half a minute. Then—

"And who do you reckon the murdered

man *was?* It was—*Jake* Dunlap, the long-lost burglar!"

"Great Scott!"

"And the man that buried him was—*Brace* Dunlap, his brother!"

"Great Scott!"

"And who do you reckon is this mowing idiot here that's letting on all these weeks to be a deef and dumb stranger? It's—*Jubiter* Dunlap!"

My land, they all busted out in a howl, and you never see the like of that excitement since the day you was born. And Tom he made a jump for Jubiter, and snaked off his goggles and his false whiskers, and there was the murdered man, sure enough, just as alive as anybody! And Aunt Sally and Benny they went to hugging and crying and kissing and smothering old Uncle Silas to that degree he was more muddled and confused and mushed up in his mind than he ever was before, and that is saying considerable. And next, people begun to yell—

"Tom Sawyer! Tom Sawyer! Shut up everybody, and let him go on! Go on, Tom Sawyer!"

Which made him feel uncommon bully, for it was nuts for Tom Sawyer to be a public character thataway, and a hero, as he calls it. So when it was all quiet, he says—

"There ain't much left, only this: When that man there, Brace Dunlap, had most worried the life and sense out of Uncle Silas till at last he plumb lost his mind and hit this other blatherskite his brother with a club, I reckon he seen his chance. Jubiter broke for the woods to hide, and I reckon the game was for him to slide out in the night and leave the country. Then Brace would make everybody believe Uncle Silas killed him and hid his body somers; and that would ruin Uncle Silas and drive *him* out of the country—hang him, maybe; I dunno. But when they found their dead brother in the sycamores without knowing him, because he was so battered up, they see they had a better thing: disguise *both* and bury Jake and dig him up presently all dressed up in Jubiter's clothes, and hire Jim Lane and Bill Withers and the others to swear to some handy lies—which they done. And there they set, now, and I told them they would be looking sick before I got done, and that is the way they're looking now.



"WHICH MADE HIM FEEL UNCOMMON BULLY."

"Well, me and Huck Finn here, we come down on the boat with the thieves, and the dead one told us all about the di'monds, and said the others would murder him if they got the chance; and we was going to help him all we could. We was bound for the sycamores when we heard them killing him in there; but we was in there in the early morning after the storm and allowed nobody hadn't been killed, after all. And when we see Jubiter Dunlap here spreading around in the very same disguise Jake told us *he* was going to wear, we thought it was Jake his own self—and he was goo-gooing deef and dumb, and *that* was according to agreement.

"Well, me and Huck went on hunting for the corpse after

the others quit, and we found it. And was proud, too; but Uncle Silas he knocked us crazy by telling us *he* killed the man. So we was mighty sorry we found the body, and was bound to save Uncle Silas's neck if we could; and it was going to be tough work, too, because he wouldn't let us break him out of prison the way we done with our old nigger Jim.

"I done everything I could the whole month to think up some way to save Uncle Silas, but I couldn't strike a thing. So when we come into court to-day I come empty, and couldn't see no chance anywheres. But by-and-by I had a glimpse of something that set me thinking—just a little wee glimpse—only that, and not enough to make sure; but it set me thinking hard—and *watching*, when I was only letting on to think; and by-and-by, sure enough, when Uncle Silas was piling out that stuff about *him* killing Jubiter Dunlap, I catched that glimpse again, and this time I jumped up and shut down the proceedings, because I *knowed* Jubiter Dunlap was a-setting here before me. I knowed him by a thing which I seen him do—and I remembered it. I'd seen him do it when I was here a year ago."



"AND THERE WAS THE MURDERED MAN."

He stopped then, and studied a minute—laying for an "effect"—I knowed it perfectly well. Then he turned off like he was going to leave the platform, and says, kind of lazy and indifferent—

"Well, I believe that is all."

Why, you never heard such a howl!—and it come from the whole house:

"What *was* it you seen him do? Stay where you are, you little devil! You think you are going to work a body up till his mouth's a-watering and stop there? What *was* it he done?"

That was it, you see—he just done it to get an "effect"; you couldn't a pulled him off of that platform with a yoke of oxen.

"Oh, it wasn't anything much," he says. "I seen him looking a little excited when he found Uncle Silas was actuly fixing to hang himself for a murder that warn't ever done; and he got more and more nervous and worried, I a-watching him sharp but not seeming to look at him—and all of a sudden his hands begun to work and fidget, and pretty soon his left crept up and *his finger drawed a cross on his cheek*, and then I *had* him!"

Well, then they ripped and howled and stomped and clapped their hands till Tom Sawyer was that proud and happy he didn't know what to do with himself. And then the judge he looked down over his pulpit and says—

"My boy, did you *see* all the various details of this strange conspiracy and tragedy that you've been describing?"

"No, your Honor, I didn't see any of them."

"Didn't see any of them! Why, you've told the whole history straight through, just the same as if you'd seen it with your eyes. How did you manage that?"



"TOM GIVE HALF OF IT TO ME."

Tom says, kind of easy and comfortable—

"Oh, just noticing the evidence and piecing this and that together, your Honor; just an ordinary little bit of detective work; anybody could a done it."

"Nothing of the kind! Not two in a million could a done it. You are a very remarkable boy."

Then they let go and give Tom another smashing round, and he—well, he wouldn't a sold out for a silver-mine. Then the judge says—

"But are you certain you've got this curious history straight?"

"Perfectly, your Honor. Here is Brace Dunlap—let him deny his share of it if he wants to take the chance; I'll engage to make him wish he hadn't said anything. . . . Well, you see *he's* pretty quiet. And his brother's pretty quiet; and them four witnesses that lied so and got paid for it, they're pretty quiet. And as for Uncle Silas, it ain't any use for him to put in his oar, I wouldn't believe him under oath!"

Well, sir, that fairly made them shout; and even the judge he let go and laughed. Tom he was just feeling like a rainbow. When they was done laughing he looks up at the judge and says—

"Your Honor, there's a thief in this house."

"A thief?"

"Yes, sir. And he's got them twelve-thousand-dollar di'monds on him."

By gracious, but it made a stir! Everybody went shouting—

"Which is him? which is him? pint him out!" And the judge says—

"Point him out, my lad. Sheriff, you will arrest him. Which one is it?"

Tom says—

"This late dead man here—Jubiter Dunlap."

Then there was another thundering let-go of astonishment and excitement; but Jubiter, which was astonished enough before, was just fairly putrefied with astonishment this time. And he spoke up, about half crying, and says—

"Now *that's* a lie! Your Honor, it ain't fair; I'm plenty bad enough, without that. I done the other things—Brace he put me up to it, and persuaded me, and promised he'd make me rich, some day, and I done it, and I'm sorry I done it, and I wish't I hadn't; but I hain't stole no di'monds, and I hain't *got* no di'monds; I wish't I may never stir if it ain't so. The sheriff can search me and see."

Tom says—

"Your Honor, it wasn't right to call him a thief, and I'll let up on that a little. He did steal the di'monds, but he didn't know it. He stole them from his brother Jake when he was laying dead, after Jake had stole them from the other thieves; but Jubiter didn't know he was stealing them; and he's been swelling around here with them a month; yes, sir, twelve thousand dollars' worth of di'monds on him—all that riches, and going around here every day just like a poor man. Yes, your Honor, he's got them on him now."

The judge spoke up and says—

"Search him, sheriff."

Well, sir, the sheriff he ransacked him high and low, and everywhere; searched his hat, socks, seams, boots, everything—and Tom he stood there quiet, laying for another of them effects of his'n. Finally the sheriff he give it up, and everybody looked disappointed, and Jubiter says—

"There, now! what 'd I tell you?"

And the judge says—

"It appears you were mistaken this time, my boy."

Then Tom he took an attitude and let on to be studying with all his might, and scratching his head. Then all of a sudden he glanced up chipper and says—

"Oh, now I've got it! I'd forgot."

Which was a lie, and I knowed it. Then he says—

"Will somebody be good enough to lend me a little small screw-driver? There was one in your brother's hand-bag that you smouched, Jubiter, but I reckon you didn't fetch it with you."

"No, I didn't. I didn't want it, and I give it away."

"That was because you didn't know what it was for."

Jubiter had his boots on again by now, and when the thing Tom wanted was passed over the people's heads till it got to him, he says to Jubiter—

"Put up your foot on this chair;" and he kneeled down and begun to unscrew the heel-plate, everybody watching; and when he got that big di'mond out of that boot heel and held it up and let it flash and blaze and squirt sunlight everwhichaway, it just took everybody's breath; and Jubiter he looked so sick and sorry you never see the like of it. And when Tom held up the other di'mond he looked sorrier than ever. Land! he was thinking how he would a skipped out and been rich and independent in a foreign land if he'd only had the luck to guess what the screw-driver was in the carpet-bag for. Well, it was a most exciting time, take it all around, and Tom got cords of glory. The judge took the di'monds, and stood up in his pulpit, and shoved his spectacles back on his head, and cleared his throat, and says—

"I'll keep them and notify the owners; and when they send for them it will be a real pleasure to me to hand you the two thousand dollars, for you've earned the money—yes, and you've earned the deepest and most sincerest thanks of this community besides, for lifting a wronged and innocent family out of ruin and shame, and saving a good and honorable man from a felon's death, and for exposing to infamy and the punishment of the law a cruel and odious scoundrel and his miserable creatures!"

Well, sir, if there'd been a brass band to bust out some music, then, it would a been just the perfectest thing I ever see, and Tom Sawyer he said the same.

Then the sheriff he nabbed Brace Dunlap and his crowd, and by-and-by next month the judge had them up for trial and jailed the whole lot. And everybody crowded back to Uncle Silas's little old church, and was ever so loving and kind to him and the family, and couldn't do enough for them; and Uncle Silas he preached them the blamedest, jambledest, idiotic sermons you ever struck, and would tangle you up so you couldn't find your way home in daylight; but the people never let on but what they thought it was the clearest and brightest and elegantest sermons that ever was; and they would set there and cry, for love and pity; but, by George, they give me the jimjams and the fantods and caked up what brains I had, and turned them solid; but by-and-by they loved the old man's intellects back into him again and he was as sound in his skull as ever he was, which ain't no flattery, I reckon. And so the whole family was as happy as birds, and nobody could be gratefuler and lovinger than what they was to Tom Sawyer; and the same to me, though I hadn't done nothing. And when the two thousand dollars come, Tom give half of it to me, and never told anybody so, which didn't surprise me, because I knowed him.

THE END.

HESPERIA.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

I.

THE clearest call that a man's heart hears,
When the beat of the blood leaps strong like fire,
Is the call of the sea, through the circling years
A longing that may nor rest nor tire;
And the siren eternal sings and sings,
Till the heart of the man takes magic wings,
Where no sail spreads, no rudder steers,
To win the haven of Heart's Desire.

Hand-shadowed eyes have seaward strained
O'er the purple way to the rim of the world.
To the fabulous realms by fancy feigned,
With palaces sun-kissed, dream-impearled.
And only the mystery vague and vast
Hath lain between! An the sea were past,
The hope of a man's heart were attained,
The wings of his wanting forever furled.

So men went down to the sea in ships
In quest of many a marvelled truth,
Reading the radiant apocalypse
In the sunset's gold and crimson sooth.
And some went forth for a golden fleece,
And some for an earthly heaven of peace,
And some to lave their thirsty lips
In the fabled fountain of endless youth.

And ever the siren song allured
Through the limitless waste of the throbbing seas,
Till dim eyes doubted what hope assured,
And wealth seemed dear at the price of ease.
To hearts grown weary in toil and ruth
Mere rest were as sweet as eternal youth,
A cleft in the rock from the wind secured
As the palms of the famed Hesperides.

II.

The world is girdled now,
And all the gorgeous dreams
That lured the adventurer's prow
Are faded sunset gleams.

The lost Atlantis sleeps
Untroubled 'neath the seas;

The dragon, fable, keeps
  Its fair Hesperides;

The earthly paradise
  May wistful poets sing;
E'en youth forgets where lies
  Eternal youth's clear spring.

No magic seas we plough
  A marvel fair to prove;
The world is girdled now,
  We know the bounds thereof.

Against no nameless strand
  The white-lipped waves are curled,
For, lo! the adventurous band
  Hath won for us the world.

III.

They found not what they sought,
  Those sturdy men of yore;
But stout and true for the work to do
  Were the hearts and the arms they bore.

They found not what they sought;
  But famine, disease, and cold,
And death in its might they grappled in fight—
  And theirs was the stronger hold.

They found not what they sought;
  But fame with her bay wreath dowers
That hardy band, for they won the land,
  And the land that they won is ours.

Then for us is a lordlier trust,
  And a graver work to do;
And the guerdon of grace is the weal of the race,
  An the brain and the heart be true.

And the nations have turned their eyes
  To the land 'twixt the sea and the sea;
And for us is the care that her fame be fair.
  Amen, so mote it be.

IV.

Here is the world's Hesperia—its last land!
  The fabled West stands real, virgin white,
Crowned with the wreath of freedom; in her hand
  The wisdom of the ages for a light

To gild the paths of her engirdling seas,
That they who seek her through no darkness grope;
Her arm outstretched for those who clasp her knees;
Her people's trust, mankind's white, radiant hope.

NOTE.—This poem was read on the 29th of April, 1896, before the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. The Association on that occasion placed upon the old lighthouse at Cape Henry, Virginia, a cross and tablet bearing the following inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT
LANDED APRIL 26, 1607,
CAPT. GABRIEL ARCHER, CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT,
HON. GEORGE S. PERCY, BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD,
EDWARD MARIA WINGFIELD,
WITH TWENTY-FIVE OTHERS,
WHO,
CALLING THE PLACE
CAPE HENRY,
PLANTED A CROSS
APRIL 29, 1607.
DEI GRATIA VIRGINIA CONDITA.

A PICTURE OF SAINT CLOUD.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

"HE is painting a bit of the path into the woods."

Juliette spelled with her fingers, in the deaf and dumb alphabet, for her little brother, who stood at the foot of the wall, looking up at her. She clung to the stones and vines, and clambered on until she reached a place where she could see over more easily.

The great mastiff that stood by the child's side, with eyes also intent on her movements, gave a sharp, inquiring bark. The boy threw his arm around the dog's neck, and put one hand over his muzzle, and shook his head at him fiercely.

Juliette pressed her fingers to her lips, and crouched down among the vines.

"He almost saw me, and the sport would have been over," her fingers told him.

The child hid his laughing face in the dog's neck.

After a moment she looked over the wall again.

"He is standing in front of his easel so that I cannot see the picture, but, oh, Louis, some day, when thou art stronger, thou must climb to this place and see the fine view!"

The boy's hand reached toward her, and his white fingers moved rapidly:

"Tell me, what dost thou see?"

"I can see the river almost to the city. It is like a blue ribbon, and the grass is far greener than any paint that ever was put on a canvas; and the woods are so lovely after the rain."

"I will come up and see for myself—and our artist too."

The little hand said, quickly: "No, no, dear Louis; oh no, thou must not! Did I not promise mother I would not let thee tire thyself? Talk to Marco, so that he will not bark, and I will look again at Monsieur Paint Brush and see what he is up to. There! I can see the picture quite clearly now. But, oh, he is very unhappy! He stands and clasps his hands. It does not please him at all, though it is far better than many that our artists do," Juliette communicated to the eager eyes below. "It is the path into the woods, as I said, but there are figures in the foreground that are unfinished. Wait one minute; he is speaking to himself! I will hear, and tell thee."

The boy waited moments before she again turned her face toward him. He had grown very impatient, and was shaking his small fist at her. The dog blinked and dozed. There was nothing in this silence to animate his canine soul.

At last Juliette's fingers spoke again:

"Poor man! he says the picture is never to be finished; that he shall tear it and burn it, so he may forget his disappointment. I have a mind to call down to him that with a bird hopping in the path few artists come to Saint Cloud who can paint one-tenth as well. At least he has let the tiresome earth alone, that none of them can paint. The leaves on his trees would certainly flutter if there was a breeze. I cannot think why he should be so unhappy."

"I will come up; I am quite strong. Thou mayst tell our mother, if thou wilt be so cross." And closing his eyes tight, and shaking his head to indicate that he had no notion of heeding Juliette's pleading fingers, he began climbing over the misplaced stones of the wall towards her.

The dog woke to rebellion, and capered back and forth, barking wildly.

The artist, who had thought himself unobserved and alone, looked up, and saw Juliette smiling down at him from her perch.

He had opened his color-box, and, with his tasselled cap far back on his head, had set himself to work on the sketch he had but the moment before declared he never should finish.

He was very young, with deep blue eyes and yellow hair. His strange manner and odd dress had told Juliette that he was not her countryman, though he now spoke to her in fairly good French:

"Get thee down, or I will pelt thee with rocks, Mademoiselle Impertinence!" he said, scowling fiercely. "Haste thee! This is the rock. In one moment it shall fly at thy naughty head!"

Juliette only settled herself more comfortably.

"Stone me if thou wilt, and Marco shall shake thee till thou knowest not if thou art an artist or a butcher! I like this place well. The view is fine. I care not for thee!"

She tossed her curls saucily, and looked down at her little brother, who was still toiling up the ruined wall towards her.

"Oh, my poor, poor Louis! Thou wilt surely go to thy bed again! Stay! let me come down to thee. The artist is a bear, and could not paint a scarecrow if the lines were traced on his canvas."

She spoke aloud, for the benefit of the angry painter, while she appealed to her deaf brother in signs.

"Come down, if it pleaseth thee! I shall come up. I am not in the least tired," the little fellow answered, pausing to rest. His face was very white, and his limbs were quivering with weakness.

If Juliette had felt the unselfish love that her tender words indicated, she would, against all resistance, have taken her brother in her arms and carried him at once to his mother. His frail strength could hardly have withstood her fourteen buoyant years of life and health.

The artist had gone back to his easel.

"If thou wert not so unpleasant, I should tell thee that an artist seldom visits Saint Cloud who can paint the trees as well as thyself. This is not for thy comfort, but to save the picture from the fire, as thou didst threaten."

"What dost thou know of art, infant?" the artist asked, turning toward her, palette in hand.

"Oh, there are those who are more stupid than I am, pretty monsieur. I can tell a cloud from a fountain, or a bit of the castle from a clothes-horse, though often they would seem to be very much alike."

"And thou sayest my picture pleases thee?" he asked, looking fondly at his work. "I thank thee. A child's praise is often more true than the praise of those learned in art."

"So many who scratch canvas have told me," Juliette answered, laughing. "And what wouldst thou say if I told thee I too have a color-box, and can daub quite beautifully—at least so my teacher says."

"What can thy small hands do? But, nevertheless, I should greatly like to see thy work, for thou hast a clever little head. What dost thou call thy name, petite?"

"'Mademoiselle Impertinence,' I am called. Remember the name, for I may some day be famous, and I shall tax thee with it. Oh, if ever I do paint leaves as well as those that quiver in the sunlight on thy canvas, I shall rest content!" Juliette said, in real longing.

"By my life, thou art not stupid! But it is useless, my sweet child. See, those figures in the foreground cannot be completed. I shall never see the boy again. I have haunted this place for weeks to no purpose." He wiped the tears from his eyes in genuine grief. "Thou canst not

know what a sorrow this is to me! Here on my canvas was to have been— Stay! Hast thou ever met in the woods of Saint Cloud a little deaf and dumb boy who takes his walk with a large, beautiful dog? Thou wouldst surely remember. His eyes are the color of the skies, and his hair that streak of sunshine. He is as frail as a lily, so that a breath would waft him away; his little cheeks like alabaster touched with rose."

The artist, absorbed in his disappointment, had forgotten Juliette, who was becoming greatly excited.

"Where didst thou first see the boy?" she asked, leaning towards him and speaking under her breath, as though she feared her brother would hear.

"Yonder in the path. He had grown weary in his play, and had fallen asleep, his pretty head resting on his playfellow. For full an hour I had him there, and when he woke I would have spoken with him, and begged him to come again and rest, and I would pay his father all he asked; but the dog, the ugly brute, made for me, and would have torn me into inch bits had I come within ten paces of the boy."

"How dost thou know that he was deaf and dumb?"

"He motioned with his hands and touched his lips. He tried with all his will to rule the dog and let me come to him; for he feared me not. But the dog distrusted me as if I were a beggar!"

"Hast thou ever been dishonest?" Juliette asked, with a merry laugh. "They say, thou knowest, that an honest dog will scent dishonesty, though it be covered in the dress of a priest."

The artist turned about his face and looked up at her searchingly, but he made no answer.

Louis, with many pauses to rest, was nearing the top of the wall.

"So if I knew the boy, and could bring him to thee, and thou couldst finish thy picture, I would not while our Marco gave thee such a character."

"Oh, my good angel, dost thou truly know him? If thou wilt take me to him I will give thee this, and this." He thrust his hands into his pockets and drew forth several pieces of money, and held them up towards her.

"My father is not so poor that our Louis needs must be a model for thy silver, nor is he strong enough to be tormented with thy pictures. Alas! the doctors have told us that he cannot live, though we take the greatest care, so thou shouldst not ask it."

Her fingers spoke to her brother, who in one moment more would be in sight:

"He is a very wicked man, this artist, my Louis. He speaks naughty words. I will take thee home. Come; he shall not see thee."

But the child twisted his arm from her clasp, and with another step his golden head came above the top of the wall.

The artist clasped his hands rapturously. He was speechless in his joy.

Louis smiled down at him innocently. He would not let his sister speak to him, and in the position he was standing there was all danger of his falling if she touched him.

"Clasp thy hands and roll thine eyes! Thou shalt not have my brother's face in thy picture, I tell thee!" Juliette cried.

The artist heeded her not, but caught up his brushes and set vigorously to work. The position for his figure any boy could pose in. The face, with its color and beauty, was before him. He would lose no time.

Juliette whistled to her dog.

"We shall see if thou wilt not drop thy brushes! I tell thee, my father shall know of this!" The angry tears started to her eyes. "If I speak the word, Marco will be over the wall!"

The artist looked up at her with deep pleading in his eyes:

"Why, then, petite, wilt thou be so cruel to me? I would not harm the boy. This picture may one day hang in some great gallery. I am no mean artist dabbling for sport."

"I care not if it were to hang on the walls of the Luxembourg or the Louvre. I should not let thee do it without my father's consent! Thou wouldst steal his face like a thief. Thou shalt not!"

The little boy had seated himself on the top of the wall, just out of his sister's reach.

"Do tell me what is he saying, that thou art so excited, Juliette," he asked, laughing.

"He says he will paint thee in his picture. If thou wilt not do as I bid thee, and climb down, so that we may go home, I shall speak to Marco, and he will spring upon him and tear him to pieces."

"Oh, I should love to see my face on a canvas!" the little fingers said, eagerly. "Our father will not mind if it pleases me, I am quite sure. Let the poor man paint me. Do not be so cross."

He waved his hand and smiled to the artist, who returned the encouragement by throwing him a kiss from the tips of his fingers.

Juliette was honest in thinking that her father would be displeased. She had the best of reasons to know that he would be. The family had been of far better station in life — that was all long years before. Her father and grandfather had been but shopkeepers in one of the little shops of Saint Cloud. But the pride of the family was still alive and strong. There had once been an artist who had begged for the joy of painting Juliette's bright face, and had been most indignantly refused. Her father knew the model only as a child of disrepute — an outcast treasure that the lover of art alone would claim.

The fire of opposition rose high in the girl's heart. She would use the dog only as a last resource, for she knew that he would have no mercy.

"I shall go home and leave thee here, and our father will come, and then we shall see, thou naughty boy!" she threatened, and began quickly to climb down.

The dog met her at the foot of the wall with a low growl of understanding. He had discovered the enemy on the opposite side, and every hair bristled with resentment. His large eyes had the fierceness of a blood-hound's.

"Come; we shall see if he will not hearken to me! Thou shalt frighten him until he begs for his life; but do not harm him unless I bid thee."

Juliette looked straight into the dog's angry eyes as she gave the command. His tail drooped dejectedly. The cruelty of his ambition had been defeated. He followed her indifferently around the corner of the wall.

"Here is one who knows thee for what thou art—a thief! He would kill thee if I told him to!" she cried, going up close to the artist and stamping her small foot.

The dog, crouching at a distance, showed his teeth and snapped viciously in affirmation of this threat.

The artist tossed the tassel in his cap and laughed aloud.

"Think you I would come a second time to the woods of Saint Cloud unprotected from that brute?"

He waved his hand and smiled at the little boy on the wall, and went on with his work.

In this near view of the picture Juliette could see her brother's face coming in lights and shades with marvellous exactness.

It was too late. The blue eyes, half open, would always be the eyes of the little deaf and dumb boy the artist had found asleep in the path that summer's day. The angelic smile that played round the pretty mouth had been caught in that one hour of high inspiration.

For a moment Juliette forgot her anger, and stood charmed by the beauty of the picture. Her lips parted. The tears started to her eyes. This was the work of a great artist, her soul spoke to her. She sank down in the grass and buried her face in her apron. The dog crept up and licked her hands. He fawned at the artist's feet.

"Why, sweet child! my pretty one! thou hast understood my thought!" The artist knelt by her side. "Thou art won by my picture!"

"My father will be very angry; indeed, you do not know!" Juliette sobbed. "Perhaps if I were to beg him for thee he would give his consent, but thou shouldst not do it against his will."

"Most happily would I go to thy father, but thou fearest his refusal. I dare not take the risk. Ask thy brother there to come down to me. Could I have him one half-hour, my life's gratitude would be thine. Do this for thy love of art!" The artist sprang to his feet. "Ah, he comes down of his own accord! Be kind to me, petite; persuade him to lie there beneath that tree with his dog, as in the picture. Mon Dieu! could I make thy heart burn with my desire for one instant! Look at the picture! Forget thy father; this shall still live when he is turned dust in his grave!"

The little boy now came running up and threw his arms around his sister's neck, and besought her in pitiful screams to tell him why she wept. He thrust his hands to her face to say he was quite ready and willing to go home with her.

The dog growled threateningly, and made a vicious snap at the artist's leg.

Juliette stood up. "I dare not so de-

ceive my father," she said, slowly, with downcast eyes.

The child pulled at her hand and urged her away.

"Only look at the picture! Tell thy brother he shall have his pleasure, that it is thy desire to stay. I must have the gladness in his face, the peace that thou seest here."

Juliette looked for a long moment at the picture. She raised her eyes and met the deep glowing eyes of the artist. He held her by a power there was no resisting.

"Thou wilt do all I ask thee, petite?" he said, softly.

She drew her brother before the picture and kissed him. Her fingers spoke to him quickly.

It was the joy of the picture that had made her weep. She was very happy. All the world would be glad because her little deaf and dumb brother had lived and had given himself to be a model for this great artist. It was to be a surprise for their mother and father. He was to say nothing about it at home. Could he remember that it was to be a beautiful secret?

The little fellow promised gladly, clapping his hands and dancing about and embracing the dog, who took but sullen satisfaction in the artist's victory.

And so it came about that many a bright afternoon this little company met in the woods of Saint Cloud. The boy rested with his dog, as in the pose of the picture; Juliette perched about and chattered to the artist, with whom she became surprisingly friendly.

The picture was almost completed. There was to be but one more meeting. The artist had spread his canvas and was waiting. Again and again he walked to that point in the path where he could first see the children as they came up the hill from the village, but they came not.

At last, when he had given them up, and was strapping his things together, Juliette came running breathlessly up the path. Her face was colorless and frightened.

He went to meet her, holding out both his hands.

She cast herself into his arms.

"My brother will come to thee no more! I have killed him — my mother has said so! She will send me to a convent to end my days!"

"Thy brother is dead! This cannot be true!"

"It is—it is true. At daybreak this morning they called me to his bedside; my mother was there, and my father was holding his hand. 'I have told them all about the picture, dear Juliette,' he said. His little fingers were so weak he could hardly move them. Oh, I shall never forget! They say it was sitting on the damp grass and getting over-weary." She drew a deep sigh. "I may say my prayers for a hundred years in a convent, but I shall never be forgiven!"

The artist stroked the bright head that lay against his breast.

"Thou shalt not go to a convent, petite. I shall entreat thy mother for thee. I know she loves thee well, and some day, when thou art older—what sayest thou? —I shall come again to Saint Cloud and carry thee away as my little bride. Thou shalt take the picture to thy mother. It will melt her heart, as it did thine, and she shall make peace with thy father both for thee and me."

Juliette looked up through her tears into his face and read her trust. She caught his hand.

"Come quickly, then, while my father is from the house and she still weeps for my brother. Bring the picture."

"Stay! this is not a fitting time. When the day comes for thee to be sent from thy home to the convent, thy mother's heart will yearn to hold thee. Then shall I come with the picture. She shall see that thy brother still lives. He will plead for thee, and then will we kneel and ask her blessing." He took Juliette's sweet face between his hands. "Tell me, sweet, dost thou love me?"

"Oh, I know not!"

"Thou shalt know erelong." He bent and kissed her forehead. "Now run home to thy mother, and while thou mournest let thy grief be mine also, but remember I shall come to thee."

And if anywhere in the galleries of the Old World you have come upon "A Picture of Saint Cloud," and found your heart touched by the lifelike beauty of the little boy and his dog, have found yourself listening for the rustle of the leaves on the trees that overshadow him, you can easily believe that his mother's heart was won, and the father's pardon granted, and that Juliette and her artist received their blessing.



BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN.

I FANCY that to most people the word archæology conveys suggestions largely of old Greece or Rome or Egypt, of fluted pillars and damaged friezes, or of statues whose heads and legs and arms have mostly gone afield — of these and sundry things which agents of societies and colleges dig up with subscription money, and write expensive books about, or lecture upon with a lantern in a darkened room. At least the writer must, if entirely candid, confess that this was the response which his untutored mental machinery offered to the chance suggestion of the word archæology.

It will be perceived at once that the writer is, as to archæology, one sitting in the outer darkness, and this is what he wishes to be clearly understood. For so only would it seem wise to record in haphazard fashion some phases of a summer's wandering among ruined and forgotten homesteads of the great Southwest, and a layman's conception thus derived of a group of prehistoric Americans who had finished their strenuous and narrow lives, and faded into tradition and myth before the Spaniards, zealous for God and athirst for gold, had penetrated to the heart of our continent, and even before Columbus had ventured across the unknown seas.

The Cliff builders lived in such queer places, built so well, and have vanished so utterly that to many they seem the most mysterious and fascinating of the American aborigines. But until within a few years some small damaged stone houses, shrivelled corn-cobs, broken pottery, and conjecture have largely formed the basis of our conception of them. A good many people have taken carriage at Flagstaff, in Arizona, on the Santa Fe Railroad, scrambled along the ledges in Walnut Cañon a dozen miles away, peered into the broken rows of cell-like houses perched dizzily aloft, poked into the débris and dirt upon the floors which the wear of centuries has left, in breathless hope of uncovering some illumining treasure thus far missed by equal hope and keener eyes, and finally picking up some fragments of rude pottery and some dingy corn-cobs, have gone back to the nineteenth century and their sleeping-cars, tired and mystified.

But those who know their World's Fair, or who have read the results of Bandelier's toilsome researches, or who have turned in conscientious fashion the leaves of Nordenskjöld's magnificent volume, are aware that a good deal is known, after all, about the haunts and ways of the American Cliff-dwellers, and that some shrewd guesses are current about their

story. The heart of the story seems to be that they were sedentary Indians allied to the present Pueblos, and long ago were driven to their places of defence and concealment under stress of conflict with nomadic tribes, who built no houses, and have left no trace in the land across which they hunted the unhappy refugees.

Let us glance a moment at this land.

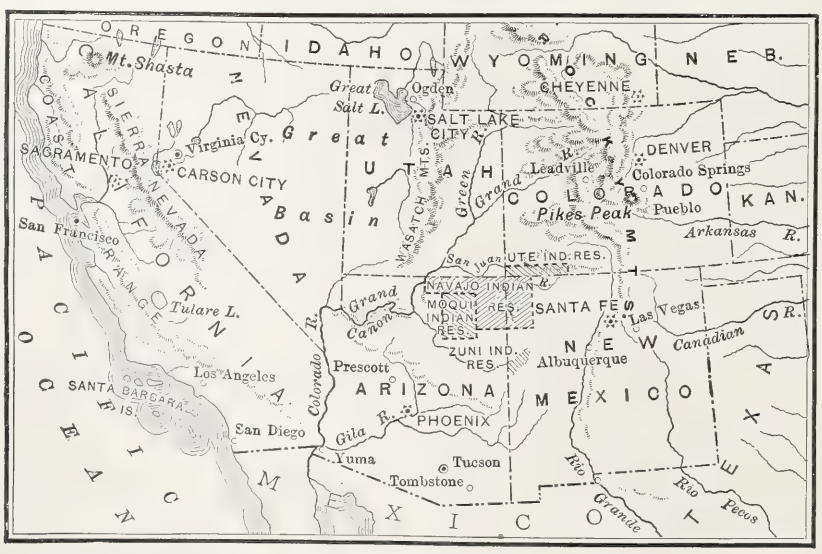
I suppose that few persons, even those moving in the informed circles of magazine-readers, know which four of the commonwealths of the United States come together at one point in right-angled corners. The writer cannot truly say that these possessors of unusual geographic lore are better off than their fellows of the uninformed majority. But, in fact, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico do meet at one point. And a few venturesome persons have travelled a good many hot arid miles to tickle their fancies by sprawling their anatomies into the domain of four at once of the units of this great republic. A glance at a map of the United States shows this unique relationship, and attention is called to it here only because this easily located point on the map is near the northern limit of a little-known and little-traversed district in which relics of the prehistoric American are accessible, abundant, and well-preserved.

If you take a map of the United States drawn on such a scale that it is about seven inches from New York to San Francisco, and put a silver quarter of a dollar —one of the newer forms — upon it so that the head of the alleged bird of freedom, looking toward the west, lies just over these four corners, you will have covered a tract considerably larger than New England, almost as dry as Sahara, and as rich in the relics of a vanished race as any classic country of them all.

The eastern border of our silver "quarter" lies along the slopes of the Great Continental Divide covering the sources of the Rio Grande. Its western segment bridges the awesome depths of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and edges close upon the foot-hills of the Wasatch range. The Santa Fe Railroad traverses the lower third of the tract. Across its upper portion the San Juan River, muddy and treacherous, rolls sullenly westward through hot reaches of desert, and then rushing along deep gorges, merges at last into the great Colorado as it sweeps and roars through its vast self-sculptured chasm on its way to the Pacific. Northward the great hills are piled confusedly together, guarding their treasure of gold and silver and jewels and coal. To the south the hot land stretches brokenly away toward Mexico.

It is a region for the most part bare, brown, and desolate, thrown here and there into wild relief by barren ridges, mountain peaks, and short jumbled ranges. Over the more level parts of it, in some earlier time, great streams or sudden floods have scored and ploughed the surfaces, leaving gigantic cañons and gorges and broad lake basins, now wholly dry, among which rise abruptly the picturesque and imposing remnants of the elder surfaces as plateaus, table-lands, and mesas.

The tops of the mesas and table-lands are frequently clad with dense growths of piñon, juniper, and cedar, while on the lower levels scattered tufts of grass, the hardy sage-brush, and the grease-wood make shift to gather what little moisture they may need from the deep recesses of the soil. But wherever a spring pours out upon the barren surfaces, all plant life is welcome which does not too much fear the sun, and for a little space the desert plays the garden, for what uses man or nature may decree.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS' COUNTRY.

Inhabitants? Indians, coyotes, rattlesnakes, rabbits, prairie-dogs, and Mormons, in the heart of it; while along its borders and in the valleys where water is or can be brought are ranchmen with stout hearts—as need there is to wring a livelihood from this desolate frontier. Villages there are in favored places, and a few towns with faces set firmly toward the twentieth century as to the utilities, while the amenities are but fitfully in evidence.



CLIFF HOUSE IN WALNUT CAÑON, ARIZONA.

The Indians who inhabit this region are of two types. In the upper middle portions are the Utes and the Navajos, the relics of nomadic tribes, but wandering legally no longer, save within the confines of their reservations. More scattered are the Pueblos or Village Indians, living much as they did when the Spaniards found them centuries ago, in their great communal storied houses of stone or adobe. Of these Pueblo Indians, the Moquis, far away from "anywhere," in the heart of the land of which I write, are the most primitive in dress, habits, and tradition; while the Zuñis, Acomas, Lagunans, and Isletans, to the south and east, and a dozen or so fading remnants of once powerful groups strung along the upper reaches of the Rio Grande, are variously and frequently viciously tinged with the ways and follies of the white man.

All over this great stretch of country, so hot in its untempered summer sunshine that you wish you had not come, so bewitching in its skies and clouds and atmosphere and hills that not for worlds would you have staid away, are the ruined homes of the forgotten people. You will find them at the doors of Navajo wickiups deep in the wilderness, where old women sit weaving blankets in the sun. You will find them hundreds of miles from the white man's dwellings or the red man's haunts. Sometimes on high plateaus, sometimes in broad valleys, sometimes hung along the crags of well-nigh inaccessible cañons, or perched, it may be, in dizzy security atop of some gigantic rock which rises sheer and solitary above the plain, over which it has kept so long unheeded vigil.

Some of the ruins are only crumbled piles of stone, half covered with sand or overgrown with grass and bushes and trees, which the untutored traveller would pass unheeding. Some of them have walls, often several storied, still upright and firm, or partly fallen in. Some, out upon the bare plateaus, are to-day imposing in their mass, with hundreds of stone chambers quite intact and accessible, or filled with the stone and mortar of other walls fallen upon them from story after story above.

Some of the forsaken dwellings are mere caves scooped out at the base of cliffs. Some are the natural or widened "blow-outs" on volcanic hills. And finally, along the walls of the cañons, sometimes near the bottom, but more often far up their rugged sides, where the rush of ancient streams has scooped out shelves or caverns from the softer rock, one may see, scarcely visible against the gray bare surfaces, tiny stone boxes edging sheer upon the face of the cliff, or a series of these more conspicuous and strung along on various levels, with only a bird's or a squirrel's way in sight to reach them.

All these silent witnesses of folks that were will not greatly disturb the equanimity of the traveller, who, after he has learned from disappointing scrambles that relics are rare on the floors of the abandoned rooms, will from the saddle for a little look and wonder, and then pass on, wishing that the sunshine did not come so straight from headquarters, or longing for just one drink of good cold water.

But there comes a time to the well-advised and well-conducted wanderer when everything else on earth for a moment fades and no discomfort tells. He has ridden through miles, it may be, of an aggravating jungle of piñon and juniper, and has passed at last into a wilderness so desperate and so profound that all human habitation seems a thing of infinite remoteness.

Suddenly the horse stops. The smooth rock reaches over which he has been making his way have dropped before him, and he is on the brink of a chasm. The walls fall sheer at the top some hundreds of feet, then slope, then fall again to a shrub-clad bottom which stretches away into blue distance. This at first is all, and the wild grandeur of the scene alone commands attention. But slowly then out of the gray shadows of the farther side a picture is evolved, so strange, so confusing, so improbable, that one is disposed to wonder if the sun has not played him false, and the thing before him is not some weird delusion.

It is a great group of ruins perched midway in the opposite cliff, many storied, quaintly towered, with doorways and narrow windows still intact, or great walls here and there fallen forward into the chasm, revealing chamber within chamber, tier upon tier, all silent, motionless, and utterly uncanny here in the heart of the wilderness. Here, where none comes, except by chance a roaming Indian, who hurries in superstitious dread away; where naught lives but squirrels, rabbits, vultures, and coyotes, and some still crawling things, and where for hours no sound falls upon the hot, slumberous air—

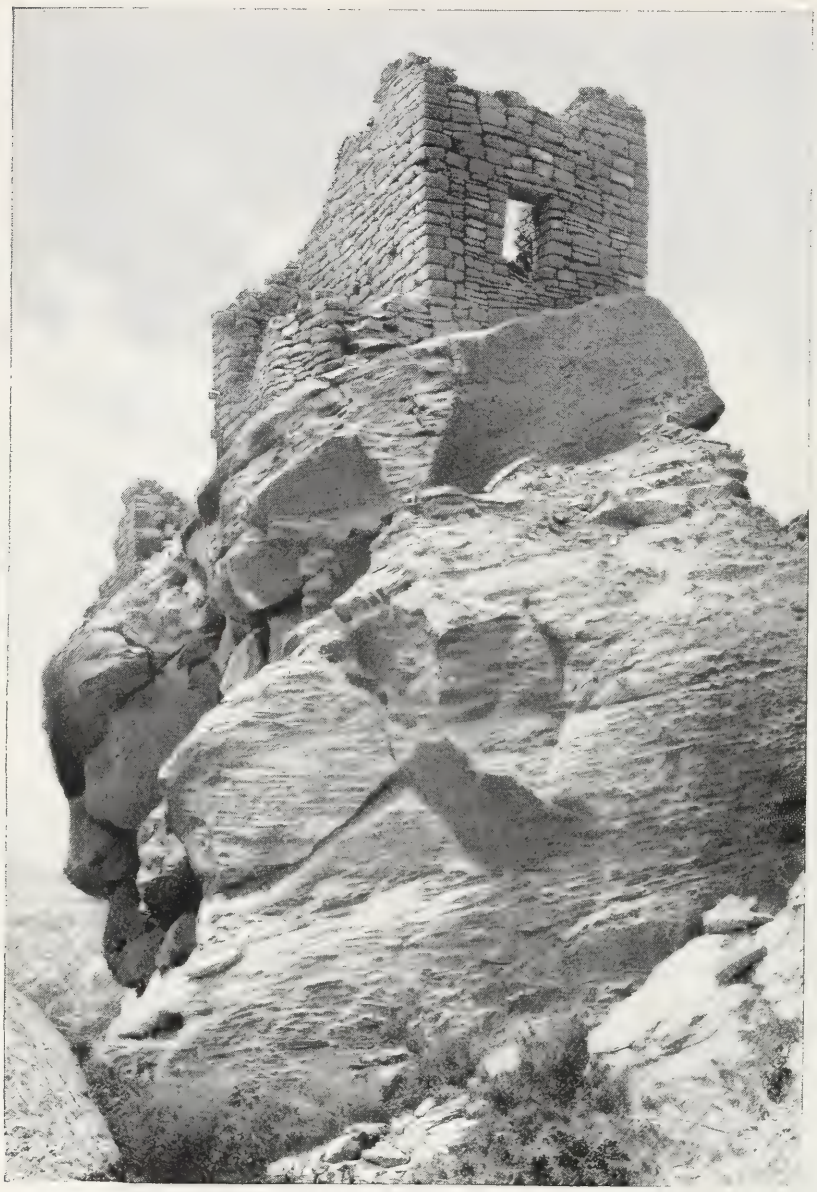
But I have a little outrun my tale.

While the Cliff dwellings are scattered here and there all over the region which I have bounded in silver, they are for the most part not large, and as single structures not very striking. But there is a district lying close about the meeting-point of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico in which not only the prehistoric ruins of the plateaus and the valleys, but also those built in the dizzy recesses of the cañon walls, are imposing even to grandeur.

There is no good reason, so far as I can make out from what I have myself seen in long rides among these abandoned homes, and from what others have been led to believe from their more enlightened quests, for thinking that the folks who dwelt in their Cliff eyries were of essentially different sort from those who built upon the plains near by. But that is a matter over which discussion lingers fondly, I am told, and it is the Cliff man, whether he be the same as the Valley man or not, of whom I am concerned to frame some notion, not largely out of books, but in more direct and homely fashion from the abandoned household utensils of his crumbling homes, from the cast-off wreckage of his rubbish heaps, and from the pathetic secrets of his graves.

Probably there is no other district yet explored in this once widely inhabited region more rich in these communal Cliff dwellings than a great plateau, thirty miles long and twelve or fifteen wide, situated largely in the Ute Indian Reservation in southwestern Colorado, and called the

SPRUCE-TREE HOUSE FROM ACROSS THE CAÑON.



GIBRALTAR HOUSE.

Mesa Verde. This great timbered plateau, rising in rough, forbidding cliffs 1500 or 2000 feet above the surrounding country, slopes gradually southward toward the San Juan River in Arizona.

The Mancos River, flowing southwestward to join the San Juan, has, with its tributaries, at some remote period gouged out of the great rock mesa a series of wild, deep cañons. These are now mostly dry, and, save by some dim rough Indian trails, almost impassable.

It is in the walls of these arid cañons, so desperately aloof even yet, that the Cliff men built some of their most elaborate and imposing fortress-homes; it was here in the hollows and on the plateaus above that, for years which no man today may number, they wrung a meagre subsistence from the parched soil, fighting, meanwhile, as it would seem, for even this scanty foothold in the wilderness. And then they left it all to the squirrels and vultures and coyotes, to the wandering Ute and the Navajo, to the lizards and the sun.

You can easily reach this district nowadays, for one of the loops of the Southern Rio Grande Railroad touches at the village of Mancos, in southwestern Colorado, only a few miles from the imposing northern fringes of the Mesa Verde.

The Alamo Ranch, the home of the Wetherills, and some four miles from the village, is a most comfortable place of sojourn. Here the traveller will find a group of well-informed, hardy, resourceful young fellows, who know the trails of the Mesa Verde from one end to the other, and who hold themselves in readiness to fit out expeditions to the Cliff dwellings. These expeditions are entirely safe, but require a little endurance; for some days in the saddle, camp life in the open, and breathless scrambles up to and through the ruins are to be counted among the experiences in the pursuit of this phase of amateur archæology.

Richard Wetherill, ably seconded by his brothers, has devoted much time to exploration, not only of the Cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde — some of the larger of which he discovered—but also of distant parts of this ruin-land. And he has learned the secrets of the burials of the vanished folks so well that he is apt to unearth treasures just about as readily in regions which others have explored as in those before unvisited.

It was under the guidance of Richard and John Wetherill that the writer had



PREHISTORIC RUINS ON THE PLATEAU.

the privilege of visiting many of the great Cliff houses of the Mesa Verde, and other ruins farther still from the haunts of men.

Nearly all of the Cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde have been vigorously, though none of them exhaustively, explored, and it was from "pickings" after the more purposeful researches of others, and from the collection of the Wetherills, that the Cliff man's belongings which illustrate this article were in the main derived.

The delver among these ruins is early and continually impressed by the wonderful preservation of things of the most delicate texture; things which in most climates would have speedily rotted and crumbled, such as fabrics and feathers and corn-husks and the tassels of the corn and fragile wood fibres. The climate of these regions is so very dry, and the remnants of household articles have been so absolutely protected from rain and snow in the deep recesses of the great caverns in the cliffs where the houses are, that the usual disintegrating processes of time have been here held largely in check.

It would make too long a story were I to enter upon a description of these great houses in the cliffs, or recount the vicissitudes of the explorer as he seeks for the old pathways along the ledges, or scrambles up the bare rocks, clinging to shallow grooves and notches which the old Cliff man made so long ago, and which the wear of centuries has not yet effaced. Nor need I emphasize the toilsome nature of the explorer's task when he enters upon the search in the choking dust heaps which the ages have strewn over all the ruins, and under the piles of fallen masonry, for the secrets of the burial-places. The sun is very powerful, the dust is insufferably annoying, the stones which must be turned are legion, and what is left of the early American himself, when you do get at him, is not a pleasing thing to behold, and may be hauntingly uncanny.

While the writer must plead guilty to the charge of delving a little in the burial-places, rather with the greed of the collector than the calm and purposeful motives of the scientific archæologist, he would claim the virtue of an impersonal regret that any of these valuable relics should be carried off except by those capable of using them in the systematic construction of the story of these vanished folk. It must, however, be confessed that the sense of impropriety in such desultory excavation grew always more commanding as the sun approached the zenith on hot August days. But the writer would further plead in extenuation of his fault, if fault it were, that he continually

cherished the pious hope that the old fellows were all landed safely in a sunny Elysium long before the strangers unearthed their bones and carried off those varied furnishings of their graves which kindly hands had placed beside them for their long journey into the Beyond.

For any one who chooses now to gather them, the ancient pottery and other utensils of the cliff and plain dwellers have considerable value for purposes of sale to tourists and collectors. In some parts of this region it is the practice of the settlers, on Sundays or other holidays, to organize picnics to the ruins. And the rustic swain is wont to signalize his regard for his Dulcinea by digging for her out of the desolate graves what articles the chances of the hour may bring. She, cozily seated amid piles of broken pottery, darting lizards, and dead men's bones, smiles complacently the while upon the dusty delver from the chaste recesses of a sun-umbrella.

It is one of our numerous national disgraces that the United States government does not realize the importance of the immediate occupancy of this wonderful field of archæological research, and see to it that the portable relics are not irretrievably dispersed. That portion of the reservation occupied by the Mesa Verde is of little use to the Indians or to any one else, and should be converted into a national park, with strict surveillance by competent persons of these priceless ruins, and careful preservation of those portions of the masonry which are still intact.

If, now, without further parley as to the details of the ruins and the vicissitudes of their exploration, we turn to the various things which the old Cliff-dwellers have left, many of which one may see for himself to-day upon the spot, and try to frame from them a conception of the master of the homes, we shall find that a good deal may be read out of the darkness of forgotten centuries without special light from the torches of the professional archæologists.

He was a dark-skinned fellow, this old Cliff-dweller, as his mummified remains show plainly enough. The hair was usually black, and moderately coarse and long. He was of medium stature, and the back of his skull was flattened by being tied firmly against a board in infancy, as among some races is the custom still. He had fair teeth, much worn, as the years grew upon him, from munching ill-ground corn.

It would be difficult to say from the articles thus far discovered just how much this prehistoric man was devoted to dress, or rather, to undress. A simple breech-clout was certainly in vogue, and there is considerable reason to think that this was, at times at least, the *pièce de résistance* in his costume. But parts of hide jackets, fur caps, blankets made of feathers tied on to a coarse net of cord, are also in evidence, and mostly preserved among the furnishings of the dead. A variety of sandals and other rude foot-gear has been found, some woven of yucca leaves, some braided of other vegetable fibres, some rudely constructed from corn-husks.

A certain passion for personal adornment and devotion to superstition is evident from the rough beads and the strings of bones and small shells which he wore, while amulets of turquoise or shell or broken pottery pierced for suspension about the neck are not seldom found. He brushed his hair with tightly tied bunches of stiff grass, with one end trimmed square, and his long coarse black hairs are clinging still to some of them.

The spirit of the age now prompts us to ask what did he do for a living, this dark fellow in scanty attire, with a tinge of vanity and superstition?

He was, first of all, a farmer. He raised corn and beans and gourds or squashes, at least, in the thin soil of the mesas, or upon the lesser slopes, which still show trace of scanty terraces. Corn is frequently found, sometimes still on the cob, sometimes shelled off and stowed in jars, while corn-cobs and corn-husks are scattered everywhere among the rubbish. The beans and gourds are less abundant. The gourd seeds were sometimes carefully stowed away. The only farming implements which have been found are, so far as I am aware, stout sticks pointed or flattened at one end, quite like the planting-sticks still in use by primitive agriculturists.

It is evident enough that in his time, as now, his country was very dry, and water had to be carefully husbanded. One finds here and there traces of shallow reservoirs and what seem to have been irrigating ditches. Sloping hollows in the rocks near the houses are not infrequently dammed across their lower ends, appar-



LONG HOUSE RUINS OF THE MESA VERDE.

ently to save the melting snow or the waste of showers. The considerable number of large jars would indicate that water was stored, too, in the houses, it may be for times of siege. The earthen ladles or dippers not infrequently found in the ruins or in the graves are often much worn and bevelled on the edges, an indication that they were used to ladle up water from hollows in the rocks, such as abound on the plateaus above and about the cliffs. Small springs still exist near some of the largest Cliff houses.

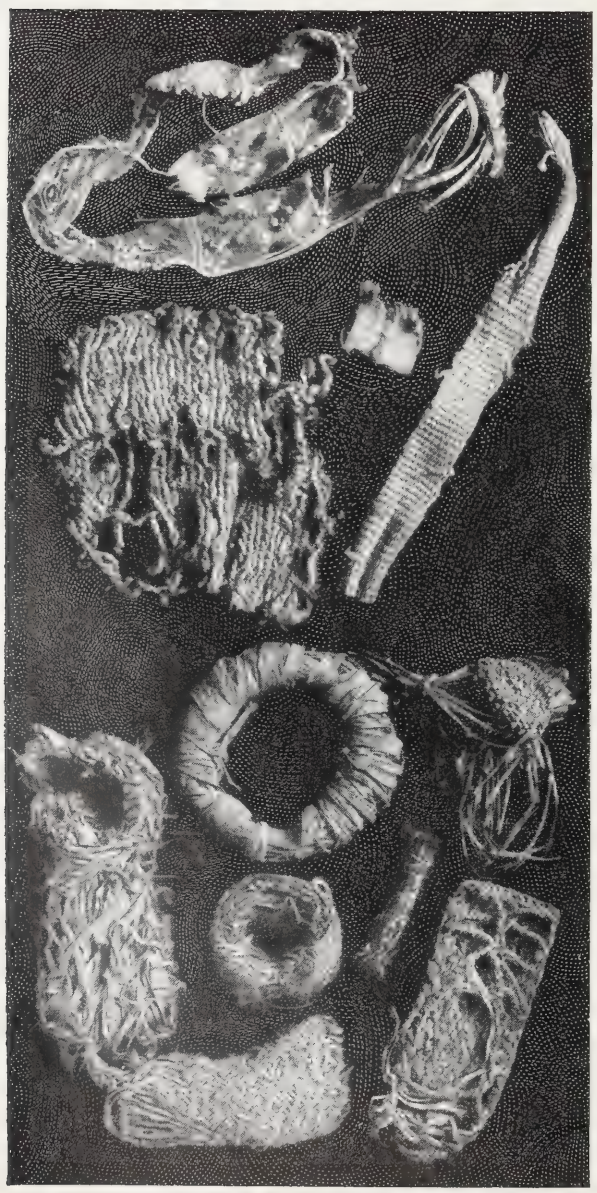
That the Cliff man was skilled in masonry the well shaped and finished stones, the trim walls hung upon steep sloping rock surfaces, sheer at the edges of cliffs, where they rest to-day firm and secure, abundantly prove. The mortar of most of the houses was very skilfully laid in, and between the tiers pebbles and small stones were set, giving a pleasing break to the lines of the masonry.

The rooms of these great dwellings were apparently not all built at one time, and in size, shape, and arrangement conform to the exigencies of the situation. Some of them are many feet across, some so small that one can hardly stand upright in them and can reach from side to side. Some communicate with one another by low openings, through which one must crawl on hands and knees; others are entered only through holes in the ceilings. Some of the rooms are so small that they could have been used only for storage.

The great sloping arches of the caverns in which the larger Cliff houses are built shelter most of them from above. But when rooms were exposed or were built one above another, the roofs or floors are supported by timber girders, whose rough ends witness to the toilsome processes involved in their shaping with such tools alone as men of the stone age could command. Upon the heavier timbers they laid smaller sticks, tied osiers and cedar bark to these, and plastered the whole over with thick layers of mud or mortar. A large part of the timber is well preserved.

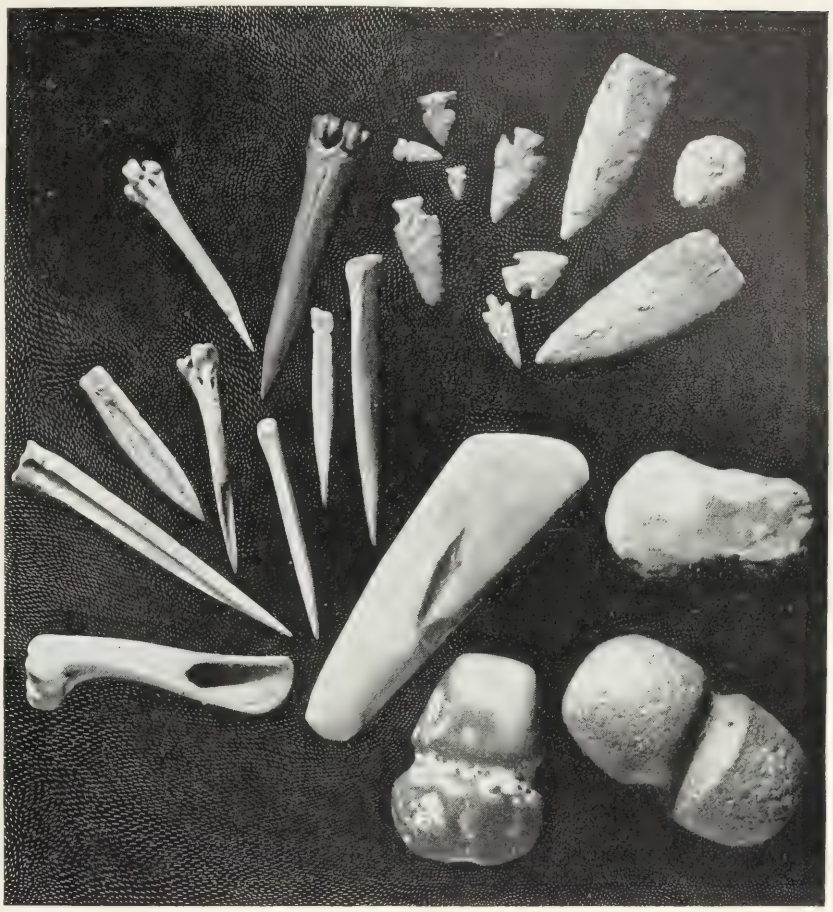
Within, the masonry is usually coated with a thin layer of plaster, and the sweep of the rough palms of the old artisans is still plain on many a chamber wall. They had tiny fireplaces in the corners of some of the little rooms. In others the fire was in a pit in the floor in the centre. The smoke from the fires found its way out as best it could through holes in the ceilings. So the walls are often very black, and from some of them you can rub off the soot upon your hands to-day. But when the wall got too sooty a thin fresh layer of plaster was laid on over it. In some of the larger rooms one can count sixteen, and perhaps more, thin layers of fresh plaster, with the soot in streaks of black between them. Furniture there is no trace of, unless one reckon as such a low stone step or bench which runs around some of the larger rooms.

Many of the ruins contain large



YUCCA AND COTTON FABRICS, HUSK SANDALS AND HEAD RING, A BUNCH OF CEDAR-BARK TINDER, AND AN UNFINISHED SANDAL.

round chambers with the narrow stone bench along the wall, and a pit in the centre for a fire. These rooms have usually a pyramidal or dome-like roof of large timbers, whose ends rest upon stone piers which project into the rooms. The walls of these rooms, which seem to have been places of assembly, are usually very sooty. In them, too, one finds such evidence of an intelligent provision for ventilation as shames some of our practices to-day. Flues, often of considerable size, are built into the walls, leading from the open air down into the chambers, and opening at the floor-level. In front of this opening, and between it and the fire-pit, was usually a stone or wooden screen, which apparently kept the draught from direct access to the fire and from the people sitting around the walls.



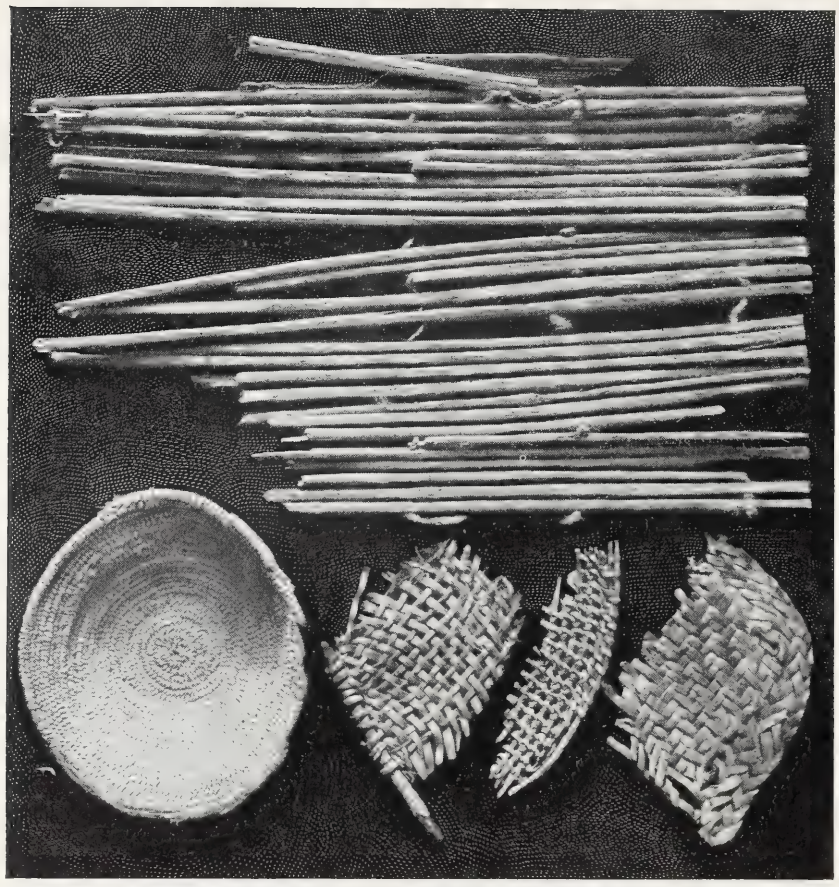
WEAPONS AND UTENSILS OF THE CLIFF MEN.

Little square cubbies were not infrequently made by leaving a stone out of the masonry. These are especially common in the large round chambers just mentioned, and small utensils and ornaments have been frequently found stowed away in them. Many of the rooms have wooden pegs built into the walls, apparently for hanging things upon.

The stout timbers which form the floors of the higher rooms were sometimes left sticking through the masonry outside the walls, and small cross-sticks being tied upon them, they made excellent balconies —a little dangerous, perhaps, if some skulking marauder with a bow and arrows should happen to creep to the nearest cliff edge above, but airy and with commanding outlook.

Firesticks have been left, with round charred ends, such as the early folks the world over were wont to twirl upon softer woods, and so win fire. Little bunches of cedar-bark strips closely tied with yucca threads, and burnt at one end where they have been used as tinder, are not uncommon "finds" in the rooms and in the rubbish heaps.

No trace of metal tools or utensils has ever been found in these ruins. The Cliff-dweller was a man of the stone age. He was no mean artisan, however, as may be seen by his stone arrow-heads and spear-heads, by his stone axes and hammers, many of them, thanks to the dry climate, with the wooden handle still tied firmly on to them. He had knives made of chipped stone tied into the end of a stick, and made fast with some sort of pitch. Sharp smooth stones, which may have been used for skinning large game, are not rare. Small stone mortars with spherical or cylindrical pestles are not uncommon, and one may safely conjecture that they were used to grind the mineral colors used in the decoration of pottery. Stone-tipped drills have been found, which were doubtless used to make holes in their amulets and beads, and in mending broken pottery. There are corn-



MATS AND BASKETS AND A BURIAL COVERLET.

mills—great stone slabs, a little hollowed, and set aslant in the floor at one side of some of the rooms, with a flat narrow slip of stone to be grasped in the hands in grinding.

Our early American was something of a hunter, if we may judge from the deer bones often found. He was a warrior, too. His houses are not only built in inaccessible and well-protected places, but loop-holes sloping towards the avenues of approach are usual in the walls, and the doors have ample provision for closure by tightly fitting slabs of stones. Bows still loosely strung with sinew, and stone-tipped arrows with the shaft intact, have defied time too; with these and stone-tipped spears and stone knives and wooden clubs our warrior did his hunting and his fighting.

The Cliff man had one domestic animal, and, so far as can be made out, only one; and that was the turkey, or something very like it. This bird must have been kept in considerable numbers. Its feathers are found in abundance, and were used, as I have said, to make blankets. Bunches of the quills have been discovered stowed away in the houses. This domestic pet has been pictured more often than any other creature by the Cliff man, and most frequently upon his pottery. At least, if the thing painted upon bowls, with a bird's body and legs, though rather feeble in the head, be not a turkey, it is as good a turkey as it is anything else I know of.

There is no evidence of the use of written characters by these people, but here and there simple geometric or irregular figures are found in dull color on the plaster. There is very little animal-drawing, but occasional crude linear figures of men are found. Similar crude pictographs are occasionally cut in rough shallow lines in the rocks near the dwellings. On the whole, such artistic capacities as the Cliff man possessed were but scantily exercised upon his walls.

In his pottery, however, we find such expression of the artistic sense as gives this old barbarian a very respectable standing in the hierarchy of early American art. While whole pieces of pottery are occasionally found in protected places in the abandoned rooms, and fragments are scattered in profusion everywhere, the larger part of the well-preserved articles of clay has come from the burial-places. So I must linger a moment to speak of these.

The rock about the Cliff dwellings is usually so scantily clad with soil that earth burial was not accomplished without difficulty. The places outside the dwellings most commonly selected for this purpose were low shelves in the cliffs, from which the earth was scooped, and shallow pits, sometimes stoned at the sides, or lined with clay, were thus fashioned.

But one of the most common burial-

places of the Cliff man of the Mesa Verde was, I am obliged, not without regret, to state, the rubbish heaps which he allowed to accumulate, often to an enormous extent, in the low, dark, angular space at the back of his houses, where the sloping roof of the caverns in the cliff met the horizontal shelf on which the houses stand. These great rubbish heaps, often several feet deep, are made up of dirt and dust of unrecognizable origin, of turkey droppings, and of all sorts of waste from the man and his housekeeping. There are feathers and corn-husks and corn-cobs, fragments of bone and wood, rinds and stems of gourds, scraps of yucca, half-burned corn-cobs, pieces of charcoal, bits of worn fabrics, cast-off sandals, and broken pottery in abundance. Now and then the delvers in these back-door rubbish heaps have come upon whole pieces of pottery or stone implements and other things which have evidently been hidden there, perhaps in times of siege. The whole material is disagreeable on account of the fine choking dust which rises whenever it is stirred, but it is not otherwise offensive now.



A FASHION IN SKULLS.

It was in this dark, protected place, then, that the Cliff man often buried his dead. The legs and arms were usually drawn to the body, which was tied and bound with yucca leaves, and protected in various ways from direct contact with the earth, sometimes by wooden or osier or yucca mats, or by feather cloth or basketry, or slabs of stone. Many of the skeletons are well preserved, and occasionally the whole body is mummified and in very perfect state. Some bodies have been found walled up in the smaller rooms.

But it is of the pottery that I wish especially to speak. It is all fashioned by the hands, for no tidings of the potter's wheel had ever reached these folks, and their skill in the management of clay justly commands admiration. Some of the great jars holding several gallons are scarcely one-eighth of an inch thick, are of excellent shape and symmetry, and, when struck, ring like a bell. The old Cliff man—or woman—knew how to mix pounded stone, or sand, or old pottery broken into small fragments with his clay to prevent shrinkage and cracking. He knew how to bake his finished articles, and his fancy in shaping and decorating was of no mean order.

Some of the ware is gray and smooth and undecorated; some is built up by strips of clay, coil upon coil. In many pieces regular indentations made by the finger tips or nail upon the coils give the general impression of basket-work. The



HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

tiny ridges of the maker's finger-tips are often impressed upon this indented coil-ware with a sharpness which rivals any of the impressions which one can get to-day on paper, with all the refinement of Galton's fascinating but smeary technique. Then there is a third kind of pottery, in which the article has received a surface wash of light mineral color, upon which are decorations of various forms, usually in black, but sometimes in black and red. It is not very common to find red pottery in the region about the Mesa Verde, but occasionally a piece is unearthed. The decoration will be more readily appreciated by reference to the pictures than by any description of it which I can give.

The forms of pottery are various. There are bowls of many shapes and sizes, usually decorated on the inside only, but sometimes on the outside too. There are long jars and short jars, some with wide and some with narrow mouths. There are vases, pitchers, cups, ladles, platters, sieves, mugs, and bottles, and many other queer-shaped things which it would be difficult to name. The colors were mineral, and very durable, as is evident from their excellent preservation after hundreds of years of burial. The decoration is frequently almost concealed, when the articles are exhumed, by a rough whitish incrustation of lime which through the years of burial has gathered on the surfaces. Washing with dilute acid discloses the pattern underneath.

Not infrequently one finds bowls and jars which have been cracked or broken, and mended by drilling holes along the cracks and tying the pieces together with yucca cords. A great deal of care was evidently taken in fashioning and decorating some of this pottery, and the thrifty old Cliff-dweller knew very well that a mended jar was useful to store corn and flour and such dry things in, even if it would no longer hold water.

One often finds, inside the pieces of pottery in the graves, fragments of the mineral from which the pigment is ground, and smooth stones with which, apparently, the surface of the clay articles was smoothed and polished. Arrow-heads, bone implements, beads, shells, amulets, corn, and a variety of their pathetic belongings are not infrequently found packed within the jars and bowls beside the crumbled bodies.

And the Cliff-dweller smoked a pipe! I feel constrained to leave it to the archæologists to decide whether he smoked for the fun of it, or with devotional or ceremonial intent, and what he smoked. But one short-stemmed pipe of clay, decorated in red, and blackened within from use, and one half shaped in process of construction, are in my own collection. It is a dreamy land, this which he lived in, and I hope that he lay in the shadows sometimes in the lulls of his strenuous life, and, with no urgent thought of his gods or his etiquette, puffed idly and at ease his little dudheen.

Baskets and mats showing considerable variety in the weaving and a distinct appreciation of ornament witness to the Cliff man's skill. Coarse grass, yucca, willow, and split sticks are the materials which he used for this purpose. The bottoms of most of the jars and larger clay vessels are rounded, and, so far as I have seen, never have the hollow underneath which in modern Indian pottery facilitates its carrying poised upon the head. And so plaited rings, which were doubtless used for steadying the jars upon the head or on the ground, are, as might be expected, not uncommon.

But his skill as a weaver was not limited to basketry, for fabrics of varied texture and composition are largely in evidence. The yucca, or Spanish-bayonet, which grows all over the arid country of the Cliff-dweller, was one of the things which he had to thank his gods for, hour by hour. He tore its leaves into narrow strips, and hung them about his houses in neatly tied dried bunches, ready for coarser purposes. He used them in this form as cords to tie slender sticks in place upon his ceilings, on which the mud was plastered; with them he bound his sandals to his feet, pieced out bands of cloth which were too worn or weak to steady burdens carried on his back; with them he tied together the sticks which framed the baby board and bound the dead for burial. With them he mended broken bowls, and wove coarse nets around the great water-jars for support or suspension; while, woven close, they made durable sandal soles and coarse baskets.

Stripped finer still, the yucca leaves were woven into delicate baskets and mats and head rings. Then he beat out the brittle woody part of these precious leaves, possibly with some curious cimeter-

shaped wooden sticks occasionally found, and out of the fine, tough, pliable fibrils which were left he twisted threads and cords, the warp and woof of his most common woven fabrics. Some of these fabrics are coarse and rough; some are smooth and fine. In some of them the yucca cord forms the warp, while the woof is of cotton, dark and light, with woven pattern.

Whether he used the narrow strips of the leaf, or cords or rope twisted of their fibres, the old Cliff fellow knew how to tie good square knots which have not slipped a jot for some hundreds of years. I have sought in vain for "squaw" knots, as we boys used to call them, among thousands of these bits of handiwork, on roof and ceiling and mended fabric. And he who never saw the sea could make a "ring splice" to shame a sailor.

The feather cloth is, in some respects, one of the most noteworthy of this old boy's productions. He hetchelled his dry yucca strips, twisted their fibrils into coarse cords, tied these together to form a wide-meshed net, and then inch by inch he bound them close with little tufts of fluffy blue-gray feathers, ravaged, no doubt, largely from his turkey pets; or he twisted the feathers into the cords sometimes as he made them. Some of the feather blankets so toilsomely constructed have been found in excellent preservation, but in most of them the feathers are largely frayed away. They must have been very warm, and were apparently among the choicest possessions of these thrifty folks. A little fine-textured cloth all of cotton has been found.

Exactly how he wove his fabrics it is difficult to say, but some slender sticks, partly tied together, which are still scattered about in one, at least, of the ruins of the Mesa Verde, suggest a rude frame such as is used for weaving purposes by Indians to-day.

The utensils of some of his milder industries the Cliff man largely fashioned out of bone. He ground broad bevelled edges on the broken segments of the leg bones of larger animals, like the deer, forming crude knives and chisels and scrapers; but of smaller bones, and especially of the long bones of the turkey, he made awls and punches and needles. About the surface of the rocks, near the Cliff dwellings, are shallow hollows and grooves, worn, no doubt, by the old artisan in shaping and polishing his stone and bone implements.

I was greatly puzzled, during our delvings among the rubbish heaps behind the ruins, by numerous small irregular wads of fine strips of corn-husk or other fibre, which had been bruised and closely matted together; and it was not until I had later become somewhat at home among the Moqui Indians, two hundred and fifty miles to the southward of the Mesa Verde, that I found a clew. Here I saw them pick out of a bowl of thick brown stuff, which they said was sweet, and which certainly was sticky, similar looking wads of fibre, and, thrusting them into their mouths, begin vigorous mastication. Then I realized that the husk wads of the rubbish heaps had probably been, while in their pristine state, the prehistoric avatars of the chewing-gum.



FRAGMENT OF COIL-WARE POTTERY, SHOWING THE FINGER-MARKINGS OF THE MAKER.

A dark-skinned, black-haired, scantily clad barbarian, then, it seems he was, our dweller in the cliffs, the real American. Farmer, mason, potter, weaver, basket-maker, tailor, jeweller, hunter, priest, and warrior all in one. Daring and hardy he was to scale those cliffs, and build upon their brinks the houses into which he gathered sustenance wrung from the unwilling soil. Diligent and thrifty he was certainly. Skilful, too, as skill goes in the stage of evolvement up to which he had slowly won his way. Superstitious, doubtless, as is ever the case with those who frame their notions of the world face



A STUDY IN PREHISTORIC TURKEYS.

to face with the crude forces of nature. Dreamy, I fancy he must have been, for he looked abroad through red dawns and blue hazy noontides and witching twilights fading very slowly into night.

And he was—well—he was undoubtedly dirty. Life has more urgent uses for water than bathing in these grim arid wastes. But nature is a very efficient sanitarian in dry climates such as his, and "use can make sweet the peach's shady side." So let us say no more about it.

I cannot share in the opinion of those who, reading of the crowded homes which he fortified, insist that the Cliff man was "pigeon-livered and lacked gall." Perhaps the nomadic Indians did drive him away from more fertile places; but they had no household gods to guard as he had, no tendrils binding them to soil and homes. They had only to whoop and shoot and steal and run away. No; I think the Cliff folks must have been peaceful people, for to such alone is the earth wont to yield her increase; but I cannot, or at least I will not, think them cowards.

It is the business of the archæologist to learn and tell you, or to guess and tell you, when they lived, where they came from, and whither they have gone. A group of skeletons, with skulls broken as if by blows, which the early explorers found lying unburied in a heap upon the floor, would seem to indicate that in one case at least there was a fierce dramatic ending to the story. The archaic character of the pottery and the size of some trees which have grown upon the ruined masonry prove that several centuries at least have elapsed since their abandoned homes fell into the custody of the squirrels and the elements. The modern Indian shuns them, as a rule, as he does all things which savor of death; and so, until a dozen years or so ago, the silent dwellings held unchallenged the secrets of the vanished race.

But if the fortunes of the reader should lead him, as was the writer's hap, to cross on Indian trails the dreary plains and barren ridges and arid wastes which, stretching southwestward from the Mesa Verde into Arizona, through the country of the Navajos, bring one at last to the Moqui Pueblos perched upon towering rock islets in the desert, where, since the Spaniards found them more than three centuries ago, they have lived alone and almost untouched by the tides of civilization which have faltered and stopped a hundred miles away, and if he should for a time dwell there among the simple, kindly people who will bid him welcome to their homes, he will come to realize, I think, that these are at least the Cliff-dwellers "kind of folks," though some stages beyond them in ways which look toward civilization.

These Pueblo Indians have half emerged from their age of stone more by borrowing than by evolution. They weave crude fabrics in their homes. They make rude pottery without a wheel, and with more color in its decoration than the Cliff men knew. They brush their hair with bunches of stiff grass, which the Cliff folk would surely claim to be their own. Their corn-mills and mortars are the same. In the tiny Moqui houses built of stone our Cliff man would find his own little chambers with stone benches, the door in the ceiling, and plastered still afresh when soot grows thick upon the walls. He would find blankets made as he made his, only, instead of feathers, it is fur of rabbits tied or twisted on to cords. He would see, could he but wander here, the large assembly chambers, mostly sunken in the rock, with smoky fire in a pit in the middle, and an air-hole in the wall where his own more purposeful fresh-air flue was wont to be. Peering into these chambers, he would see the men now making or mending garments, now gathered in serious council, now absorbed in weird ceremonial, or through long hours rehearsing

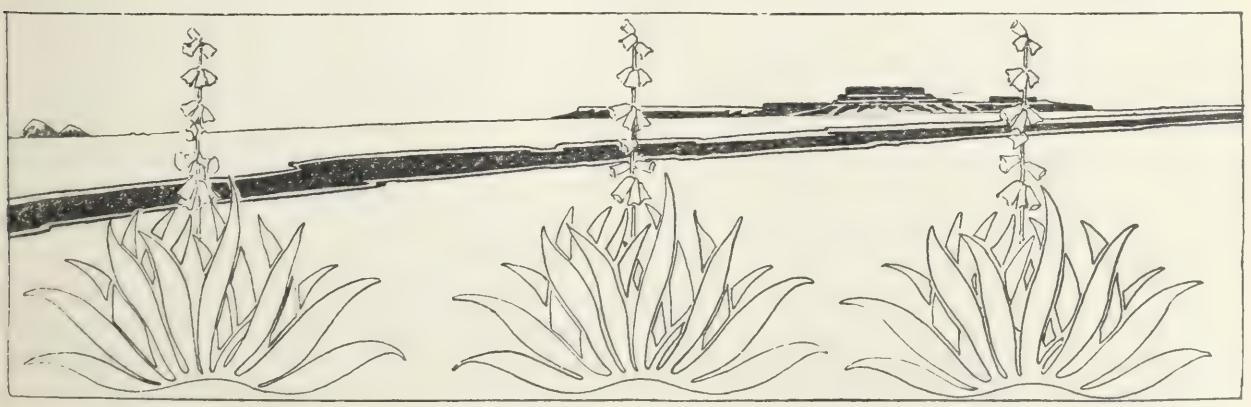
stories in which the gods walk and talk in very chummy fashion with their red brothers. He would find the new fellow tilling just such meagre fields as he did before his work-days were ended. And if he missed a certain stuffy snugness and palpable security which his cliff eyry lent, he would realize that the Moqui man had still chosen a brave vantage-ground atop of his great frowning mesas, which only gunpowder has made ridiculous as natural forts.

And so we find at last that our wanderings in the open along paths which lead through no academic shades, and which are lighted but faintly by the torches of science, have landed us safely under the wings of the modern archæologists. But we have had this great advantage in our simple quests—that we have enjoyed a clear field and unencumbered pathways. The tasks of the archæologists, on the other hand, have been toilsome and puzzling because they have been obliged to wade breast-deep through distorted facts and false notions with which tradition and what is called history have blocked the way. All honor to the devotion which at last has dispelled the shadows, and given the Cliff-dwellers a definite place among the American aborigines as not distant relatives and probably the ancestors of our modern Pueblo Indians! Among these eager seekers after truth one accords with pleasure the leadership to Bandelier.

And now, if still one linger on among the Moquis — the "peaceful folks," they call themselves — and can enter a little into the spirit of their homely lives, he will surely realize that while the material things which the old Cliff-dweller left may furnish clews to some definite conceptions of the outside man, there must yet have been something spiritually dominant in the silent race to which here among these simple living folks there is a key. The visitor will soon learn that into each act of life, each thought, and all tradition is woven the sense of intimate relationship with potent Beings in earth and sky, who guard and shape the red man's destinies.

So one can be perfectly certain that the old fellows on the cliffs read strange stories in the lambent stars, heard angry voices in the thunder, caught whispers on the breeze, and took all that life brought them of good or ill as the meed of gods potent, familiar, and ever close at hand. One can be certain, too, that if in the old days the stars peeped into the smoky little dungeons perched along the cliffs, they saw intent dusky circles listening hour after hour to strange stories of the Presences which rule the world, and to quaint, endless myths which the old men passed on, a sacred legacy, age after age.

And when you turn homeward, unwilling as a school-boy bidden to his tasks, your impressions of the Cliff man and his deserted homes will, if I mistake not, come back to you linked with such pictures of sky and air and changing hill that they will all gather at last into a memory so gracious and so inspiring as almost to seem woven in the texture of dreams.



THE YUCCA.

THE MORTUARY CHEST.

BY ALICE BROWN.

"NOW we've got red o' the men folks," said Mrs. Robbins, "le's se' down an' talk it over." The last man of all the crowd accustomed to seek the country store at noon-time was closing the church door behind him as she spoke. "Here, Ezra," she called after him, "you hurry up, or you won't git there afore cockcrow to-morrer, an' I wouldn't have that letter miss for a good deal."

Mrs. Robbins was slight, and hung on wires—so said her neighbors. They also remarked that her nose was as pickèd as a pin, and that anybody with them freckles and that red hair was sure to be smart. You could always tell. Mrs. Robbins knew her reputation for extreme acuteness, and tried to live up to it.

"Law! don't you go to stirrin' on him up," said Mrs. Solomon Page, comfortably, putting on the cover of her butter-box, which had contained the family lunch. "If the store's closed, he can slip the letter into the box, an' three cents with it, an' they'll put a stamp on in the mornin'."

By this time there was a general dusting of crumbs from Sunday gowns, a settling of boxes and baskets, and the feminine portion of the East Tiverton congregation, according to ancient custom, passed into the pews nearest the stove, and arranged itself more compactly for the mid-day gossip. This was a pleasant interlude in the religious decorum of the day; no Sunday came when the men did not trail off to the store for their special council, and the women, with a restful sense of sympathy alloyed by no disturbing element, settled down for an exclusively feminine view of the universe. Mrs. Page took the head of the pew, and disposed her portly frame so as to survey the scene with ease. She was a large woman, with red cheeks and black shining hair. One powerful arm lay along the back of the pew, and as she talked she meditatively beat the rail in time. Her sister, Mrs. Ellison, according to an intermittent custom, had come over from Saltash to attend church, and incidentally to indulge in a family chat. It was said that Tilly rode over about jes' so often to get the Tiverton news for her son Leonard, who furnished local items to the Sudleigh *Star;* and, indeed, she made no secret of sitting down in social conclave with a bit of paper and a worn pencil in her hand to jog her memory. She too had smooth black hair, but her black eyes were illumined by no steadfast glow; they snapped and shone with alert intelligence, and her great forehead dominated the rest of her face, scarred with a thousand wrinkles, by intensity of nature rather than by time. A pleasant warmth had diffused itself over the room, so cold during the morning service that foot-stoves had been in requisition. Bonnet strings were thrown back and shawls unpinned. The little world relaxed and lay at ease.

"What's the news over your way, sister?" said Mrs. Ellison, as an informal preliminary.

"Tilly don't want to give; she'd ruther take," said Mrs. Baxter, before the other could answer. "She's like old Mis' Pepper. Seliny Hazlitt went over there, when she was fust married an' come to the neighborhood, an' asked her if she'd got a sieve to put squash through. Poor Seliny! she didn't know a sieve from a colander in them days."

"I guess she found out soon enough," volunteered Mrs. Page. "*He* was one o' them kind o' men that can keep house as well as a woman. I'd ruther live with a born fool."

"Well, old Mis' Pepper she ris up an' smoothed down her apron (recollect them little specs she used to wear?—made her look as broad as a barn door!), an' she says, 'Yes, we've got a sieve for flour, an' a sieve for meal, an' a sieve for rye, an' a sieve for *blanc-mange*, an' we could have a sieve for squash if we was a mind to, *but I don't wish to lend.*' That's the way with Tilly. She's terrible cropein' about news, but she won't lend."

"How's your cistern?" asked Mrs. John Cole, who, being exclusively practical in her turn of mind, saw no reason why talk should be consecutive. "Got all the water you want?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Page; "that last rain filled it up higher'n it's been sence November."

But Mrs. Ellison was not to be thrown off the track.

"'Ain't there been consid'able talk over here about Parson Bond?" she asked.

Miss Sally Ware, a plump and pleasing maiden lady, whose gold beads lay in a crease especially designed for them, stirred uneasily in her seat and gave her sisters an appealing glance. But she did not speak, beyond uttering a little dissentient noise in her throat. She was loyal to her minister. An embarrassed silence fell like a vapor over the assemblage. Everybody longed to talk; nobody wanted the responsibility of beginning. Mrs. Page was the first to gather her forces.

"Now, Tilly," said she, with decision, "you ain't comin' over here to tole us into haulin' our own pastor over the coals unless you'll say right out you won't pass it on to Saltash folks. As for puttin' it in the paper, it ain't the kind you can."

Tilly's eyes burned.

"I guess I know when to speak an' when not to," she remarked. "Now don't beat about the bush; the men folks 'll be back torights. I never in my life give Len a mite o' news he couldn't ha' picked up for himself."

"Well, some master silly pieces have got into the paper, fust an' last," said Mrs. Robbins. "Recollect how your Len come 'way over here to git his shoes cobbled, the week arter Tom Brewer moved int' the Holler, an' folks hadn't got over swappin' the queer things he said? an' when Tom got the shoes done afore he promised, Len says to him, 'You're better'n your word.' 'Well,' says Tom, 'I flew at 'em with all the venom o' my specie.' An' it wa'n't a fortnight afore that speech come out in a New York paper, an' then the Sudleigh *Star* got hold on't, an' so 'twent. If folks want that kind o' thing, they can git a plenty, *I* say." She set her lips defiantly and looked round on the assembled group. This was something she had had in mind to mention for a long time.

The informal meeting was aghast. A flavor of robust humor was accustomed to enliven it, but not of a sort to induce dissension.

"There! there!" murmured Sally Ware. "It's the Sabbath day!"

"Well, nobody's breakin' of it, as I know of," said Mrs. Ellison. Her eyes were brighter than usual, but she composed herself into a careful disregard of annoyance. When the desire of hearing the latest news assailed her she could easily conceal her personal resentments, cannily sacrificing the less to the greater. "I guess there's no danger of Parson Bond's gettin' into the paper, so long's he behaves himself; but if anybody's got eyes, they can't help seein'. I hadn't been in the Bible class five minutes, afore I guessed how he was carryin' on. Has he begun to go with Isabel North, an' his wife not cold in her grave?"

"Well, I think, for my part, he does want Isabel," said Mrs. Robbins, sharply, "an' I say it's a sin an' a shame. Why, she ain't twenty, an he's sixty if he's a day. My soul! Sally Ware, you better be settin' your cap for my William Henry. He's 'most nineteen."

Miss Ware flushed, and her plump hands tightened upon each other under her shawl. She was never entirely at ease in the atmosphere of these assured married women; it was always a little bracing.

"Well, how's she take it?" asked Tilly, turning from one to the other. "Tickled to death, I s'pose?"

"Well, I guess she ain't!" broke in a younger woman, whose wedding finery was not yet outworn. "She's 'most sick over it, and so she has been ever since her sister married and went away. I believe she'd hate the sight of him if 'twasn't the minister; but 'tis the minister, and when she's put face to face with him she can't help saying yes and no."

"I dun'no'," said Mrs. Page, with her unctuous laugh. "Remember the party over to Tiverton t'other night, an' them tarts? You see, Rosanna Maria Pike asked us all over; an' you know how flaky her pie-crust is. Well, the minister was stan'in' side of Isabel when the tarts was passed. He was sort o' shinin' up to her that night, an' I guess he felt a mite twittery; so when the tarts come to him he reached out kind o' delicate, with his little finger straight out, an' tried to take one. An' a ring o' crust come off on his finger. Then he tried it ag'in, an' got another ring. Everybody'd ha' laughed if it hadn't been the minister; but Isabel she tickled right out, an' says, 'You don't take jelly, do you, Mr. Bond?' An' he turned as red as fire, an' says, 'No, I thank you.'"

"She wouldn't ha' said it if she hadn't abeen so nervous," remarked Miss Sally,

taking a little parcel of peppermints from her pocket and proceeding to divide them.

"No, I don't s'pose she would," owned Mrs. Page, reflectively. "But if what they say is true, she's been pretty sassy to him, fust an' last. Why, you know, no matter how the parson begins his prayer, he's sure to end up on one line—'Lord, we thank Thee we have not been left to live by the dim light of natur'.' 'Lisha Cole, when he come home from Illinois, walked over here to meetin' to surprise some o' the folks. He waited in the entry to ketch 'em comin' out, an' the fust word he heard was, 'Lord, we thank Thee we have not been left to live by the dim light of natur'.' 'Lisha said he'd had time to be shipwrecked (you know, he went to California fust an' made the voyage), an' be married twice, an' lay by enough to keep him, and come home poor, but when he heard that, he felt as if the world hadn't moved sence he started."

Sally Ware dropped her mitten, to avoid listening and the necessity of reply; it was too evident that the conversational tone was becoming profane. But Mrs. Page's eyes were gleaming with pure dramatic joy, and she went on:

"Well, a fortnight or so ago he went over to see Isabel, an' Sadie an' her husband happened to be there. They were all settin' purrin' in the dark, because they'd forgot to send for any kerosene. 'No light?' says he, hittin' his head ag'inst the chimbly-piece goin' in—'no light?' 'No,' says Isabel, 'none but the dim light of natur'.'"

There was a chime of delighted laughter in many keys. The company felt the ease of unrestricted speech. They wished the nooning might be indefinitely prolonged.

"Sometimes I think she sets out to make him believe she's wuss 'n she is," remarked Mrs. Cole. "Remember how she carried on last Sabbath?"

"Well, what's Isabel goin' to do?" asked Mrs. Ellison. "S'pose she'll marry him?"

"Why, she won't unless he tells her to. If he does, I dun'no' but she'll think she's got to."

"I say it's a shame," put in Mrs. Robbins, incisively; "an' Isabel with everything all fixed complete so't she could have a good time. Her sister's well married, an' Isabel stays every night with her. Them two girls have been together ever sence their father died. An' here she's got the school, an' she's goin' to Sudleigh every Saturday to take lessons in readin', an' she'd be as happy as a cricket if on'y he'd let her alone."

"She reads real well," said Mrs. Ellison. "She come over to our sociable an' read for us. She could turn herself into anybody she's a mind to. Len wrote a notice of it for the *Star*. That's the only time we've had oysters over our way."

"I'd let it be the last," piped up a thin old lady, with a long figured veil over her face. "It's my opinion oysters lead to dancin'."

"Well, let 'em lead," said optimistic Mrs. Page. "I guess we needn't foller."

"Them that have got rheumatism in their knees can stay behind," said the young married woman, drawn by the heat of the moment into a daring which she at once repented. "Mrs. Ellison, you're getting ahead of us over in your parish. They say you sing out of sheet music."

"Yes, they do say so," interrupted the old lady under the figured veil. "If there's any worship in sheet music, I'd like to know it!"

"Come, come!" said peace-loving Mrs. Page; "there's the men filin' in. We mustn't let 'em see us squabblin'. They think we're a lot o' cacklin' hens anyway, tickled to death over a piece of chalk. There's Isabel now. She's goin' to look like her aunt Mary Ellen, over to Saltash."

Isabel preceded the men, who were pausing for a word at the door, and went down the aisle to her pew. She bowed to one and another in passing, and her color rose. They could not altogether restrain their guiltily curious gaze, and Isabel knew she had been talked over. She was a healthy-looking girl, with clear blue eyes and a quantity of soft brown hair. Her face was rather large-featured, and one could see that if the world went well with her she would be among those who develop beauty in middle life.

The group of dames dispersed to their several pews, and settled their faces into expressions more becoming a Sunday mood. The village folk, who had time for a hot dinner, dropped in, one by one, and by-and-by the parson came—a gaunt man with thick red-brown hair streaked with dull gray, and red-brown sanguine eyes. He was much beloved, but some-

thing impulsive and unevenly balanced in his warm nature led even his people to regard him with more or less patronage. He kept his eyes rigorously averted from Isabel's pew in passing; but when he reached the pulpit, and began unpinning his heavy gray shawl, he did glance at her, and his face grew warm. But Isabel did not look at him, and all through the service she sat with a haughty pose of the head, gazing down into her lap. When it was over, she waited for no one, since her sister was not at church, but sped away down the snowy road.

The next day Isabel staid after school, and so it was in the wintry twilight that she walked home, guarded by the few among her flock who had been kept to learn the inner significance of common fractions. Approaching her own house she quickened her steps, for there before the gate (taken from its hinges and resting for the winter) stood a blue pung. The horse was dozing, his Roman nose sunken almost to the snow at his feet. He looked as if he had come to stay. Isabel withdrew her hand from the persistent little fingers clinging to it.

"Good-night, children," said she. "I guess I've got company. I must hurry in. Come bright and early to-morrow."

The little group marched away, swathed in comforters, each child carrying the dinner-pail with an easy swing. Their reddened faces lighted over the chorusing good-nights, and they kept looking back while Isabel ran up the icy path to her own door. It was opened from within before she reached it, and a tall, florid woman, with smoothly banded hair, stood there to receive her. Though she had a powerful frame, she gave one at the outset an impression of weak gentleness, and the hands she extended, albeit cordial, were somewhat limp. She wore her bonnet still, though she had untied the strings and thrown them back; and her ample figure was laced tightly under a sontag.

"Why, Aunt Luceba!" cried Isabel, radiant. "I'm as glad as I can be. When did you rain down?"

"Be you glad?" returned Aunt Luceba, her somewhat anxious look relaxing into a smile. "Well, I'm pleased if you be. Fact is I run away, an' I'm jest comin' to myself, an' wonderin' what under the sun set me out to do it."

"Run away!" repeated Isabel, drawing her in, and at once peeping into the stove. "Oh, you fixed the fire, didn't you? It keeps real well. I put on coal in the morning, and then again at night."

"Isabel," began her aunt, standing by the stove, and drumming on it with agitated fingers, "I hate to have you live as you do. Why under the sun can't you come over to Saltash an' stay with us?"

Isabel had thrown off her shawl and hat, and was standing on the other side of the stove, tingling with cold and youthful spirits.

"I'm keeping school," said she. "School can't keep without me. And I'm going over to Sudleigh every Saturday to take elocution lessons. I'm having my own way, and I'm happy as a clam. Now why can't you come and live with me? You said you would, the very day Aunt Eliza died."

"I know I did," owned the visitor, lowering her voice, and casting a glance over her shoulder. "But I never had an idea then how Mary Ellen 'd feel about it. She said she wouldn't live in this town, not even if she was switched. I dun'no' why she's so ag'in' it, but she is, an' there 'tis!"

"Why, Aunt Luceba!" Isabel had left her position to draw forward a chair. "What's that?" She pointed to the foot of the lounge, where, half hidden in shadow, stood a large, old-fashioned blue chest.

"'Sh! that's it! that's what I come for. It's her chist."

"Whose?"

"Your aunt 'Liza's." She looked Isabel in the face with an absurd triumph and awe. She had done a brave deed, the nature of which was not at once apparent.

"What's in it?" asked Isabel, walking over to it.

"Don't you touch it!" cried her aunt, in agitation. "I wouldn't have you meddle with it— But there! it's locked. I al'ays forgit that. I feel as if the things could git out an' walk. Here! you let it alone, an' byme-by we'll open it. Se' down here on the lounge. There, now! I guess I can tell ye. It was sister 'Liza's chist, an' she kep' it up attic. She begun it when we wa'n't more'n girls goin' to Number Six, an' she's been fillin' on't ever sence."

"Begun it! You talk as if 'twas a quilt!" Isabel began to laugh.

"Now don't!" said her aunt, in great distress. "Don't ye! I s'pose 'twas because we was such little girls an' all when 'Liza started it, but it makes me as nervous as a witch, an' al'ays did. You see, 'Liza was a great hand for deaths an' buryin's; an' as for funerals, she'd ruther go to 'em than eat. I'd say that if she was here this minute, for more'n once I said it to her face. Well, everybody 't died, she saved suthin' they wore or handled the last thing, an' laid it away in this chist; an' last time I see it opened 'twas full, an' she kind o' smacked her lips an' said she should have to begin another. But the very next week she was took away."

"Aunt Luceba," said Isabel, suddenly, "was Aunt Eliza hard to live with? Did you and Aunt Mary Ellen have to toe the mark?"

"Don't you say one word," answered her aunt, hastily. "That's all past an' gone. There ain't no way of settlin' old scores but buryin' of 'em. She was older'n we were, an' on'y a step-sister, arter all. We must think o' that. Well, I must come to the end o' my story, an' then we'll open the chist. Next day arter we laid her away it come into my head, 'Now we can burn up them things.' It may ha' been wicked, but there 'twas, an' the thought kep' arter me, till all I could think of was the chist; an' byme-by I says to Mary Ellen, one mornin', 'Le's open it to-day an' make a burnfire!' An' Mary Ellen she turned as white as a sheet, an' dropped her spoon into her sasser, an' she says: 'Not yet! Luceba, don't you ask me to touch it yet.' An' I found out, though she never'd say another word, that it unset her more'n it did me. One day I come on her up attic stan'in' over it with the key in her hand, an' she turned round as if I'd ketched her stealin', an' slipped off down stairs. An' this arternoon she went into Tilly Ellison's with her work, an' it come to me all of a sudden how I'd git Tim Yatter to harness an' load the chist onto the pung, an' I'd bring it over here, an' we'd look it over together; an' then, if there's nothin' in it but what I think, I'd leave it behind, an' maybe you or Sadie'd burn it. John Cole happened to ride by, and he helped me in with it. I ain't a-goin' to have Mary Ellen worried. She's different from me. She went to school, same's you have, an' she's different somehow. She's been meddled with all her life, an' I'll be whipped if she sha'n't make a new start. Should you jest as lieves ask Sadie or John?"

"Why, yes," said Isabel, wonderingly; "or do it myself. I don't see why you care."

Aunt Luceba wiped her beaded face with a large handkerchief.

"I dun'no' either," she owned, in an exhausted voice. "I guess it's al'ays little things you can't stand. Big ones you can butt ag'inst. There! I feel better, now I've told ye. Here's the key. Should you jest as soon open it?"

Isabel drew the chest forward with a vigorous pull of her sturdy arm. She knelt before it and inserted the key. Aunt Luceba rose and leaned over her shoulder, gazing with the fascination of horror. At the moment the lid was lifted, a curious odor filled the room.

"My soul!" exclaimed Aunt Luceba. "O my soul!" She seemed incapable of saying more; and Isabel, awed in spite of herself, asked, in a whisper:

"What's that smell? I know, but I can't think."

"You take out that parcel," said Aunt Luceba, beginning to fan herself with her handkerchief. "That little one down there 't the end. It's that. My soul! how things come back! Talk about spirits! There's no need of 'em! *Things* are full bad enough!"

Isabel lifted out a small brown paper package, labelled in a cramped handwriting. She held it to the fading light. "'Slippery elm left by my dear father from his last illness,'" she read, with difficulty. "'The broken piece used by him on the day of his death.'"

"My land!" exclaimed Aunt Luceba, weakly. "Now what 'd she want to keep that for? He had it round all that winter, an' he used to give us a little mite, to please us. Oh dear! it smells like death. Well, le's lay it aside an' git on. The light's goin', an' I must jog along. Take out that dress. I guess I know what 'tis, though I can't hardly believe it."

Isabel took out a black dress, made with a full gathered skirt, and an old-fashioned waist. "'Dress made ready for Aunt Mercy,'" she read, "'before my dear uncle bought her a robe.' But, auntie," she added, "there's no back breadth!"

"I know it! I know it! She was so large they had to cut it out, for fear

'twouldn't go into the coffin; an' Monroe Giles said she was a real particular woman, an' he wondered how she'd feel to have the back breadth of her quilted petticoat showin' in heaven. I declare I'm 'most sick! What's in that pasteboard box?"

It was a shrivelled object, black with long-dried mould.

"'Lemon held by Timothy Marden in his hand just before he died.' Aunt Luceba," said Isabel, turning with a swift impulse, "I think Aunt Eliza was a horror!"

"Don't you say it, if you do think it," said her aunt, sinking into a chair and rocking vigorously. "Le's git through with it as quick 's we can. Ain't that a bandbox? Yes, that's Great-aunt Isabel's leghorn bunnit. You was named for her, you know. An' there's Cousin Hattie's cashmere shawl, an' Obed's spe'tacles. An' if there ain't old Mis' Eaton's false front! Don't you read no more.' I don't care what they're marked. Move that box a mite. My soul! There's ma'am's checked apron I bought her to the fair! Them are all her things down below." She got up and walked to the window, looking into the chestnut branches with unseeing eyes. She turned about presently, and her cheeks were wet. "There!" she said; "I guess we needn't look no more. Should you jest as soon burn 'em?"

"Yes," answered Isabel. She was crying a little too. "Of course I will, auntie. I'll put 'em back now. But when you're gone I'll do it; perhaps not till Saturday, but I will then."

She folded the articles and softly laid them away. They were no longer grewsome, since even a few of them could recall the beloved and still-remembered dead. As she was gently closing the lid, she felt a hand on her shoulder. Aunt Luceba was standing there, trembling a little, though the tears had gone from her face.

"Isabel," said she, in a whisper, "you needn't burn the aprons when you do the rest. Save 'em careful. I should like to put 'em away among my things."

Isabel nodded. She remembered her grandmother, a placid, hopeful woman, whose every deed breathed the fragrance of godly living.

"There!" said her aunt, turning away with the air of one who thrusts back the too insistent past, lest it dominate her quite. "It's gittin' along towards dark, an' I must put for home. I guess that hoss thinks he's goin' to be froze to the ground. You wrop up my soapstone while I git on my shawl. Land! don't it smell hot? I wisht I hadn't been so spry about puttin' on't into the oven." She hurried on her things; and Isabel, her hair blowing about her face, went out to uncover the horse and speed her departure. The reins in her hands, Aunt Luceba bent forward once more to add, "Isabel, if there's one thing left for me to say to tole you over to live with us, I want to say it."

Isabel laughed. "I know it," she answered, brightly. "And if there's anything I can say to make you and Aunt Mary Ellen come over here—"

Aunt Luceba shook her head ponderously and clucked at the horse. "Fur's I'm concerned, it's settled now. I'd come an' be glad. But there's Mary Ellen! Go 'long!" She went jangling away along the country road to the music of old-fashioned bells.

Isabel ran into the house, and, with one look at the chest, set about preparing her supper. She was enjoying her life of perfect freedom with a kind of bravado, inasmuch as it seemed an innocent delight of which nobody approved. If the two aunts would come to live with her, so much the better; but since they refused, she scorned the descent to any domestic expedient. Indeed, she would have been glad to sleep as well as to eat in the lonely house; but to that her sister would never consent, and though she had compromised by going to Sadie's for the night, she always returned before breakfast. She put up a leaf of the table standing by the wall, and arranged her simple supper there, uttering aloud as she did so fragments of her lesson, or dramatic sentences which had caught her fancy in reading or in speech. Finally, as she was dipping her cream toast, she caught herself saying, over and over, "My soul!" in the tremulous tone her aunt had used at that moment of warm emotion. She could not make it quite her own, and she tried again and again, like a faithful parrot. Then of a sudden the human power and pity of it flashed upon her, and she reddened, conscience-smitten, though no one was by to hear. She set her dish upon the table with indignant emphasis.

"I'm ashamed of myself!" said Isabel,

and she sat down to her delicate repast, and forced herself, while she ate with a cordial relish, to fix her mind on what seemed to her things common as compared with her beloved ambition. Isabel often felt that she was too much absorbed in reading, and that somehow or other God would come to that conclusion also, and take away her wicked facility.

The dark seemed to drift quickly down that night, because her supper had been delayed, and she washed her dishes by lamplight. When she had quite finished and taken off her apron, she stood a moment over the chest before sitting down to her task of memorizing verse. She was wondering whether she might not burn a few of the smaller things to-night; yet somehow, although she was quite free from that awe of them which had grown up in Aunt Luceba, she did feel that the act must be undertaken with a certain degree of solemnity. It ought not to be accomplished over the remnants of a fire built for cooking; it should, moreover, be to the accompaniment of a serious mood in herself. She turned away, but at that instant there came a jingle of bells. It stopped at the gate. Isabel went into the dark entry and pressed her face against the side-light. It was the parson. She knew him at once; no one in Tiverton could ever mistake that stooping figure draped in a shawl. Isabel always hated him the more when she thought of his shawl. It flashed upon her then, as it often did when this passion of revulsion came over her, how much she had loved him, until he had conceived this altogether horrible attachment for her. It was like a cherished friend who had begun to cut undignified capers. More than that, there lurked a certain cruelty in it, because he seemed to be trading on her inherited reverence for his office. If he should ask her to marry him, he was the minister, and how could she refuse? Unless, indeed, there were somebody else in the room to give her courage, and that was hardly to be expected. Isabel began casting wildly about her for help. Her thoughts ran in a rushing current, and even in the midst of her tragic despair some sense of the foolishness of it smote her like a comic note, and she could have laughed hysterically.

"But I can't help it," she said, aloud, "I am afraid. I can't put out the light. He's seen it. I can't slip out the back door. He'd hear me on the crust. He'll —ask me — to-night! Oh, he will! he will! and I said to myself I'd be cunning and never give him a chance. Oh, why couldn't Aunt Luceba have staid? My soul! my soul!" And then the dramatic fibre, always awake in her, told her that she had found the tone she sought.

He was blanketing his horse, and Isabel had flown into the sitting-room. Her face was alive with resolution and a kind of joy. She had thought. She threw open the blue chest with a trembling hand, and pulled out the black dress.

"I'm sorry," she said, as she slipped it on over her head, and speaking as if she addressed some unseen guardian, "but I can't help it. If you don't want your things used, you keep him from coming in!"

The parson knocked at the door. Isabel took no notice. She was putting on the false front, the horn spectacles, the cashmere shawl, and the leghorn bonnet, with its long veil. She threw back the veil and closed the chest. The parson knocked again. She heard him kicking the snow from his feet against the scraper. It might have betokened a decent care for her floors. It sounded to Isabel like a lover's haste, and smote her anew with that fear which is the forerunner of action. She blew out the lamp and lighted a candle. Then she went to the door, schooling herself in desperation to remember this, to remember that, to remember, above all things, that her under dress was red and that her upper one had no back breadth. She threw open the door.

"Good-evening—" said the parson. He was about to add "Miss Isabel," but the words stuck in his throat.

"She ain't to home," answered Isabel. "My niece ain't to home."

The parson had bent forward, and was eying her curiously, yet with benevolence. He knew all the residents within a large radius, and he expected, at another word from the shadowy masker, to recognize her also. "Will she be away long?" he hesitated.

"I guess she will," answered Isabel, promptly. "She ain't to be relied on. I never found her so." Her spirits had risen. She knew how exactly she was imitating Aunt Luceba's mode of speech. The tones were dramatically exact, albeit of a more resonant quality. "Auntie's voice is like suet," she thought. "Mine

is vinegar. *But I've got it!*" A merry devil assailed her, the child of dramatic triumph. She spoke with decision: "Won't you come in?"

The parson crossed the sill, and waited courteously for her to precede him; but Isabel thought in time of her back breadth, and stood aside.

"You go fust," said she, "an' I'll shet the door."

He made his way into the ill-lighted sitting-room, and began to unpin his shawl.

"I 'ain't had my bunnit off sence I come," announced Isabel, entering with some bustle, and taking her stand within the darkest corner of the hearth till he should be seated. "I've had to turn to an' clear up, or I shouldn't ha' found a spot as big as a hen's egg to sleep in to-night. Maybe you don't know it, but my niece Isabel 's got no more faculty about a house 'n I have for preachin'—not a mite."

The parson had seated himself by the stove, and was laboriously removing his arctics. Isabel's eyes danced behind her spectacles as she thought how large and ministerial they were. She could not see them, for the spectacles dazzled her, but she remembered exactly how they looked. Everything about him filled her with glee, now that she was safe, though within his reach. "'Now, infidel,'" she said, noiselessly, "'I have thee on the hip!'"

The parson had settled himself in his accustomed attitude when making parochial calls. He put the tips of his fingers together, and opened conversation in his tone of mild good-will:

"I don't seem to be able to place you. A relative of Miss Isabel's, did you say?"

She laughed huskily. She was absorbed in putting more suet into her voice.

"You make me think of Uncle Peter Nudd," she replied, "when he was took up into Bunker Hill Monument. Albert took him, one o' the boys that lived in Boston. Comin' down they met a woman Albert knew, an' he bowed. Uncle Peter looked round arter her, an' then he says to Albert, 'I dun'no's I rightly remember who that is!'"

The parson uncrossed his legs and crossed them the other way. The old lady began to seem to him a thought too discursive, if not hilarious.

"I know so many of the people in the various parishes—" he began, but he was interrupted without compunction.

"You never'd know me. I'm from out West. Isabel's father's brother married my uncle—no, I would say my stepniece. An' so I'm her aunt. By adoption, 'tennyrate. We al'ays call it so, leastways when we're writin' back an' forth. An' I've heard how Isabel was goin' on, an' so I ketched up my bunnit an' put for Tiverton. 'If she ever needed her own aunt,' says I—'her aunt by adoption—she needs her now.'"

Once or twice during the progress of this speech the visitor had shifted his position, as if ill at ease. Now he bent forward and peered at his hostess.

"Isabel is well?" he began, tentatively.

"Well enough! But, my sakes! I'd ruther she'd be sick abed or paraletic than carry on as she does. Slack? My soul! I wisht you could see her sink closet! I wisht you could take one look over the dirty dishes she leaves round, not washed from one week's end to another!"

"But she's always neat. She looks like an—an angel!"

Isabel could not at once suppress the gratified note which crept of itself into her voice.

"That's the outside o' the cup an' platter," she said, knowingly. "I thank my stars she ain't likely to marry. She'd turn any man's house upside down inside of a week."

The parson made a deprecating noise in his throat. He seemed about to say something, and thought better of it.

"It may be," he hesitated, after a moment—"it may be her studies take up too much of her time. I have always thought these elocution lessons—"

"O my land!" cried Isabel, in passionate haste. She leaned forward as if she would implore him. "That's her only salvation. That's the makin' of her. If you stop her off there, I dunno' but she'd jine a circus or take to drink! Don't you dast to do it! I'm in the family, an' I know."

The parson tried vainly to struggle out of his bewilderment.

"But," said he, "may I ask how you heard these reports? Living in Illinois, as you do—did you say Illinois or Iowa?"

"Neither," answered Isabel, desperately. "'Way out on the plains. It's the last house afore you git to the Rockies. Law! you can't tell how a story gits start-

ed, nor how fast it will travel. 'Tain't like a gale o' wind; the weather bureau 'ain't been invented that can cal'late it. I heard of a man once that told a lie in California, an' 'fore the week was out it broke up his engagement in New Hampshire. There's the 'tater-bug—think how that travels! So with this. The news broke out in Missouri, an' here I be."

"I hope you will be able to remain."

"Only to-night," she said, in haste. More and more nervous, she was losing hold on the sequence of her facts. "I'm like mortal life, here to-day an' there to-morrer. In the mornin' I sha'n't be found." ("But Isabel will," she thought, from a remorse which had come too late, "and she'll have to lie or run away. Or cut a hole in the ice and drown herself!")

"I'm sorry to have her lose so much of your visit," began the parson, courteously, but still perplexing himself over the whimseys of an old lady who flew on from the West, and made nothing of flying back. "If I could do anything towards finding her—"

"I know where she is," said Isabel, unhappily. "She's as well on't as she can be, under the circumstances. There's on'y one thing you could do. If you should be willin' to keep it dark 't you've seen me, I should be real beholden to ye. You know, there ain't no time to call in the neighborhood, an' such things make talk an' all. An' if you don't speak out to Isabel, so much the better. Poor creatur', she's got enough to bear without that!" Her voice dropped meltingly in the keenness of her sympathy for the unfortunate girl who, embarrassed enough before, had deliberately set for herself another snare. "I feel for Isabel," she continued, under the necessity of impressing him with the need for silence and inaction. "I do feel for her! O gracious me! What's that?"

A decided rap had sounded at the front door. The parson rose also, amazed at her agitation.

"Somebody knocked," he said. "Shall I go to the door?"

"Oh, not yet, not yet!" cried Isabel, clasping her hands under her cashmere shawl. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Her natural voice had asserted itself, but, strangely enough, the parson did not notice that. The entire scene was too bewildering. There came a second knock. He stepped toward the door, but Isabel darted in front of him. She forgot her back breadth, and even through that dim twilight the scarlet of her gown shone ruddily out. She placed herself before the door.

"Don't you go!" she entreated, hoarsely. "Let me think what I can say."

Then the parson had his first inkling that the strange visitor must be mad. He wondered at himself for not thinking of it before, and the idea speedily coupled itself with Isabel's strange disappearance. He stepped forward and grasped her arm, trembling under the cashmere shawl.

"Woman," he demanded, sternly, "what have you done with Isabel North?"

Isabel was thinking; but the question, twice repeated, brought her to herself. She began to laugh, peal on peal of hysterical mirth; and the parson, still holding her arm, grew compassionate.

"Poor soul!" said he, soothingly. "Poor soul! sit down here by the stove and be calm—be calm!"

Isabel was overcome anew.

"Oh, it isn't so!" she gasped, finding breath. "I'm not crazy. Just let me be!"

She started under his detaining hand, for the knock had come again. Wrenching herself free, she stepped into the entry. "Who's there?" she called.

"It's your aunt Mary Ellen," came a voice from the darkness. "Open the door."

"O my soul!" whispered Isabel to herself. "Wait a minute!" she continued. "Only a minute!"

She pushed the parson back into the sitting-room and shut the door. The act relieved her. If she could push a minister, and he could obey in such awkward fashion, he was no longer to be feared. He was even to be refused. Isabel felt equal to doing it.

"Now look here," said she, rapidly; "you stand right there while I take off these things. Don't you say a word. No, Mr. Bond, don't you speak!" Bonnet, false front, and spectacles were tossed in a tumultuous pile.

"Isabel!" gasped the parson.

"Keep still!" she commanded. "Here! fold this shawl!"

The parson folded neatly, and meanwhile Isabel stepped out of the denuded dress, and added that also to the heap. She opened the blue chest and packed the articles hastily within. "Here!" said

she; "toss me the shawl. Now if you say one word—O parson, if you only will keep still, I'll tell you all about it! That is, I guess I can!" And leaving him standing still in hopeless coma, she opened the door.

"Well," said Aunt Mary Ellen, stepping in, "I'm afraid your hinges want greasing. How do you do, Isabel? How do you do?" She put up her face and kissed her niece. Aunt Mary Ellen was so pretty, so round, so small, that she always seemed timid, and did the commonest acts of life with a gentle grace. "I heard voices," she said, walking into the sitting-room. "Sadie here?"

The parson had stepped forward, more bent than usual, for he was peering down into her face.

"Mary Ellen!" he exclaimed.

The little woman looked up at him—very sadly, Isabel thought.

"Yes, William," she answered. But she was taking off her bonnet, and she did not offer to shake hands.

Isabel stood by with downcast eyes, waiting to take her things, and Aunt Mary Ellen looked searchingly up at her as she laid her mittens on the pile. The girl, without a word, went into the bedroom, and her aunt followed her.

"Isabel," said she, rapidly, "I saw the chest. Have you burnt the things?"

"No," answered Isabel, in wonder. "No."

"Then don't you! don't you touch 'em for the world." She went back into the sitting-room, and Isabel followed. The candle was guttering, and Aunt Mary Ellen pushed it toward her. "I don't know where the snuffers are," she said. "Lamp smoke?"

Isabel did not answer, but she lighted the lamp. She had never seen her aunt so full of decision, so charged with an unfamiliar power. She felt as if strange things were about to happen. The parson was standing awkwardly. He wondered whether he ought to go. Aunt Mary Ellen smoothed her brown hair with both hands, sat down, and pointed to his chair.

"Sit a spell,"she said. "I guess I shall have something to talk over with you."

The parson sat down. He tried to put his fingers together, but they trembled, and he clasped his hands instead.

"It's a long time since we've seen you in Tiverton," he began.

"It would have been longer," she answered, "but I felt as if my niece needed me."

Here Isabel, to her own surprise, gave a little sob, and then another. She began crying angrily into her handkerchief.

"Isabel," said her aunt, "is there a fire in the kitchen?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl.

"Well, you go out there and lie down on the lounge till you feel better. Cover you over, and don't be cold. I'll call you when there's anything for you to do."

Tall Isabel rose and walked out, wiping her eyes. Her little aunt sat mistress of the field. For many minutes there was silence, and the clock ticked. The parson felt something rising in his throat. He blew his nose vigorously.

"Mary Ellen—" he began. "But I don't know as you want me to call you so!"

"You can call me anything you're a mind to," she answered, calmly. She was near-sighted, and had always worn spectacles. She took them off and laid them on her knee. The parson moved involuntarily in his chair. He remembered how she had used to do that when they were talking intimately, so that his eager look might not embarrass her. "Nothing makes much difference when folks get to be as old as you and I are."

"I don't feel old," said the parson, resentfully. "I do *not!* And you don't look so."

"Well, I am. We're past our youth. We've got to the point where the only way to renew it is to look out for the young ones."

The parson had always had with her a way of reading her thought and bursting out boyishly into betrayal of his own.

"Mary Ellen," he cried, "I never should have thought of it, but Isabel looks so like you!"

She smiled sadly. "I guess men make themselves think 'most anything they want to," she said. "There may be a family look, but I can't see it. She's tall, too, and I was always a pint o' cider—so father said."

"She's got the same look in her eyes," pursued the parson, hotly. "I've always thought so, ever since she was a little girl."

"If you begun to notice it then," she responded, with the same gentle calm, "you'd better by half ha' been thinking

of your own wife and her eyes. I believe they were black."

"Mary Ellen, how hard you are on me! You didn't used to be. You never were hard on anybody. You wouldn't have hurt a fly."

Her face contracted slightly. "Perhaps I wouldn't! perhaps I wouldn't! But I've had a good deal to bear this afternoon, and maybe I do feel a little different towards you from what I ever have felt. I've been hearing a loose-tongued woman tell how my own niece has been made town-talk because a man old enough to know better was running after her. I said, years ago, I never would come into this town while you was in it, but when I heard that, I felt as if Providence had marked out the way. I knew I was the one to step into the breach. So I had Tim harness up and bring me over, and here I am. William, I don't want you should make a mistake at your time of life!"

The minister seemed already a younger man. A strong color had risen in his face. He felt in her presence a fine exhilaration denied him through all the years without her. Who could say whether it was the woman herself or the resurrected spirit of their youth? He did not feel like answering her. It was enough to hear her voice. He leaned forward, looking at her with something piteous in his air.

"Mary Ellen," he ventured, "you might as well say 'another mistake.' I did make one. You know it, and I know it."

She looked at him with a frank affection, which was almost maternal. "Yes, William," she said, with the same gentle firmness in her voice, "we've passed so far beyond those things that we can speak out and feel no shame. You did make a mistake. I don't know as 'twould be called so to break with me, but it was to marry where you did. You never cared about her. You were good to her. You always would be, William; but 'twas a shame to put her there."

The parson had locked his hands upon his knees. He looked at them, and sad lines of recollection deepened in his face.

"I was desperate," he said at length, in a low tone. "I had lost you. Some men take to drink, but that never tempted me. Besides, I was a minister. I was just ordained. Mary Ellen, do you remember that day?"

"Yes," she answered, softly, "I remember." She had leaned back in her chair, and her eyes were fixed upon vacancy with the suffused look of tears forbidden to fall.

"You wore a white dress," went on the parson, "and a bunch of Provence roses. It was June. Your sister always thought you dressed too gay, but you said to her, 'I guess I can wear what I want to, to-day of all times.'"

"We won't talk about her. Yes, I remember."

"And, as God is my witness, I couldn't feel solemn, I was so glad! I was a minister, and my girl—the girl that was going to marry me—sat down there where I could see her, dressed in white. I always thought of you afterwards with that white dress on. You've staid with me all my life just that way."

Mary Ellen put up her hand with a quick gesture to hide her middle-aged face. With a thought as quick she folded it resolutely upon the other in her lap. "Yes, William," she said. "I was a girl then. I wore white a good deal."

But the parson hardly heeded her. He was far away. "Mary Ellen," he broke out, suddenly, a smile running warmly over his face, and creasing his dry, hollow cheeks, "do you remember that other sermon, my trial one? I read it to you, and then I read it to Parson Sibley. And do you remember what he said?"

"Yes, I remember. I didn't suppose you had." Her cheeks were pink. The corners of her mouth grew exquisitely tender.

"You knew I had! 'Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.' I took that text because I couldn't think of anything else all summer. I remember now it seemed to me as if I was in a garden—always in a garden. The moon was pretty bright that summer. There were more flowers blooming than common. It must have been a good year. And I wrote my sermon lying out in the pine woods, down where you used to sit hemming on your things. And I thought it was the Church, but do all I could it was a girl—or an angel!"

"No, no!" cried Mary Ellen, in bitterness of entreaty.

"And then I read the sermon to you under the pines, and you stopped sewing, and looked off into the trees; and you

said 'twas beautiful. But I carried it to old Parson Sibley that night, and I can see just how he looked sitting there in his study, with his great spectacles pushed up on his forehead, and his hand drumming on a book. He had the dictionary put in a certain place on his table because he found he'd got used to drumming on the Bible, and he was a very particular man. And when I got through reading the sermon, his face wrinkled all up, though he didn't laugh out loud, and he came over to me and put his hand on my shoulder. 'William,' says he, 'you go home and write a doctrinal sermon, the stiffest you can. *This one's about a girl.* You might give it to Mary Ellen North for a wedding-present."

The parson had grown almost gay under the vivifying influence of memory. But Mary Ellen did not smile.

"Yes," she repeated, softly, "I remember."

"And then I laughed a little, and got out of the study the best way I could, and ran over to you to tell you what he said. And I left the sermon in your work-basket. I've often wished, in the light of what came afterwards—I've often wished I'd kept it. Somehow 'twould have brought me nearer to you."

It seemed as if she were about to rise from her chair, but she quieted herself and wiped the responsive look from her face.

"Mary Ellen," the parson burst forth, "I know how I took what came on us the very next week, but I never knew how you took it. Should you just as lieves tell me?"

She lifted her head until it held a noble pose. Her eyes shone brilliantly, though indeed they were doves' eyes.

"I'll tell you," said she. "I couldn't have told you ten years ago—no, nor five! but now it's an old woman talking to an old man. I was given to understand you were tired of me, and too honorable to say so. I don't know what tale was carried to you—"

"She said you'd say 'yes' to that rich fellow in Sudleigh, if I'd give you a chance!"

"Yes, I knew 'twas something as shallow as that. Well, I'll tell you how I took it. I put up my head and laughed. I said, 'When William Bond wants to break with me, he'll say so.' And the next day you did say so."

The parson wrung his hands in an involuntary gesture of appeal.

"Minnie! Minnie!" he cried, "why didn't you save me? What made you let me *be* a fool?"

She met his gaze with a tenderness so great that it robbed the words of their sting.

"You always were, William," she said, quietly. "Always rushing at things like Job's charger, and having to rush back again. Never once have I read that without thinking of you. That's why you fixed up an angel out of poor little Isabel."

The parson made a fine gesture of dissent. He had forgotten Isabel.

"Do you want to know what else I did?" Her voice grew hard and unfamiliar. "I'll tell you. I went to my sister Eliza, and I said: 'Some way or another you've spoilt my life. I'll forgive you just as soon as I can—maybe before you die, maybe not. You come with me!' and I went up garret, where she kept the chest with things in it that belonged to them that had died. There it sets now. I stood over it with her. 'I'm going to put my dead things in here,' I said. 'If you touch a finger to 'em, I'll get up in meeting and tell what you've done. I'm going to put in everything left from what you've murdered; and every time you come here, you'll remember you were a murderer.' I frightened her. I'm glad I did. She's dead and gone, and I've forgiven her; but I'm glad now!"

The parson looked at her with amazement. She seemed on fire. All the smouldering embers of a life denied had blazed at last. She put on her glasses and walked over to the chest.

"Here!" she continued; "let's uncover the dead. I tried to do it ever since she died, so the other things could be burned, but my courage failed me. Could you turn these screws if I should get you a knife? They're in tight. I put 'em in myself, and she stood by."

The little lid of the till had been screwed fast. The two middle-aged people bent over it together, trying first the scissors and then the broken blade of the parson's old knife. The screws came slowly. When they were all out, he stood back a pace and gazed at her. Mary Ellen looked no longer alert and vivified. Her face was haggard.

"I shut it," she said, in a whisper. "You lift it up."

The parson lifted the lid. There they lay, her poor little relics—a folded manuscript, an old-fashioned daguerreotype, and a tiny locket. The parson could not see. His hand shook as he took them solemnly out and gave them to her. She bent over the picture, and looked at it as we search the faces of the dead. He followed her to the light, and wiping his glasses, looked also.

"That was my picture," he said, musingly. "I never 've had one since. And that was mother's locket. It had—" He paused and looked at her.

"Yes," said Mary Ellen, softly; "it's got it now." She opened the little trinket; a warm thick lock of hair lay within, and she touched it gently with her finger. "Should you like the locket, because 'twas your mother's?"

She hesitated; and though the parson's tone halted also, he answered at once:

"No, Mary Ellen, not if you'll keep it. I should rather think 'twas with you."

She put her two treasures in her pocket and gave him the other.

"I guess that's your share," she said, smiling faintly. "Don't read it here. Just take it away with you."

The manuscript had been written in the cramped and awkward hand of his youth, and the ink upon the paper was faded after many years. He turned the pages, a smile coming now and then.

"'Thou hast doves' eyes,'" he read—"'thou hast doves' eyes!'" He murmured a sentence here and there. "Mary Ellen," he said at last, shaking his head over the manuscript in a droll despair, "it isn't a sermon. Parson Sibley had the rights of it. It's a love-letter!" And the two old people looked in each other's wet eyes and smiled.

The woman was the first to turn away.

"There!" said she, closing the lid of the chest; "we've said enough. We've wiped out old scores. We've talked more about ourselves than we ever shall again; for if old age brings anything, it's thinking of other people—them that have got life before 'em. These your rubbers?"

The parson put them on, with a dazed obedience. His hand shook as he buckled them. Then Mary Ellen passed him his coat, but he noticed that she did not help him on with it. There was suddenly a fine remoteness in her atmosphere, as if a frosty air had come between them. The parson put the sermon in his inner pocket, and buttoned his coat tightly over it. Then he pinned on his shawl. At the door he turned.

"Mary Ellen," said he, with an awkward appeal in his air, "don't you ever want to see the sermon again? Shouldn't you like to read it over?"

She hesitated. It seemed for a moment as if she might not answer at all. Then she remembered that they were old folks, and needed no screen for the truth.

"I guess I know it 'most all by heart," she said, quietly. "Besides, I took a copy before I put it in there. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" answered the parson, joyously. He closed the door behind him and went crunching down the icy path. When he had unfastened the horse and sat tucking the buffalo-robe around him, the front door was opened in haste, and a dark figure came flying down the walk.

"Mr. Bond!" thrilled a voice.

"Whoa!" called the parson, excitedly. He was throwing back the robe to leap from the sleigh when the figure reached him. "Oh!" said he. "Isabel!"

She was breathing hard with excitement and the determination grown up in her mind during that last half-hour of her exile in the kitchen.

"Parson"—forgetting a more formal address, and laying her hand on his knee—"I've got to say it! Won't you please forgive me! Won't you, please? I can't explain it—"

"Bless your heart, child!" answered the parson, cordially; "you needn't try to. I guess I made you nervous."

"Yes," agreed Isabel, with a sigh of relief, "I guess you did." And the parson drove away.

Isabel ran, light of heart and foot, back into the warm sitting-room, where Aunt Mary Ellen was standing just where he had left her. She had her glasses off, and she looked at Isabel with a smile so vivid that the girl caught her breath, and wondered within herself how Aunt Mary Ellen had looked when she was young.

"Isabel," said she, "you come here and give me a corner of your apron to wipe my glasses. I guess it's drier 'n my handkerchief."

WHERE HAD JOHN BEEN?

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

AFTER the battle of Bull Run, when the whole country was holding up its hands in dismay and breathing hard in the first realization that the war was not, after all, to be a picnic for the Northern troops, I, together with many other doctors and surgeons, rushed into Washington from distant cities. Some of us went from strictly patriotic motives, some out of sympathy for the poor fellows who were reported as lying sick and wounded in the streets of the capital until church and school buildings were turned into hospitals to shelter them. Some of us went because we were young and felt that we could gain more practical experience legitimately in less time than would be possible any place else.

I'm afraid I was of this latter class. I had just been graduated, and there was scant chance for much practice for me in New York city for many a year to come.

After attending to many other cases, I was taken, one rainy night, by a kind old negro woman to her cabin on the edge of the city. She came to me in tears. "Doctah, I des wisht yoh come an' see my John. He 'pears mon's'ous cur'ous, an' he act des like he 'stracted."

At her cabin I found her son, a tremendous fellow, as black as coal and evidently an athlete, with no evidence of a wound upon him, but with a tendency to bear off to one side as he walked, an apparent inability to talk, and possessed of a persistent effort to march and keep time to martial music, which he could not do

Aunt Martha, as she called herself, and asked me to call her, told me that her son had always been strong and healthy, and that when he left Washington with the army he was perfectly sound and "des like de res' of de folks; but dey fetch him back to his po' ole mammy des like yoh see him, doctah, an' I des skeered plumb outen my wits, dat I is." I examined John carefully and could find not the least thing the matter with him, and half believed he was shamming.

The room was whitewashed, and I noticed a streak entirely around it that was so evenly drawn that it attracted my attention; but in the stirring events of those days I really paid scant heed to so trifling a case as John's, and so apparently trivial an indication as was that level streak on the wall. His mother was still talking. "De reason dat all de table an' cheers is in de floor, doctah, is dat John he des runs inter all of 'em if dey close t' de wall. 'Pears like he des 'bleeged t' skim along close up as eber he kin. Dat dar streak is whar his elbow scrapes along all day an' all night, 'cep' when somebody's sittin' holdin' his han' er feelin' his pulst, like yoh is now." Young and inexperienced as I was, even this did not give me a clew, and I left Aunt Martha and John after giving some trifling advice and remedy, both of which I knew to be wholly innocuous.

Other men and other matters claimed my attention, and I neither saw nor heard of John again while I was in Washington. Since that time I have devoted myself to the branch of the profession which has progressed most rapidly perhaps—surgery. I spent several years in Paris and in Germany after the war, and it was not until 188– that I was back in Washington. We had an international convention there at the time, and were taken to various public institutions, among which was a little asylum for poor and insane negroes.

In one room, as we were passing the door, I happened to observe on the whitewashed wall a well-worn streak drawn so level and circling the room so perfectly that it called to my mind a vision which I had wholly forgotten. Indeed, I could not place my impression when it came to me. I simply was stopped and drawn to look again into that room when my companions had passed on. I had a vague idea that I had seen it before, but I knew that I had not, and was about to rejoin the others, when there appeared from behind the door, which had been opened as we passed, a powerful black man who had the vacant look of idiocy upon his face. He was walking slowly and apparently aimlessly around and around the room, always bearing to the left, and with the left elbow of his otherwise whole coat worn completely away by the constant friction against the wall. Memory was coming back to me and slowly taking up the threads of the war days, when one of the resident physicians, who had missed me and returned, said, as he joined me at the grated door:

"Strange case. He has been like that for years. No one knows why. He is perfectly harmless, perfectly helpless as to taking care of himself, and he walks and walks, day and night, and *always* bears to the left. If we let him out he'd bear off to the left and go in the river or the *fire*, or lose himself in the woods. He never talks, although we have never found anything the matter with him. He eats and sleeps pretty well. Strange case."

"I'd like to try an experiment on him," I said, slowly. "I have an idea that I know something about what his trouble is. If I'd known as much twenty odd years ago as I think I do now, I guess he'd have been a useful citizen all these years. I'd like to try it now—if it isn't too late," I said again, really speaking as much to myself as to my companion.

The resident physician laughed. "You're a perfectly hopeless guest, doctor," he said. "I believe you'd want to experiment on one of our own delegates if you didn't get a new subject outside every day. But if you are in earnest I reckon there'll be no trouble this time. This is a charity place, and, so far as I ever heard, the fellow has no friends but an old mother down town, and she'd never know but what he died a natural death."

"I hadn't exactly thought of murdering him," I retorted, dryly. "I know where this trouble of his began, and I believe now that I know the cause. If it is not too late, I believe I can help him. That is all. Isn't it worth trying?"

Before noon the next day we had John's small room looking like a hospital operating-room, and the great black frame lay on the table under the influence of ether. Five of us stood around him, and I told them my theories and plans.

My colleagues warmed to the idea and the work.

I cut open the right side of the thick skull, and sure enough a splintered piece of bone from an old depressed fracture pressed into the brain. I lifted it, dressed it with it aseptics, and replaced skull and scalp and placed him in his bed. Then we set about reviving him. We were all intensely anxious to know what the result would be, and five note-books were ready in five hands. Presently John opened his eyes and stared about him. Then he asked—and it was the first articulate word he had uttered for over twenty long years—"Whar did de army move to yisteday?"

I was too excited to reply, and no one else appeared to grasp the full meaning of his question. Presently I said: "Toward Richmond, John, but you were hurt a little and had to stay behind, and we have been doctoring you. You are all right now. How do you feel?"

"Fus rate, thankee, sir; fus rate. Which side licked yisteday? Ourn?"

"Yes, John. But you must not talk now. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow."

When we got out of the room I came near fainting from sheer excitement over my success. We got out under the trees as quickly as possible and held a quiz in speculative philosophy.

Where had John been all those twenty years? Had he thought anything? If so, what? Had he lived for twenty years on that battle-field, or had he gone to sleep there and never wakened till now? Had he dreamed? If so, of what? Would he be able to recall any of it?

I staid in Washington a month to watch his case and ask him some of these questions, but he never understood one of them. The battle of Bull Run had been "yisteday" to him, and if he had dreamed, the dreams had taken flight at the touch of the knife and fled from the lifted skull.

When he began to walk he had no farther tendency to trend to the left. His health, which was always good, enabled him to recuperate with great speed from the operation, and he is to-day supporting Aunt Martha by driving the carriage of one of the best-known Senators at the capital. I still look upon John as about my most valuable piece of stage property (so to speak) in surgery.

There has never come a glimmer of memory to him of the twenty odd years that he was a mere circling automaton. The war and his experience up to that time when he was struck on the head, most likely by a piece of spent shell, are as if they were yesterday in his memory, and his mind is as clear and as good as the average of his race and condition; but where that mind was, and how it was occupied during those years, is a never-failing query to me, all the more perhaps because it does not trouble or puzzle him in the least.



PLATE I.—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TANKARDS.

OLD SILVER.

BY THEODORE S. WOOLSEY.

AN old lady who lived on Long Island during the first half of the last century made it her practice—and an admirable practice it was—to put her surplus of butter into one piece of silver every year.

That this taste was not uncommon the old inventories show. Here are a few items picked almost at random from a couple of town histories in Connecticut:

John Allyn, of New London, died in 1709, leaving a silver tankard, a cup, and a tumbler.

The estate of Ensign Leffingwell, who died at Norwich in 1724, included three tankards, two dram-cups, four silver cups —one with two handles.

The widow White of Norwich, 1757, left—reluctantly no doubt—behind her a silver hair-peg, silver cloak-clasps, a large silver tankard, a silver cup with two handles, another with one handle, a large silver spoon.

At his death, in 1670, Rev. John Davenport owned fifty pounds' worth of plate.

One of his successors, Rev. Mr. Street, in 1674, left a silver drinking-bowl and a silver wine-bowl.

And Governor Eaton's estate, in 1656, lists £107 11*s.* of plate, together with a silver-gilt basin and ewer of Mrs. Eaton's.

These worthies went to their reward, but their treasures remained in a world where moth and rust *do* corrupt, and



PLATE II.—WINE-TUMBLERS.

where thieves too often break through and steal. In course of time they ran an added risk. The temperance movement brought cups and tankards into disrepute; silver forks became the fashion, and the housewife, seizing the opportunity, turned the one into the other—a conversion afterwards bitterly regretted. An unconverted percentage survives to a generation so appreciative as to insist, if it fails to get the real antique, upon at least the semblance of it.

Now there are various learned treatises on old plate which discuss its marks and make and fineness, and give prints of important pieces. But how many of us possess such pieces—a mazer of Henry the Seventh's time, a corporation mace, or even a Monteith of the seventeenth century?



PLATE III.—A SIXTEENTH CENTURY TANKARD OF BRESLAU MANUFACTURE, TWO GERMAN BEAKERS, A LONDON PORRINGER, AND A SALT-CELLAR.

What we *do* see on the sideboards or in the collections of our friends is rarely figured. Yet this is exactly what we wish to know something about—when and where and by whom an article was made; what it was used for; what its proper name is. The really useful and practical hand-book of domestic plate has yet to be written.

No country has insisted upon so careful and systematic a series of marks upon its plate as Great Britain. There is the stamp of nationality—a lion passant; the "touch" of the various goldsmith companies authorized to stamp silver, for example, the leopard's head in London, or the harp in Dublin; the date letter, which, within limits, gives the year of manufacture; and the maker's mark, consisting usually of one or more of his initials. Besides these four, a fifth stamp was required in the important London assay-office in 1784, the sovereign's head, which in turn was dropped a few years ago.

The consequence of all this has been to enable English plate to be more certainly identified in respect to date and fineness and origin than any other, and to give it a peculiar value in the eyes of collectors.

Now there is nothing beautiful in these English hall-marks in themselves; and given the means of ascertaining with equal certainty the make and the age of the plate of other nations, the quality of workmanship, in which French and German and Norwegian silversmiths often surpass the English, is the thing to be considered.

Perhaps an illustration will make what is meant clearer. Magdalen College, Oxford, owns some twenty or more English tankards, dating perhaps from 1670 to 1750, and a fine sight they are in the plate-cupboard of the buttery. Among them, or more often in the president's house, is a larger tankard with a lion thumb-piece, which is justly noteworthy, and listed on the college books as the lion tankard. This piece would bring at auction in London four or five hundred dollars at least. Here are figured (Plate VI.) four Norwegian tankards, each also with a lion thumb-piece, of a similar shape, as early a date, finer workmanship, and more elaborate decoration, which have none of them



PLATE IV.—OLD CAUDLE-CUPS.

cost one-quarter of that sum. The silver is not quite so pure in them, and they are not English. That is all there is against them. They make a fine show, are genuine pieces, and are all dated, either by the letting in of a coin or by a date incised, as well as by the character of the work. The largest will hold half a gallon. Now why should the English tankard be worth as much as all of these put together? Another tankard is also given here (Plate III.), made in Breslau, in eastern Prussia, and dating from the sixteenth century, fully a hundred years older than the others. It is small, but very elegant in shape and design, and of workmanship of a very high order. The same prejudice exists against it, and it would not bring half so much per ounce as an English piece of the same date. While we are discussing tankards let me call attention to a fact which came out very clearly in the Magdalen buttery. Here are given in a row (Plate I.) several simple tankards of American or English make. The shape of all is very similar, but they differ in their lids. Now by simply noticing the lids it is easy to tell the relative age of tankards of this variety. The rule is this: The flatter the lid, the earlier is the piece. Those figured here vary in date from circa 1670 to 1770. That on the left is the oldest—very flat on top—a fine specimen of American plate. The next, with an additional step in its lid, was made by KL, whoever he may be. The others, later in date, have rounded lids, with usually an open-work thumb-piece. A fifth example in the same class is given in Plate VIII. This, by its lid, if the rule laid down be correct, should be dated about 1720–40. It was therefore both puzzling and annoying to find a year late in the seventeenth century engraved upon it. But on inquiry it appeared that the lid was a restoration, the original one having vanished long since. The restorer had added a shape of lid thirty or forty years too late.



PLATE V.—A CENTURY OF OVAL SPOONS.



PLATE VI.—NORWEGIAN TANKARDS.

Tankards like these five are plentiful enough. English silversmiths emigrated to this country, and did as good work here as at home. As we learn the names and marks of these men, and can thus identify their work, why is it not, for us at least, as valuable and interesting as any other? What we need is a careful list of such workmen, with their dates and the marks they struck. Mr. Buck has made a beginning at this in his volume on *Old Plate*, of which an enlarged edition is promised. But it needs a vast amount of work. The town records should be searched on the one hand, and thousands of examples of American-made plate should be catalogued and collated on the other, as Rosenberg has done for Germany. When we are able to identify the makers' marks on nine-tenths of the American-made plate treasured in our colonial families, thus learning where and between what dates it must have been made, it should have in our eyes a value such as no foreign plate of the same age can boast.



PLATE VII.—DUTCH AND GERMAN SPOONS.

Tankards were not the only drinking-vessels of the last century. The graceful two-handled cup of its first quarter, the wine-tumbler, and the mug of Revolutionary times (Plate VIII.) are also found, and, chiefly on the Continent, the beaker.

Here, for instance, Plates IV. and XII., are figured eight of the first-mentioned, technically known as caudle-cups—all, save one, made by John Dixwell, of Boston, son of the regicide, and still in use on the communion table of a New England church. They



PLATE VIII.—THE PUZZLING TANKARD AND THE REVOLUTIONARY MUG.

date from 1670 to 1720, or a little later. The wine-tumbler, also called wine-bowl, can still be picked up for no very extravagant sum in Norway or Germany (Plate II.). The distinguishing mark of German plate is an elongated zigzag ~~~~. To this are generally added a city stamp and the maker's mark. Thus the Augsburg silversmiths used a pine cone, which indicated the period by its shape. The stamp of Nuremberg was an Ⓝ; of Mayence, a wheel; of Berne, a bear; of Breslau, a Ⓦ.



PLATE IX —AN EARLY TYPE.

These wine-tumblers are usually silver-gilt. They are not much decorated, having at utmost a delicate engraved border or initials in scroll. A few of different sizes nest very comfortably together in a luncheon-basket, but make no great show in our Plate. They date from 1650 to 1750. The last piece in the row is the English equivalent of these wine-tumblers, with a flat bottom and higher sides, more distinctively a tumbler and less a cup in the modern sense. It was made in Dublin in 1775. Silver tumblers of this shape and of American origin are found here and there. They were occasionally a part of the camp kit of our Revolutionary officers.

The beaker was a more important, a more highly decorated vessel. Two are given in Plate III., both of German make, the taller one being especially charming in shape and ornamentation; it probably antedates 1600. These beakers are to be preferred to those of a chalice shape with a standard and commonly a cover. This latter form has been widely reproduced in Germany. Tankards have suffered also from this imitation, being even broken and repaired to carry out the deception. Norway is an offender too, and Holland most of all. Probably nine-tenths of the old Dutch toys, trinkets, comfit-boxes, and bag clasps which are on sale are brand-new.

The two central pieces in Plate XI. are



PLATE X.—LONDON SILVER OF THE LAST CENTURY.

what are called in this country porringers, but this is a misnomer. The true porringer is very like a caudle-cup in the two ears or handles and in size, but the sides are straight instead of bellying, and there is usually a cover. A London porringer of 1699, with the fluting characteristic of the article and the period, is figured in the upper part of Plate III. Our so-called porringers are really saucepans for warming a posset on the embers. They may be found in England, though I do not recall one either in the shops or in the South Kensington Museum, which contains a really splendid collection of old English plate and many excellent foreign examples. However, these saucepans are common in this country, and make a very graceful and sensible utensil, though the handle must grow hot before the posset does. To avoid this were made saucepans of other shapes, like the two on the right of Plate XI., the larger being a late London piece with detachable cover; the other, a little thing in *repoussé*, used for warming brandy.

The familiar sauce-boat was quite a different thing. Its shape has been much imitated in porcelain. The larger of the two here given, left of Plate XI., was made in New York by Gardiner early in the present century, and can therefore be called old only by courtesy; the other is fifty years earlier, and bears the hall-mark of Newcastle-on-Tyne. In the same Plate, in mid-air, is a graceful little cream-jug bearing the stamp of P. Revere. The shape is a common one, and has been much reproduced; its peculiarity lies in its solidity, for it must weigh one-half more than the modern imitations.

Before leaving this Plate it may be worth while to notice the two little punch-ladles, one oval, the other round but with a nose, and both having, like most of their numerous class, twisted whalebone handles. These punch-ladles are rarely hall-marked, though often dated by a coin let in, and, so far as my information goes, were seldom made in this country. Very different from these is the ladle in the centre of Plate X., bowl and handle being in the same plane, and the whole heavy enough to brain a burglar with. It has the London date letter of 1729.

The salts and snuffers and tray in the same Plate are not especially noteworthy, though snuffers were commonly of plated



PLATE XI.—SAUCE-BOATS AND SAUCEPANS.



PLATE XII.—CAUDLE-CUPS NOW IN USE AS COMMUNION CUPS.

ware, and the larger salts stand on four legs instead of the usual tripod, and are probably Italian.

The two-handled punch-strainer suggests its uses clearly, and is not a common piece, though of no great age. The tea-caddy on the left, however (London, 1781), is a pretty bit, and a good example of the etched decoration so popular during the second half of the last century.

Three Plates of spoons are given (V., VII., and XIII.), for the subject is an interesting one. Two centuries are represented, the seventeenth and eighteenth. Of course the round-bowl spoon belongs to the earlier. Plate XIII. represents Norwegian spoons exclusively; those in VII. are Dutch and German. No difference in shape of bowl appears between the makes of different nations, but the Norwegian spoons usually have a flat handle with etched ornament, while the German stems are solider and rounder, depending upon their form, and not upon the engraver, for effect.

Horn bowls with a silver handle riveted on were common. More rarely handle and bowl, though both of silver, were made separately, and then fastened, while in the next century this practice became usual.

Roughly speaking, the year 1700 is the dividing-line between the round and the oval bowl. Plate V. shows a century of the latter, from about 1710 to 1810. During the first half of this period the distinguishing features were a broader handle, often slit at the end, a bowl more nearly ellipsoid than oval, and the ridge of union between bowl and handle, which is commonly known as a rat-tail. This doubtless sprang from the practice

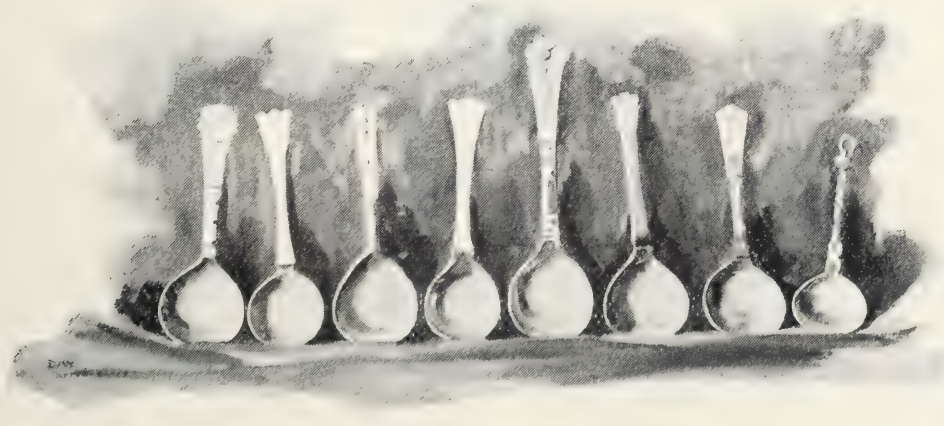


PLATE XIII.—NORWEGIAN SPOONS.



PLATE XIV.—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SILVER.

alluded to of welding or riveting the parts together, but survived in a rudimentary state after the spoon was commonly made one solid whole. It is still often employed as a shoulder to strengthen the point of union, the tail being abbreviated. During the latter half of the century the bowl became a pure oval, the handle usually being decorated with the etched ornament characteristic of the period. This same ornament is shown on the salver in Plate XIV. and the tea-caddy, Plate X. The last article on Plate V. is an old English marrow-spoon, the narrow bowl of which is also found in combination with an oval one.

Three bowls only are figured here, Plates XIV. and XV., but they are sufficiently common, and with a great variety of decoration, to which this shape lends itself. Except for its ears, one of those in Plate XIV., however, is entirely plain. Its lack of a foot or stand would seem to indicate a good deal more age than have the others, which date from 1780 to 1790. All are of American workmanship.

Candlesticks, like snuffers, are commonly plated, but those in Plate XV. are of London make and mark, and well executed. They lack, however, a broader detachable top, or bobèche, which has been stolen. Plate XVI. figures a bread-basket (London, 1737). This is a very perfect and fine example of the cut silver so popular in England in the middle of the last century, when Paul Lamerie flourished. A companion piece to this basket, made ten years later for the wife of Governor Hancock, of Boston, is in the hands of a connection of that family. This

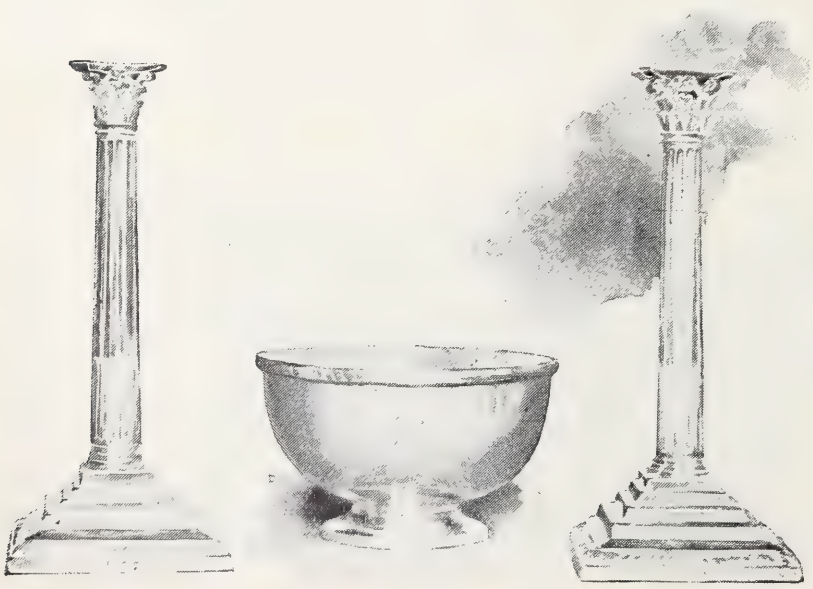


PLATE XV.—LONDON CANDLESTICKS.

form of decoration, simple in itself, but producing effects of great richness, was much used in flat articles like trays and salvers, and has been deservedly revived.

The tea service and coffee-pot of our great-grandmothers' time are so familiar that no examples have been given. The common shapes are round, or oblong with rounded corners; the decoration of infinite variety; stands are usual, and the handles

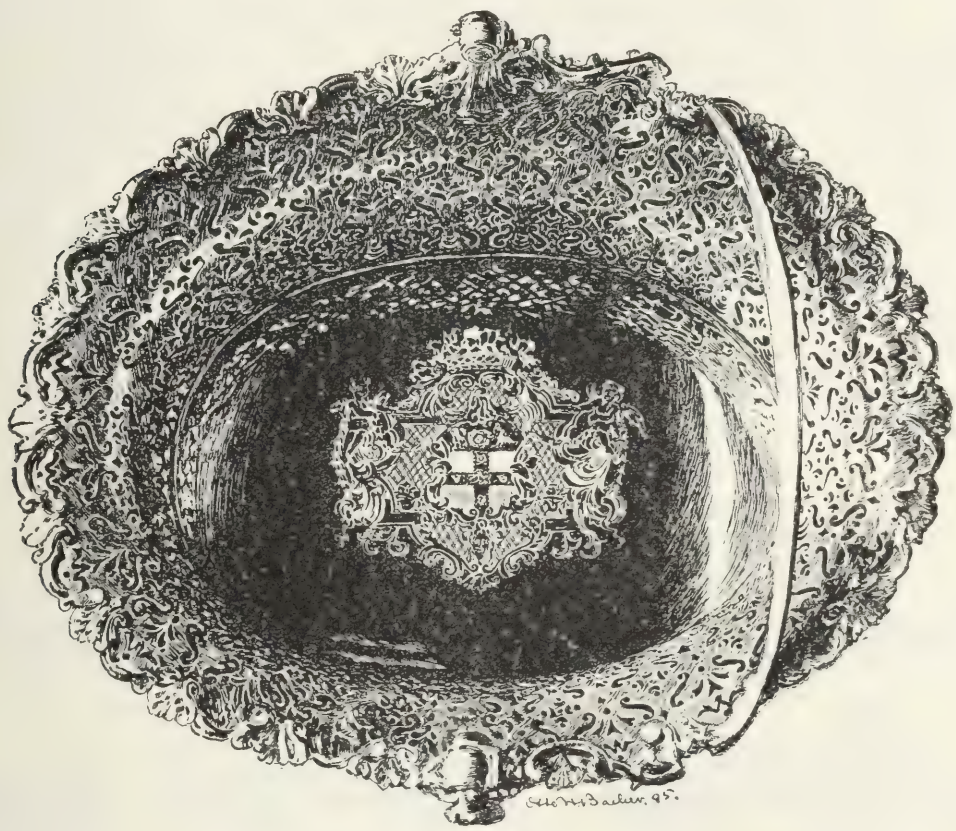


PLATE XVI.—AN OLD BREAD-BASKET.

of the pots are either of ebony, or of silver insulated by a ring of bone let in. On Plate IX. is given a teapot of an earlier type, which in shape and balance and "feeling" is quite the ideal of what an ancestral teapot should be.

On the last of our Plates is grouped a lot of clasps framed in by a silver chain or girdle. The objects on the right are cloak or belt clasps, and, except one, are Norwegian; those on the left are book clasps and German. In the centre is that *rara avis* a genuine Dutch bag clasp. Such articles as these, trivial in themselves, but each with an individuality, an original note of its own, may still be found in the shops of the silversmiths abroad, brought in for sale or exchange. They lend a pleasant touch to a woman's costume or a fine old binding, and it is always more satisfactory to buy in this way than from the dealers in antiquities.

The communion plate in many of the older churches in this country is of considerable age and interest, but has been already elsewhere figured and discussed.* It is referred to here only to call attention to one fact. In the Episcopal churches the conventional shapes of chalice, paten, and flagon were quite strictly adhered to. On the contrary, in New England one may still see in use in many of the older non-Episcopal houses of worship the domestic drinking-vessels of the past — tankards, caudle-cups, tumblers. By gift or bequest they came straight from secular to sacramental use — from the table of the giver to the table of the Lord. This disregard of the conventionalism of the

* *Old Plate.* J. H. Buck. 1888. The Gorham Manufacturing Company.

Church of England and its derivative, this protest against its forms, is characteristic and interesting.

Besides articles in which silver is the sole constituent, it enters into the decoration or composition of many others which the fancier prizes. The mounting of an old table-knife, dagger, or sword, the inlaid-work on a Spanish bit, combinations with wood, with ivory, with other metals, illustrate how excellent a thing it is in the arts. This kind of bimetallism is entirely harmless.

There are two remarks with which this very cursory study of the domestic plate of two centuries may be appropriately closed. The one is addressed to the collector. Old silver has a color, a touch, a feeling, peculiar to itself. The genuineness of a piece must be determined by a study of these points, as well as of the style, the marks of wear, and the history. It is only by the examination, the handling if possible, of a large number of specimens that one can gain accurate knowledge of these qualities. The second remark is a deduction from the first. Such examination can only be possible where collections, permanent or temporary, are exposed to view. Rosenberg, already alluded to, has made his admirable study of the old silver of his father-land by taking advantage of the large loan exhibitions of such articles which have been held within the past fifteen years at Amsterdam, Augsburg, Brussels, Karlsruhe, Nuremberg, St. Petersburg, Buda-Pesth, Vienna, and Zurich, as well as of royal and private collections. His ten thousand examples have furnished two thousand marks. This will indicate how alone a satisfactory history of old American plate and its makers can be made. The older centres, under proper precautions, could gather all available material by loan, and allow access to it to competent persons. The amount of old American-made plate in existence is probably larger than any one but the careful student of early inventories would credit. A proper history of such plate, its marks and its makers, would give it a historical, artistic, and commercial value which must always otherwise be lacking.

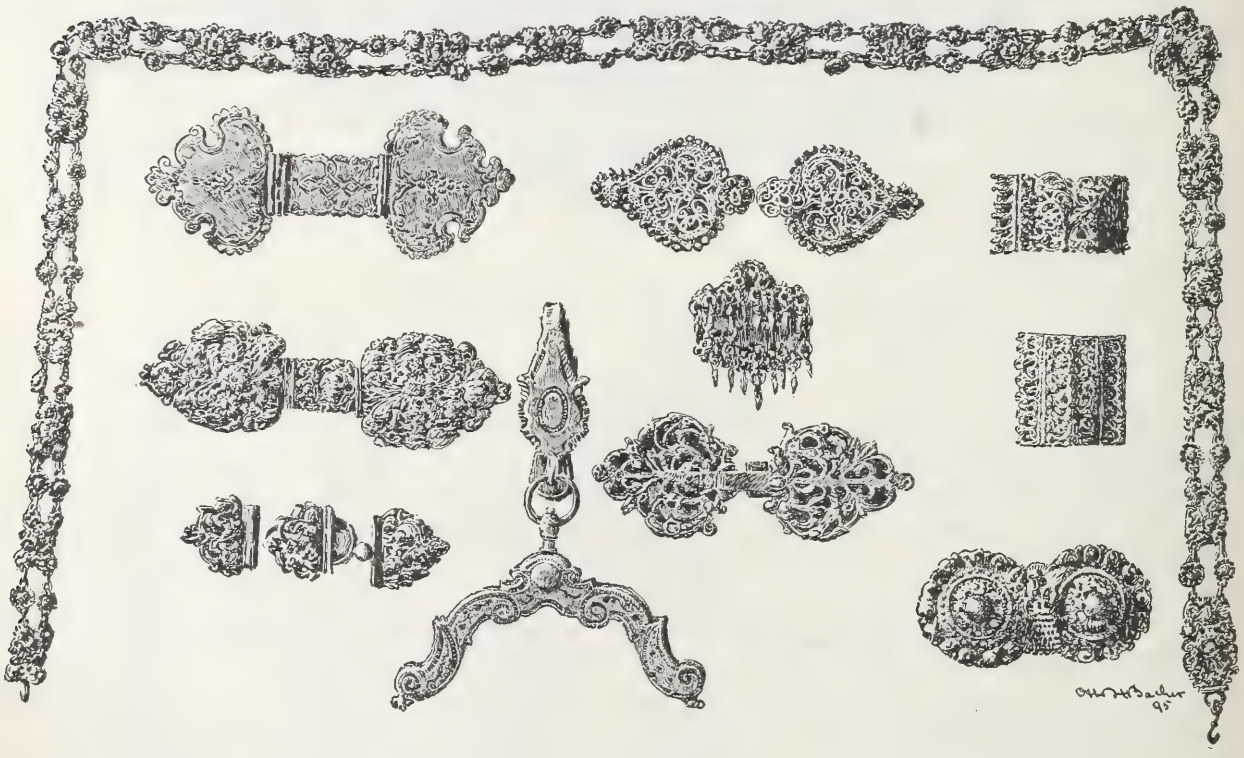


PLATE XVII.—OLD SILVER CLASPS.

TWO MORMONS FROM MUDDLETY.

BY LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL.

PART III.

DURING the day following "Barr's Squall," as Amri christened the proceedings of that evening, Delissa was an unhappy woman; and when her husband, returning at nightfall, preserved the same countenance and demeanor of disapproval and moody suspicion, Delissa fell into a state of despair. Twice, and a third time, she attempted, going to him, to take all the blame in the world on herself, asking him again to forgive her, and begging him to remember that, deceit as it had been, she had not lied to him directly.

This effort to mollify him and bring him to some reason was not successful. Do what she would, even when he saw her getting paler and losing the happiness out of her face, and at night heard her sobbing in the shed outside while he ate his dinner in silence and alone—with all this and more, Nicholas was unable to change the current and motion of his thoughts, and this current set all to jealousy and to suspicion, and a miserable sense of things being broken that could never be mended.

The girl suffered poignantly. It is true she had no longer any fear of Red Dolly; for that matter, as well as where her husband had obtained so many dinners, had been explained to her by the General. But, on the other hand, she felt that Nicholas no longer loved her.

What had come upon him she could not understand. She tried to lead him to explain his state of feeling. But his state of feeling was just what her husband could least in the world explain. All that he knew was that he was justifiably indignant.

It was ridiculous that his wife couldn't cook. Had he not taught her? Besides, she was a woman, she must know how! And because she couldn't, she must invite a pair of Mormons into the house, and see them every day. Not a word to him! And he ate the meat that this preacher cooked! It wasn't possible to live, after that, as if it had never happened. He would forgive her; he had forgiven her; he did forgive her; but she would have to suffer, all the same, for what she had done.

These thoughts passed through his mind. He felt surly and dissatisfied. The affair had left a bad taste in his mouth.

After some days of this life, Delissa, who saw no sign of a break ahead, began to order her mind somewhat differently. Nicholas was carrying things too far. She was not the only person to blame. It had all arisen out of smoke—kitchen smoke at that! Why had he not taught her, or had his sister down to teach her, to cook? If she had slipped into doing wrong, she was sorry; you couldn't do more than that. It was outrageous that he didn't forget the whole affair. To be sullen about what? Hadn't she scalded the saint? What more could any man's wife do?

Delissa argued thus with herself, going about all the while with a dead weight in her bosom and her feet like lead. Yet she cried no more, and ceased asking Nicholas to forgive her. She cooked during this week in a way that would have choked an ostrich. But her husband swallowed doggedly whatever was placed before him. This gave him a return of heart-burn, and heart-burn increased his ill temper considerably; but he said next to nothing.

The days passed heavily over them both.

It was the early May. The snows had long melted; the ice was gone; the rivers flowed smoothly down to the sea. The flowers were white and blue along the sunny banks. The sap began to stir in the roots of the forest, the buds to swell, and the leaves to unfold once more. The air was warm, like breath; the breezes blew lightly over the earth, and the cries of birds passing again to the north dropped down through the sunny air. The fish leaped from the river, glittering into the sun. The deer trooped through the forest, the fawns and the does together. The sun sprang up after each night out of clear dawn; the first beams that he

touched the earth with were warm. And the mists that lay heavy and white, following the river-beds, arose at his bidding and left the earth, and lightly ascended into the heaven, and, caught by the upper winds, were swept to the east as clouds, or dissolved and passed away in the hot embrace of the sun. The world was awake and alive again.

And on one of these May mornings Delissa went down to the river to draw water. It was shortly after sunrise. As she stood on the shingly beach, and felt the warmth of the sun on her face and arms, and heard overhead the honking of the wild-geese, she felt, with a start, how utterly all pleasant, natural things had passed out of her life.

When in former days spring had come, Old Sammy had always put a full bottle in his breeches pocket, and taking his little daughter by the hand, had gone out with her into the fields and woods. They had fished together from sunrise to sundown; eaten their lunch on a log, and Delissa had enjoyed herself watching Old Sammy's bob, gazing up into the sky, and looking down on the green earth; and they had talked; and each of those days had been as long as seven now. The new green was on the trees, the new life in the air, but there was no new happiness.

Three wild-ducks curved swiftly down the Big Thunder, and dropped in the water near the island. Delissa followed them with her eyes, and as they splashed into the water, she took a determination, sudden, but of no small moment.

Nicholas was returning late the same afternoon from a trip up the Greenleaf road. When he reached the river he dismounted from his mule, and hallooed for Delissa to pole the flat-boat across.

The girl came quickly down to the beach. She first of all tied the tub to the great raft, laying a knife, with the blade open, on the boat seat; then bared her arms and swung the raft into the stream. Nicholas wondered why she tied the tub to the raft.

As her husband watched her poling, and saw the sun on her yellow head and slim long arms, and observed the easy way in which she made the unwieldy craft obey her, he felt a pang of compunction: he was sorry he had been so severe; to-morrow he would say as much —after breakfast.

He was about to take the pole from his wife, but she said she liked the fun of it. Nicholas went to the stern end, and stood beside the mule. He thought it odd his wife should make such a wide circle. And what in the world was she cutting as close to the island as that for? He called to her; but the girl, although she was facing him, made no reply; she was throwing all her weight on the pole. They were nearly broadside to the current, and Delissa was holding straight for the island. If they continued on that course they'd be shipwrecked, mule and all. Nicholas made a step forward; as he did so, the girl dropped the pole again into the water and threw her weight upon it, giving the heavy raft a last vigorous shove toward the small rocky cove which she had once used as a mirror. It was about ten feet away. Nicholas, fearing the shock would upset the mule, ran forward, and would have wrested the pole from his wife; but he was too late. As he made the dash towards her she threw the pole in the river, and slipping lightly into the tub, cut the rope that tied it to the raft with the knife she had left on the prow seat, and pulled away up current with all her might. The raft struck with a crunch on the low ledge of rock; the mule staggered, staggered again, and finally half fell, half plunged, into the water. Nicholas leaped as the raft struck, and finding himself in water up to his waist, pushed the raft off the rock, and as it swung round in the powerful current and brought up broadside against the lower bank, where it hung safely in an eddy, he looked up to find Delissa.

She was some yards away, and rowing further away. The pole was bobbing up and down, already twenty or thirty paces below the island, in the swifter beginnings of the rapid. Nicholas shouted to his wife. Seemingly she did not hear him. For though she was sitting with her face to him, and rowing vigorously, her glance was directed a little off from the island and to one side.

He shouted again, and threw up his arms. He could see her plainly enough. Her face was warmed with the exercise, for she was bracing herself against a powerful current. But otherwise, except for this suffusion of color, her expression appeared to be happy and about as usual. Nicholas shouted a third time, bellowing with all his might. Delissa gave no sign

that she heard him, or that she knew that the pole was floating down stream, or that the mule was still plunging about in efforts to mount the steep and slippery side of rock, or that her husband was shouting to her and waving his arms, or shock and a giddiness—although in the dullest, dumbest way possible—that the laws of nature were suspending themselves, and he was being left high and dry in the suspension. There was his wife; there the mule; here, he!



"THE DEER TROOPED THROUGH THE FOREST."

that she had stranded him there, and left him no means of getting away. If anything, her husband thought she looked a shade more unconscious than usual. As he stood there, after calling the last time, a dreamlike sensation came over him—he felt that he could not possibly see what he saw; and this was followed, as he continued to look after his wife in the boat, and as she grew more distant each moment, by a sense that an unexpected force had jostled the order of the universe, and it was changing—had changed all in seven or eight seconds or so. He felt, with a

He saw Delissa beach the boat, lay aside the oars, put the knife in her pocket, walk slowly up the path, and disappear in the cabin to the left.

Nicholas, could he have thrown his emotion into reasonable form, would have declared that it was no miracle or exception, but a general and incomprehensible aberration and going astray of Nature in her entirety.

The mule had scrambled up the rock. To rescue himself from this lost sensation, Nicholas turned and looked about him. There was not a stick above the thickness

of a switch on the island. The pole gone! He had made the raft with his own hands; not a timber in it would budge for anything less than a sledge-hammer or a bolt-driver. Even his jack-knife was not in his pocket. The fancy passed fleetly through his mind that his wife was mad. He must get to shore somehow; but the river ran too swiftly either side of the island to swim it. He could try a straight line to the cabin from the end of the island; but, on second thoughts, no!

Even in a boat it required the hardest pulling for the first thirty yards. That he could make head against that first current, swimming, naked or not, he more than doubted. Surely Delissa— He guessed she must have gone off her head. All the more reason to get across. He sat down to think about it. An hour passed.

Nicholas dragged the raft upon the beach as far as he could; it was too heavy for one man to handle on dry land. He looked it over; not a timber but was fixed firmly in its socket: he concluded to burn one, so that it would fall away from the rest. By still further burning this one, he would narrow it down to a pole, or near the dimensions of a pole. But he discovered that he had only three matches in his trousers pocket, and these were wet. He laid them carefully on a rock to dry, and sat down to think it over. An hour passed. The smoke began to ascend from the "kitchen" cabin. The smoke meant dinner. Twilight fell. His wife was mad, of course. The Mormons had wrought that!

About nightfall, as he was still sitting on his rock, and looking at his own two cabins and at the two Mormon scarecrows up the meadow, and wondering, with a vague sense of surprise at his own absence of feeling in the matter, how mad his wife was, and if the remoter cause was not Old Sammy's bottle, he saw Delissa come quickly down the bank and get into the tub. She was rowing towards him! The mule had pricked her ears; she now broke into a bray of loud satisfaction. Nicholas rose. Delissa changed her course suddenly; she rowed across to the Greenleaf side, and disappeared up the bank. Mad! mad undoubtedly! She appeared, however, again, and some one with her: it was Amri. Delissa was speaking to him. They sat down, Amri in the stern. His jolly red face was plain, dark as it was becoming. Nicholas saw that this was his last hope. He shouted, throwing his voice through the steady roar of Big Thunder; but Amri apparently could not have heard him. He raised his voice again, and drawing in a deep breath, gave out a volume of sound upon "Oh—h, Amri!" which, despite the drowning noise of the rapids below and above, must have carried three times the distance. "He must ha' heerd!" said Nicholas, aloud.

Amri's back, as the girl rowed him over, was slowly turning toward him. He was about to shout once more, when the thought occurred to him: Amri couldn't be deaf; for he saw Delissa talking to him; but—was he, Nicholas himself, in just his right mind? He was sure he was. But not as sure as he would have liked to be.

Amri disappeared in the cabin. He must be taking supper with Delissa. When he crossed to the other side to go home, it would be dark—too dark for Amri to see him.

The darkness fell and it became night. There was a warm, red, flickering glow out of the kitchen window. The stars had come out. Nicholas felt chilly. He was wet from his waist down.

It had not occurred to him before that he might have to pass the night on the island. He now set about making the best of it. He took off his trousers and socks and wrung them out. Pulling them on again, he began a search for a comfortable bed. In the twenty yards of its length and ten to fifteen of its breadth the only spot not dislocated and roughened by rocks was the sandy beach. This was wet. Nicholas walked up and down this beach for some time, staring vainly across at the light in the cabin window.

She was mad! and Amri hadn't seen it on her; but why hadn't he *heard?* The idea that there might be something the matter with him (Nicholas) began now to assert itself, at first unobtrusively, shyly; but presently it seemed to gather confidence and an air of reason.

"I hain't daft, I hain't!" said Nicholas, still walking up and down the beach, and speaking aloud; "say what ye've a mind to!—hain't! I did hear Amri tell of a man that went cracked—thought he was always in some other place from where he was; reckoned he was somebody else, too—and was that reasonable about it you couldn't prove a gol thing to him! My name's Barr; more'n that, I am Barr."

This at first seemed conclusive. But presently he felt that it was very odd indeed that he, Barr, should have such things befall him—that he was where he was, or where he thought he was; and, too, his mind began to revert to the past. All the last three weeks had been of a nature that — that — hadn't certainly seemed like any other weeks; and he himself—he, Barr—he hadn't seemed to himself, to Barr, as much like Barr, as much like the Barr that Barr was accustomed to know and deal with, as he, Barr himself, would like to have done. That former Barr—the Barr of better days—had never been unkind to a woman; not even to the first Mrs. Barr, who, Heaven and the former Barr to witness, had been a trial. He'd never been sulky or unhappy in those times. All the Mormons in the world couldn't exactly, somehow, account for that! He wasn't a changed man; he was another man; and here he, this other man, this later, unhappy Barr, sat—or at least he thought he sat here; if he didn't, somebody did! And he knew it wasn't the first Barr, for the first Barr was happy.

He might be who he would—he was a man sitting there, cold and wet. It wasn't very sound to say so—whichever Barr he was, he certainly was one, and a man—but assuredly it began to appear to him that there were two people inside of him: one was cold and having a terrible time, and the other didn't care whether he was or not. And this other one sat somewhere else, outside of all the trouble, and was nasty if he pleased to be, and said things: who the devil was *that* Barr?

Nicholas felt, as he shivered from cold, that he must stop these thoughts. He went over to the mule and patted her. He felt more himself after that. About an hour later, finding the mule lying down among the briers, the idea occurred to him that he might just as well share her animal warmth; he accordingly lay down, first tenderly stroking the object of his apprehension, in the only position possible, namely, between the beast's legs. He reposed here in a cramped position about an hour in safety. But either he made a careless motion, or else the mule objected to sharing her animal warmth; at all events, she struck out in the dark, and Nicholas found himself at some distance, in a patch of greenbrier, and with a sense of having had two tons of coal fall on his back.

He said nothing whatever. But he lay alone for the rest of the night.

Day dawned, chilly and gray. The sky was cloudy. Before sunrise it began to rain.

Nicholas was hungry, and sore from the mule's treatment. It seemed to him also, as the mule whinnied hungrily at him, a peculiar aggravation of his already sufficient misery that this chattel and beast of his first wife's should have acted as she had during the night.

The day moved slowly, and Nicholas began to experience, as his hunger increased in sharpness, a reaction from the listlessness and mental confusion of the night before. He felt alert in mind, and able to endure anything. He warmed himself by jumping up and down, and throwing his arms about, under and over his shoulders.

For two hours before noon and for two hours after the rain fell in torrents. It slackened then, and presently the clouds were lifting. As this happened, it grew colder, and the man was obliged to clamber up and down the rock in order to keep warm. It soon became out of the question to do so. His clothing was too wet; he grew colder every moment, and began to suffer from his thoughts. When he tried now to face the situation, and to realize that he, Nicholas, was here on a rock, drenched, hungry, cold, deserted by his wife; that this wife was mad, or he was, or both of them were, or, if not that, then one of *him* was; at all events, that he, a man, Barr, might have to die there, or risk the forlorn hope of swimming the rapids — when he faced these facts his mind balked at them; he felt himself grow giddy; the world of reality, so stern and steadfast upon all other occasions, seemed to him to tremble, quiver, and melt into a mist of absurdity and inconsequence.

A little later on his mind gave up the struggle. It no longer made the slightest effort to realize anything; it acquiesced in the facts of the case. He found himself thinking it as natural as possible to be where he was and as he was; it seemed to him he had been there a year. He was beginning to feel numb with the cold, when he thought he saw a man in the dense brushwood at the far end of the meadow. There were two of them. Nich-

olas was at once in high hopes of relief. But an hour passed without any further appearance. At the end of the hour, and as Nicholas was still staring in expectancy, his jaw dropped, his eyes widened, he caught himself by both legs, and breathing fast, gave himself a slap on the forehead.

"'Tain't so! 'Tain't them two—again? I'm a goner: I see nothin' as it is."

He winked as he continued to stare. The two Latter-day Saints came out from behind the cabins, holding stools in their hands. Delissa was between them. Nicholas noticed that the General's scarecrows had disappeared; but they were not merely gone—the two Saints were draped in them, as before. He had no recollection of whether the scarecrows had been wanting for an hour or for all the morning.

Nicholas staggered as he looked. He rose, shut his eyes a moment, and then, opening them wide, stared across the river. He heaved a deep groan.

"'Tain't so!—but 'tis! I'm cracked—sprung! Oh, I'm loose! God-a-mighty, what a thing to see!"

He turned, making his way slowly up the island. When he had reached the bushy crown of the rock, he turned about with a sad look on his heavy, large face.

The sun had just come out from behind an enormous white cloud, and shot a broad shaft of light down, illuming the green meadow, and presently the two cabins and the bank of the river.

Delissa was now seated on a stool, on the grassy bank which glittered in the sun; on her left, close to her, sat Mr. Li Ball; a little further off, on her right, Dank Sidon, his long legs crossed one over another. Delissa had her violin and bow in her hand. Both the men had their backs turned toward Nicholas, and were facing Delissa.

Nicholas propped himself against a wet rock; he swallowed two or three times, and seemed to gather himself together, keeping his eyes upon the ground at his feet.

"Now be yourself, Nic! Seein' is seein'!"

He lifted his eyelids and looked once again. He could see the three people more distinctly than at first, because of the sunlight. Delissa had on her blue dress. It was tucked up for work; her yellow hair, looser than usual, fell over her shoulders; her arms were bared to the elbows, as if for washing; and she was now playing the violin, of which, on account of the noise of the waters, no sound could reach Nicholas.

He could see nothing of the men's faces. But he made out that Ball was restless on his stool, and that his hands were flying about in a crazy sort of fashion.

Sidon sat without a motion. Nicholas had forgotten that he had such breadth of back; but then he had never fairly seen either of them when they were clothed.

He at length threw his hands in the air, with a gesture of giving up everything, once for all.

"Same durned ident'cal palaverin' Mormon spew-trash. Look at 'em! Is that ghosts? Is that nothin'? Is them two smoke? Air? Things that ain't so? That's the little chunk, and that's the baldheaded worm: them's them, and yon's her. I'm myself: I see."

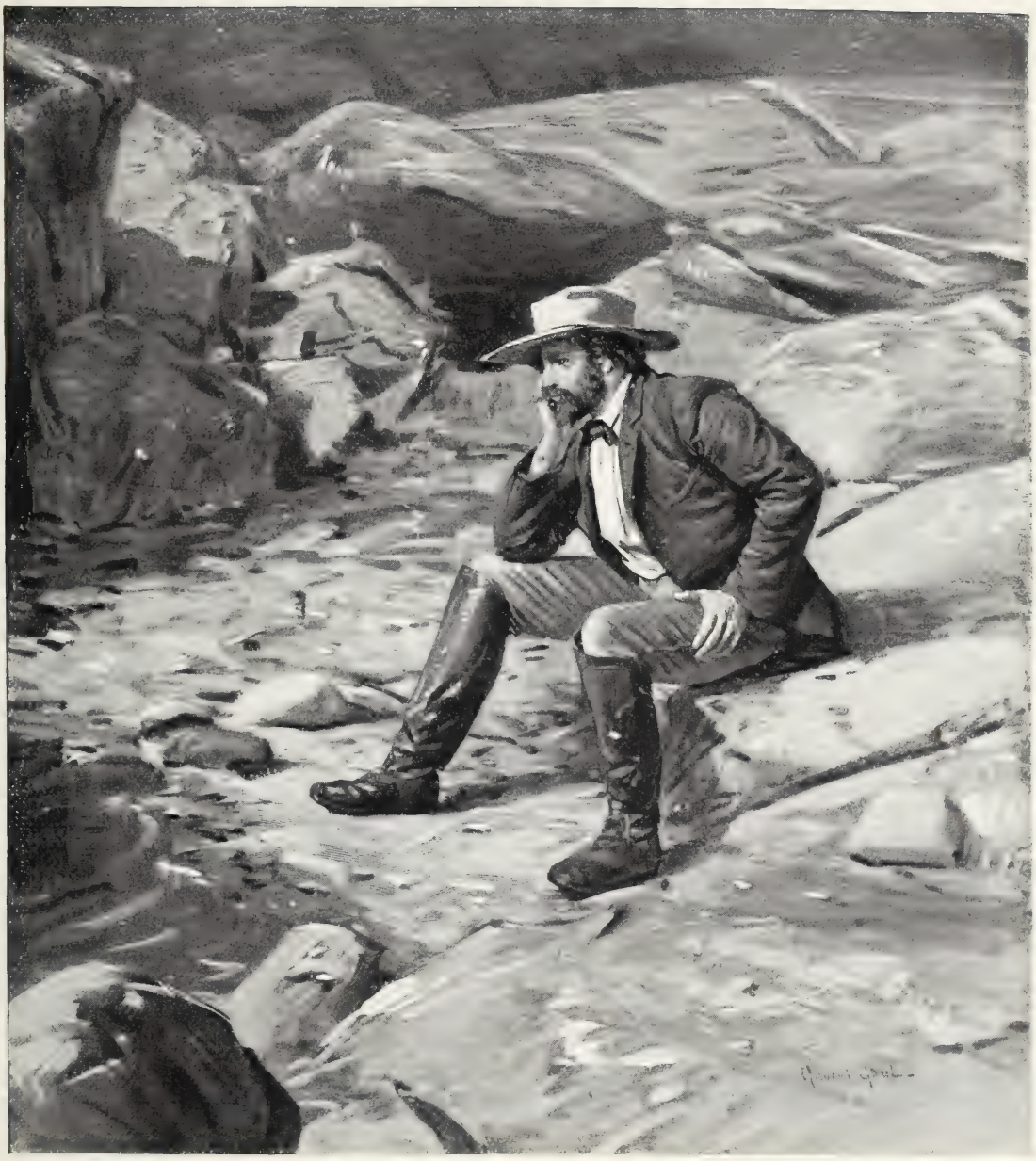
At this point in the realization of his own sanity of vision and brain, Nicholas, gazing steadily, saw Delissa lay her violin aside, and at the same moment Ball leap from his stool and embrace the girl, somewhat suddenly and roughly, but in a fashion nothing less than impassioned.

Nicholas's heart pumped a bucket of blood into his head in about five seconds; and in another moment he found himself in the Big Thunder, striking out and kicking with might and main, the current bearing heavily against him. He swam with all the force he had; but the tide of the river was too strong to stem. After a very few minutes, Nicholas, under the influence of violent exercise and an achingly cold bath, recovered his reason, and allowed himself to swing back to the island.

Without once looking round, he walked, dripping, to the furthest point of the rock, facing from his cabin and toward the turn of the river, and there sat down, with his back to the performance on the bank.

He knew now that he was himself well enough. After half an hour he spoke, deliberately, aloud:

"Matter with me is, I'm a fool. I've just done this thing to myself—just plumb cut my own throat. Might ha' known Delissa couldn't cook; might ha' had Reuben's wife come and lessoned her some, first thing; might ha' done anything sensible! Matter is, I've treated her like a dog! Why didn't I forgive



"IT SEEMED TO HIM HE HAD BEEN THERE A YEAR."

her when she asked? Why didn't I kiss her, and say, 'Sho! forget it'? Why didn't I— ?"

Nicholas, at the end of an hour, was in the condition of mind where he seemed to himself to have done everything wrong and nothing right since the day he was born; especially, however, he blamed himself for his sullenness and suspicion in the last few days, for of course that was the cause of his wife's action. He now supposed her to be quite mad, or in the nature of mad, and he was the cause!

If he could take only a couple of steps back into the past, and turn and make a fresh start in time from thence! But the past was like a wall that built itself level behind "your last heel-track, and be darned to ye if you could even edge back a hair's-breadth!" Nicholas shook his head. Had it not been for his devouring hunger and the numbness of cold, he would have felt the most violent grief. As it was, he felt that he would feel it later on.

Had he looked around, as now the sun began to sink, he would have seen Delissa laying the oars in the tub, while Ball danced wildly on the bank above.

Delissa's face was grave and drawn. The corners of her mouth turned down,

and she had a look as if she doubted not but that the next moments would bring forth some ill thing.

"Come along now, General; quit your flummuxin' about!"

It was the voice of Amri Carr proceeding from under the hat and from above the coat collar of Sidon.

General Floyd, who was dancing with hideous violence on the bank, to keep his youthful body warm in the wet clothes of Li Ball, dashed down to the boat. He sat down, the little Saint's seedy black hanging loosely about his limbs, the sleeves too long, and the hat falling down over his nose and ears.

Amri pushed the boat off, and in another moment they would touch the island.

"Oogh! Bet Nic's cold!" whispered the boy, with his teeth in a chatter.

Delissa seemed to grow pale.

"He's learned a mighty smart lesson," said Amri, as he ran the boat up on the sand.

Delissa nodded to Amri to go across to where they could see Nicholas was sitting with his back still turned.

Amri and the General went across. The girl staid in the boat, her back turned to the island and to her husband, resting her face on her hands, shivering and trembling all over as if with cold.

"I wish I hadn't done it, now—I wish I hadn't—wish I hadn't!"

Her teeth chattered and broke the words. Reaching the far end of the little island, Amri laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Rise up, Nic; come over to your woman."

Nicholas, looking up, took the situation in at a glance.

"You 'ain't been playin' the fool up and down here, hev ye?" said Amri, with a kind of blustering sternness. "G' over to her; say you're naught but a man; and man's a fool, as God made him, so help ye! Go; make your 'mends."

Nicholas got up stiffly, with the same look of penitence and sorrow. The discovery that he had been hoaxed appeared to have no effect upon his change of heart. Amri, taking a look at him, relaxed suddenly into something of his accustomed joviality.

"Darned if your Creator ain't playin' a mighty square game with you, Nic Barr! Mark my words, He don't always undertake to play so square."

Nicholas went across to the boat.

Amri and the boy engaged themselves with the mule and the raft.

As her husband approached from behind, Delissa heard his footsteps. She caught her breath once or twice and closed her eyes. Nicholas stepped into the shallow water beside the boat.

"Forgive me, D'liss."

Delissa made no answer. Her eyes were tight shut. Her husband groaned.

"I've done wrong a heap; I was mighty crabbed and cross—I know I made you mis'able. But if you have any love left in your heart for me, D'liss—why, just say it."

Delissa sat rigid as an axe-handle; but she gave a sob, and then suddenly, without moving her head, stretched her arms out to the man bending over her, much as if she had been a little child; and rising from her seat at the same moment, she leaned towards him. Nicholas caught her as with the shifting of her weight the boat tipped and spilled her out. He lifted her up and kissed her face, which was wet with tears. Delissa sobbed again and again.

"Oh, Nic, I want to be forgiven my own self—please, please do!"

The tub had begun to float away, and as the girl had stepped deliberately into the river, they both found themselves standing up to their ankles in water.

The General made a dash at the boat, which was floating round the island.

"Y'ever see a man get with a woman," said he to Amri, as he captured it, "without he made a fool of himself? Burn me if I want to be a man, if every time I meet my wife I lose my senses. Can't he kiss her and grab the boat with the other hand? What's the pleasure of their standin' up to their knees in ice-water fur?"

"It's awful cold," said Delissa through her tears, shivering and drawing one foot out of the water. "Let's get out of this."

Nicholas set her on the little sand beach.

"May I never see light again," said Amri, "if I didn't tell that man," pointing at Nicholas, "that you couldn't cook—not enough for a—for to make rations for a grasshopper! And what's his answer? Why, he said you had a face! Just as if a woman cooked flapjacks with her face!"

Amri laughed in his huge way.

At supper Delissa would say nothing. Nicholas learned from Amri of his wife's scheme to bring him to reason, and of the General's plan of wearing the scarecrows —but Nicholas cared to hear no more. He was content with things as they were. He promised his wife that he would drive her to Mrs. Reuben's the next day. They would bring Mrs. Reuben back with them to stay for a fortnight.

"Well," said Amri, as he pulled off his boots and prepared to retire to his couch of a bear-hide stretched on the kitchen floor—"well, I say let a man be a man. Let him be just as dangerous as a wild pig. If he wants a woman, let him take her—root, hog, or die! But what's that got to do with bawlin' about Solomon and all his hundreds of cucumbers!—Begosh! as sure as a hog's a hog, a Mormon's one!"

The next morning, after breakfast, Delissa came up to Nicholas. She looked fresh and pink.

"Nic, don't you think we might take a holiday—just to be happy in?"

Nicholas thought they might.



"I'M JUST AWFUL HAPPY!"

"If we—couldn't we—well, it would be nice if we—do you think we might?"

Nicholas, after a moment or two of puzzlement, laughed suddenly, and said he thought it would be just the thing. He went back to the cabin to fetch the fishing-tackle.

They started before the sun struck the water.

"Nic," said Delissa, as the boat glided down the swift current, "I'm just awful happy!"

THE END.



BULL-FIGHTERS IN THE CHAPEL BEFORE THE FIGHT.
From the painting by José Gallegos.

THE DEATH OF ESPARTERO.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

I SAW Espartero die. Before I went to the bull-ring in Madrid, on the summer day on which he met his doom, I felt in my heart that he was to die. I wanted to warn him. Why did I not do so? The thing happened in this way:

I had been to a *corrida*—as the Spaniards call a performance in the ring—a fortnight before. I had seen two bulls killed, out of the six who are always sacrificed in the great national festival, and had then fled from the place in shame and indignation. I had seen emaciated and helpless horses slaughtered in agony, so that the cowards who call themselves *picadores* might escape the maiming they deserved. I had witnessed the vilest and most brutalizing spectacle that survives anywhere in civilized Europe, and I wanted an outlet for the contempt and rage it had raised within me.

I found my opportunity in a few days, when I happened to call at the house of a friend in Madrid, a Mr. D——, who had lived long in Spain, knew the ways of the Spaniards, and had seen many bull-fights. To him I opened my heart, not knowing his own views, and excoriated the bull-fighters as the meanest curs who ever disgraced the earth. There were two gentle young ladies present, daughters of a famous English historian, and most of their lives had been spent in Oxford. I suppose contrast works wonders. Anyway, they joined my host in defending, more or less, what they were pleased to call the "bravery" of the *toreador*. They had never seen a fight, but they thought they would like to see one before they left Spain. Mr. D—— had promised to take them on the approaching fête-day. He asked me if I would share their box. I don't know what he thought of my manners as the result of my reply. It was civil, of course, but somehow the mere fancy of anybody's going to visit that place of cruelty out of sheer curiosity was more than I could bear, and I flung out in a scornful denunciation of everything and everybody connected with the affair to which I was invited. Mr. D—— was kind, and forgave me my impulsiveness.

That night, as I left the house, he asked me, smiling, "So you won't go to the fight on Wednesday?"

"No," I retorted, full of a sense of the wickedness of the thing. "Not to see a pitiful, defenceless horse butchered. Promise me that a man will die, and I will go with pleasure."

The fête-day came and went, and there was no fight. A rain-storm interfered. Sunday came, and there was the usual gala performance at the Plaza de Toros. I tried to forget all about it, however, and never thought of the horror until a week later, when I was at luncheon with a friend of Mr. D——. Then we spoke of his probable disappointment on the fête-day lately passed, and fell to talking about bull-fights generally. H—— also was a kind of half-and-half admirer of the sport, as he was fain to regard it. I took more pains to be polite, but I remember the vim with which I answered his query as to whether I was going to the fight that afternoon. "No," I said again, and felt hurt that he had asked. A moment later I walked down stairs and went straight to the ring.

It was not my desire to do this. That is the curious part of it. I came out into the sunlight thinking of the marvellous religious pageant I had beheld at the Palace in the morning, when the festival of Corpus Christi had been celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. Now the crowds were swinging on to the ring in thousands, and something, I know not what, drew me into the throng. The heat was excessive, but I trudged on through the two miles without stopping to think or to rest. There was a strange feeling in my throat, and I knew that a man was to die. You may call this nonsense, and a trick of the imagination after the event. Nevertheless, it is true. I loathed the huge brick building that soon came in sight. I wanted to go from it, and tried to turn. A miserable inertia seized me, and I kept on. At the entrance a shouting crowd of speculators elbowed among the visitors. The doorway yawned gigantic, and seemed to swallow men and women as a Moloch might. I found myself at the ticket window, with a gold coin clutched in my hand, and asked helplessly for a good place. I had forgotten that the place where I had sat before was in the *grada*, some distance from the ring.

All I knew was that I wanted a seat in the *ombria*—in the shade—and when one of the speculators forced himself between me and the ticket-seller, I meekly took what he protested was a good seat.

I can see now the haven that the outside of that amphitheatre looked to me. It is a great stretch of dusty ground, with shabby tenements and innumerable stands, where they hawk eatables and drink; but I longed to stay there, as one longs to get into the warmth on a cold night. Inside I found myself — where? In the *tendido!* That is to say, I had been sent to the section which the professionals frequent, the series of stone seats that encircles the ring right next the barrier. I hired mechanically the little cushion that they give you for a few coppers to mitigate the hardness of the stone, and settled myself in the seventh or eighth row, with my hands gripped together in nervous tension. Just then one of the guards approached, and courteously invited me to step further down. My ticket, he said, called for a seat in the third row. I pleaded to be left alone, and even said I would pay to go up higher and sit in the *grada*. The man was puzzled. My rightful seat was one to be coveted; it enabled one to almost lean over into the little corridor that runs around the ring. He had to enforce the rules, and I took the hateful place to which I was entitled.

Then the fight began. Does that sound as though they had been waiting for me? It seemed to me as though they had been; for when the pen gates flew open I knew that the predestined bull was there. He was no common beast. It is the rule, when the pen is opened, for the bull to trot briskly out, and pause fifty feet or so from the gates. This mad animal charged viciously out from the darkness, and stopped on the threshold of his prison. Then he leaped from side to side, and tried to get at the gate-opener with his horns. He missed his aim, and ran out into the ring. He was a noble sight, and I began to forget myself. Thirty thousand people in all the colors of the universe were massed under the brilliant summer sky. The yellow ring gleamed in the sun, and dotting it here and there were the fighters, mounted and on foot. It is one of the tremendous sensations of history. You hardly hear a sound at this moment, the prelude to the tragedy that follows. The bull stands wondering, and you wonder too, dreading that something will happen, which you scarcely dare put into words. I saw this bull from the Miura farm pause for a second with waving tail and pawing hoofs, with horns that in that dazzling light caught a glint from the gladiatorial spears of old Rome. The challenge was superb. Then he stooped and moved—one terrible engine of fate and destruction flying across the ring with the whirlwind in his march. I saw his horns thrust under the horse's body, and then the fearful toss. Up went horse and rider, and I hung on the fate of both, though I was sure it was not the *picador* who was to die. They fell in a heap that the bull tried to gore, but they diverted him with crimson flags, and presently he moved majestically back to his post in the centre. He caught sight of another *picador* waiting for him on his horse. Again that lowering of the horns—a sight that makes a cold wet thrill run through you like a knife—and again the vile murder near the barrier. The cowards always post themselves there. They want safety at hand if the bull forgets the horse.

Six times the bloody crisis came, and six times the bull grew glorious in his wrath. Blood streamed from his mouth and shoulders. His brave sides quivered, and he seemed to lick up battle as they do in the old Norse sagas. The *banderilleros* came — the nimble little gymnasts who stick darts into the bull—and with six of their torments hanging from his neck, he still upheld his head. Did I grow sick with disgust? No. One may as well be truthful about these things. I loved that bull with an exultation no words can describe; and while the death of the horse sent unbearable shudders of pity and anger through my heart, the bull himself, away from his victims, sent the blood mounting to my head like wine. So it happens in these burning climes, and when all your veins are full of the inheritance of the south. What is American in you revolts. What is Spanish in you warms you to the splendid creature goaded there infamously beneath your eyes. I was not glad. Nothing could tell my longing to be away. I blamed myself bitterly for ever coming. But I knew the end of the drama, and it chained me to my seat.

Espartero entered, and I saw the death-light in his eyes. Did he know it as I

knew it? Did he feel as I felt? I saw the ring lit up with red and gold, millions of little lights shot through my brain, and the stone beneath me began to slip. I sat breathless there for a moment, waiting with closed eyes. The crowd began to roar, and I opened my eyes to see the duel fifteen feet away. Measure it on the floor. It is near enough for one to count the wrinkles on a man's face, and I saw Espartero as distinctly as I saw the man at my side. Perhaps he was not as well as usual. Perhaps the load was on his breast that weighted mine. At any rate, he played with the bull till the crowd roared again with impatience, and he dropped his flag. Have you ever heard the shout of a murderous mob? Go to Madrid if you hunger for it. The brutes sit there around the ring with printed slips, on which they keep score. A good stroke counts the fighter so much; a bad stroke wins him a black mark on the paper and hisses from the people. To talk of sympathy in the place is nonsense. You lose the solicitude that your nature has; or, if you keep it, as I kept it, it is half suppressed by the mere passionate suspense in which you hang. I watched Espartero with fever in my mind, and Heaven knows whether I cared or not for the fate that hung in the balance. I do not know myself. I only know that when the fighter struck I leapt from my seat, and thought the end had come. Not yet. He did not make the right lunge, and had only pierced the creature's hide. The bull came on, and fighter and sword were thrown ten feet above the ground. I knew no harm had come, yet fingers seemed to fasten on my throat and to bid my heart stand still. He picked himself up quickly, and watched the bull, as his friends pressed around to ask if he were hurt. He shook his head, but I saw him clutch his side as though in pain, and then he asked for another sword.

The bull was worrying the carcass of a horse near by. *Banderilleros* surrounded him with their flags, ready to keep him at bay. Soon they left the spot, and again the bull and his executioner were alone. I was sure now that Espartero's destiny was closed. I don't know why I didn't rise and tell him so. I sat still instead, and waited for the blow. The man had lost his nerve, and in his face there was an emotion which I myself have known. It is the feeling that there is no more chance; that the chapter is finished; that you can do nothing, and do not care. I once pitched headlong from a height, and in my descent I felt that last despair. It is indescribable and unforgettable. All your life unrolls before you, and all the years seem brought within the compass of a gasp. I knew the rocks that lay sixty feet below me; and midway in my fall, ignorant of or indifferent to the providence that was to save me, I never cared a straw about the end. I would take it as it came. I knew it had to come, and I can feel again the fantastic repose of that whirring instant—a sort of leaning on the peace of eternity.

So Espartero must have felt. His cheek was white and his hand trembled, but he did not care. I know these things. He was only fifteen feet away. I saw him meet the bull and wave his flag. The bull glared back in fury. Big, dripping with foam and blood, stamping his hoofs like an angry horse, and brandishing his horns and tail, he looked a figure from imagination run mad. The man teased on, and never dropped his flag. The bull put down his horns, and never ceased to lunge, fighting the flag with all his heart and soul; but suddenly the cry from the seats grew terrible to hear, and Espartero let his safeguard fall. My cheeks were as cold as ice, and my temples throbbed as though there were hammers in them. The bull stood at gaze for a moment that was breathless and deadly. He looked his enemy over like a king. And then the sword went home. Home—yes, to the very bulwarks of that lion heart; but not before the mighty head swept down and struck the reckless fighter full upon the chest. Espartero fell like a shot, and rolled along the ground. He had not been gored, but the bull had struck him with the force of a catapult, and had hurt him beyond recall. Defiant, despairing, resolved to kill, though all his hope had gone, Espartero had run at him full tilt, instead of waiting for the charge. Ordinarily the bull passes under the right arm of the fighter. This Espartero had failed to reckon with. He met the bull in front, and fell between the horns. Men sprang to help him; but the bull was quick, and people screamed at that which happened next. The horns bore on, and ploughed beneath the fighter's form. They scooped it up, and hurled it along the sand. By some miracle the bull had struck too low,

and could not gore. In a twinkling they had caught his eye with the flags, and he roamed wildly about the ring. The sword was buried to the hilt in his body, and yet he lived. He quieted, and walked slowly up and down. The crowd of frightened cowards fell away like rushes. The ring was his. Men lifted the fallen *toreador*, and went swiftly along the barrier, keeping close, so that a leap could save them if the bull perceived their retreat. He disdained to see. Still he paced the sand, and just as Espartero disappeared the bull sank down and died. I cannot conceive a kinglier death than his. He fell like some great pillar. The bulk and beauty of his giant frame went down with dignity and pomp. I can never forget him. He was the bravest creature I ever saw.

And what of Espartero? The crowd looked on and never changed its tone. It was only an accident. The infirmary would soon send word that a leg was broken, or something of that sort, and in the mean time a credit mark would go on the score. But I knew better, and I hastened from the ring. Out in the corridor a guard had followed me and looked wonderingly at me as I leaned in excitement against the wall.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Oh no; only wounded," was the reply.

In my heart I knew the man was dead. He and I had known he was to die. How? I could not tell. But somewhere drifting through the dark his soul and mine had met, and in their meeting felt the calls of fate — mine the forbidding voice, his the disdainful cry that sought to crush despair. Face to face in the sunshine we knew the end was past the help of speech, and now the long white corridor that I trod alone seemed echoing with the thin footsteps of a dim world we once had walked together.

THE QUIET PORT.

BY ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.

THERE lies a quiet port across the sea
Where the proud sail is furled,
Where the bright banner flares and flaunts no more
That once waved round the world.

There the brave ships that steered for other shores,
That fought the bitter blast
And dared the unknown straits, the frost-hung bays,
Find harborage at last.

And those white barques that sought the isles of dream,
The lands of love's report,
They too, though steering gladly otherwhere,
Have found the quiet port.

There the dark night comes down around them, there
The weary captains rest,
The homesick voyager bows down his head,
The sage forgets his quest.

But yet, ah, even while we fall on sleep,
We are content to wait;
Comrades, the land of our desire is near,
This port is but its gate.

AMONG THE TREES.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

IN these days of indiscriminate forest-felling and ruthless destruction of the beautiful growths along country roadsides it is a great pleasure to own a tree. Delightful is it to sit at my door and look at my tallest Elm, the beautiful creature, lifting on high its sweeping arms drooping on every side, shooting its clouds of feathery foliage higher and higher to the topmost tiny twigs, on which the robin loves to perch and swing, and to know that from the firm-set roots below to that tiniest spray it is all mine and in my power; to be sure that no one can destroy its life, and that it may grow on in safety, more beautiful each year. To be conscious of the power to protect anything enlarges the mind, and when that thing is a live and breathing tree, one grows fast in tenderness and breadth of sympathy. Life must be a strange thing to those who do not know and love trees. I cannot conceive what pleasure there can be in the country to any one who does not recognize and mentally call them by name as he passes; I cannot recall the time when I did not know all the common trees by name, and greet them when seen in a new locality as old and delightful friends. I supposed that all people did so; and yet I met not long ago a man and a woman who had none of this knowledge, and who asked languidly, when I took them out to one of my prides, "Oh, is that a Chestnut?" "Doubtless the Lord might have made" a more beautiful thing than a Chestnut leaf, but doubtless He never did; and they did not know it! I feel ashamed that blindfold I am not able to tell any kind of tree when standing under it by the sound of the wind in its branches. I ought to be able to do this without the least hesitation; it is not the fault of the trees that I do not in every instance, and these people did not know a Chestnut when they saw it! There seems to me no great use either in living or dying without a knowledge of and friendship for the forest-makers.

The next greatest pleasure to owning a tree is cutting one down; and a little thinking will make it plain that my two statements are not contradictory. So the great requisite for happiness is to own a wood-lot; for of course one tree could not satisfy both desires. "Woodman, spare that tree!" was all very well if the tree was not in the way of others more deserving, but there is mistaken sensibility as to tree-cutting as much as about other things, and it is not worth while to leave a wood-lot unmolested till its occupants have killed each other, or till the few that remain are worth nothing, either to themselves or any one else. One differeth from another in glory and in the right to live, and there is much food for reflection on the doctrine of evolution in a wood full of trees. A man will tell you that it is a cruel doctrine, and that it represents the Deity as hard, mechanical, and implacable, but, for all that, next day he will weed his corn, and cut out one tree for the sake of another, not reflecting that thus he only practises the doctrine which he condemns, and uses his best human wisdom in the same line with that of the Creator; he also desires the fittest to survive, and if only one of two or three can do so in this world of strictly limited time and space, it must be the fittest that he will spare. Is it more cruel to kill the old horse that has borne you many a pleasant mile than it is to leave him to die of starvation in the midst of plenty when his teeth fail him? Is it hard-hearted to choose between growths that are stifling and mutilating each other, and to save many, rather than leave all to perish? The forester must learn the wisdom of some of the theories connected with the doctrine of evolution for the sake of his favorites, as well as for his own sake. It comes to pass that the practice of forestry is by no means a simple amusement, but more like a game of chess, where you cannot move one piece without taking account of every other, even the most insignificant. For when you handle hatchet or saw it is to be asked, Is this tree to be cut for itself or for others? If for the sake of others—*i. e.*, for the greatest good of the greatest number—then are you cutting with a view to timber for future money value, or to make a wood in which one may take his ease and his fill of pleasure? Then, again, are you working for the creation of a screen, or caring for trees as individuals? Upon the answers to all these questions depends

the use of the tool with which long years of human ingenuity have supplied you against the defenceless tree. A large degree of restraint is necessary, lest the demon of destruction for destruction's sake should get hold of your ardor, and irreparable harm be done. I know people who never should be allowed to own any vegetable growth but asparagus and rhubarb.

Of course, too, one must have a considerable knowledge not only of the names of the different trees likely to be met with in an American wood, but also of their habits and practical value. She must be able to distinguish them by bark as well as by leaf, and she will soon learn to know them in some measure by the sound of the saw as it eats its way. No one, for instance, could mistake a Maple for a Linden after the teeth of the saw had taken their first hold, or fail to recall from "The One-hoss Shay" the words "cuts like cheese," and,

> "the wedges flew from between their lips,
> Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips,"

and to wonder where Dr. Holmes, in the midst of his busy life, found time to gain so much exact knowledge of trees if he had never owned a wood-lot.

To be among the trees is by no means to think of nothing but the manual labor and to exercise the requisite judgment; as the work goes on, all sorts of quotations throng into the memory, and poems learned long ago in school-days spring out of retreat and link themselves to those of later date. So it comes to pass that while the hands are busy and the whole body exercised to healthful excitement, the whole mind is alive with the best poetry of our language, and one goes into the house at last, tearing herself away from the fascinating work, companied with the best writers of all time. There is a pretty touch in "Hermann und Dorothea," where the housewife, as she goes through the garden, with her mind full of more important things, mechanically picks off a caterpillar from the cabbage. I have often thought of her, for I have recently found myself breaking off dead twigs wherever I went. But it is not alone dead wood that has concerned me, for many hours of each day in the last summer have been spent in company of my trees, and it is of forestry as an exercise for women that I am moved to speak. If it be objected that a wood-lot is an expensive luxury, I have only to reply that it is not so expensive as a physician, and much more agreeable. There are many abandoned farms in New England that may be had for a song, with trees on all of them, and there is almost no form of exercise that may not come in as part of real work in the woods. The use of the saw—for a woman can hardly use an axe to advantage either of herself or of a tree—with the different positions required in sawing, according to the position of the trunk to be cut, brings into play almost every muscle of the body, one after another, in a fashion that no gymnasium can rival. Then the climbing, which is sometimes necessary, and always interesting! Often in running a race with gravitation to see whether you can get the trunk sufficiently sawed through before the weight of the wood, no longer supported by the life forces whose thread you have cut, shall bind the blade so that it cannot be moved, it is necessary to pull on the trunk with one arm while you saw with the other, and that is a very pretty and general exercise. Then the pushing and pulling and swaying, to induce the tree to topple over when it is impossible to saw any further, without rasping some neighboring trunk that must not be injured; the lifting and dragging away the prostrate tree, and even the stooping to pick up the twigs or small branches from the ground—all these motions, following in no regular order, and kept up for two or three hours in the shade and sunshine, will send you to the house full of exultation, while you hear in imagination the long sigh of pleasure left behind, where a struggling yet never-despairing little Maple, choked by more unworthy growths for years, is rejoicing in its newly gained freedom, and spreading its leaves into the sunlight for which it has longed and towards which it has struggled. Perhaps some hard conditions in your own life may seem not quite so helpless; at any rate, will you be less patient and courageous than a tree? And so you may take with you to your dressing-room fresh courage; for who knows how soon the great Forester may come in His own good time to your aid? Does He care less for you than you for your trees?

I have always remembered the remark of a New York physician, that the best

exercise for children was the "fooling round" which they get in the country when left to their own desires, and I have thought of it many times as I have fooled round all the morning under the fresh green shade, wishing that more parents would find the truth of his words. Many years ago when at the Normal School we were obliged to take just so much exercise every afternoon, and I did not like walking in the rain or staying in the house, I timidly proffered an unheard-of request to the principal that I might be allowed to saw wood in the barn with the two big doors wide open, instead of trailing through the sloppy streets. There was no hesitation in granting the petition, much to my relief, and that winter I sawed all the wood that warmed our room, sometimes to the detriment of my skirt, but much to my comfort. Thus I was not quite ignorant of the art of sawing when, wooed by the cool shade and fascinated by the many trees that had grown for me or that I had planted, I ventured one day to do a little work among them, and found thereafter many pleasant hours' labor in their company. With a handsaw not much over fourteen inches long, and not too fine in teeth, a clipper to take off branches too high to be otherwise reached, a light ladder easily carried, and once in a while the services of a man to complete the very high work, there is nothing to prevent a woman from clearing out her wood-lot, to her own exceeding advantage and that of its occupants. She will soon learn many things, and acquire the "know how," which is as delightful to possess in one trade as in another. The qualities of different kinds of wood will be a field of interest for any healthy mind; even after the leaves have fallen, she will learn to know the dead wood from that which is alive though quiescent, by the sound as she sways the branch or cuts with the saw, and she will recognize her old acquaintances in their nakedness by bark, shape, and manner of behavior; and all this is like being admitted into the confidence of friends.

She will make other acquaintances also, to be looked on as enemies, and will enlarge her entomological knowledge in a way to give her much food for thought. For although "insects injurious to vegetation" have undoubtedly some rights, and trees seem to have been provided for their food, yet, since a tree is fastened to its place, and therefore helpless, it would seem that it is entitled to help from without against the numerous army of worms and bugs, and that help you will be eager to render. And then, after all, one must be on the side either of the spider or of the fly; when it comes to that question, I stand by the spider, but in the case of trees, I am bound to aid them. In my experience, almost any well-constituted worm will eat what is set before him, and not trouble his conscience about it. I am surprised to find how many trees will be injured by one species of worm, and how many kinds of worms may be found on one tree. The "stick-worm" is one of the most interesting, because he seems always to mimic the leaf-stalk of the tree upon which he is, so as to deceive even the elect. On the Woodbine he is gray with tiny brown markings, on the Purple Plum, purple, and on the Poplar, a decorous green. Moreover, he always on the least alarm stands out stiffly from the branch at the exact angle at which its leaves grow, so that sometimes you pick him for a stem from which the blade has been eaten. You may look for him along the edges of the leaf; and one thing which I respect him for is his thoroughness of work, for he leaves nothing but the midrib, which often you will take off supposing it to be the creature you are hunting for. There is one little white worm, however, that I have never so far met anywhere but on the leaves of the Sugar-Maple. He commences operations by pulling up together any two of the spreading ribs from the point where they fork by weaving innumerable silky threads across from one to the other, and then drawing these taut. Having thus finished his residence, he begins to keep house by feeding on the portion of leaf which constitutes his roof. From this he eats the green; and as he eats he forms around himself a hard black tunnel, in which he lives, increasing it in length and in size as he goes along. You will notice the leaf in its sewed-up condition, and pulling apart the threads, will find inside this black horn, sometimes more than two inches long and doubled upon itself, with its larger end open. If you take it out and break off its end, which you may do easily, for it is hard and granular, you will find nothing till you almost reach the closed end, for the creature backs at the slightest attack. But

at last, as you go on diminishing its length, he is forced to appear—a small white and remarkably active worm, wriggling out of his cover and attempting to fall to the ground as a means of escape. A prettier arrangement may be found also on the Sugar-Maple. A brown spot on the wide-open leaf attracts attention, and you find that it is a piece of another leaf, say a quarter of an inch in diameter, circular, and carefully stuck to the upper surface by its edges. If you detach it, underneath you will find another bit of leaf, precisely similar, except in size, and as carefully attached. Take this off, and a still smaller circle comes into view. You think of the nests of boxes which used to fascinate you in childhood, and go on; but the pieces are growing smaller, and as you lift the last tiny one, a very small and tidy-looking green worm squirms out from beneath his many blankets. There are two other green worms, differing greatly in size if not in glory from my little one of the blankets, for they are as large round as a pea-pod, and the only wonder is how they can hold on at all, they are so heavy. One is trimmed with many red and yellow brilliant spots, and the other with bunches of white bristles standing out all over him. Neither of them lacks powerful jaws, and they leave nothing behind them but the middle stem of the leaf. It is an impossibility to step on them for purposes of crushing, and cremation is in order as the only remedy. The prescription for them is "a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game," more especially as they have the audacity to frequent the Cut-leaved Maple and the Chestnut. Many surprises will be in store for you as the work goes on. You cut off a young Poplar a few inches above the ground to find that the remnant of trunk left is really nothing but a neatly perforated hole with traces of sawdust in it, surrounded by a few outer rings of wood. Saw six inches above the first cut and there is no hole. Cautiously sawing up the short piece which you hold into inch lengths, it will not be long before a dirty-looking brownish-hooded head will poke itself out of the upper opening, and a little pushing at the other will force from his privacy the fat white borer that is slowly making his way up the heart of the defenceless tree. It must be a curious life this, in utter darkness and silence, working straight ahead and up in a right line. And imagine the horrified fear when the sound of the outside woodpecker makes its way in faint vibrations! There is no turning round and going back possible for the hermit. The oyster that hears the starfish boring into his shell may possibly tremble, and so relieve his nervous excitement, but trembling would be hardly possible to the borer, for his quarters are exactly the size of his body. Or cut off another Poplar close to the ground, and you will find a commodious chamber within the little trunk filled with scurrying black ants, who rush to carry their eggs to a place of safety. How did they get into that tree? It looked all right, and was cut only to make room for others. You may consider the ways of the anxious little creatures whose safe home you have spoiled, but you will hardly gain much accurate knowledge of them, for they are past finding out. You are continually impressed with the universal presence of busy animal life, and if the earth "rings hollow from below," you will begin to suspect that you are warned not so much of the presence of the dead as of the living.

Most worms prefer solitude at their meals, but I have found two kinds that seem to be gregarious and to enjoy lying down at their green table close side by side. Two kinds of green worms do this, one of them actually waving their tails in the air with seeming pleasure while the mouths are filling, and the other lying snugly one against the other in a long row, heads all to the edge of the leaf. Currant-worms will feed together, but more after the manner of cows in a pasture, with superb indifference to each other, but these worms actually seem to find pleasure in company. There is a very small and dirty brown one of this kind that spoils the leaves of my Elms. Another, more disgusting still in color and fatness, eats the Poplar.

The worms at least are honest, and do not mask their intentions, and for that I respect them, as also for the thoroughness of their work. But I have become acquainted with a brown bug, a quarter of an inch long, of the Coleopterous family, whom I found one day on a young Lombardy Poplar, which was making very rapid growth, and consequently was an object of peculiar attention. As I was looking out for creeping things only, I passed him over as of no account, and as having

merely rested on the leaf from a journey. He was very innocent-looking, very clean, and well groomed. Soon, however, I began to discover many curious little places on the fresh green leaves, where every bite could be easily counted, little munchings out of the smooth covering, and I said, "An enemy hath done this." It was not long, for I kept daily watch, before I found out a decided synchronism between the rows of bites and my innocent friend the brown bug, and ever since there has been daily warfare against the treacherous foe, who loves to walk round the leaves near the edge on the upper surface, taking out rows of tiny morsels of the green covering as he goes. It was a trifle discouraging to start with that he has wings while I have none, though, strangely, I have never seen him use them. I put him on a sheet of sticky fly-paper one morning to see if, finding his legs fettered, he would not make efforts to escape by his wings. But he was less intelligent than a fly, for instead of doing so he gave up in the most cowardly and spiritless manner, and did not try to move even his legs. Or possibly he was more intelligent, perceived at once that it was useless to try, and so restrained the remainder of wrath, and would condescend to give me no information. Incensed at this conduct, I guillotined him and put him under the microscope, forcibly opening his wing-cases, and unfolding thin, gauzy, but large and evidently sufficient wings. He looks much like a potato-bug without the stripes, and must be some relation of his, for the family traits are strong. His cut-off head lay motionless; but as to his body, he was, as the country people say, "suffering terribly without being conscious of it"; for it was in constant and measured motion, one leg continually stroking down the exposed wing, as if that were the cause of all his misfortune, while it was not that at all, but the quiet jaws, that had got him into trouble. When I first began to pick off these bugs it was easy, for they made no resistance, and no attempt at escape. I had only to take them between finger and thumb; for if not securely held they would just take up their legs and thus roll off the shiny leaf into the grass, where it was impossible to find them. But at the end of three weeks' careful killing every morning those bugs had become so suspicious of me that it was only necessary for me to look steadfastly at one to have him tuck up his legs at once and roll off. I had observed under the microscope that they had very large eyes, but had not supposed them capable of detecting a fell intent. The fact, however, is as I have stated it, and after this the hunt became rather discouraging and somewhat uncanny. I had in old times found it disagreeable to be regarded with calm scrutiny by a mantis, but to know that these quarter-inch bugs were looking at me was even more trying. I have now come to the conclusion that the munchings on the leaves constitute to the bugs a kind of hieroglyphic alphabet, and that they leave thus warning of danger to those who shall come after them. At any rate, the markings are not unlike the demotic writing of the Egyptians. All this goes to prove that they are far superior in intelligence to flies, for I have never known a fly to get out of the way when looked at. I would rather have them eat a good clean piece of my leaves than disfigure them so, but what am I to do? They go on their own way, crawling up the stem instead of flying, and I think they may be the new bug invented for this year to balance the account with the new machines.

On the way down the path made by the dragged brush I find lying helpless a poor little garter-snake injured in two or three places on his back by the twigs as they were dragged carelessly over him—so hurt that he makes no movement as I pick him up to examine. His little life is over, though the lidless eyes are as bright as ever; concussion of the spine is as fatal to him as to us, and hence a sort of pitiful sympathy is established between us. He does not eat leaves, so I have nothing but pity for him as he lies in my hands with only a faint quiver of the fleeing life—a life that knew volition and desire, that moved with intention. Whither is it going, and can it die? The little red forked tongue is still flexile, though the jaws are set. It seems a pity, for he was taking an innocent walk when the sharp brush struck him. Or I come suddenly upon a forsaken birds' nest jauntily swung from the horizontally projecting small poplar branches at some distance from their crotch, built outside of straw and torn-off strips of Yellow-Birch bark, and lined inside thick with picked-up needles of the Hemlock. Or still another in the same situation, but with a lining

of straws, which must have been searched for in front of the barn. So much for chance acquaintances that I meet among my trees.

Less than twenty years ago, where my hanging wood now climbs high with great Canoe Birches and overtopping Cherries, and reaches out in Maples and Elms, there was an open slope of ploughed land lying in the furrow. It seems incredible as I work in it. Below, where the ground is soft with springs, lies my Alder grove. That was not in existence eight years ago. If the Alder has a chance to spread its branches, it will grow into a large bushy tree; but if, as in this place, the stems spring close together, it grows steadily upward, seeking for light, its lower branches all dying as it goes. It is a pretty thing to go into an Alder clump like this and clear off all these dead twigs. A touch is sufficient to make them fall, with a delicate clinking sound like the breaking of slender glass rods, or more like brittle sugar candy. Let them lie where they fall; they make an excellent dry carpet for the feet as you step round among the trunks breaking the dry sticks, your mind full of the old ballad of Goody Blake and Harry Gill:

"The moon was full and shining clearly;
Stick after stick did Goody pull;
He stood behind a rick of barley
Till she had filled her apron full."

And then the catastrophe:

"Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God, who is the Judge of all;
She prayed, her withered hands uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm:
God, who art never out of hearing"....

But we all know the old ballad, only it lies lost in our memory, hidden under a heap of less worthy things since we have grown, and I thank the Alder twigs for calling it up word by word, till I said it over and over to myself as I worked on the "Cathedral." For when the dead twigs were all cleared away, hundreds of pillars rose straight up to where, high overhead, the green roof let in changing flecks of sunlight, and it seemed like Seville. On any hot day you can lie down there at full length on a carriage blanket, looking up; the wind stirs, and every straight tall shaft rocks with it in a slumberous motion, while through the changing spaces of the swaying green roof brilliantly illuminated openings show the crystal blue of the sky. It is very good to be there then, and when you have had your fill of it you can walk between the pillars up the nave to where the largest Alder of them all, free near the head of the bank to spread itself out, stands like a great organ. I remember that in my childhood's geographies one-third of a page was occupied with a picture of a Banyan-tree. We used to look at it with wonder, and a suppressed wish that our lot had not been cast in a country where only commonplace things grew. But it is not only the foreign Banyan that has the trick of growing into a grove; for my big Alder, reaching out its lowest branches to touch the top of the bank, roots them there, and sends up a shoot with roots at every place where the branch has touched the moist earth, to grow into a new tree, making a Banyan grove for me, and finally, after so many years, relieving me of the carefully suppressed childish doubt as to the impartiality of the Creator.

I know an Alder is not an Osier, and yet the two are inseparably connected in my imagination, which fact will account for the words floating in my mind:

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose tress of thy amber-dropping hair."

All this rings through my head because the answer is,

"By the rushy fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick-set with agate and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue and emerald green
That in the channel strays."

Of Willows the name is legion. The poorest kind of all, with its rough unsightly leaves and its dull ragged bark, grows cheerfully on in spite of worms that infest it, perhaps doing its part in mellowing the soil for something of more value, then struggling vainly afterwards with the Birches and fate. It stands no chance with the hard-wood trees, that drive their roots far off and down, taking all the sustenance there is, and by their more athletic growth soon overtopping the Willows, whose dead stems are left below to choke up the wood. One can hardly cut out too many of these, unless, indeed, she be planning for a screen, in

which case they may be left till something better shall grow. No one speaks a good word for them, and I have often thought that in the chorus of general disapprobation the scrubby Willow may perhaps be grateful even to the green worms that deprive it of leaves, saying softly to itself, as it suffers, "Well, at any rate, it is good of the worms to like me a little, though it be only to hurt." The shiny-leaved Willow is even pretty, growing as it does along the sides of the rivers, and at least looking clean. By the lines of Willow and Alder crossing the meadow you trace from afar the course of the brooks that

> "make a sudden sally,
> And sparkle out amid the fern,
> To bicker down the valley."

I should also at their signal begin to repeat,

> "A full-fed river, winding slow
> By herds upon an endless plain;
> The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
> With shadow-streaks of rain,"

only that at present the rivers are full-fed with sawdust from the steam-mills, and that rather chokes the impulse. As for my Weeping-Willow, it is an immigrant; but having been relieved of the impetuous alder-bushes, that paid no more attention to it than if it had not been a stranger, it is taking on beautiful lines and weeping to its heart's content. Strange to say, when it was crowded and persecuted it stopped weeping, and tried with every one of its pendulous branches to struggle up. Not a bad lesson perhaps for those who are accustomed to find sermons in trees as well as in stones.

I saw ruthlessly at the Willows that obstruct my Birches, getting slapped and snapped at viciously as I pull out the tortuous branches from their place; for the Birches are an aristocratic family in the best sense of the word, and accept graciously all the help that I give them towards air and sunlight. Some botanists are unable to distinguish the Black from the Yellow Birch; I confess to a strong sympathy with them, and after much acquaintance I have come to the conclusion that of the two I have only the Yellow. It is of the shredded bark of this tree that the birds are so fond for nest-trimming, and the aromatic odor that it gives out, not only to taste in its tender young buds and leaf-stalks, but also from its old bark in the well-grown trunks as the saw cuts, makes it very pleasant to deal with.

> "So does the fragrant Sandal bow
> In meek forgiveness to its doom,
> And o'er the axe, at every blow,
> Sheds in abundance rich perfume."

Thus ran the verse of the old hymn in my thought as I worked over and among them. The first verse is good too, coming up afterwards word by word from dim depths of memory:

> "Forgive thy foes, nor that alone,
> Their evil deeds with good repay;
> Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
> And kiss the hand upraised to slay."

This Birch sends out its lower branches horizontally, reaching far in every direction, and bearing up its leaves as the dogwood does, like the outstretched hands of the *Adorante*. One distinguishing trait of these high-bred trees is their superb disdain for anything that is outworn. You may almost know a Birch by the way in which it gives up its dead branches at the least pressure, letting go of them close to the trunk with a clean cleavage. It uses them till it has done with them, and then gives them up with no regret. The trunk of a young Yellow Birch is not very unlike that of the Wild Red Cherry, but you can tell them apart without looking, by the foolish persistency with which the Cherry holds to its dead branches. It is as if the Birch said, "Oh, I can make plenty more, and better than those!" while the plebeian Cherry fears to let anything go, because it may once have been of value. This would be one reason why I should like the Birch, even were it not so very beautiful. But if the Yellow Birch is so attractive, what shall be said of the Canoe or Paper Birch, growing in companies of two or three, shooting skyward like a great white rocket, discarding its lower branches as it goes, and spreading itself out fifty feet overhead in clouds of feathery foliage? It goes high and free, as if it wanted to give all the smaller trees near it a chance for their own lives. When it is young, on its trunk, and always on its smaller branches, it carries a finely marked brown bark; but when it puts on its *toga virilis* of white, it is one of the most beautiful things that can be imagined or loved. You will not need to do much for that tree but to admire it, for it can take care of itself superbly. The smaller White Birch is not so common and not so impressive, its trunk not

so charming; but it is always clean, and its sharply pointed, finely cut leaves, with their glandular spots, entitle it to the praise which I think Bryant gives it, of being the "lady of the woods." My Purple Birches are exotics, and have had to struggle with the climate, but are now growing fine and tall, and as they were set out with plenty of space around them, have needed almost no care.

For the Wild-Cherry I can say nothing but praise of its red-bronze bark and the way in which it climbs high, but further than that, it is a most exasperating tree. It will not let go of its multitude of dead branches, and a tall ladder and much work with the clipper are needed for the tree that must not be at once wholly condemned for the sake of other and better things. It grows fast, and does not take the pains to strike its roots deep, in some cases actually running them over the ground and sending up shoots at every node, and consequently it does not make good wood, nor can it count upon long life even if let severely alone. How often, as I have looked up to its feathery top plumage, have I addressed to it the *Trenchant* words,

"Bear highly as thou wilt thy branches in the air,
But that thy roots shall strike as deep in earth,
take care"!

The Cherry-trees persist in their own way, however, in spite of all my advice, and I persist in wisely cutting down most of them. As to those that are spared for the sake of their plumy foliage, high over most of the other trees, each one costs an hour of hard labor in cutting off dead branches with the clipper, and in clearing away afterwards from the ground the crooked and tangled mass of them into which I descend when I come down from the ladder, and which, branching at the most impossible angles, snap at me in face and eyes as I try to arrange them into something that can by courtesy be called a pile. It is as if they wanted to revenge themselves on me for my disparaging remarks, the smallness of the revenge being another proof of their low breeding. Thus most of my Wild-Cherries have been reduced to ignominious stumps. The bunches of transparent gum on the trunk recall childhood's days, and are not unpleasant to the taste even now, while the prussic-acid odor, as the saw cuts its way through the trunk, is very penetrating. I wish there were any persuasion I could bring to bear on the field-mice, who destroy my young Maples by carefully gnawing off the sweet bark all around the trunk, to partake of Cherry bark instead. Prussic acid kills swiftly, and without much pain, I think, and it does seem too cruel to the tree which, asleep all the long winter, and joyfully awaking in the spring, makes ready to put forth its leaves only to discover that it is dead, and that the birds will no more build nests and sing among its branches. The field-mice are charming creatures; when they get into the house by mistake in the summer and are caught, I let them out again, rejoicing to see them leap away; but they might find some other food, it seems to me, than Sugar-Maple bark! Saw on the upper side of the Cherry trunk, if possible, so that gravitation may aid in the fall. I know no more pleasing sound, when I have been at work long on one of the six or seven inch trunks, and have been obliged to stop several times, out of breath, and aching as to arms, than to hear the first sharp crack of fibres which announces that not much more personal labor will be needed, but that the great forces of nature are taking hold to throw it down. The comparison may seem ridiculous, but I think I never heard that first crack without thinking,

"As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak,
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread,
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head."

The augurs have other business than to mutter in my wood; they have to see to it that the tall crashing Cherry, as it goes down, shall do no harm to the little Maples and Poplars, to say nothing of the Elms and Birches that may happen to be in the vicinity.

Of Poplars there are many varieties. At a distance the bark might be easily mistaken for that of a Maple, but the bark of the former has a bloom on it and a velvety feel that the clean Maple knows nothing of. The color of both is like the old weather-worn fences that still close in some of the fields—a sort of blue-gray. They are fast growers, and thus do not make very good wood. That they quiver with the wind when other trees are still is due to the fact of the flatness of the stem where it joins the leaf, giving the

slightest zephyr a hold, like ships with their sails widespread for a calm. As far as the eye can determine, they, the Maples and the Willows, spring often from one and the same seed, for they grow so closely together that it seems as if no other fact could account for it. They are pretty in clumps for a screen, and they try to imitate White Birch leaves, but in this they do not succeed. The Balm of Gilead, with its strong odor, is one of them, as also the tall and straightly folded Lombardy, formerly so much a favorite in Europe. But my Lombardy Poplars, of course, are exotics, though they take kindly to the soil, and are the wonder of the farmers for their rapid growth. They do not care to dig deep with their roots, but go trailing them incredible distances, just under the surface, sending up shoot after shoot. I have a little one that has grown eight feet high in two years, and still keeps on. They are very pretty to stand, like Frederick William's tall grenadier guards, sentinels at the side of the entrance gates, where I have put them.

Trees that command respect and must be saved, whatever else is sacrificed, are the Ash, "for nothing ill," with its curdled bark, its wood fine-grained and elastic, and the Elm, which, if it have room, is sure to grow on steadily into a sheaf of drooping, well-furnished boughs. The Linden grows freely, with enormous leaves and a clean smooth bark of two shades of gray. It will not let go of its little twigs, even though they be dead, and they must be sawed or cut. I fail to see why Birch twigs should have gained such a reputation as a corrector. If the rod is to be applied to the fool's back, I should recommend strongly that it be cut from the Red Cherry or the Linden. Because I have so many Maples, I cut them sometimes for the sake of a promising Linden, though it grieves me to do so; for the Maple, of whatever variety, is perhaps the most human and individual of trees. Spenser gives it the character of being "seeldom inward sound," but he had never seen our American forests. Those who know the Sugar-Maple only as an ornamental shade tree for lawns would hardly recognize it in its native woods, where it goes up a hundred feet high, immense and straight, with no boughs to its rough trunk for the height of, say, forty feet or more. These giants are specimens of the "survival of the fittest," pushing right on through the rivals on each side up to the light, casting off all lower boughs in their sure purpose to reach it, and finally, as they wax stronger and stronger, sending vast roots so far in search of food as to kill out all surrounding growths. Even the little saplings make hard wood, difficult to saw, fine-grained, and beautifully white, and the large trees yield the curly maple, so dear to the furniture manufacturer. When young, the Maple is a little obstinate and bigoted about letting go of its outworn branches, but in every other respect it is a delight, with its strongly built, smooth, cool leaves, individually beautiful, and the great masses of them with which it clothes its gray branches, giving wonderful depths of shade for the artist. There is no small job that pays better than trimming up a young Sugar-Maple. The cutting off of the lower branches transforms it from a bush to a tree at once, and it has such an air of being grateful that it is a pleasure; it is like a little boy who, relieved of his skirts, has been allowed to put on trousers, and takes on much the same air that he does of sudden importance.

The Rock-Maple does not grow to a great size, but yields the bird's-eye maple-wood. The leaf is more succulent and of a more graceful shape, though not so strong. Then comes the Moosewood for another variety, with its exquisite bark, smooth as satin even on trees of considerable size, and marked with green Javanese figures on a dark gray ground, so pleasing that I have done such a thing as to cut down twenty Sugar-Maple shoots to give one Moosewood room and breathing-space. This was a great tribute paid to it, and I hope that the tree will reimburse me for the sacrifice by excellent growth in the future. It has a large, only three-lobed leaf, but the unmistakable maple character. Neither the White Maple nor the Cut-leaved variety grows in my woods, though of the latter I have many fine examples, imported, but evidently at home, and very happy. As to my Beeches, they remind me of the traveller who complained that "the streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow," for they are all either too big or too little for me to do anything with them. The former, from the individual leaves with their exquisite texture and

the rightly drawn lines of their ribs, to what Thoreau calls their "clean bole and well-turned instep," are a delight to look at, and I would sit under them for hours if it were not for the multitude of tender seedlings which would be crushed by the pressure. They grow luxuriantly where they choose, but are apt to resent to the death attempts to transplant them.

The wonderful vitality of most trees is shown in one corner of my hanging wood, into which the merciless woodcutters were turned loose some ten years ago to cut down everything close to the ground. That corner is now full of crowding clumps of young trees fifteen and twenty feet high, growing thick in circles round the old stumps, and drawing their abundant life from the old roots. The lithe trunks of the smaller ones crowd and push, winding round among each other like snakes, and many of them must be cut to give a chance to the rest. This is not only the case with the Willow, Linden, and Poplar, where one might have expected such a result, but Maples, Birches, and even Elms are growing there in the same wanton way. Pine, Hemlock, Fir, and Spruce I find among them, but choked down generally by the harder trees, with which it is no use for them to try to struggle. Sometimes I give them room, but oftenest have to confine my efforts to taking off their dead and ragged boughs, to make them feel a little respectable.

Among all the masses of other trees the Wild Apple with its thorny boughs thrusts itself heavy with fruit, and my Butternuts grow well at the top of "the dreadful hollow behind the little wood." These two can take care of themselves, which they do in a very viragoish way; so also what is known here as the Green Osier—I fancy a species of Dogwood, for it carries its boughs in much the same way, and the leaves resemble it. The Mountain-Ash—not an Ash, however, but a Rose—needs the many shoots to be cut that spring from the root if we are ever to be able to sing to it,

> "Thy leaves are aye the first of Spring, thy flowers the Simmer's pride,
> There is na sic a bonnie tree in a' the country's side,
> O Rowan-tree!"

If I add to the friends already mentioned the Larch, growing luxuriantly, the Mountain-Maple bush, the Choke-Cherry, the Wild Black Cherry, and the Leverwood, with its hoplike seeds, my list will not compare unfavorably as to number with that of Chaucer:

> "The bilder ook, and eek the hardy asshe;
> The piler elm, the cofre unto careyne;
> The boxtree piper, holm to whippes lasshe;
> The sayling firr; the cipres, deth to pleyne;
> The sheter ew; the asp for shaftes pleyne;
> The olyve of pees, and eek the drunken vyne,
> The victor palm, the laurer to devyne."

Or even with Spenser's imitation, so often criticised by English writers as unreasonably numerous:

> "The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
> The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
> The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
> The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;
> The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
> And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
> The Eugh obedient to the benders will;
> The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
> The Mirrhe, sweete bleeding in the bitter wound;
> The warlike Beech; the Ash, for nothing ill;
> The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round;
> The carver Holme; the Maple, seeldom inward sound."

And yet my friends who did not know a Chestnut when they saw it remarked on the little variety of the trees in this region! No wonder, for the Rule of Three and the Integral Calculus must appear not unlike to those who recognize neither.

It must be confessed that Henry Vaughan's angels, who

> "familiarly confer
> Beneath the oak and juniper,"

might find difficulty here, for there are no Junipers, and in the whole large township only four Oaks, of which I own three, and I am fearful that they are too small for the convenience of any angels. But their leaves are already quite as immense as those of the largest "monarchs of the forest"; and as for trunk and branches, they will have them to match in a hundred years more, for which I make no question that the angels can wait. On the south and west edges of the hanging wood my Clematis plunges wild in fountains and cataracts with its white blossoms and feathery, tufted seeds, binding together the tops of the waist-deep ferns, making long wreaths with the Golden-Rod, so strong and tangled that one might lean back upon its ropy stems without being allowed to fall, and finally ending its wild chase by rushing up the

rough trunk of a solitary Lombardy Poplar, and embracing it for more than half its height with arms full of green leaves and hanging sprays. Beyond, looking out over its ocean of blossoms, blue mountains bound the whole horizon.

Away up in my big forest, above the hanging wood in which I have been finding so much pleasure and profit, where, I am afraid, more vigorous arms and other implements than saw and clipper will be needed, there where the great maples stand and the beeches spread their strong arms, I think there is the most beautiful thing I have seen this summer. It is a massive beech trunk, cut off say four feet from the ground, which stands firm, leaning to the south, clasping the earth by six mighty roots. Green mosses, soft and velvety, cover it on the north side to the height of three feet, and the chips of fine wood that flew from it when it was cut lie still undecayed at its side. It was not of those old trees which, having no life but in their heads, like some old people, die wholly at the stroke of the axe; for when the great top fell and was carried away, the old stump was alive in its heart, and when spring surged in its roots it put forth leaves with a superb abandon all around its top from beneath the rough outer bark—leaves not like those of the usual Beech, quite straight and exquisitely proper in vein and color, but a riot of light and succulent greenery, crisp and curling like lettuce, a great circle of them, like a woven wreath laid on the sloping top of the pedestal by some reverent hand to greet every day the summer sun as he swings across the meridian.

I think of it and of my friendly trees in the winter nights when the snow lies deep, printed in every direction by myriads of little feet, and the frosty moon shines clear. In the silence there is a sudden sound as some one of the birch branches that I left unwittingly in the maze of tossing foliage drops sharply to the earth with a muffled sound. Then I am almost inclined to forgive the field-mice for their gnawing; but not quite. In the world of four dimensions pictures have three dimensions, and are therefore what we call solids. I think the trees may be pictures of the different thoughts of God. If, like King David, we would "find out a place for the temple of the Lord," still comes to mind the answering verse of the psalm, "Lo, we heard of the same at Ephrata, and found it in the wood."

MARS.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

IT may be there are forms of human life
  Upon old continents of shrouded stars;
It may be there are men grown mad with strife
  Among the fields and woods and hills of Mars.

Some day, perhaps, we shall look on the face
  Of one who dwells within that sister sphere,
And wonder if his soul has sweeter grace
  Than any soul of ours that sorrows here;

If he has loved, as we may love, in vain;
  If he has striven in cruel coils of hate;
If loss with him has been the end of gain;
  If he has learned to live—and learned too late.

Yet it may be that this new brother dwells
  In ways more gentle than terrestrial ways,
That night brings peace to him and halcyon spells,
  That dawns are harbingers of golden days;

And it may be that he is patient, brave,
  Fraternal yet forgiving, strong yet meek,
And that his world is like the dream we crave,
  Like some utopia we divinely seek.

HIS DUTY.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

AMOS WICKLIFF little suspected himself riding, that sunny afternoon, towards the ghastliest adventure of an adventurous life. Nevertheless, he was ill at ease. His horse was too light for his big muscles and his six feet two of bone. Being a merciful man to beasts, he could not ride beyond a jog-trot, and his soul was fretted by the delay. He cast a scowl down the dejected neck of the pony to its mournful, mismated ears, and from thence back at his own long legs, which nearly scraped the ground. "Oh Lord! ain't I a mark on this horse!" he groaned. "We could make money in a circus!" With a gurgle of disgust he looked about him at the glaring blue sky, at the measureless, melancholy sweep of purple and dun prairie.

"Well, give *me* Iowa!" said Amos.

For a long while he rode in silence, but his thoughts were distinct enough for words. "What an amusing little scamp it was!"—thus they ran—"I believe he could mimic anything on earth. He used to give a cat and puppy fighting that I laughed myself nearly into a fit over. When I think of that I hate this job. Now why? You never saw the fellow to speak to him more than twice. Duty, Amos, duty. But if he is as decent as he's got the name of being here, it's rough— Hullo! River? Trees?" The river might be no more than the lightening rim of the horizon behind the foliage, but there was no mistake about the trees; and when Wickliff turned the field-glass, which he habitually carried, on them he could make out not only the river and the willows, but the walls of a cabin and the lovely undulations of a green field of corn. Half an hour's riding brought him to the house and a humble little garden of sweet-pease and hollyhocks. Amos groaned. "How cursed decent it all looks! And flowers, too! I have no doubt that his wife's a nice woman, and the baby has a clean face. Everything certainly does combine to ball me up on this job! There she is; and she's nice!"

A woman in a clean print gown, with a child pulling at her skirt, had run to the gate. She looked young. Her freckled face was not exactly pretty, but there was something engaging in the flash of her white teeth and her soft, black-lashed, dark eyes. She held the gate wide open, with the hospitality of the West. "Won't you 'light, stranger?" she called.

"I'm bound for here," replied Amos, telling his prepared tale glibly. "This is Mr. Brown's, the photographer's, ain't it? I want him to come to the settlement with me and take me standing on a deer."

"Yes, sir." The woman spoke in mellow Southern accents, and she began to look interested, as suspecting a romance under this vainglory. "Yes, sir. Deer you shot, I reckon. I'll send Johnny D. for him. Oh, Johnny D.!"

A lath of a boy of ten, with sunburnt white hair and bright eyes, vaulted over a fence and ran to her, receiving her directions to go find uncle after he had cared for the gentleman's horse.

"Your nephew, madam?" said Amos, as the lad's bare soles twinkled in the air.

"Well, no, sir, not born nephew," she said, smiling; "he's a little neighbor boy. His folks live three miles further down the river; but I reckon we all think jest as much of him as if he was our born kin. Won't you come in, sir?"

By this time she had passed under the luxuriant arbor of honeysuckle that shaded the porch, and she threw wide the door. The room was large. It was very tidy. The furniture was of the sort that can be easily transported where railways have to be pieced out with mule trails. But it was hardly the ordinary pioneer cabin. Not because there was a sewing-machine in one corner, for the sewing-machine follows hard on the heels of the plough; perhaps because of the white curtains at the two windows (curtains darned and worn thin by washing, tied back with ribbons faded by the same ministry of neatness), or the square of pretty though cheap carpet on the floor, or the magazines and the bunch of sweet-pease on the table, but most because of the multitude of photographs on the clumsy walls. They were on cards, all of the same size

(not more than 8 by 10 inches), protected by glass, and framed in mossy twigs. Some of the pictures were scenes of the country, many of them bits of landscape near the house, all chosen with a marvellous elimination of the usual grotesque freaks of the camera, and with such an unerring eye for subject and for light and shade that the artist's visions of the flat, commonplace country were not only picturesque but poetic. In the prints also were an extraordinary richness and range of tone. It did not seem possible that mere black and white could give such an effect of brilliancy and depth of color. An artist over this obscure photographer's workmanship might feel a thrill like that which crinkles a flower-lover's nerves when he sees a mass of azaleas in fresh bloom.

Amos was not an artist, but he had a camera at home, and he gave a gulp of admiration. "Well, he *is* great!" he sighed. "That beats any photographic work I ever saw."

The wife's eyes were luminous. "Ain't he!" said she. "It 'most seems wicked for him to be farming when he can do things like that—"

"Why does he farm?"

"It's his health. He caynt stand the climate East."

"You are from the South yourself, I take it?"

"Yes, sir, Arkansas, though I don't see how ever you guessed it. I met Mist' Brown there, down in old Lawrence. I was teaching school then, and went to have my picture taken in his wagon. Went with my father, and he was so pleasant and polite to paw I liked him from the start. He nursed paw during his last sickness. Then we were married and came out here— You're looking at that picture of little Davy at the well? I like that the best of all the ten, his little dress looks so cute, and he has such a sweet smile; and it's the only one has his hair smooth. I tell Mist' Brown I do believe he musses that child's hair himself—"

"Papa make Baby's hair pitty for picture!" cried the child, delighted to have understood some of the conversation.

"He's a very pretty boy," said Amos. "'Fraid to come to me, young feller?"

But the child saw too few to be shy, and happily perched himself on the tall man's shoulder, while he studied the pictures. The mother appeared as often as the child.

"He's got her at the best every time," mused the observer; "best side of her face, best light on her nose. Never misses. That's the way a man looks at his girl; always twists his eyes a little so as to get the best view. Plainly she's in love with him, and looks remarkably like he was in love with her, d—— him!" Then, with great civility, he asked Mrs. Brown what developer her husband used, and listened attentively, while she showed him the tiny dark room leading out of the apartment, and exhibited the meagre stock of drugs.

"I keep them up high and locked up in that cupboard with the key on top, for fear Baby might git at them," she explained. She evidently thought them a rare and creditable collection. "I ain't a bit afraid of Johnny D.; he's sensible, and besides, he minds every word Mist' Brown tells him. He sets the world by Mist' Brown; always has ever since the day Mist' Brown saved him from drowning in the eddy."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see, he was out fishing, and climbed out on a log and slipped someway. It's about two miles further down the river, between his parents' farm and ours; and by a God's mercy we were riding by, Dave and the baby and I—the baby wasn't out of long-clothes then— and we heard the scream. Dave jumped out and ran, peeling his clothes as he ran. I only waited to throw the weight out of the wagon to hold the horses, and ran after him. I could see him plain in the water. Oh, it surely was a dreadful sight! I dream of it nights sometimes yet; and he's there in the water, with his wet hair streaming over his eyes, and his eyes sticking out, and his lips blue, fighting the current with one hand, and drifting off, off, inch by inch, all the time. And I wake up with the same longing on me to cry out, 'Let the boy go! Swim! *Swim!*'"

"Well, *did* you cry that?" says Amos.

"Oh, no, sir. I went in to him. I pushed a log along and climbed out on it and held out a branch to him, and someway we all got ashore—"

"What did you do with the baby?"

"I was fixing to lay him down in a soft spot when I saw a man was on the bank. He was jumping up and down and yelling: 'I caynt swim a stroke! I

caynt swim a stroke!' 'Then you hold the baby,' says I; and I dumped poor Davy into his arms. When we got the boy up the bank he looked plumb dead; but Dave said: 'He ain't dead! He caynt be dead! I won't have him dead!' wild like, and began rubbing him. I ran to the man. If you please, there that unfortunate man was, in the same place, holding Baby as far away from him as he could get, as if he was a dynamite bomb that might go off at any minute. 'Give me your pipe,' says I. 'You will have to fish it out of my pocket yourself,' says he; 'I don't dast loose a hand from this here baby!' And he did look funny! But you may imagine I didn't notice that then. I ran back quick's I could, and we rubbed that boy and worked his arms and, you may say, blowed the breath of life into him. We worked more'n a hour —that poor man holding the baby the enduring time: I reckon *his* arms were stiff's ours!—and I'd have given him up: it seemed awful to be rumpling up a corpse that way. But Dave, he only set his teeth and cried, 'Keep on, I *will* save him!'"

"And you *did* save him?"

"*He* did," flashed the wife; "he'd be in his grave but for Dave. I'd given him up. And his mother knows it. And she said that if that child was not named Johnny ayfter his paw, she'd name him David ayfter Mist' Brown; but seeing he was named, she'd do next best, give him David for a middle. And as calling him Johnny David seemed too long, they always call him Johnny D. But won't you rest your hat on the bed and sit down, Mister—"

"Wickliff," finished Amos; but he added no information regarding his dwelling-place or his walk in life, and, being a Southerner, she did not ask it. By this time she was getting supper ready for the guest. Amos was sure she was a good cook the instant his glance lighted on her snowy and shapely rolls. He perceived that he was to have a much daintier meal than he had ever had before in the "Nation," yet he frowned at the wall. All the innocent, laborious, happy existence of the pair was clear to him as she talked, pleased with so good a listener. The dominant impression which her unconscious confidences made on him was her content.

"I reckon I am a natural-born farmer," she laughed. "I fairly crave to make things grow, and I love the very smell of the earth and the grass. It's beautiful out here."

"But aren't you ever lonesome?"

"Why, we've lots of neighbors, and they're all such nice folks. The Robys are awful kind people, and only four miles, and the Atwills are only three, on the other side. And then the Indians drop in, but though I try to be good to them, it's hard to like anybody so dirty. Dave says Red Horse and his band are not fair samples, for they are all young bucks that their fathers won't be responsible for, and they certainly do steal. I don't think they ever stole anything from us, 'cept one hog and three chickens and a jug of whiskey; but we always feed them well, and it's a little trying, though maybe you'll think I'm inhospitable to say so, to have half a dozen of them drop in and eat up a whole batch of light bread and all the meat you've saved for next day and a plumb jug of molasses at a sitting. That Red Horse is crazy for whiskey, and awful mean when he's drunk; but he's always been civil to us— There's Mist' Brown now!"

Wickliff's first glance at the man in the doorway showed him the same undersized, fair-skinned, handsome young fellow that he remembered; he wanted to shrug his shoulders and exclaim, "The identical little tough!" but Brown turned his head, and then Amos was aware that the recklessness and the youth both were gone out of the face. At that moment it went to the hue of cigar ashes.

"Here's the gentleman, David; my husband, Mist' Wickliff," said the wife.

"Papa! papa!" joyously screamed the child, pattering across the floor. Brown caught the little thing up and kissed it passionately; and he held his face for a second against its tiny shoulder before he spoke (in a good round voice), welcoming his guest. He was too busy with his boy, it may be, to offer his hand. Neither did Amos move his arm from his side. He repeated his errand.

Brown moistened his blue lips; a faint glitter lit in his haggard eyes, which went full at the speaker.

"*That's* what you want, is it?"

"Well, if I want anything more, I'll explain it on the way," said Amos, unsmilingly.

Brown swallowed something in his throat. "All right; I guess I can go,"

said he. "To-morrow, that is. We can't take pictures by moonlight; and the road's better by daylight. Won't you come out with me while I do my chores? We can —can talk it over." In spite of his forced laugh there was undisguised entreaty in his look, and relief when Amos assented. He went first, saying under his breath, "I suppose this is how you want."

Amos nodded. They went out, stepping down the narrow walk between the rows of hollyhocks to one side and sweet-pease to the other. Amos turned his head from side to side, against his will, subdued by the tranquil beauty of the scene. The air was very still. Only afar, on the river-bank, the cows were calling to the calves in the yard. A bell tinkled, thin and sweet, as one cow waded through the shallow water under the willows. After the dismal neutral tints of the prairie, the rich green of corn-field and grass looked enchanting, dipped as they were in the glaze of sunset. The purple-gray of the well-sweep was painted flatly against a sky of deepest, lustreless blue—the sapphire without its gleam. But the river was molten silver, and the tops of the trees reflected the flaming west, below the gold and the tumbled white clouds. Turn one way, the homely landscape held only cool, infinitely soft blues and greens and grays; turn the other, and there burned all the sumptuous dyes of earth and sky.

"It's a pretty place," said Brown, timidly.

"Very pretty," Amos agreed, without emotion.

"I've worked awfully hard to pay for it. It's all paid for now. You saw my wife."

"Nice lady," said Amos.

"By ——, she is!" The other man swore with a kind of sob. "And she believes in me. We're happy. We're trying to lead a good life."

"I'm inclined to think you're living as decently and lawfully as any citizens of the United States." The tone had not changed.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Brown burst forth, as if he could bear the strain no longer.

"I'm going to do my duty, Harned, and take you to Iowa."

"Will you listen to me first? All you know is, I killed—"

But the officer held up his hand, saying in the same steady voice, "You know whatever you say may be used against you. It's my duty to warn—"

"Oh, I know you, Mr. Wickliff. Come behind the gooseberry bushes where my wife can't see us—"

"It's no use, Harned; if you talked like Bob Ingersoll or an angel, I have to do my duty." Nevertheless he followed, and leaned against the wall of the little shed which did duty for a barn. Harned walked in front of him, too miserably restless to stand still, nervously pulling and breaking wisps of hay between his fingers, talking rapidly, with an earnestness that beaded his forehead and burned in his imploring eyes. "All you know about me"—so he began, quietly enough—"all you know about me is that I was a dissipated, worthless photographer, who could sing a song and had a cursed silly trick of mimicry which made him amusing company; and so I was trying to keep company with rich fellows. You don't know that when I came to your town I was as innocent a country lad as you ever saw, and had a picture of my dead mother in my Bible, and wrote to my father every week. He was a good man, my father. Lucky he died before he found out about *me*. And you don't know, either, that at first, keeping a little studio on the third story, with a folding-bed in the studio, and doing my cooking on the gas-jet, I was a happy man. But I was. I loved my art. Maybe you don't call a photographer an artist. I do. Because a man works with the sun instead of a brush or a needle, can't he create a picture? and do you suppose a photographer can't hunt for the soul in a sitter as well as a portrait-painter? Can't a photographer bring out light and shade in as exquisite gradations as an etcher? Artist! Any man that can discover beauty, and can express it in any shape so other men can see it and love it and be happy on account of it—*he's* an artist! And I don't give a damn for a critic who tries to box up art in his own little hole!" Harned was excitedly tapping the horny palm of one hand with the hard, grimy fingers of the other. Amos thought of the white hands he used to take such pains to guard, and then he looked at the faded check shirt and the patched overalls. Harned had been a little dandy, too fond of perfumes and striking styles.

"I was an artist," said Harned. "I loved my art. I was happy. I had be-

gun to make reputation and money when the devil sent him my way. He was an amateur photographer; that's how we got acquainted. When he found I could sing and mimic voices he was wild over me, flattered me, petted me, taught me all kinds of fool habits; ruined me, body and soul, with his friendship. Well, he's dead; and God knows she wasn't worth a man's life; but he did treat me mean about her, and when I flew at him he jeered at me, and he took advantage of my being a little fellow and struck me and cuffed me before them all; then I went crazy and shot him!" He stopped, out of breath. Wickliff mused, frowning. The man at his mercy pleaded on, gripping those slim, roughened hands of his hard together: "It ain't quite so bad as you thought, is it, Mr. Wickliff? For God's sake put yourself in my place! I went through hell after I shot him. You don't know what it is to live looking over your shoulder! Fear! fear! fear! Day and night, fear! Waking up, maybe, in a cold sweat, hearing some noise, and thinking it meant pursuit and the handcuffs. Why, my heart was jumping out of my mouth if a man clapped me on the shoulder from behind, or hollered across the street to me to stop. Then I met my wife. You need not tell me I had no right to marry. I know it; I told myself so a hundred times; but I couldn't leave her alone with her poor old sick father, could I? And then I found out that—that it would be hard for her, too. And I was all wore out. Man, you don't know what it is to be frightened for two years? There wasn't a nerve in me that didn't seem to be pulled out as far as it would go. I married her, and we hid ourselves out here in the wilderness. You can say what you please, I have made her happy; and she's made me. If I was to die to-night, she'd thank God for the happy years we've had together; just as she's thanked Him every night since we were married. The only thing that frets her is me giving up photography. She thinks I could make a name like Wilson or Black. Maybe I could; but I don't dare; if I made a reputation I'd be gone. I have to give it up, and do you suppose that ain't a punishment? Do you suppose it's no punishment to sink into obscurity when you know you've got the capacity to do better work than the men that are getting the money and the praise? Do you suppose it doesn't eat into my heart every day that I can't ever give my boy his grandfather's honest name?—that I don't even dare to make his father's name one he would be proud of? Yes, I took his life, but I've given up all my chances in the world for it. My only hope was to change as I grew older and be lost, and the old story would die out—"

"It might; but you see he had a mother," said Wickliff; "she offers five thousand—"

"It was only one thousand," interrupted Harned.

"One thousand first year. She's raised a thousand every year. She's a thrifty old party, willing to pay, but not willing to pay any more than necessary. When it got to five thousand I took the case."

Harned looked wistfully about him. "I might raise four thousand—"

"Better stop right there. I refused fifty thousand once to let a man go."

"Excuse me," said Harned, humbly; "I remember. I'm so distracted I can't think of anything but Maggie and the baby. Ain't there anything that will move you? I've paid for that thing. I saved a boy's life once—"

"I know; I've seen the boy."

"Then you know I fought for his life; I fought awful hard. I said to myself, if he lived I'd know it was the sign God had forgiven me. He did live. I've paid, Mr. Wickliff, I've paid in the sight of God. And if it comes to society, it seems to me I'm a good deal more use to it here than I'd be in a State's prison pegging shoes, and my poor wife—"

He choked; but there was no softening of the saturnine gloom of Wickliff's face.

"You ought to tell that all to the lawyer, not to me," said Wickliff. "I'm only a special officer, and my duty is to my employer, not to society. What's more, I am going to perform it. There isn't anything that can make it right for me to balk on my duty, no matter how sorry I feel for you. No, Mr. Harned, if you live and I live, you go back to Iowa with me."

Harned in utter silence studied the impassive face, and it returned his gaze; then he threw his arm up against the shed, and hid his own face in the crook of his elbow. His shoulders worked as in a strong shudder, but almost at once they were still, and when he turned his features were blank and steady as the boards behind them.

"I've just one favor to ask," said he; "don't tell my wife. You have got to stay here to-night; it will be more comfortable for you, if I don't say anything till after you've gone to bed. Give me a chance to explain and say good-by. It will be hard enough for her—"

"Will you give me your parole you won't try to escape?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nor kill yourself?"

Harned started violently, and he laughed. "Do you think I'd kill myself before poor Maggie? I wouldn't be so mean. No, I promise you I won't either run away or kill myself or play any kind of trick on you to-night. Does it go?"

"It goes," responded Amos, holding out his hand; "and I'll give you a good reputation in court, too, for being a good citizen now. That will have weight with the judge. And if you care to know it, I'm mighty sorry for you."



"HARNED HID HIS FACE."

"Thank you, Mr. Wickliff," said Harned; but he had not seemed to see the hand; he was striding ahead.

"That man means to kill himself," thought Amos; "he's too blamed resigned. He's got it all planned before. And God help the poor beggar! I guess it's the best thing he can do for himself. Lord, but it's hard sometimes for a man to do his duty!"

The two men walked along, at first both mute; but no sooner did they come well in view of the kitchen door than they began to talk. Amos hoped there was nothing in the rumors of Indian troubles.

"There's only one band could make trouble," said Harned. "Red Horse is a mean Indian, educated in the agency schools, and then relapsed. Say, who's that running up the river-bank? Looks like Mrs. Roby's sister. She's got the baby." His face and voice changed sharply, he crying out, "There's something wrong with that woman!" and therewith he set off running to the house at the top of his speed. Half-way Amos, running

behind him, could hear a clamor of women's voices, rising and breaking, and loud cries. Mrs. Brown came to the doorway, beckoning with both hands, screaming for them to hurry.

When they reached the door they could see the new-comer. She was huddled in a rocking-chair, a pitiful, trembling shape, wet to the skin of her, her dank cotton skirts dripping, bareheaded, and her black hair blown about her ghastly face; and on her breast a baby, wet as she, smiling and cooing, but with a great crimson smouch on its tiny shoulder. Near her appeared Johnny D.'s white head. He was pale under his freckles, but he kept assuring her stoutly that uncle wouldn't let the Indians get them.

The woman was so spent with running that her words came in gasps. "Oh, git ready! Fly! They've killed the Robys. They've killed sister and Tom. They killed the children. Oh, my Lord! children! They was clinging to their mother, and crying to the Indians to please not kill them. Oh, they pretended to be friendly—so's to git in; and we cooked 'em up such a good supper; but they killed every one, little Mary and little Jim—I heard the screeches. I picked up the baby and run. I jumped into the river and swum to the boat—I don't know how I done it—oh, be quick! They'll be coming! Oh, fly!"

Harned turned on Amos. "Flying's no good on land, but maybe the boat—you'll help?"

"Of course," said Amos. "Here, young feller, can you scuttle up to the roof-tree and reconnoitre with this field-glass?—you're considerably lighter on your feet than me. Twist the wheel round here till you can see plain. There's a hole, I see, up to the loft. Is there one out on the roof? Then scuttle!"

Mrs. Brown pushed the coffee back on the stove. "No use it burning," said she; and Amos admired her firm tones, though she was deadly pale. "If we ain't killed we'll need it. Dave, don't forget the camera. I'll put up some comforters to wrap the children in and something to eat." She was doing this with incredible quickness as she spoke, while Harned saw to his gun and the loading of a pistol.

The pistol she took out of his hands, saying, in a low, very gentle voice, "Give that to me, honey."

He gave her a strange glance.

"They sha'n't hurt little Davy or me, Dave," she answered, in the same voice.

Little Davy had gone to the woman and the baby, and was looking about him with frightened eyes; his lip began to quiver, and he pointed to the baby's shoulder: "Injuns hurt Elly. Don't let Injuns hurt Davy!"

The wretched father groaned.

"No, baby," said the mother, kissing him.

"Hullo! up there," called Amos. "What do you see?"

The shrill little voice rang back clearly, "They're a-comin', a terrible sight of them."

"How many? Twenty?"

"I guess so. Oh, uncle, the boat's floated off!"

"Didn't you fasten it?" cried Harned.

"God forgive me!" wailed the woman, "I don't know!"

Harned sat down in the nearest chair, and his gun slipped between his knees. "Maggie, give us a drink of coffee," said he, quietly. "We'll have time for that before they come."

"Can't we barricade and fight?" said Amos, glaring about him.

"Then they'll get behind the barn and fire that, and the wind is this way."

"We've *got* to save the women and the kids!" cried Amos. At this moment he was a striking and terrible figure. The veins of his temple were swelling with despair and impotent fury; his heavy features were transfigured in the intensity of his effort to think—to see; his arms did not hang at his sides; they were held tensely, with the fists clinched, while his burning eyes roamed over every corner of the room, over every picture. In a flash his whole condition changed, his muscles relaxed, his hands slid into his pockets, he smiled the strangest and grimmest of smiles. "All right," said he. "Ah—Brown, you got any whiskey? Fetch it." The women stared, while Harned passively found a jug and placed it before him.

"Now some empty bottles and tumblers."

"There are some empty bottles in the dark room; what do you mean to do?"

"Mean to save you. Brace up! I'll get them. And you, Mrs. Brown, if you've got any paregoric, give those children a dose that will keep them quiet, and up in the loft with you all. We'll hand up the kids. Listen! You must keep quiet, and

keep the children quiet, and not stir, no matter what infernal racket you may hear down here. You *must!* To save the children. You must wait till you hear one of us, Brown or me, call. See? I depend on you, and you *must* depend on me!"

Her eyes sought her husband's; then, "I'm ready, sir," she said, simply. "I'll answer for Johnny D., and the others I'll make quiet."

"That's the stuff," cried Amos, exultantly. "I'll fix the red butchers. Only for God's sake *hustle!*"

He turned his back on the parting to enter the dark room, and when he came back, with his hands full of empty bottles, Harned was alone.

"I told her it was our only chance," said Harned; "but I'm d——d if I know what our only chance is!"

"Never mind that," retorted Amos, briskly. He was entirely calm; indeed, his face held the kind of grim elation that peril in any shape brings to some natures. "You toss things up and throw open the doors, as if you all had run away in a big fright, while I'll set the table." And, as Harned feverishly obeyed, he carefully filled the bottles from the demijohn. The last bottle he only filled half full, pouring the remains of the liquor into a tumbler.

"All ready?" he remarked; "well, here's how," and he passed the tumbler to Harned, who shook his head. "Don't need a brace? I don't know as you do. Then shake, pardner, and whichever one of us gets out of this all right will look after the women. And—it's all right?"

"Thank you," choked Harned; "just give the orders, and I'm there."

"You get into the other room, and you keep there, still; those are the orders. Don't you come out, whatever you hear; it's the women's and the children's lives are at stake, do you hear? and no matter what happens to *me*, you stay *there*, you stay *still!* But the minute I twist the button on that door, let me in, and be ready with your hatchet—that will be handiest. Savez?"

"Yes; God bless you, Mr. Wickliff!" cried Harned.

"Pardner it is, now," said Wickliff. They shook hands. Then Harned shut himself in the closet. He did not guess Wickliff's plan, but that did not disturb the hope that was pumping his heart faster. He felt the magnetism of a born leader and an intrepid fighter, and he was Wickliff's to the death. He strained his ears at the door. A chair scraped the boards; Wickliff was sitting down. Immediately a voice began to sing—Wickliff's voice changed into a tipsy man's maudlin pipe. He was singing a war-song.

"'We'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!'"

The sound did not drown the thud of horses' hoofs outside. They sounded nearer. Then a hail. On roared the song, all on one note. Wickliff couldn't carry a tune to save his soul, and no living man, probably, had ever heard him sing.

"'And we'll drive the savage crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry—'

"Hullo! Who's comin'? Injuns—mean noble red men? Come in, gen'lemen all."

The floor shook. They were all crowding in. There was a din of guttural monosyllables and sibilant phrases all fused together, threatening and sinister to the listener, yet he could understand that some of them were of pleasure. That meant the sight of the whiskey.

"P-play fair, gen'lemen," the drunken voice quavered, "thas fine whiskey, firewater. Got lot. Know where's more. Queer shorter place ever did see. Aller folks skipped. Nobody welcome stranger. Ha, ha!—hic!—stranger found the whiskey, and is shelerbrating for himself. Help yeself, gen'lemen. I know where there's shum—shum more—plenty."

Dimly it came to Harned that here was the man's bid for his life. They wouldn't kill him until he should get the fresh supply of whiskey.

"Where Black Blanket gone?" grunted Red Horse. Harned knew his voice.

"Damfino," returned the drunken accents, cheerfully. "L-lit out, thas all I know. Whas you mean, hitting each orrer with bottles? Plenty more. I'll go get it. You s-shay where you are."

The blood pounded through Harned's veins at the sound of the shambling step on the floor. His own shoulders involuntarily hunched themselves, quivering as if he felt the tomahawk between them. Would they wait, or would they shy something at him and kill him the minute his back was turned? God! what nerve the man had! He was not taking a step the quicker—ah! Wickliff's fin-



"IT WON'T BE SUCH A BIG ONE IF THE DOOR HOLDS."

gers were at the fastening. He flung the door back. Even then he staggered, keeping to his rôle. But the instant he was over the threshold the transformation came. He hurled the door back and threw his weight against it, quick as a cat. His teeth were set in a grin of hate, his eyeballs glittered, and he shook his pistol at the door.

"Come on now, d—— you!" he yelled. "We're ready."

Like an echo to his defiance, there rose an awful and indescribable uproar from the room beyond, screams, groans, yells, and simultaneously the sound of a rush on the door. But for a minute the door held.

The clatter of tomahawk blades shook it, but the wood was thick, it held.

"Hatchet ready, pard?" said Wickliff. "When you feel the door give, slip the bolt to let 'em tumble in, and then strike for the women and the kids—strike hard. I'll empty my pop into the heap. It won't be such a big one if the door holds a minute longer."

"What are they doing in there?" gasped Harned.

"They're *dying* in there, that's what," Wickliff replied, between his teeth, "and dying fast. *Now!*"

The words stung Harned's courage into a rush, like whiskey. He shot the bolt, and three Indians tumbled on them, with more—he could not see how many more—behind. Then the hatchet fell. It never faltered after that one glimpse Harned had of the thing at one Indian's belt. He heard the bark of the pistol, twice, three times, the heap reeling; the three foremost were on the floor. He had struck them down too; but he was borne back. He caught the gleam of the knife lurching at him; in the same wild glance he saw Wickliff's pistol against a broad red breast, and Red Horse's tomahawk in the air. He struck—struck as Wickliff fired; struck not at his own assailant, but at Red Horse's arm. It dropped, and Wickliff fired again. He did not see that; he had whirled to ward the other blow. But the Indian knife made only a random, nerveless stroke, and the Indian pitched forward, doubling up hideously in the narrow space, and thus slipping down—dead.

"That's over!" called Wickliff.

Now Harned perceived that they were standing erect; they two and only they in the place. Directly in front of them lay Red Horse, the blood streaming from his arm. He was dead, nor was there a single living creature among the Indians. Some had fallen before they could reach the door at which they had flung themselves in the last access of fury; some lay about the floor, and one—the one with the knife—was stiff behind Harned, in the dark room.

"Look at that fellow," called Harned. "I didn't hit him; he may be shamming."

"I didn't hit him either," said Wickliff, "but he's dead all the same. So are the others. I'd been too, I guess, but for your good blow on that feller's arm. I saw him, but you can't kill two at once."

"How did you do it?"

"Doped the whiskey. Cyanide of potassium from your photographic drugs; that was the quickest. Even if they had killed you and me, it would work before they could get the women and children. The only risk was their not taking it, and with an Indian that wasn't so much. Now, pardner, you better give a hail, and then we'll hitch up and get them safe in the settlement till we see how things are going."

"And then?" said Harned, growing red.

Amos gnawed at the corners of his mustache in rather a shamefaced way. "Then? Why, then I'll have to leave you, and make the best story I can honestly for the old lady. Oh, yes, d—— it, I know my duty; I never went back on it before. But I never went back on a pardner either; and after fighting together like we have, I'm not up to any Roman soldier business; nor I ain't going to give you a pair of handcuffs for saving my life! So run outside and holler to your frau."

Left alone, Wickliff gazed about him in deep meditation, which at last found outlet in a few pensive sentences. "Clean against the rules of war; but rules of war are as much wasted on Injuns as 'please' on a stone-deaf man! And I simply *had* to save the women and children. Still it's a pretty sorry lay-out to pay five thousand dollars for the privilege of seeing. But it's a good deal worse to not do my duty. I shall never forgive myself. But I never should forgive myself for going back on a pardner either. I guess all it comes to is, duty's a cursed blind trail!"



BY WILLIAM VON SACHS.



DIRECTOR WILHELM JAHN.



DR. HANS RICHTER.



DR. EDWARD HANSLICK.

VIENNA'S reputation as the most musical city in the world is as long standing as it is well merited. Other capitals have sought to wrest this proud claim from the Austrian metropolis—at one time Paris, of late years some of the more progressive German towns—and yet, in spite of such changes as time inevitably brings, the spirits of Mozart and Haydn, of Beethoven and Schubert, seem still to exert their influence over the musical life and activity of that spot, where, during their lifetime, the scene of their most beneficent usefulness was laid. Already during the past century, as far back as the days of Emperor Leopold and Prince Esterházy, when composers had to look to the protection of reigning princes and members of the higher aristocracy for solid encouragement in their labors, Vienna had grown to be famed as a musical town. The material benefits of that time were, to be sure, meagre and uncertain, and would not of themselves have sufficed to attract the great men of the tone world had it not been for that musical atmosphere which was as indigenous then as it is to-day. A feeling, and with it a fondness, for music has at all times lain in the very nature of the Austrian people. It has expressed itself in their songs and dance-measures quite as much as in the development of the symphonic form, which has now grown classic, and which flourished at a time when the severer style of Bach's contrapuntal composition was expressive of the musical spirit of North Germany. This musical atmosphere, which may be attributable in a certain measure to climatic influences, is felt and recognized by even the least impressionable. Without it, the supremacy in matters of musical taste and appreciation might long ago have passed from Vienna to some other town, in spite of that priceless treasure of tradition it so carefully guards; for in the mere matter of musical activity it is considerably behind capitals like Berlin, London, or New York. Not that there are not sufficient concerts during the season, in all conscience; every variety is abundantly represented, save one—and this lack is chiefly owing to the fact that the only orchestra equal to the interpretation of the higher forms of classical music is attached to the imperia opera-

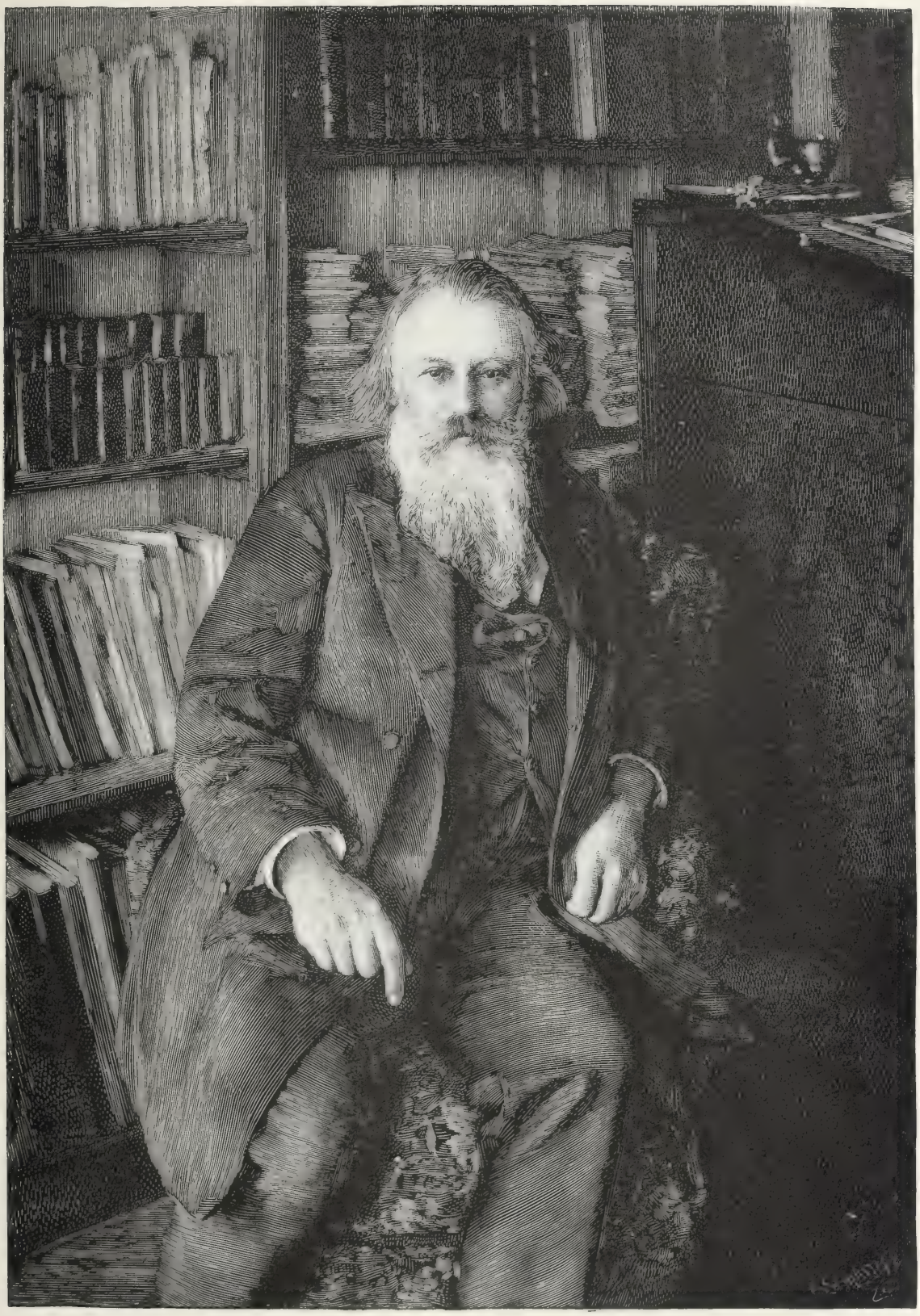
house, where, save during the summer months, performances are nightly given. As a result, the number of orchestral concerts is practically limited to nine Philharmonic and six choral, which take place during the daytime, in the course of a musical season. And if, from time to time, a virtuoso, visiting Vienna, wishes to indulge in the not all too frequent luxury of a tenuous orchestral background to such pieces of his repertory as may need it, he is obliged to recruit the necessary forces from the disengaged members of the *Hofopern-Orchester* and from among the more promising students of the Conservatory. That the standard of the Philharmonics is the highest attainable, and that the choral singing of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* stands on an almost equally exalted plane, has long been accepted as among the tenets of Continental musical belief; and yet neither such a state of affairs nor the acknowledged superiority of the Imperial Opera-house as an art institution would be sufficient to account for Vienna's supremacy in the tone world were there not that musical atmosphere to fall back upon as an all-sufficient cause. Of course one must not overlook the influence exercised by the many eminent musicians who have made Vienna their home, and who, by their example and very presence, confer a distinction few other cities can boast.

Of these no one is more famous than Dr. Johannes Brahms, who, even though one should not be inclined to attribute to him all those qualities his most ardent admirers claim for him, must needs be accepted as the greatest living German composer, and one of the few really great musicians of the present day. Born in Hamburg in 1833, after various experiences in Germany and Switzerland as pianist and composer, he first came to Vienna in 1862, and, following in the footsteps of Beethoven, whose successor he has so often been named, he ultimately took up his permanent abode there. Like the greater man from the Rhine, Dr. Brahms soon became thoroughly acclimated in the home of his adoption; so much so that during the winter months he seldom is away for more than a few days at a time, while in the summer he has for years sought that most Viennese of all *villeggiature* places, Ischl. He may be frequently seen on the street, taking with brisk step his daily constitutional, looking neither right nor left, his hands crossed on his back. His massive leonine head, his thick-set figure, are "as familiar as household words." In former years he frequently sought the companionship of Herr Johann Strauss, with whom many a walk in the attractive suburbs was undertaken; but latterly he has shown a preference for solitary exercise. Not that he has grown less gregarious with approaching years—on the contrary, it is reported that never has he been so sociably inclined as of late; and there are those who affirm that he has even recently developed a talent for amiability. There was a time, it must be admitted, when the tale was told that at the close of a party he offered his apologies in case there should be one among the departing guests "whom during the course of the evening he had failed to insult." The anecdote is doubtless apocryphal; at all events, he assuredly is a sufficiently great man to disregard with a certain degree of impunity the amenities of social intercourse, and it does not occur to his many friends to take exception to his characteristic outspokenness. All the more so as there are few who, in a quiet, unostentatious manner, do more good by helping poor musicians and dispensing charity where it is deserved than Dr. Johannes Brahms. Mentally he is equipped as but few of his compeers. The profound learning for which the name of Brahms is a synonym extends far beyond the domain of music. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any one better posted on matters of general information than he. As truthfully as it is said that there is nothing of importance in musical literature with which he is not intimately acquainted, so are there few studies into which he has not gained an insight.

Brahms's conversation is that of a highly educated man, and though it is not every one who feels entirely at ease in his society, it is none the less justly accounted a privilege to sit by and listen to him discoursing after supper at the renowned "Igel," where he takes his meals in Vienna, or at the "musical table" in the no less celebrated "Goldenes Kreuz" in Ischl. At the latter place he is devoutly regarded in the light of a head-pontiff by the numerous musicians who come there for the summer from far and wide. His rooms, on the outskirts of the old-fashioned Salzkammergut town, are from time

to time the scene of notable musical symposia, where a great deal of Brahms, and occasionally a little Beethoven, is heard. At rare intervals—and these are the state occasions—the *Meister* takes a share in the works performed; but since he bade farewell to his comparatively short career as a virtuoso, he has felt singularly nervous about submitting his pianistic powers even to friendly criticism. His public appearances as conductor and as performer have been rare of late, although as recently as last winter he led his "Academical Festival Overture" at the Jubilee concert of the Vienna Conservatory, and played the piano part in the two clarinet sonatas, which are among his latest works. The greatest sensation, however, was created two years ago at the farewell of Alice Barbi, the gifted Italian who, by her matchless art, has done so much to popularize Brahms's songs, when, instead of the usual accompanist, the *Meister* himself sat down at the piano, remaining there during the entire evening, and interpreting with the concert-giver a programme that included not only his own name, but those of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and even Délibes. It is not often otherwise that Dr. Brahms is seen at a musical entertainment, unless it be the Philharmonic or *Gesellschaft's* concerts, where he may be observed peering down from the directorial box, an earnest and attentive listener, yet one who hardly ever expresses approval or disapproval. Indeed, it is a matter of common remark that even during the performance of his own compositions no one can tell, from the expression of his face, whether he really cares for them or not. Though all the artists that come to Vienna make it a point, if possible, to include something by Brahms in their programme, he seldom graces their concerts by his presence; or if he, by chance, be prevailed upon, he does not venture far beyond the entrance door, carefully guarding a possible speedy retreat. Though, apart from his personal friends, who are to be found mostly among the professional musicians, there are numerous sincere admirers of his compositions, it cannot be said that the fact of his living in Vienna ensures for him a special following there. Indeed, it is very doubtful if his most fervent adherents are in Austria. For the general public, some of his works are always listened to with genuine pleasure, but they are comparatively few among the hundred and twenty to which he has already affixed an opus number. Widespread popularity, in the full sense of the term, Brahms has not achieved in Vienna, but it lies in the nature of the music that this is probably the very last reward for which he strives. The few whom he admits to his intimacy report him as uninterruptedly at work; but what he gives to the world is elaborated with such thoughtful care that the amount of his yearly productivity is not large. Ten years have passed since he published his fourth symphony, and it is a matter of much speculation, upon which Dr. Brahms is not disposed to throw the faintest glimmer of light, when the fifth may be expected. Like so many of his compatriots who have settled in Austria, his German, in spite of the many years passed in Vienna, is still unmistakably that of the north, and, whatever be his sympathies, his speech, quite as much as his appearance and entire manner, has assumed naught of the city of his adoption.

Typical, on the other hand, of the Austrian capital—indeed, one is inclined to add, possible in no other city of the world—is Dr. Anton Bruckner, who, though regarded by not a few musical authorities as a genius of the first rank, has still his world-fame as a composer to achieve. Not that he stands at the outset of a promising career; on the contrary, only a few months ago the Emperor, deeming probably the time come when his former court organist had fairly earned a few remaining years of *otium cum dignitate*, assigned to him a home in the imperial Belvedere, where hitherto only princes of the blood had lodged. This is, however, by no means the first signal honor that has been paid Dr. Bruckner; a far greater one was bestowed when, after lecturing for a number of years on harmony and counterpoint, the University of Vienna, in consideration of his eminent qualifications, conferred on him the title of *doc. phil. hon. c.*, a distinction that has been granted to no other musician before or after him. Born in a village of Upper Austria in 1824, he began life as a choirboy, supplementing the cultivation of his voice by the study of the piano, violin, and organ, on the last of which instruments he was destined to become a most proficient performer. His teacher in

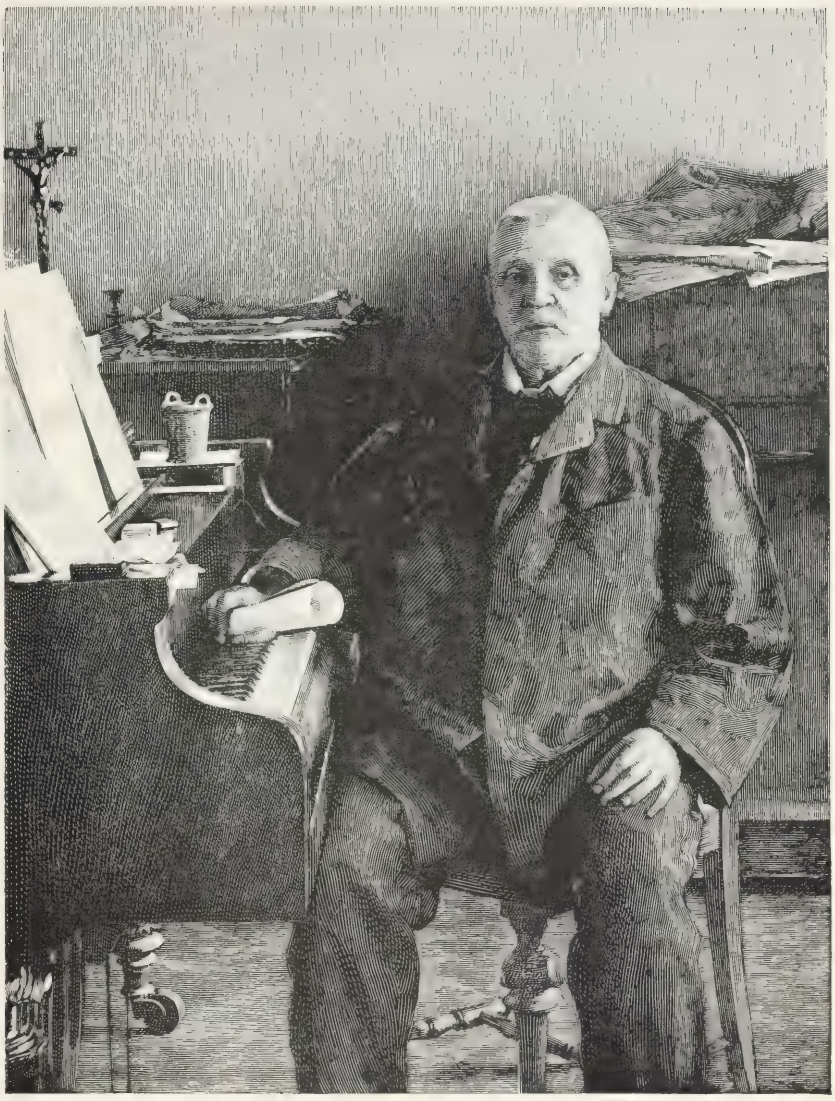


BRAHMS IN HIS STUDY.

harmony and counterpoint was the famous Simon Sechter, from whom he acquired such a store of technical knowledge that among composers he occupies a unique position with regard to the theory of his art. His importance has only begun to be recognized of late years; over in Germany especially his works, which include no less than eight symphonies, three masses, a Te Deum, and a number of smaller church compositions, are being more and more frequently performed. In Vienna, in spite of a very demonstrative and fairly numerous set of followers, recruited mainly from among the neo-Wagnerites, Bruckner's compositions have not been cultivated in a manner that would argue he had gained a very strong hold upon the sympathies of his towns-people. And yet he has written pages which in point of invention, as well as of contrapuntal and instrumental skill, deserve the most unconditional admiration. During the course of every Philharmonic season, Dr. Hans Richter, who, like Richard Wagner before him, is a very outspoken partisan of Bruckner's, performs one of his symphonies, and he is one of those who set great hopes on the ultimate appreciation of what still remains "music of the future." In appearance Professor Bruckner is as original as his talent: a bust that the sculptor Tilgner made of him a few years ago suggests forcibly some of those that have come down to us of the old Roman emperors. His clothes, at all points too large for him, seem to hang upon a figure that not inaptly suggests a top. He has still retained in his movements and gestures all the awkwardness brought with him from his village home and that period when he was still a humble country organist. Thirty years of city life have left but little impression on his outward bearing; just as he came to Vienna, so has he remained. By the side of his ingenuousness and absolute lack of cockneyism there is a strongly developed clerical leaning, to be accounted for by the years spent in Linz, where the protection of the musical bishop, Rudigier, represented the first encouragement he received in his career as composer. Since that time Professor Bruckner has always stood on terms of special intimacy with the Roman Catholic Church, in whose honor no modern musician of note has written so much. His masses have that in common with the great classic models that they offer wellnigh insurmountable difficulties for church choirs as ordinarily equipped, and are hence relegated, like Liszt's, to performances in the concert-hall. As Professor Bruckner is to be counted among the most devoted admirers of Richard Wagner, it is not surprising to notice, especially in his symphonies, the influence the latter has exerted, although lack of originality is not among the reproaches his opponents have brought against him. The gift that seems denied him is a certain power of concentration, the ability *æquam servare mentem.* On all he has written he has impressed the stamp of a powerful individuality, and that, it must be admitted, is one of the chief characteristics of great music.

While of neither Dr. Brahms nor Professor Bruckner can it be said that he owes the first encouragement in his career to Vienna, of a third well-known composer, Herr Carl Goldmark, it may with truth be predicated. A Hungarian by birth, he came to Vienna already in his fourteenth year, and after serving an eight years' apprenticeship as violinist in various smaller theatres, he succeeded, not without considerable difficulty, in gaining a public hearing for his compositions. It was not, however, until later that the real ground-work of his fame was laid by the first performance of his overture to *Sakuntala*, which, in a short time, became as familiar in the concert-halls of America as in those of Europe. In 1875 his first and best opera, *The Queen of Sheba*, was produced, and starting out with an unexpectedly brilliant reception in Vienna, it soon was heard on all the principal stages of Austria and Germany, where, at the present day, it is counted among the few enduringly popular works of the modern repertory. A second opera, *Merlin*, brought out in 1886, though possessing many characteristics of Herr Goldmark's peculiar style—rare melodic beauty, a pulsating passionateness, and glowing orchestral coloring—failed to duplicate the success of the earlier work. Since then he has come forward again as an operatic composer, through a remarkable musical setting of Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*, an immediate success since its production at the Vienna Opera-house. There would seem to be little to appeal to his talent in the homely English tale; it certainly ap-

pears far away from the splendors of King Solomon's or King Arthur's court. Yet the nature of the composer is said, by those who know him best, to be so gentle and sweet that it is not strange that this expression of it lay within his grasp. That his mission as a composer has not come to an end with the three operas named, or by his "Ländliche Hochzeit" symphony, his familiar violin concertos, the piano quintet, and his charming songs, may be gathered from the very remarkable qualities that characterize his more recent contributions to current literature — the overtures "Penthesilea," "Spring," and "Prometheus Bound." Personally Herr Goldmark is of a modest, retiring nature, and though he may not have so extended a circle of friends as others among the *Tonkünstler* of Vienna, yet his associates there and in Gmünden, where he spends the greater part of the year, are devotedly attached to him, and hold him in affectionate esteem not only as a man of rare geniality, but also as one exceptionally intelligent and well informed.



PROFESSOR BRUCKNER AT HOME.

Another composer who, from the beginning of his career, has lived and worked in Vienna, representing in his unobtrusive way one of the characteristic factors of its musical life, is Herr Ignaz Brüll, best known to the world at large as the composer of *The Golden Cross*. Some twenty years ago, long before the noisy success of *Cavalleria Rusticana* was dreamed of, and no short operas were in special favor with either managers or public, Herr Brüll, a comparatively unknown musician, who had attracted a certain amount of attention during the concert tours he had undertaken on his own account, and together with Herr Georg Henschel, presented himself with his pretty, tuneful work, which in the shortest space of time was being sung wherever the German language was current. The pronounced success of this first operatic venture decided Herr Brüll to devote himself entirely to composition, though it must be added that unfortunately none of his later operas, of which he has written half a dozen and more, have found the favorable reception of *The Golden Cross*, with which his name seems destined to be most intimately associated. Apart from his labors as a composer, he devotes a large portion of his time to instruction as professor of the piano, and from time to time during the course of a season he assists in some of the more important chamber-music concerts that are given. As a pianist he is esteemed for his solid, musicianly at-

tainments, while there are few accompanists who are as highly prized as he.

Herr Brüll is not the only Viennese composer who has had the unenviable experience of never quite repeating an introductory success. Two others, Professor Robert Fuchs and Herr Hermann Grädener, have each contributed to the world's musical literature a work that speedily acquired an international reputation; the former a Serenade, the latter a Capriccio, which during the past fifteen years have been heard everywhere, and invariably with pleasure. Both men have written a great deal besides, which, however, in spite of solid workmanship, has failed to elicit more than passing notice. For twenty years Professor Fuchs has taught harmony and counterpoint at the Conservatory, and is generally regarded as one of the first in this special branch of instruction. Herr Grädener, who is attached to the same institution, has given repeated proofs of his ability, both as conductor and choir-master. Indeed, as often as the frequently mooted question of another orchestra for Vienna than that of the Opera-house has arisen in late years, the name of Herr Hermann Grädener as *Kapellmeister* has been mentioned in connection therewith.

The most essentially Viennese among the composers, inasmuch as he was both born and bred in the imperial city and has passed his entire life there, is Herr Adalbert von Goldschmidt, who attracted no small share of public attention when, several years ago, he produced his somewhat sensational dramatic cantata, *The Seven Deadly Sins*. Since then his productiveness has been more or less intermittent; though recently a new impulse has been imparted thereto by the appreciation his compositions, and especially his songs, have gained in Germany and France.

Among the younger men of promise, who only of late years have come to the fore, must be reckoned Eduard Schütt, Ludwig Schytte, and Hugo Wolf. The former two, through the similarity in their names, are being continually mistaken one for the other, though their respective styles are as little allied as their nationalities, Herr Schütt being a Russian, and Herr Schytte a Dane. They have, however, in common that they both write principally for the piano. Both have composed concertos for that instrument, which, in the present dearth of valuable music of this class, have been gratefully performed by those pianists who do not happen themselves to be productive. Herr Hugo Wolf, although as yet hardly more than a local celebrity in his special province of song-composition, has for some time held the attention of the more serious musicians, and among the younger men of to-day he is one of the few who would seem to justify the high hopes set on his future.

And now, to turn to the *genre* of lighter music, we find, in a position entirely exceptional and unique, the renowned "waltz-king," Herr Johann Strauss, in whom every Viennese takes an affectionate pride, and whose fame, beginning half a century ago, is indissolubly linked to that city past which his dearly beloved "Beautiful Blue Danube" flows. A year ago, on the occasion of his golden jubilee, his career and achievements, his habits and personality, his home and his manner of life, were topics discussed by every one; for there are few among the elect of the tone world who are more familiar through their works to the entire civilized globe. Herr Johann Strauss, the gifted son of a gifted father, has created a school of his own; and of the many who have come after him no one has been able to oust him from that throne to which he has been raised, not only by the general public, but also by that most critical of all guilds, the musical. He can boast the friendship of the greatest among his *confrères*, who, with unprecedented unanimity, have sung the praises of his cheerful strains. He furthermore is blest with a superfluity of this world's goods, a comfortable state of affairs he owes entirely to his own efforts; so that he can experience not only the proud satisfaction of having been *suæ fortunæ faber*, but also the realization that few of his colleagues envy him his good fortune. It is evident Herr Strauss has many reasons for being as happy as his days are long. His life has been one of incessant work, and the fertility of his talent, within the narrow limits of a special style, may well be set down as surprising. The step he took, some twenty-five years ago, from the ballroom to the playhouse, was one that from the start was crowned with the most flattering results. As he had previously succeeded in writing the most popular dance tunes, so

has he given to Austria and Germany its favorite operettas. His one attempt of a more ambitious nature, *Ritter Pasman*, which is to his muse what *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* was to Offenbach's, will, according to present indications, remain his sole incursion into the realm of serious music. Not a few regret that its career was so short-lived, for, in spite of a dull libretto, it contained various charming bits, notably a ballet-suite, than which Délibes has written nothing more felicitous. Indeed, so exquisite was this terpsichorean interlude found to be that powerful persuasion was brought to bear to induce the veteran master to compose an entire "dance poem." But he preferred to return to his former loves; and for a time he wrote only an occasional waltz in the intervals of labor on his newest operettas. The latest of them, *Waldmeister*, was last season finished and produced with enormous local and other success, and is the fourteenth from his pen. Like Brahms, with whom he is on terms of cordial intimacy, Herr Johann Strauss is a familiar figure in Ischl, where he has spent many summers, and where his house is accounted one of the most attractive among the hospitable villas there.

His only possible rival in the field of operetta, Franz von Suppé, died last spring after a prosperous and lengthy career, and there is no one else left to represent conspicuously the Viennese school of comic music, which twenty years ago could well match itself with the merriest tunefulness of Paris, save Herr Millöcker, who in some of his works has been fortunate almost to a point beyond his deserts. Millöcker's *Bettelstudent*, though by no means the best of his operettas, has had hundreds of representations, and has been sung in a dozen different tongues. For over twenty-five years he has been attached to the Theater an der Wien as conductor, and the routine that distinguishes his scores may be traced to the experience there gained. His music is not only tuneful, but reflective of the Viennese character, and his popularity may in a great measure be attributed to this fact. His pen has by no means grown weary as time has run on; an operetta every year is his regular contribution to the season's entertainment, and the least successful of these always pays the trouble and expense of production. His muse may not take the highest flights, but is none the less equal to that which the composer has made his specialty, and for which he finds a ready home market.

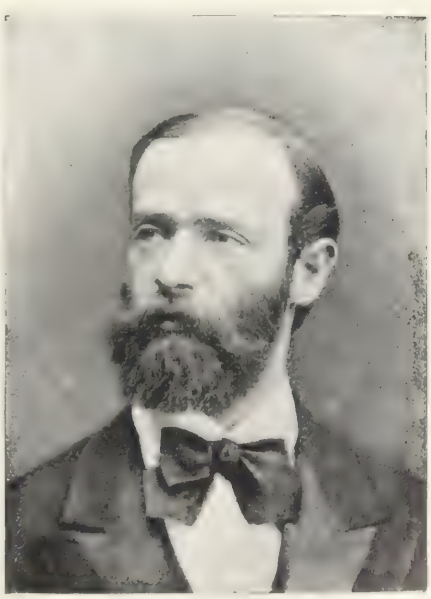
Lucky in so many ways, Herr Johann Strauss is to be congratulated on the good fortune that gave him so devoted a brother as Edward, the *Hofballmusikdirector*, who has for many years conducted his dances, and who, besides, has in his own compositions attested what is popularly considered the sincerest form of flattery. At his popular concerts, which occur every Sunday afternoon, and are the



CARL GOLDMARK.



CARL MILLÖCKER.



PROFESSOR IGNAZ BRÜLL.

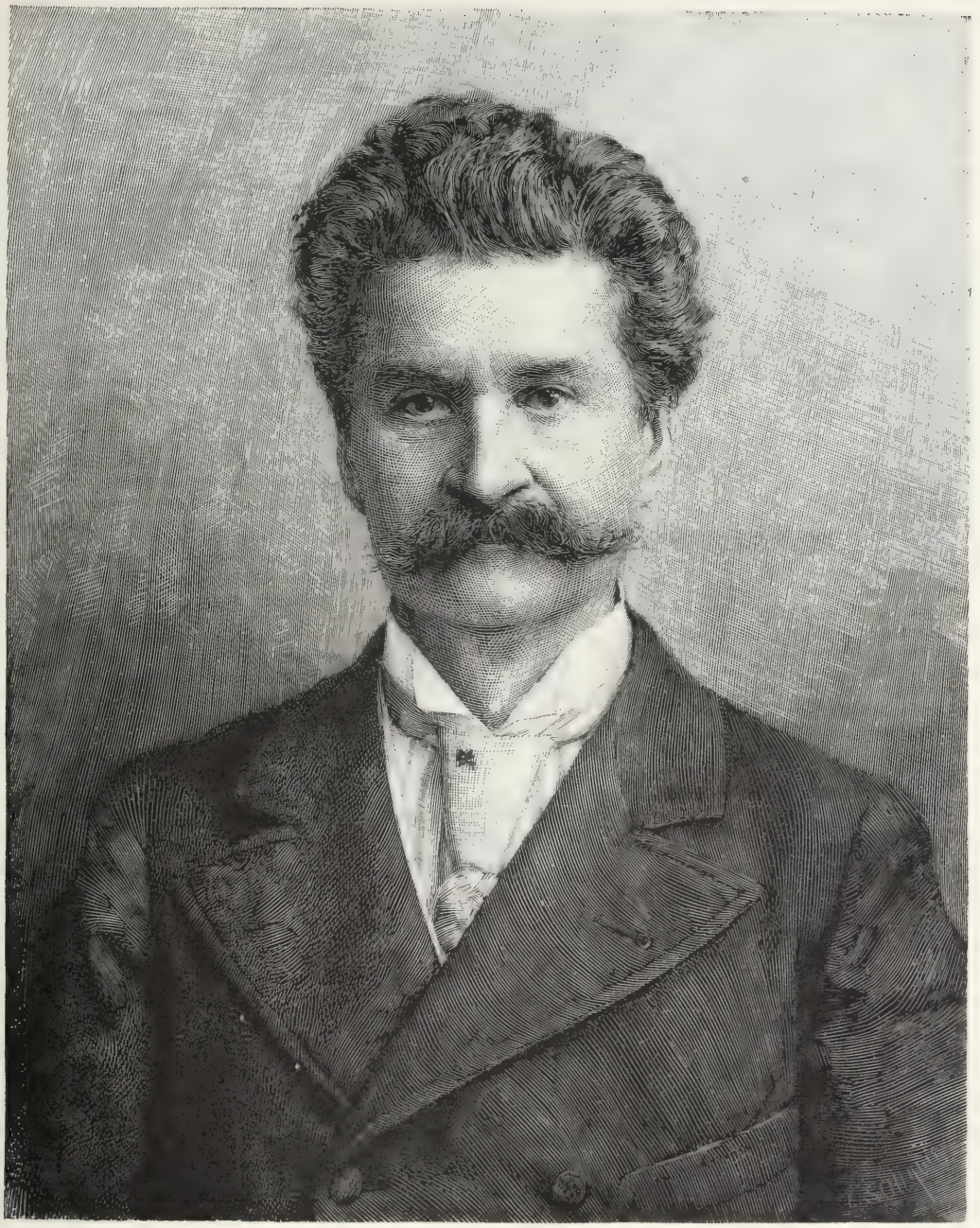
delight of the Vienna *bourgeoisie*, as well as of the numerous travellers who are at a loss what to do with their time, the name of Strauss naturally appears oftenest on the programmes, and whether it be prefaced with Johann, Josef, or Eduard, it means an orchestral number that is sure to be applauded to the echo.

As much may be said for Herr Josef Bayer, who has become a kind of self-appointed purveyor of ballet music to the Imperial Opera-house. His *Wiener Walzer* and *Puppenfee* fairly revolutionized public taste, and though all that followed marked a decided falling off, such is his hold that he still reigns supreme.

By the side of those who, through their contributions to musical literature, tried to make of Vienna an important tone centre, are the musicians whose mission in life is one of interpretation—the conductors, the teachers, the virtuosi, and the critics.

If, in the eyes of the musical world, any other man besides Dr. Johannes Brahms may, by the mere fact of his residence, be said to add peculiar lustre to the Austrian capital, that man assuredly is Dr. Hans Richter, who for twenty years, in his triple capacity of conductor at the opera, at the court chapel, and of the Philharmonic concerts, has valiantly labored to uphold the reputation which his orchestra enjoys of being the best equipped body of musicians in the world. As the chosen disciple of Richard Wagner, and as the conductor of the initial Nibelungen performances in 1876, he became famous at an early stage of his career. His subsequent activity in Vienna, his frequent visits to England, and his occasional appearances in the various Continental cities have all confirmed the predictions of his illustrious master. At present in the maturity of his powers, his commensurate fame dates back to a time anterior to the new "virtuoso school" of conducting. Wagner's advent on the musical horizon meant the dawn of the *Kapellmeister's* day. Since then this functionary has played a rôle never allotted to him before; so much so, indeed, that one might almost feel inclined to find a grain of truth in the malicious remark of a certain musical conductor: "There is nowadays no town to be found in Germany without its renowned conductor." New reputations are continually being founded and heralded forth, and yet a conductor who combines so many excellences in one person as Dr. Hans Richter has yet to be discovered. The trite phrase of "playing upon an orchestra as upon an instrument" may be rejuvenated to fit his case. If any one characteristic had specially to be selected for admiration in his interpretations of the classic masterpieces, it would be their eminently healthy quality. Far from being exclusively Wagnerian in his tendencies, his sympathies extend over a wide range of musical literature. His memory is wellnigh prodigious, and is only equalled by his intimate acquaintance with practically everything that comes within the domain of his art. His duties as *Hofkapellmeister* take him nearly every Sunday and feast-day in the year to the court chapel, where, in his ninth year, he began his musical studies as a choir-boy, and where the first promise of his subsequent eminence was shadowed forth. How popular Dr. Richter is was plainly seen two years ago, when the danger was imminent of his accepting Boston's tempting offer to assume the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra, and the realization was brought home to the Viennese that his departure would mean an irreparable loss. In England feelings of affection and esteem enter into the admiration with which he is regarded; indeed, he is considered by the country at large in the light of a tutelary divinity of music.

Associated with Dr. Richter at the Vienna Opera-house is Herr Director Wilhelm Jahn, one of the most conspicuous among the older *Kapellmeister*, and at the same time as experienced and capable a manager as ever had the fortunes of a large playhouse intrusted to his care. Admittedly "the right man in the right place," he has given frequent proof of his entire familiarity with the minutiæ of stage-management, quite as much as of his administrative faculty and his rare musical ability. Every opera-goer of Vienna is gratefully aware that whatever new work is brought out under this director's protecting wing is sure to have been carefully and thoroughly prepared. To his efforts is due, primarily, the popularity achieved in the Austrian capital by Massenet's *Manon* and *Werther*, and though he has appeared but seldom at the conductor's desk of late, it cannot be because he is not made to know how wel-



JOHANN STRAUSS.

come his presence there is at all times. Since the erection of the new Opera-house, which celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary last spring, no director has held the reins of management for so long a period as Herr Wilhelm Jahn, and that this of itself is no small strategic feat will be admitted by all who happen to be fairly familiar with the cabals and intrigues behind the scenes of one of the world's greatest art institutions.

If men like Richter and Jahn excel in the quality of their work, they cannot, despite their most strenuous efforts, hope to compete in the matter of quantity with Herr Johann Nepomuk Fuchs, their colleague at the Opera-house, and simultaneously Director of the Conservatory. It is a subject of general comment that such capacity for unremitting labor as Herr Fuchs's has seldom been bestowed on one man, and yet the more work he is called upon to accomplish, the more he appears to be equal to. He has proved himself a musician of discrimination and nice feeling by the manner in which he arranged several operas by Händel, Gluck, and Schubert for the requirements of the modern stage, while, since his installation as Director of the Conservatory, he has reformed many abuses that had crept in during the long *régime* of Hellmesberger.



PROFESSOR LESCHETIZKY.



PROFESSOR ARNOLD ROSÉ.



WILHELM GERICKE.

Until a few months ago the conductor of the *Gesellschaft's* concerts, which are devoted almost exclusively to the interpretation of choral works, was Herr Wilhelm Gericke, who, through his honorable connection with the Boston Symphony Society, which he was the first to raise to the distinction it has attained, is well known in America. After the term of his contract with Mr. Higginson had expired, he reluctantly refused to renew it on account of ill health, and returned to Vienna, where, previously, the greater part of his life had been spent. An effort was made at once to secure Herr Gericke for the conductorship of the *Gesellschaft's* concerts, a position he had formerly held. But it was not until two years later, after he had fully recovered from the effects of his arduous American labors, that he consented to accept the offer. How untenable, however, the post is, by reason of the many conflicting interests in so large a body of ambitious amateurs, may be gathered from the fact that his predecessors, men like Brahms, Rubinstein, and Richter, were willing to remain in office for a far shorter time even than he, who, after an experience first of four years and then of five, finally handed in his resignation at the end of last season. His departure could not but be regarded with regret and misgiving, for his sterling qualities are well known and valued at their worth. Since he left America several attempts have been made to tempt him back to Boston, where his many friends hold him in loving remembrance, and it does not seem altogether unlikely that sooner or later he may be induced to try his fortunes once more on that side of the Atlantic.

That unreliable body of water is in the mean while crossed every year by a large contingent of ambitious young pianists, whom the fame of Professor Theodore Leschetizky indirectly in the first place, and the affluent successes of his brilliant pupil Paderewski in the second place, attract to Vienna. Since the death of Dr. Franz Liszt there has been no such instructor before the pianistic world as the brilliant Pole, whose career as a virtuoso represents an unbroken record of triumphs. He belongs to the school of pianists that included such men as Rubinstein, Henselt, and Dreyschock, with all of whom he was associated as professor for many years at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Nearly twenty-five years ago he settled in Vienna, where the greater part of his time has been devoted to instruction. Beyond dispute the most sought after piano-teacher, it is only the genuinely talented among the many applicants for lessons who, after a preparatory course under one of the numerous coaches, are accepted officially as pupils. According to the reports of these, no one could be more severe as a teacher, and many is the tale of bitter discouragement that has to be passed

through. But the value of the instruction itself is best proved by the fact that there was never a Leschetizky pupil who has not achieved something after graduating from his classes. "*Er kann etwas*," as the German expression goes, while the most talented have risen to the distinction of an Essipoff or a Paderewski. In every-day intercourse Professor Leschetizky is an exceptionally agreeable, indeed it is not too much to say fascinating man. Now that the scintillant *causeur* Liszt is no more, it is doubtful if there is to be found in all the musical world an artist with more *esprit* or a more captivating conversationalist. He has retained his youthful elasticity to a wonderful extent, while his interests reach far beyond the sphere of his special usefulness. If he were minded to publish his memoirs, the world would certainly be the richer for a book of more than passing interest.

When Professor Leschetizky first settled in Vienna he became one of the founders of the *Tonkünstler Verein*, a musical club started partly for the purpose of social intercourse, and also with the laudable intention of performing, on regular evenings set apart therefor, new manuscript compositions. It was to open out a field for all to whom the public concert-rooms or the presses of publishing houses were closed, so that they might gain a hearing and become known. While this programme has not been strictly adhered to, inasmuch as the *homo ignotus* has had to make way at the social gatherings for well-accredited celebrities, the *Tonkünstler Verein* continues to the present day, and among its most active members is Professor Julius Epstein, who, in his capacity as the first piano-teacher at the Conservatory, occupies a position on quite the same plane as Professor Leschetizky in his more independent sphere. In former years an artist whose interpretations of the classics were regarded as authoritative, Professor Epstein has of late devoted himself exclusively to instruction, and those who are in the best position to judge declare there is not a teacher in Europe more thorough, more careful, or more imbued with the traditions of what is highest in music.

The Nestor among the Viennese violinists is Professor Grün, who, although concert-master of the Philharmonic orchestra, has distinguished himself more through his proficiency as a pedagogue than as a solo-performer. The number of his pupils who have gone forth from the Conservatory and made a mark in their profession speaks well for the quality of instruction he imparts. More than one of the better violinists in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, not to mention the Philharmonic here, owe all they know to Professor Grün.

Another teacher who is much sought after is Fräulein Marianne Brandt. After her last American engagement she retired from the stage and settled in her native city, devoting herself to vocal instruction, especially with a view of preparing young songstresses for the stage. To judge by the success that has crowned her efforts thus far, it would seem as if Fräulein Brandt were destined to fill the gap that was left when Madame Marchesi exchanged Vienna for Paris as a place of residence.

Among the prosperous musical bodies the well-known Rosé Quartet takes high rank. It is composed of the *chef d'attaque* of the opera, Herr Arnold Rosé, and three of his ablest colleagues. Coexistent is the Hellmesberger Quartet, and not without cause these two enjoy the reputation of furnishing the best chamber music that is made by resident performers. The former, which is specially beloved of the Viennese, was organized comparatively a few years ago, but its reputation is already firmly established. The quality which Herr Rosé—who, be it added, has lately become professor at the Conservatory—has above all impressed on his playing, as also that of his associates, is utmost precision and finish combined with rare beauty of tone. The Hellmesberger Quartet, on the other hand, can look back on a longer past, the glory of which was so effulgent that it is made to project its rays over the achievements of to-day. The founder, Herr Josef Hellmesberger, Sen., who died quite recently, was as typical a character in the history of Vienna as can be found in the long list of men who have contributed to the glory and renown of their native city. Gifted with a ready wit and a sharp tongue, he will go down to posterity quite as much through his innumerable *bons mots* as through his remarkable qualities as a musician. Those who remember his quartet-playing in his prime contrast it fa-

vorably with Joachim's, while the signal service he rendered the orchestra of the opera-house as concert-master is still gratefully remembered by the conductors under whom he served. For he was one who not only could be relied upon to play his part masterfully, but who likewise was ready to bring timely aid to the singers on the stage at the critical moments when their memory happened to fail. As numerous as are the anecdotes of his nimble humor, quite as many are the tales of his musical alertness, none of which more aptly illustrates this particular faculty than the story of how on one occasion—this time with the conductor's *bâton* in his hand—he called out to an inattentive double-bass: "Mr. X., I see from the position of your fingers that you are about to strike B. The correct note is B flat." For many years the Director of the Conservatory, his name is indissolubly linked with that of the institution which owes much of its fame to his labors. Eight years ago his eldest son took his place in the quartet, where, together with a younger brother who is a violoncellist, he has continued until the present day. Inheriting much of his father's musical talent, Herr Josef Hellmesberger, Jun., or "Pepi" as he is nicknamed, has followed in his footsteps at the opera and Conservatory.

A lengthy list might be drawn up of the artists whom the terms of their engagement make residents of Vienna, and yet they are sufficiently birds of passage not to be counted among the musical notabilities of the town. Two in the large confraternity of *virtuosi* have, however, their permanent abode there—both heroes of the key-board, and both well known as such the world over. One is Herr Alfred Grünfeld, the other Herr Moriz Rosenthal, the former of whom may, without arrogance, style himself the pianist *par excellence* of Viennese society, while the latter must be accepted as the constant criterion by which the digital proficiency of his many rivals is measured. Herr Grünfeld, though at one time a classical pianist of no mean attainments, has grown to be regarded as the high-priest of that peculiar form of composition known as "*Salon-Musik*," while Herr Rosenthal, though his ambition and his achievements take higher flights, cannot escape from his reputation as a technical prodigy.

It would seem almost in the nature of an oversight, in connection with the above musicians, and indeed with all who have visited Vienna during the past forty years, not to mention Herr Ludwig Bösendorfer, the well-known piano-manufacturer, the friend of Liszt and Rubinstein, and the best-beloved man in his profession. His unfailing kindness and open-handed generosity have endeared him to all who have come in contact with him, and while even the most distinguished who have passed away have been replaced, it seems difficult to think of the musical life of Vienna without the genial presence of Herr Bösendorfer.

Last, though not least, mention must be made of Professor Edward Hanslick, who by reason of his life-long antagonism to the advanced theories of Wagner, has made his name more famous in the outside world than by those critical writings which he has published for the past half-century. Unquestionably the first musical authority in Vienna, however much his opinions may be assailed by those whom he fails to praise, or who merely disagree with him without being further affected by his dissentient views, his *dicta*, as expressed in the *feuilletons* of the *Neue Freie Presse*, carry an incalculable weight. Against the Wagnerian works the barbed shafts of his trenchant wit have, to be sure, availed naught; nevertheless, his word is sufficiently mighty to have rendered impossible in Vienna, for the time being, certain lesser composers who have failed to meet with favor in his critical eyes. Not undeservedly does he enjoy his exceptional position as a writer, for he possesses that highest qualification, a thoroughly delightful style. In addition to a rare power of expressing himself with absolute clearness, he has the faculty of giving with words a graphic description of the music or artist he happens to discuss. His sense of humor is furthermore keen, and he knows how to turn it to account with the least apparent effort. After a far lengthier career than most *littérateurs* and journalists can look back upon, he still writes with the freshness and spontaneity of his best days, and though his *feuilletons* may have grown somewhat rarer of late, they have, if possible, improved rather than fallen off in quality. His most important work still remains the essay *Vom Musikalisch Schönen*, which has been translated into half a dozen foreign languages, while

the remainder of his writings refer almost exclusively to the doings on the operatic and concert stages of Vienna. A life-long friend and admirer of Dr. Johannes Brahms, he has wielded his pen unremittingly in his praise, and if the Hamburg master is not yet beloved and understood of the people, it is not for lack of a devoted squire, ever ready to enter the lists and do battle to prove his uncompromising attachment. With increasing years Professor Hanslick has been seen less and less at the various musical entertainments which, in the height of the season, claim the critic's attention evening after evening, so that now it has come to be looked upon as a special compliment if he comes to one of the less important concerts. His professorship at the university he abandoned a year ago.

In glancing over the names of the distinguished musicians congregated in Vienna, the reflection forces itself upon one that no mere fortuitous chance has assembled them here together. Given their combined efforts, all working with one common end in view, all serving one mistress, to whose greater glory they have devoted their existence, small wonder does it seem that the Austrian capital looks to their ministrations for the safekeeping of her ancient musical renown, and that she is still justified in regarding herself as an important centre from which emanate instruction and example alike. The spirit of former days has not departed from that large body that constitutes the musical element of her society. The conditions may not at all times and in all matters be ideal, yet they suffice to preserve undiminished Vienna's fame as the most musical city in the world.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in a fragment of autobiography quoted by Mr. James T. Morse, Jun., in his *Life and Letters*, says: "Ever since I paid ten cents for a peep through the telescope on the Common, and saw the transit of Venus, my whole idea of the creation has been singularly changed. The planet I beheld was not much less in size than the one on which we live. If I had been looking on this planet from outside its orbit, instead of looking on Venus, I should have seen nearly the same sight as that for which I was paying my dime. Is this little globule no bigger than a marble the Earth on which I live, with all its oceans and continents, with all its mountains and forests, with all its tornadoes and volcanoes, its mighty cities, its myriads of inhabitants? I have never got over the shock, as it were, of my discovery. There are some things we believe, but do not know; there are others that we know, but, in our habitual state of mind, hardly believe. I knew something of the relative size of the planets. I had seen Venus. The Earth on which I live has never been the same to me since that time. All my human sentiments, all my religious beliefs, all my conception of my relation in space for fractional rights in the universe, seemed to have undergone a change."

We have always been trying to orient ourselves with regard to our little wandering dwelling, but until recently we have made little attempt to find ourselves in relation to the universe. We have speculated and wondered about it, and the main result has been to give us an exaggerated idea of our own importance, actually, and relatively to our own Creator. The notion once prevailed that the rest of the universe was made for us, that the Earth was the special triumph and favorite of the Maker, the spot for which His laws were made, and upon which His anxieties centred, and that the particular form of life, or of evolution, upon which superlative wisdom was expended, and the nearest to perfection attained, was the thing called Man. I suppose that, if the truth could be known, it would appear that this little world of ours is the most conceited of all worlds, and that of all intelligent forms that matter has assumed, Man is the least finished and the most

provincial. I believe that if science were to put us into communicable relations with the other worlds, the first question we would ask is that which Americans put to foreigners—"Well, what do you think of our country?" We have arrogated to ourselves the front rank in the universe, and the first place in the estimation and solicitude of the Creator. We are made in His image, we say—in form how like a god! We would go to war with Mars, or any other place—our Senate and House of Representatives would in a minute—if any non-Earthy person expressed a doubt that Woman, as developed on the lines laid down in Eden, was the final flower and perfection of possible creation. And as to our world being the best and most highly developed, a sort of advance-agent of universal civilization, a model for others to work up to, there could be but one opinion about that. Travel sometimes takes down our personal conceit by enlarging our horizon. The little excursion on the Boston Common that the inquisitive doctor of medicine and of letters took, by aid of the telescope, modified his world-conceit, though he died in the humorous belief that the Common is the centre of the visible universe. The thought that there are other worlds, and worlds inhabited by intelligent beings, never has disturbed our equanimity or our vanity. It would be otherwise if we believed that they were our superiors in form, in ability, in vested interests in the whole creation. Evidently the "shock" which for a time affected Dr. Holmes as to his rights in the universe came from the broader conception of the variety in creation, the possibility of superior orders and states to which even our imagination has not reached, and the consequent relegation of ourselves to the relative insignificance of gnats in the summer air. But whatever the effect upon our conceit or our beliefs may be in the broadening of our knowledge of stellar and planetary existences, it is certain that science of late years has immensely increased our intelligent curiosity about the composition and the condition of the worlds inquired of by the telescope and the spectroscope—though it must be confessed that our little and fragmentary knowledge has led us into much vague and futile speculation, into false expectations of the extent to which our knowledge can go.

II.

We have come recently into very neighborly relations with Mars, the planet coursing round the sun next outside our orbit. We have ascertained his comparative age, his size, his weight, his common habits as a planet, his climates, we have given him a geography, mapped out his surface, and supplied every portion of him with names, un-Earthy and undescriptive, and, in short, done everything that enterprising speculators could do except to stake him out in quarter sections for pre-emption. We talk about his seas, his continents, his islands, his capes, his rivers, his canals, his oases, his deserts, his hills and valleys, his climatic zones. When I say we, of course I mean the astronomers, Schiaparelli, Flammarion, and others, and especially Mr. Percival Lowell, who has long been, with other assistants, keeping eyes upon Mars, at Flagstaff, also a place recently discovered, and has had his observations on *Mars* published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., with excellent maps of this planet, which I have studied with an intense desire to make them as intelligible to me as those the old geographers made of Central Africa. What actually do we know of Mars? Mr. Lowell, I am compelled to say, confines himself strictly to what he can see, or logically deduce from known principles, throwing upon his readers the burden of peopling this planet, and bringing themselves into sympathetic relations with it. Mr. Lowell's volume is exceedingly interesting in its detail of the processes by which he reaches his conclusions, and confidence in these is the reader's basis of belief in the facts found. We can here only deal with results. What, then, do we actually know about Mars? Is its physical condition such as to render it habitable, in our meaning of the word, and are there any signs of its habitation?

Mars and the Earth have something in common. The orbit of each round the Sun is an ellipse; Mars takes 686.98 of our days to complete his circuit; the Earth, 365.26 to complete hers. They revolve on their axes in about the same time—Mars in 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22.7 seconds; the Earth in 23 hours, 56 minutes. The Martian day is about forty minutes longer than ours. In Mars the tilt of the planet's axis to the plane of its orbit is about 25°; that of the Earth, 23° 24′. As this inclination determines the seasons, we see

that Mars has the four seasons not unlike ours. But there is a difference. The slight difference in tilt would accentuate the seasons, but the greater eccentricity of the orbit of Mars increases the difference in the length of the seasons compared to ours, and there is a very marked difference in temperature in the northern and southern hemispheres of Mars. The nearest approach of Mars to the Sun is 129,500,000 miles; his mean distance, 141,500,000 miles; his greatest distance, 154,500,000. Our mean distance from the sun is about 93,000,000 miles. The nearest approach of the two planets to each other is 35,050,000 miles.

Both planets are nearly spherical, but Mars is a little flatter at the poles than the Earth. The diameter of Mars is 4215 miles—about half that of the earth; this makes his surface a little more than a quarter that of the Earth, and his volume about one-seventh of hers. The mass of Mars is determined by the pull of his satellites, of which he has two, Deimos, about 10 miles in diameter, distant 14,600 miles from the planet's centre, and revolving round it in 30 hours and 18 minutes, and Phobos, about 36 miles in diameter, distant 5800 miles, and making the circuit in 7 hours, 39 minutes. As Phobos goes round the planet faster than the planet turns on itself, he presents the appearance of rising in the west and setting in the east, which must be a relief to the inhabitants. The mass of Mars is ten ninety-fourths that of the Earth; his volume is ten one-hundredths that of the Earth. The force of gravity, therefore, at the surface of Mars is thirty-eight one-hundredths that of the Earth, and a man weighing 150 pounds here, would weigh only 58 pounds there.

It is proved that Mars has an atmosphere; but it is thin—at its surface probably half the density of the atmosphere of the Earth at the height of the Himalayas. In quality (gaseous composition) it is not unlike that of the Earth, for each planet has about the same pull on gases that would escape; there is no free hydrogen in the Earth's atmosphere, nor probably in that of Mars. But Mars has nothing of what we call "weather"; it is a serene world. Its surface is generally flat, the gradients not rising to any mountain heights. If storms occur, they must be mild. There can be little rain, hail, or snow, and even on the great continental deserts the movement of the rarefied air must be slight. Dew or frost must be the common precipitation on Mars; the polar snow-cap or ice-cap is not formed by falling snow, but by successive deposits of dew. Water would boil at about 127° Fahrenheit. Practically there are no clouds on Mars; at most, occasionally spots of thin vapor that speedily disappear. There is no difficulty in observing Mars on account of this sort of obscuration; the difficulty is in our own atmosphere, and mainly in its lack of steadiness. Notwithstanding the distance of Mars from the Sun and its thin atmosphere, its climate appears to be very mild, its mean temperature above that of the Earth. Its air is not too thin to sustain intelligent life, and altogether it seems to be an attractive place of residence; that is to say, for the sort of beings that like that sort of habitat. It might not suit Man, but that is no reason for saying that it is not better than he deserves or can appreciate.

The polar-cap of snow or ice on Mars lessens very much in the summer, and in some years disappears entirely. The observer at Flagstaff has seen, therefore, what we have not yet seen on the Earth, an open polar sea. But how much of a sea is it, in depth? It is confessed that the great want on Mars, from our point of view, is water. There is no rain, no great evaporation, there are no rivers, and what were once supposed to be seas or oceans are probably deserts. So far as it now appears, the only water of the planet comes from the annual melting of the polar snows, the water spreading in an inundation over the surface, which would be sterile without it. That is to say, Mars lives wholly by irrigation. This idea received confirmation by the startling discovery years ago of canals, which cover more than the surface of the temperate zone, running in all directions, but with mathematical regularity, crossing the great deserts—the continents so called—intersecting with predetermined accuracy, sometimes three or four meeting in one spot, and forming what seem to be oases of verdure. The largest of these canals observed is 3500 miles in length. The perfect regularity with which they traverse all inequalities of surface, the uniformity of breadth of each, and their general mathematical character prove that they are artificial. The

latest observation shows some of these canals to be double, flowing side by side with undeviating straightness of parallel lines, and according to a system. But observations at Flagstaff, and perhaps elsewhere, have modified the conception of these canals. It is impossible, in a few paragraphs, to give either Mr. Lowell's observations or his arguments and proofs, but the same patient study that convinces us that the so-called seas are deserts, or at least land, seems to demonstrate that the canals, which have an average breadth of about thirty miles, and run on the arcs of great circles, are really strips of verdure, through which runs a slender stream of water that cannot be seen. The canals, or these strips, visible when the snow melts, change color, grow darker, and finally fade into invisibility, following the process of green, ripening, and decaying vegetation.

It is impossible to pursue these details here. It would be interesting to know something of the age of Mars, in order that we might draw some analogies in regard to our comparative age in our planetary system. Mars may have been created at about the time of our birth, but owing to his smaller size, and for other reasons inducing quicker cooling off, he has lived faster than we, developed more completely, is actually much older, and may be in his decadence. His life, if animal and vegetable life he has, is more highly developed than ours, and probably on wholly different lines. But he has not yet, by any means, got to the stage of our Moon, which has no atmosphere, and is as dead as a burned-out cinder. Nothing takes place on the Moon, whereas on Mars changes are constantly observed. It is alive, and not a mere sentimental and vacant object like the Moon, with no sign of that hopeful renewal which we have been taught to expect in all matter. Not only are the changes observed on Mars indicative of life, but of recurring life; they are, like those on the Earth, "seasonable." Mars, as a planet, may be in its dotage, its shallow oceans dried up, and its organic life dependent upon the condensation and thawing of the polar snows, but, if we do not discredit the reports from Flagstaff, the inhabitants are making a fight for existence which shows that they have attained a high development in the scale of being, and may have got rid of politics altogether. In fact, it is suggested that such a vast and regular system of irrigation, extending over the whole surface, would be inconsistent with hostile divisions into nations, with war, or even with "local option," or the fluctuations of popular suffrage.

III.

It must be frankly admitted that the still limited study of the conditions on Mars leads to the belief that if it has inhabitants they do not resemble those on the Earth. They probably differ in form, size, and chemical composition; the bodies may contain silica, which would alter the whole character, and give the beings what our own so often need—sand. But this is an idle suggestion. Indeed, all the speculations of this sort are vain. The notion prevalent that Mars would be a grand place for bicycling, on account of its flatness and freedom from steep hills, and also on account of the ease with which bodies would move, owing to the decreased weight, is a misconception. The beings are probably not so constructed that they could ride a bicycle, or even a tricycle, the weight of which would be no objection to it. The forms may be in the shape of a single wheel, able to roll easily anywhere, or in that of a sphere, or of a cigar. Taking our stand on evolution, we cannot tell which of the primal existences may have developed into headship—beast, fish, or bird. The Martian lord of creation may have wings, he may be a gigantic insect, or a noble sort of eagle. If he has a form something like our form, the inference is that he is of enormous size, say eighteen or twenty feet high, simply because his slight weight would permit it; though why he should wish to lose the advantage of his lightness by taking on great size is not evident. It would be safe, in our minds, to give him wings, since the pull of gravity is so little, but for the fact that the thin atmosphere of Mars is not so good for sustaining flying things as ours. Still, the atmosphere is serene, and any body, of reasonable weight, the shape of a devil's darning-needle, could get about in it swiftly and safely.

If we incline to the opinion that beings on Mars are of enormous size, we are met with practical difficulties, exactly as we should be on the Earth, where we have more room. Suppose our members of the

House of Representatives were hippopotamuses—that is, amphibious, or, as we say, double-standard—and had to be accommodated with tanks; or the Senators were elephants, and all of them endowed with the power of trumpeting, which only some of them now are? We should be obliged to enlarge immensely the chambers of the Capitol. There is not standing-room in the Senate-Chamber for more than a dozen elephants, nor sofa-room in the smoking-apartments for so many. The mere statement of the proposition shows its absurdity, if we adopt the idea that Mars has the best government in the worlds.

For myself, looking at the matter from the Arizonian point of view, and accepting the theory of the very advanced development of life on Mars, I incline to the opinion that the civilization has become refined instead of gross, and that the Martian, if he exists, is not a gigantic form of any sort, but a delicate and *petite* and highly organized creature, even in his bodily constituents, and that he is more spiritualized than even we are. He may, indeed, have four dimensions instead of three, and instead of five senses a dozen, and among them common-sense. He may be able to see himself as others see him. All his conditions are probably totally different from ours. Our vices may be his virtues—but we trust not; or he may be without more morals, or even conscience, than a tree. In a world where water is evidently scarce, he may be under a prohibitory law forbidding him to drink water. These are, of course, wholly idle speculations. Mr. Lowell does not indulge in them. If we could look through his telescope we should probably be more impressed than we now are with the diversity of creation, and take on a little humanity.

IV.

No doubt it would aid us in the management of our little planet if we could look into the other worlds and profit by their experience. We know enough to shrewdly guess already that they are in various stages of development and decay. In one and another, as they are at present, we could see every period of our own growth as a world, from the azoic in the archæan, down through the silurian, the devonian, the cretaceous in the mesozoic, to the eocene and pliocene in the cainozoic, and on to the pleistocene in the present quaternary, which imperceptibly glided into the recent period, in which Man comes on the scene with all the airs and graces of possession, as if he had always been here. This would be a great comfort, to witness a world in its several stages of formation, and to see all the procession of clams and crawling things which ushered in Man, who walks upright and votes—or thinks he votes. If the telescope could show us one world in the nebulous state, another in the chaotic, another when life began with vegetable growth, and another when it begun to be filled with saurians and other monsters, it would satisfy our scientific spirit, but it would steady and sadden us also to look upon the worlds which have lived their life and died. The inert, silver-shining Moon, on nothing but a silver basis, so far as we can see, is a standing warning to us. To that state of sterile hardness the Earth is evidently going. But to think of this is to borrow trouble. What should be of real service would be to find a world which is about in our own period, and see how its affairs are managed—that is, a world with human beings endowed with freedom of the will.

There can be no doubt that the growth of the other planets has been, like our Earth, steady and progressive, slowly developing without great breaks or catastrophes. Catastrophes there have been, volcanic and other, but these are small incidents in the great harmonious plan. We reason by analogy that the development of the human race has been in a like manner orderly and progressive, with, of course, minor catastrophes in its long history. We should like to see in another world, having now a somewhat similar experience, how Man (or whatever he is called there) is managing these breaks and set-backs, social and political revolutions. If, for instance, they have had for a good while a democracy on Mars, whether they have liberty of individual action and are happy in it, or whether they would not prefer to go back to some quiet post-pleistocene period. It must seem strange to an outside observer that Man, with all his opportunities, has not got on better in this world, that his physical development, faulty as that is, is so much better than his intellectual, that he seems so incapable of profiting by the experience of his race. We believe in the continuity of development, and it is an

unexplained problem why every human being born into the world, and every newly constituted community of human beings, act as if they were the first arrivals, and go into experiments that have been over and over again proved to be disastrous to peace and comfort. There is one consolation in this consideration that we are still in a raw state, and that is that the world has a good while yet to last, and we are far removed from the condition of the Moon. If the Earth last long enough to develop brains enough in the human race to put it into a condition of rational enjoyment, its life is simply incalculable. In this cheerful aspect of the case, the bigger fools men make of themselves in this year 1896, the more disposition they show to go into hysterics following the antics of hysterical men, and of men who assume hysterics to deceive others for their own gain, the more hope we may have that this world of ours is good for indefinite ages of existence. And that is about the only comfort we can get out of it, without the aid of a powerful telescope. It seems probable that Mars is through with its conventions, and has gone into the irrigation business. But if the astronomers can show us some other world on which a being something like Man is still cavorting around with more energy than brains, we should like to study the process.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed July 11, 1896.—The Republican National Convention at St. Louis, on June 18, nominated William McKinley, of Ohio, for President, and Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, for Vice-President. The platform declared for a gold standard of currency, a protective tariff, the control of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States, the construction, ownership, and operation of a Nicaraguan canal by the United States, the increase of the war navy, the purchase of the Danish islands in the West Indies as a coaling station, the protection of American citizens in Turkey and Armenia, the development of reciprocity in trade with other American republics, the admission to Statehood of the remaining Territories, and the creation of a National Board of Arbitration to settle disputes between employers and employed in which inter-State commerce is affected.

The Democratic National Convention met at Chicago July 7. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, was nominated for President, and Arthur Sewall, of Maine, for Vice-President. The platform demanded the unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, an income tax, the repeal of protective tariff laws, the prohibition of immigration in competition with American labor, and an enlargement of the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The Supreme Court and the national banking system were denounced; rotation in office and the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as States were advocated. Both party platforms expressed sympathy with the Cuban insurgents.

The first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress ended June 11. The report of the National Treasury, made public July 1, showed an increase in the bonded debt for the current fiscal year of $131,000,000, and a deficit of $26,000,000.

The Bering Sea Treaty between the United States and Great Britain was ratified by Ambassador Bayard and Lord Salisbury June 3.

For the first time since the confederation was formed the Liberal party won in the Canadian elections, the chief issue being home-rule. The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier's majority in Quebec was 34, and in all Canada 24.

The British steamship *Drummond Castle*, from Cape Colony, sank in a storm outside the Road of Brest, off the coast of France, on June 17. Of 247 persons on board only three were saved.

Nearly 100 miners were entombed in the Twin Shaft Coal-Mine at Pittston, Pennsylvania, June 29.

OBITUARY.

June 4.—At Newport, New Hampshire, Austin Corbin, the financier, aged sixty-nine years.

June 8.—At Paris, Jules Simon, statesman and writer, aged eighty-two years.—At Philadelphia, Captain John P. Bourke, U.S.A., aged fifty years.—At Omaha, Nebraska, Frank Mayo, the actor, aged fifty-six years.

June 12.—At Albany, Judge Isaac H. Maynard, aged fifty-eight years.

June 16.—In northern Africa, near Tripoli, the Marquis de Mores, aged forty years.

June 22.—At New York, Benjamin H. Bristow, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, aged sixty-four years.—At London, Sir Augustus Harris, the theatrical and operatic manager, aged forty-four years.

June 23.—At London, Joseph Prestwich, the geologist and author, aged eighty-four years.

June 25.—At Chicago, Lyman Trumbull, aged eighty-three years.—At New York, Major-General G. W. Smith, U.S.A., aged seventy-four years.—At Versailles, Louis Charles Philippe Raphael d'Orléans, Duc de Nemours, second son of King Louis Philippe, aged eighty-two years.

June 29.—At Charlestown, Massachusetts, Theodore D. Wilson, formerly chief constructor of the navy, aged fifty-six years.

July 1.—At Hartford, Connecticut, Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, aged eighty-four years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

HOW CULTURE CAME TO THE PETERBYS.

BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

AUNT JANE was certainly very generous with her money. She had known indigence so long that when her snug little inheritance came she made haste to follow out many of the suppressed longings of a lifetime.

One of her hobbies (hobbies are among the first privileges of the rich) was the use of money for things more æsthetic than useful. She belonged to a Society of Something-or-Other which promulgated this doctrine. They gave great pots of pink hyacinths to the denizens of Angel Alley, I believe, and framed copies of the Bodenhausen Madonna to the sweater girls.

One Christmas Aunt Jane gave us a very handsome Venus de Milo in Parian marble, some twenty-four inches high. I know that before giving it she had a colloquy with her conscience, or perhaps with her Society, which ran somewhat as follows:

"I suppose those Peterbys would like me to give them a red plush parlor sofa, or a silver-plated water-pitcher—I don't approve of plated things; they are demoralizing—or a dozen handkerchiefs for each of the seven, but I shall do nothing of the kind. Let them buy their own handkerchiefs. They'll have to have them; but if I give them the handkerchiefs, would they take that money and put it in a Venus? Not much, Jane Coddington! So if you don't



WE ADMIRED IT DULY.

raise the standard of that family above red plush and plated silver, they'll die in their grossness; and heaven, in its absence of red plush, will mean naught to them!"

So the Venus de Milo was our Christmas present from Aunt Jane. When it came, we all admired it duly. Finally Mary, my faithful better half, admitted,

"I was hoping she'd send us some sterling teaspoons; but of course this is very handsome, and perhaps we'll get the spoons anyway."

"I told her I was saving up to buy a set of Dickens, and was in hopes she'd take the hint," said Tom, our eldest boy, who had gone into business when he was fifteen, and was trying to read up a bit in the evenings.

"I'm sure we need a parlor clock worse than we needed a statue of Venus," sighed Sue.

And there we let might-have-beens drop.

On Christmas day Venus stood on the parlor table, but it soon became evident that that was no place for a well-regulated statue to stand. Mary said we must have a pedestal for it, and after much debate and demur a pedestal we had before a week was out. It was ebony, and I had scoured every store in town to see if I could get one for less than fifteen dollars; and after four noons of five-minute lunches and fifty-five-minute pedestal-hunts, I took the one I had seen first, and the next night Venus was properly enshrined to greet me when I came home.

The neighbors called and commented, and we were becoming used to having a Venus among us, when one night Mary came out of the parlor wearing a troubled look.

"Dick," said she, coming to me where I sat comfortably reading my paper in the sitting-room—"Dick, the parlor paper is positively frightful. I did not notice it so much until that statue came, but, I declare, that dead white thing makes the walls behind it look too grimy for anything. We'll have to do them in the spring anyway, so why couldn't we do them now? It wouldn't cost any more, if as much, and I declare they are an awful eyesore."

I was not prepared to paper so soon after the financial drain of the holidays and the "extra" of the pedestal, but I got up and followed Mary into the parlor, and, sure enough, the walls did look dingy beyond compare.

I was going to get a new suit of clothes that week, but I thought I could do without them, temporarily, anyhow; so on the next Monday two men came in and ordered all our belongings out, and after pulling the old paper off the parlor and sitting-room, and washing the kalsomine off the ceilings, they departed on some mysterious errand, leaving a cart-load of planks, buckets, ladders, *et cetera*, in our rooms.

The next day at noon a man came and brought a bundle of rolls of paper, and on the morning of the third day those two mysterious persons came back and began their cutting and pasting. It was a whole week before our rooms were straightened out and habitable again; and then, when Mary was wheeling our good brown rep parlor suit into the clean room, with its white and gilt walls, she wrung her hands in despair at the dismalness of the old-fashioned rep, and the upshot of it all was that after some ten days' discomfort the children agreed to put together some of their savings and buy a new parlor suit.

Mollie teaches school, Grace is a bookkeeper, Tom is in the house where I am head cashier, and Albert is a thrifty lad, although he is only on an eight-dollar wage, so among them they contrived quite a respectable sum for the purchase of a wee, spindle-legged thing they called a settee and two sprightly chairs in pale-colored upholstering.

The night they came home—new furniture always comes home at night, when the neighbors can't see it—the suppressed excitement turned to outspoken dismay in the space of half an hour, for no one had remembered that the carpet was old and dark in pattern, and the delicate furniture was mocked by its plebeian neighbor.

We endured the carpet for a while; then, one day, when no one had dared say "carpet" for a long time—because every one knew that there were no more resources—Mary startled the family at dinner by offering the seven of us one small steak.

"Spring is coming on," she explained, undaunted by our protests, "and it is not fit for us to be eating so much meat as we do. Why, I know families larger than ours that *never* have more than one steak among them. It's all nonsense our having two big ones every time; we'll get our blood all overheated and bring on spring disorders—and steak at eighteen cents a pound too!"

That last clause gave us all a clew, for we had never gone on half-rations any other spring, and we couldn't even imagine what the disorders were which came of good broiled beef.

In four weeks we had a new Wilton rug of pale écru coloring, and every time we looked at it we thought of all the steak and roast lamb and fricasseed chicken we had gone without to get it.

Our parlor began to look very attractive now. We needed new lace curtains badly, to be sure, and Grace said our specimens of art were "a sight to behold," while Sue, our schoolgirl, could not forget about the clock that our mantel-shelf literally cried for.

"We need a pretty lamp with a fancy shade," said Mollie.

"And a palm—everybody has a palm now," added Grace.

"I wish our piano was not an old clumsy square," sighed Mary, capping the climax; "uprights are so much prettier."

Tom bought a clock out of his first savings, presumably at the expense of lunches, car fares, and neck-ties, and Mollie said she knew where she could get a brass lamp with a big

crape-paper shade for just what she had contemplated spending on her Easter hat.

"I've always thought we spent too much on our backs and too little on our house," she said, bravely, making over the bows of her last year's hat.

Grace sent a palm home from the florist's one morning, and a jardinière up from the china store the next day, and said nothing about what sacrifice it represented; and on Sue's birthday, in April, Aunt Jane gave her a photogravure of Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc," handsomely framed, which was a great ornament to the walls and good company for Venus, although, as Sue expressed it, "it made Burns's 'Highland Mary' and 'Washington crossing the Delaware' look sick."

Joe Jefferson came in May, and we had planned to all go, believing it the second duty of every American citizen to see *Rip Van Winkle*—the first being to see *Caleb Plummer*—but Mollie said she did not see how any one could feel justified in spending money on the theatre for the pleasure of one night, when those "draggly old Nottingham curtains confronted them every day of their lives."

So none of us went, and by saving seven dollars here and seven more there we bought two pairs of very decent Brussels curtains for our windows, and tried to feel that we had been extremely wise. Venus looked on with more approval than she had been able to manifest heretofore, and we began to feel that our parlor indicated a new era of culture for the Peterbys.

In June we took out "Washington" and "Highland Mary" and substituted copies of "The Angelus" and a landscape of Landseer's, and Grace said she had found out it was "hygienic" to go without gloves, so she could buy a Venetian rose-bowl. We staid home all summer, and effected an exchange of our old piano and our outing for a new upright and some to-be-paid instalments, Sue helping on this transaction by not taking any lessons from May to October.

In September, when people were coming home from a good rest and airing their shut-up houses, Mary said she felt as if we ought to do something about our dining-room and bedrooms.

"It is an indication of vulgarity," said Mollie, "to have everything in your parlor."

It began to look as if culture were about to extend to the Peterbys' utmost belongings, and Richard felt that his time had come.

"I rise to proclaim," said I, brandishing my carving-fork, "that if I see any instances of culture proceeding past the parlor of this house, I shall take Venus and 'junk her'! What we want now is less culture and more food and clothes!"

That night I took my family to a good "show," and on the way home treated them to ice-cream.

. . . . . .

It is said that Aunt Jane contemplates sending us a cut-glass salad service to elevate the tone of our table and our eating, but she sha'n't invade my house with it—not much, Richard Peterby!



GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. Ram, Sen. "Now never get excited, my son; when you get in a tight place, use your head."

IKE'S LITTLE ERROR.

"EH-YAH!" remarked Alkali Ike, a trifle truculently, in response to the tourist's polite and half-veiled criticism of certain amenities of life as she is lived in the care-free and wind-swept Occident. "I didn't s'pose it would suit you, Mr. Eastman; you New England people think thar hain't nuthin' west of the Alleghany Mountains but sage-brush an' blanket Injuns!"

"Oh, not at all, my dear sir!" deprecated the gentleman from the effete East. "I assure you that I hold the people of the West in the highest respect, and for many of your customs and institutions I entertain the most profound admiration. You are an enterprising, pushing, progressive people. If any criticism could be justly offered, it might be that, in the midst of your bustling enterprise, you have not yet had time to acquire some of the finer shades that life in the older commonwealths has. For instance, one might say, without offering the slightest disparagement, that you, as a people, are lacking in repose. Of course—"

"Huh!" ejaculated the ingenuous Isaac. "If we are lackin' in repose, it's burcuz we have suthin' better to do than to sleep away our time. We are alwers up an' a-comin', if anybody asks you! An' that's what knocks!"

"Very true, my dear sir! But your—ah—progressiveness has its drawbacks. It has made you a—pardon me!—race of iconoclasts, and—"

"Nope!" interposed Ike. "Thar are more Methodists around yere than anything else."

"Beg pardon, but you do not understand me. An iconoclast, if you will permit me, is not—"

"By jing! That's so! I was thinkin' about suthin' else. Iconoclast? Why—er-er—now, looky yere, Mr. Eastman; I don't want to have no trouble with you—it hain't never been my motto to jump onto a little man till after I've tried to scare him away—but I reckon you'd better move along an' leave me before I forgit my traditions. Come around yere callin' the refined an' intelligent people of this community iconoclasts! Gosh-dang it, I've a notion to—"

"But, really, you are laboring under a grave misapprehension, my dear fellow! I beg your pardon, but you evidently do not know what an iconoclast is."

"Don't, har?" demanded the alkaline citizen, pugnaciously. "How in sizzlin' tawment do you know I don't? Why, dad-blame you, I've shot all kinds of varmints that ever wore hair betwixt the Kaw River an' the Rio Grande—iconoclasts an' all! You go on now, or thar'll be one of the liveliest little two-men fights you ever heard about; an' when your friends pick you up an' bring you to your senses you'll tell 'em you met a bear, an' they'll believe you!"

"But, my dear—"

"Git!"

And the gentleman from New England got.

TOM P. MORGAN.

YE MAYDE OF SUMMER DAYS.

A TIMELY WARNING IN DIALOGUE.

Youth:

WHAT is this joyous vision that greets my watching eye?
What is this dream of loveliness that sitteth coyly nigh?
What is this thing with soft brown eyes and golden fleecy hair?
What is this throbbing in my heart of hope and then despair?

Experience:

Take care, young heart!
Pulse, do not start!
Eyes, turn about!
Seek war and rout;
Seek cannon, shot—
But seek her not.

Youth:

Why should I seek the cannon, and why should I seek the shot?
Why seek unlovely death, and loveliness seek not?
May I not hope to win her? Is she indeed a Queen
Beside whom I must ever seem too lowly and too mean?

Experience:

Nay, nay, young heart!
Thou hast the art
To seek her side
And with her bide,
And win her hand,
But—flee the land.

Youth:

Curst is she, then, this maiden? Why should I haste away
When if by her I linger she will not say me nay?
Come, I demand to know why you tell me to depart,
With every hope to satisfy the longings of my heart.

Experience:

Then know, young heart,
'Tis best you part
Ere she's confessed
She loves you best,
For that mad whirl
's a Summer Girl!
She's fond love in her eyes;
Her lips give forth sweet sighs.
Her words are honey-sweet;
Her glance will stay your feet;
But pray depart!
She has but coquetry in her heart.
Take my advice, as 'twere an elder brother's.
She loved me best last summer, but—I learned that there were others!



YE MAYDE OF SUMMER DAYS.

AN OLD HUNTER'S MEMORIES.

THE way train was dragging its slow, monotonous length through a densely wooded part of New Jersey, when a passenger, who had been gazing vacantly out of the window, said to the stranger who sat beside him:

"I'm glad some of the woods are left. I tell you, these fine houses with cupolas, and cast-iron animals on the grass, are the things that give these regions a set-back."

"How so?" inquired the other, with a look of surprise.

"Why, because they spoil the hunting. There used to be a time that the game was so plentiful around here that there really wasn't any fun in shooting it. It seemed cruel. Sometimes I have seen two partridges sitting on a rail fence, but I wouldn't shoot at them direct, because it didn't seem sportsmanlike. I would put a bullet in the gun and fire at a rock and try to carrom on the birds. Sometimes I would fire against a rock and have the ball come back and kill a bird behind me. It took some practice, of course, but I finally got so as I could do it without much chance of missing. Those draw-shots I was always proud of."

"The game must have been abundant," said the other.

"Indeed it was. I have seen quail sitting in strings on the pump-handle, and once a hawk swooped down on the brass rooster on the weather-vane, and was split as if for the grill. Why, it got so that the cats would not kill the birds, and I have frequently set rat-traps for woodcock because they became a nuisance, but made fine fertilizer. Sometimes they would fly into the rooms, like June-bugs, and we had to keep tennis rackets handy to knock them down with. All kinds of birds became so monotonous on the table that corned beef was developed into a real luxury. One day I was out driving when a big thunder-storm came up, and a great cloud of birds was moving over me and in the same direction. They kept the rain off, and not a drop touched me, while many of the birds dropped to the earth, drowned."

The man of hunting reminiscences paused for breath, and wiped away a tear of regret—regret for the changed condition of things—when the other said,

"You must notice the change greatly."

"Indeed I do," replied the old hunter. "It is getting so that it is all you can do to find game in the market. I keep a retriever now, but he doesn't know what his mission on earth is. We use him to retrieve the tennis balls that are knocked beyond the boundary-line. In the olden days my retriever would watch the birds skimming close to the grass in circles, and he would circle in the same way until the birds thought he was only playing, like themselves. Then he would reverse suddenly, meet a bird, and capture it on the fly."

"Did you have any other game besides birds?" asked the stranger.

"We did; we had wild-cats that used to destroy everything. But they made fine sport. We used to stalk them. We would sit in the dining-room in easy-chairs, and put the tiger-skin rug out on the grass. The wild-cats would be attracted to it, and then we would blaze away. But now these fine houses and roads and things have driven all the game away, and that's why I am down on progress. In order to keep the birds out of the garden, I used a number of stuffed snakes. You see, the birds were afraid of being charmed and eaten, so they kept away, and gave me a chance to go shooting without sitting down to it on the back stoop. Now one day when the stuffed snake had frightened a plover into hysterics, I looked, and happened to notice the leopard-skin rug, and what do you think? One of the sheep that had strayed in went scampering off, terror-stricken, and I noticed that the leopard rug was changing its spots."

The hunter paused for a moment, and the stranger, feeling that he must say something to fill the gap, asked, "What did you do then?"

"I just sat and watched," replied the old hunter; "and what do you think—the spots began to change into stripes, and then into checks, and from one to the other, till it looked like a kaleidoscopic tiger, and I got frightened and fled. I tell you, this building and improving ain't no good when it interferes with hunting, and there ought to be a game-law to stop it."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

CLASS-ROOM HUMOR.

NO professor is more kindly remembered by the "boys" who graduated from Wesleyan University a generation ago than Professor Johnston, or "Uncle Johnnie," as he was more familiarly known. Besides having a profound scientific mind far in advance of his time, he had a keen relish for a good joke, whether on himself or another.

In order to aid the students of geology in grasping the essential distinctions between the various classes of rock, he requested them to bring in specimens and place them on his desk before the recitation began.

One day a student brought in a piece of brick, secured from a building being erected near the college, and placed it on the table among the other specimens. "Uncle Johnnie" came in a few moments later, and, apparently unsuspecting the hoax, began the recitation as usual by picking up the specimens, one at a time, naming them, and remarking their peculiarities.

"This, gentlemen, is a piece of sandstone; this is granite; while this, somewhat similar in its formation, is quartz. And this," taking up the last bit on the table and gravely surveying the expectant class over the rim of his glasses, "is a piece of impudence."

JOHN ANGUS THOMPSON.



IT IS DANGEROUS TO GIVE LESSONS IN LEAP-YEAR WITHOUT A BRAKE.

GETTING A POINTER.

"You are a farmer, I take it?" queried the sharp-nosed man as he sat down beside the man with his trousers tucked into his boots.

"Waal, yaas, I farm," was the reply.

"Then I want to talk to you. I've got a patent hay-fork which I am going to travel with this summer, and I should like to get a few pointers from you to start on."

"P'inters, eh? Waal, what sort?"

"How shall I approach the average farmer?"

"Waal, you'll ginerally find him in the field."

"Yes."

"Just tell him what you've got."

"Yes."

"He'll ask you to the barn to talk."

"I see."

"But don't you go. Instead of that, make a bee-line fur your buggy, climb in, and scoot as fast as you can go fur the next six miles."

"But why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much. I only killed six myself last week; but, you know, it rained purty steady for two days, and travel was light."

"GIT OUT AND WALK!"

THERE is a law in Kentucky popularly known as the "Jim Crow Coach Law." By this act colored citizens and plain, or white, citizens must not occupy the same compartment in any coach on any line of railway within the State. In April, 1896, a white man, being a sheriff, had to escort three colored convicts to a penitentiary. The sheriff and his charges boarded a train, and were seated in the "Jim Crow" compartment. In that compartment were a dozen Afro-Americans, blameless before the law. They objected to the presence of a white man in their compartment.

"The Sep'rate Coach Act say no white man shall ride in any co'partmen' reserved for cullud citizens," said a black preacher.

"Ain't no queshtion 'bout that," assented a yellow book-agent.

The conductor was called, and a committee of three expounded the law and insisted upon the rights thereby secured to colored citizens. The sheriff argued from the executive exigencies of the occasion.

"I ain't a-goin' to leave them prisoners out o' my sight," he said.

But the conductor, the supreme authority upon a train *in transitu*, decided that the sheriff must get out of the "Jim Crow" compartment, but he might take his three prisoners with him, if he chose, which he did choose. In the smoker, a white folks' compartment, the appearance of the three negro criminals aroused angry feelings.

"Here, captain," shouted a tobacco-cropper, "we can't have no niggers in this compartment."

The sheriff rose to make an explanation.

"Gentlemen, I've got to take these here colored convicts to Eddyville. Now, if I can't go in the Jim Crow because I'm white, and the prisoners can't stay in here, bein' niggers, I want you, gentlemen, to tell me how in thunder I'm to deliver my prisoners 'co'din' to my instructions?"

"Git out and walk," was the unanimous verdict, expressed vociferously, and without a second's hesitation.

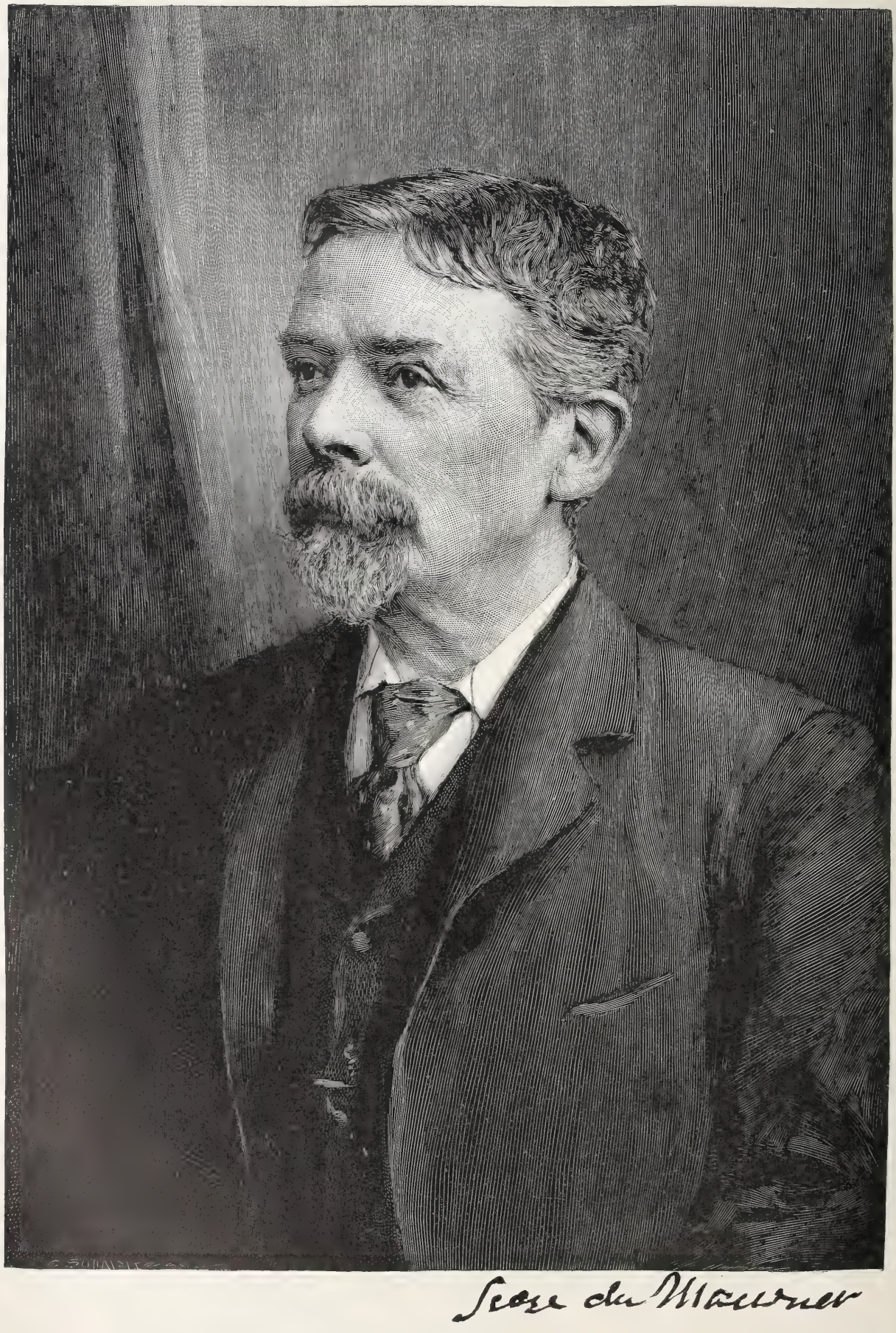
Meanwhile the train had gone a matter of ten miles from its starting-point. Nevertheless, the sheriff and his prisoners had to get off at a small way-side station, where the pied combination waited some hours before a freight train came along and hospitably received them into its caboose.

EWAN MACPHERSON.



CONSOLATION.

THE WIFE. "Cheer up, dear. There's old Goldthwaite—if I flatter him, he'll surely buy something. He's fool enough for anything."



George du Maurier

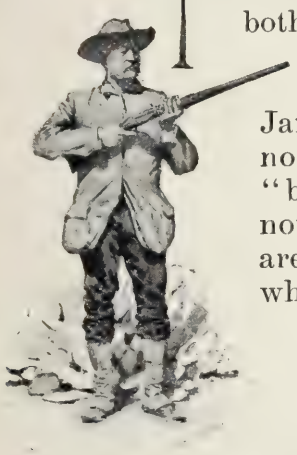
THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARTIAN."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIII OCTOBER, 1896 No. DLVII

THE BLUE QUAIL OF THE CACTUS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



THE Quartermaster and I both had trouble which the doctors could not cure—it was January, and it would not do for us to sit in a "blind"; besides, I do not fancy that. There are ever so many men who are comfortable all over when they are sitting in a blind waiting on the vagrant flying of the ducks; but it is solemn, gloomy business, and, I must say, sufficient reason why they take a drink every fifteen minutes to keep up their enthusiasm. We both knew that the finest winter resort for shot-gun folks was in the Southwest—down on the Rio Grande in Texas—so we journeyed to Eagle Pass. As we got down from the train we saw Captain Febiger in his long military cloak by a lantern-light.

"Got any quail staked out for us, Feb?" asked the Quartermaster.

"Oodles," said Febiger; "get into my trap," and we were rattled through the unlighted street out to the camp, and brought up by the Captain's quarters.

In the morning we unpacked our trunks, and had everything on the floor where we could see it, after the fashion with men. Captain Febiger's baby boy came in to help us rummage in the heaps of canvas clothes, ammunition, and what not besides, finally selecting for his amusement a loaded Colt's revolver and a freshly honed razor. We were terrorized by the possibilities of the combination. Our trying to take them away from the youngster only made him yell like a cavern of demons. We howled for his mother to come to our aid, which she finally did, and she separated the kid from his toys.

I put on my bloomers, when the Captain came in and viewed me, saying: "Texas bikes; but it doesn't bloom yet. I don't know just what Texas will do if you parade in those togs—but you can try."

As we sauntered down the dusty main street, Texas lounged in the doorways or stood up in its buggy and stared at me. Texas grinned cheerfully, too, but I did not care, so long as Texas kept its hand out of its hip pocket. I was content to help educate Texas as to personal comfort, at no matter what cost to myself. We passed into Mexico over the Long Bridge to call on Señor Muños, who is the local czar, in hopes of getting permits to be let alone by his chaparral-rangers while we shot quail on their soil. In Mexico when the people observe an Americano they simply shrug their shoulders; so our bloomers attracted no more contempt than would an X ray or a trolley-car. Señor Muños gave the permits, after much stately compliment and many subtle ways, which made us feel under a cloud of obligation.

The next morning an ambulance and escort-wagon drove up to the Captain's quarters, and we loaded ourselves in—shot-guns, ammunition, blankets, and the precious paper of Señor Muños; for, only the week before, the custom-house rangers had carefully escorted an American hunting party a long distance back to the line for lack of the little paper and red seals. We rattled over the bridge, past the Mexican barrack, while its dark-skinned soldiery—who do not shoot quails—lounged in the sunshine against the whitewashed wall.

At the first outpost of the customs a little man, whose considerable equatorial

Copyright, 1896, by Harper and Brothers. All rights reserved.

proportions were girted with a gun, examined our paper, and waved us on our way. Under the railroad bridge of the International an engineer blew his whistle, and our mules climbed on top of each other in their terror. We wound along the little river, through irrigating ditches, past dozens of those deliciously quaint adobe houses, past the inevitable church, past a dead pony, ran over a chicken, made the little seven-year-old girls take their five-year-old brothers up in their arms for protection, and finally we climbed a long hill. At the top stretched an endless plain. The road forked; presently it branched; anon it grew into twigs of white dust on the gray levels of the background. The local physician of Eagle Pass was of our party, and he was said to know where a certain tank was to be found, some thirty miles out in the desert, but no man yet created could know which twig of the road to take. He decided on one—changed his mind—got out of the ambulance, scratched his head, pondered, and finally resolution settled on his face. He motioned the driver to a certain twig, got in, and shut his mouth firmly, thus closing debate. We smoked silently, waiting for the doctor's mind to fog. He turned uneasily in his seat, like the agitated needle of a compass, and even in time hazarded the remark that something did not look natural; but there was nothing to look at but flat land and flat sky, unless a hawk sailing here and there. At noon we lunched at the tail of the ambulance, and gently "jollied" the doctor's topography. We pushed on. Later in the afternoon the thirsty mules went slowly. The doctor had by this time admitted his doubts—some long blue hills on the sky-line ought to be farther to the west, according to his remembrance. As no one else had any ideas on the subject, the doctor's position was not enviable. We changed our course, and travelled many weary miles through the chaparral, which was high enough to stop our vision, and stiff enough to bar our way, keeping us to narrow roads. At last the bisecting cattle trails began to converge, and we knew that they led to water—which they did; for shortly we saw a little broken adobe, a tumbled brush corral, the plastered gate of an *acéquia*, and the blue water of the tank.

To give everything its due proportion at this point, we gathered to congratulate the doctor as we passed the flask. The camp was pitched within the corral, and while the cook got supper, we stood in the after-glow on the bank of the tank and saw the ducks come home, heard the mud-hens squddle, while high in the air flew the long line of sand-hill cranes with a hoarse clangor. It was quite dark when we sat on the "grub" chests and ate by the firelight, while out in the desert the coyotes shrilled to the monotonous accompaniment of the mules crunching their feed and stamping wearily. To-morrow it was proposed to hunt ducks in their morning flight, which means getting up before daylight, so bed found us early. It seemed but a minute after I had sought my blankets when I was being abused by the Captain, being pushed with his foot—fairly rolled over by him—he even standing on my body as he shouted: "Get up, if you are going hunting. It will be light directly—get up!" And this, constantly recurring, is one reason why I do not care for duck-shooting.

But, in order to hunt, I had to get up, and file off in the line of ghosts, stumbling, catching on the chaparral, and splashing in the mud. I led a setter-dog, and was presently directed to sit down in some damp grass, because it was a good place—certainly not to sit down in, but for other reasons. I sat there in the dark, petting the good dog, and watching it grow pale in the east. This is not to mention the desire for breakfast, or the damp, or the sleepiness, but this is really the larger part of duck-hunting. Of course if I later had a dozen good shots it might compensate—but I did not have a dozen shots.

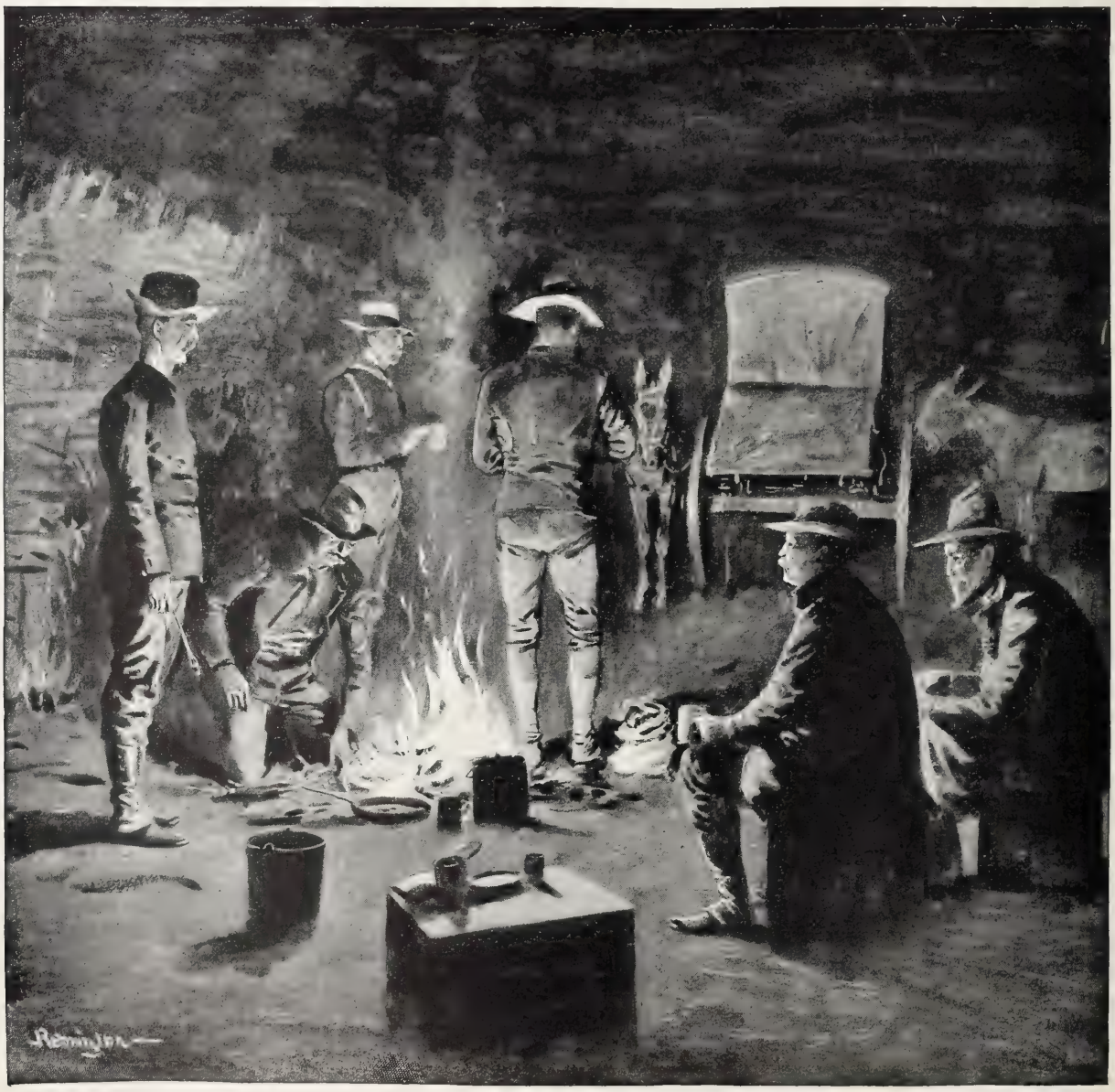
The day came slowly out of the east, the mud-hens out in the marsh splashed about in the rushes, a sailing hawk was visible against the gray sky overhead, and I felt rather insignificant, not to say contemptible, as I sat there in the loneliness of this big nature which worked around me. The dog dignified the situation—he was a part of nature's belongings—while I somehow did not seem to grace the solitude. The grays slowly grew into browns on the sedge-grass, and the water to silver. A bright flash of fire shot out of the dusk far up in the gloom, and the dull report of a shot-gun came over the tank. Black objects fled across the sky—the ducks were flying. I missed one or two, and grew weary—none came near enough to

LUNCHEON IN THE DESERT.

my lair. Presently it was light, and I got a fair shot. My bird tumbled into the rushes out in front of me, and the setter bounded in to retrieve. He searched vehemently, but the wounded duck dived in front of him. He came ashore shortly, and lying down, he bit at himself and pawed and rolled. He was a mass of cockle burs. I took him on my lap and laboriously picked cockle burs out of his hair for a half-hour; then, shouldering my gun, I turned tragically to the water and anathematized its ducks—all ducks, my fellow-duckers, all thoughts and motives concerning ducks—and then strode into the chaparral.

"Hie on! hie on!" I tossed my arm, and the setter began to hunt beautifully—glad, no doubt, to leave all thoughts of the cockle burs and evasive ducks behind. I worked up the shore of the tank, keeping back in the brush, and got some fun. After chasing about for some time I came out near the water. My dog pointed. I glided forward, and came near shooting the Quartermaster, who sat in a bunch of sedge-grass, with a dead duck by his side. He was smoking, and was disgusted with ducks. He joined me, and shortly, as we crossed the road, the long Texas doctor, who owned the dog, came striding down the way. He was ready for quail now, and we started.

This quail-hunting is active work. The dog points, but one nearly always finds the birds running from one prickly-pear bush to another. They do not stand, rarely flush, and when they do get up it



SUPPER IN THE CORRAL.



ON THE SHORE OF THE TANK—MORNING.

is only to swoop ahead to the nearest cover, where they settle quickly. One must be sharp in his shooting—he cannot select his distance, for the cactus lies thick about, and the little running bird is only on view for the shortest of moments. You must overrun a dog after his first point, since he works too close behind them. The covey will keep together if not pursued with too much haste, and one gets shot after shot; still, at last you must run lively, as the frightened covey scurry along at a remarkable pace. Heavy shot are necessary, since the blue quail carry lead like Marshal Masséna, and are much harder to kill than the bob-white. Three men working together can get shooting enough out of a bunch—the chase often continuing for a mile, when the covey gradually separate, the sportsmen following individual birds.

Where the prickly-pear cactus is thickest, there are the blue quail, since that is their feed and water supply. This same cactus makes a difficulty of pursuit, for it bristles with spines, which come off on your clothing, and when they enter the skin make most uncomfortable and persistent sores. The Quartermaster had an Indian tobacco-bag dangling at his belt, and as it flopped in his progress it gathered prickers, which it shortly transferred to his luckless legs, until he at last detected the reason why he bristled so fiercely. And the poor dog—at every covey we had to stop and pick needles out of him. The haunts of the blue quail are really no place for a dog, as he soon becomes useless. One does not need him, either, since the blue quail will not flush until actually kicked into the air.

Jack and cotton-tail rabbits fled by hundreds before us. They are everywhere, and afford good shooting between coveys, it being quick work to get a cotton-tail as he flashes between the network of protecting cactus. Coyotes lope away in our front, but they are too wild for a shot-gun. It must ever be in a man's mind to keep his direction, because it is such a vastly simple thing to get lost in the chaparral, where you cannot see a hundred yards. Mexico has such a considerable territory that a man on foot may find it inconvenient to beat up a town in the desolation of thorn-bush.

There is an action about blue-quail shooting which is next to buffalo shooting—it's run, shoot, pick up your bird, scramble on in your endeavor to keep the skirmish-line of your two comrades; and at last, when you have concluded to stop, you can mop your forehead—the Mexican sun shines hot even in midwinter.

Later in the afternoon we get among bob-white in a grassy tract, and while they are clean work—good dog-play, and altogether more satisfactory shooting than any other I know of—I am yet much inclined to the excitement of chasing after

game which you can see at intervals. Let it not be supposed that it is less difficult to hit a running blue quail as he shoots through the brush than a flying bob-white, for the experience of our party has settled that, and one gets ten shots at the blue to one at the bob-white, because of their number. As to eating, we could not tell the difference; but I will not insist that this is final. A man who comes in from an all day's run in the brush does not care whether the cook gives him boiled beans, watermelon, or crackers and jam; so how is he to know what a bird's taste is when served to a tame appetite?



RUNNING BLUE QUAIL.

At intervals we ran into the wild cattle which threaded their way to water, and it makes one nervous. It is of no use to say "Soo-bossy," or to give him a charge of No. 6; neither is it well to run. If the *matadores* had any of the sensations which I have experienced, the gate receipts at the bull-rings would have to go up. When a big long-horn fastens a quail-shooter with his great open brown eye in a chaparral thicket, you are not inclined to "call his hand." If he will call it a misdeal, you are with him.

We were banging away, the Quartermaster and I, when a human voice began yelling like mad from the brush ahead. We advanced, to find a Mexican—rather well gotten up—who proceeded to wave

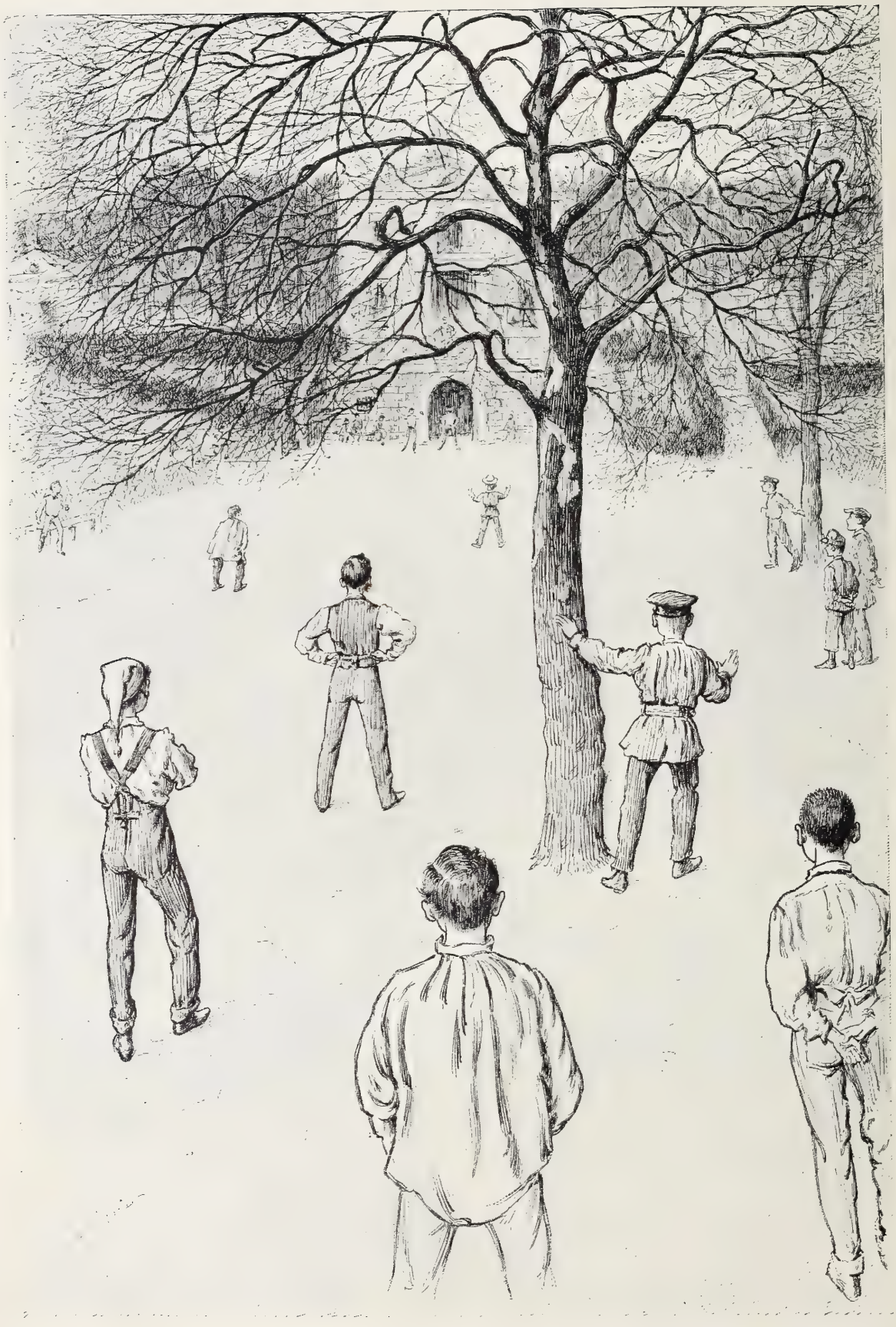


TOO BIG GAME FOR NUMBER SIX.

his arms like a parson who had reached "sixthly" in his sermon, and who proceeded thereat to overwhelm us with his eloquence. The Quartermaster and I "*buenos dias-ed*" and "*si, señor-ed*" him in our helpless Spanish, and asked each other, nervously, "What de'll." After a long time he seemed to be getting through with his subject, his sentences became separated, he finally emitted monosyllables only along with his scowls, and we tramped off into the brush. It was a pity he spent so much energy, since it could only arouse our curiosity without satisfying it.

In camp that night we told the Captain of our excited Mexican friend out in the brush, and our cook had seen sinister men on ponies passing near our camp. The Captain became solicitous, and stationed a night-guard over his precious government mules. It would never do to have a bandit get away with a U. S. brand. It never does matter about private property, but anything with U. S. on it has got to be looked after, like a croupy child.

We had some good days' sport, and no more formidable enterprise against the night-guard was attempted than the noisy approach of a white jackass. The tents were struck and loaded when it began to rain. We stood in the shelter of the escort-wagon, and the storm rose to a hurricane. Our corral became a tank; but shortly the black clouds passed north, and we pulled out. The twig ran into a branch, and the branch struck the trunk near the bluffs over the Rio Grande, and in town there stood the Mexican soldiers leaning against the wall as we had left them. We wondered if they had moved meanwhile.



INSTITUTION F. BROSSARD.

THE MARTIAN.

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"Après le plaisir vient la peine;
Après la peine, la vertu."—ANON.

PART I.

"BARTY JOSSELIN IS NO MORE...."

WHEN so great a man dies, it is generally found that a tangled growth of more or less contentious literature has already gathered round his name during his lifetime. He has been so written about, so talked about, so riddled with praise or blame, that, to those who have never seen him in the flesh, he has become almost a tradition, a myth—and one runs the risk of losing all clew to his real personality.

This is especially the case with the subject of this biography—one is in danger of forgetting what manner of man he was who has so taught and touched and charmed and amused us, and so happily changed for us the current of our lives.

He has been idealized as an angel, a saint, and a demigod; he has been caricatured as a self-indulgent sensualist, a vulgar Lothario, a buffoon, a joker of practical jokes.

He was in reality the simplest, the most affectionate, and most good-natured of men, the very soul of honor, the best of husbands and fathers and friends, the most fascinating companion that ever lived, and one who kept to the last the freshness and joyous spirits of a schoolboy and the heart of a child; one who never said or did an unkind thing; probably never even thought one. Generous and open-handed to a fault, slow to condemn, quick to forgive, and gifted with a power of immediately inspiring affection and keeping it forever after, such as I have never known in any one else, he grew to be (for all his quick-tempered impulsiveness) one of the gentlest and meekest and most humble-minded of men!

On me, a mere prosperous tradesman, and busy politician and man of the world, devolves the delicate and responsible task of being the first to write the life of the greatest literary genius this century has produced, *and of revealing the strange secret of that genius*, which has lighted up the darkness of these latter times as with a pillar of fire by night.

This extraordinary secret has never been revealed before to any living soul but his wife and myself. And that is *one* of my qualifications for this great labor of love.

Another is that for fifty years I have known him as never a man can quite have known his fellow-man before—that for all that time he has been more constantly and devotedly loved by me than any man can ever quite have been loved by father, son, brother, or bosom friend.

Good heavens! Barty, man and boy, Barty's wife, their children, their grandchildren, and all that ever concerned them or concerns them still—all this has been the world to me, and ever will be.

He wished me to tell the *absolute truth* about him, just as I know it; and I look upon the fulfilment of this wish of his as a sacred trust, and would sooner die any shameful death or brave any other dishonor than fail in fulfilling it to the letter.

The responsibility before the world is appalling; and also the difficulty, to a man of such training as mine. I feel already conscious that I am trying to be literary myself, to seek for turns of phrase that I should never have dared to use in talking to Barty, or even in writing to him; that I am not at my ease, in short—not *me*—but straining every nerve to be on my best behavior; and that's about the worst behavior there is.

Oh! may some kindly light, born of a life's devotion and the happy memories of half a century, lead me to mere naturalness and the use of simple homely words, even my own native telegraphese! that I may haply blunder at length into some fit form of expression which Barty himself might have approved.

One would think that any sincere person who has learnt how to spell his own language should at least be equal to such a modest achievement as this; and yet it

is one of the most difficult things in the world!

My life is so full of Barty Josselin that I can hardly be said to have ever had an existence apart from his; and I can think of no easier or better way to tell Barty's history than just telling my own—from the days I first knew him—and in my own way: that is, in the best telegraphese I can manage—picking each precious word with care, just as though I were going to cable it, as soon as written, to Boston or New York, where the love of Barty Josselin shines with even a brighter and warmer glow than here, or even in France; and where the hate of him, the hideous, odious odium theologicum—the *sæva indignatio* of the Church—that once burned at so white a heat, has burnt itself out at last, and is now as though it had never been, and never could be again.

P. S.—(an after-thought):

And here, in case misfortune should happen to me before this book comes out as a volume, I wish to record my thanks to my old friend Mr. du Maurier for the readiness with which he has promised to undertake, and the conscientiousness with which he will have performed, his share of the work as editor and illustrator.

I also wish to state that it is to my beloved goddaughter, Roberta Beatrix Hay (née Josselin), that I dedicate this attempt at a biographical sketch of her illustrious father.

ROBERT MAURICE.

THE MARTIAN.

"De Paris à Versailles, lon, là,
De Paris à Versailles—
Il y a de belles allées,
Vive le Roi de France!
Il y a de belles allées,
Vivent les écoliers!"

ONE sultry Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1847 I sat at my desk in the junior school-room, or *salle d'études des petits*, of the Institution F. Brossard, Rond-point de l'avenue de St.-Cloud; or, as it is called now, avenue du Bois de Boulogne—or, as it was called during the Second Empire, avenue du Prince Impérial, or else de l'Impératrice; I'm not sure.

There is not much stability in such French names, I fancy; but their sound is charming, and always gives me the nostalgia of Paris—Royal Paris, Imperial Paris, Republican Paris! . . . whatever they may call it ten or twelve years hence. Paris is always Paris, and always will be, in spite of the immortal Haussmann, both for those who love it and for those who don't.

All the four windows were wide open. Two of them, freely and frankly, on to the now deserted play-ground, admitting the fragrance of lime and syringa and lilac, and other odors of a mixed quality.

Two other windows, defended by an elaborate net-work of iron wire and a formidable array of spiked iron rails beyond, opened on to the rond-point, or meeting of the cross-roads—one of which led north-east to Paris through the Arc de Triomphe; the other three through woods and fields and country lanes to such quarters of the globe as still remain. The world is wide.

In the middle of this open space a stone fountain sent up a jet of water three feet high, which fell back with a feeble splash into the basin beneath. There was comfort in the sound on such a hot day, and one listened for it half unconsciously; and tried not to hear, instead, Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," which came rippling in intermittent waves from the open window of the distant *parloir*, where Chardonnet was practising the piano.

"Tum-te-dum-tum-tum . . . .
Tum-te-dum-di, diddle-iddle um!"

e da capo, again and again. Chardonnet was no heaven-born musician.

Monsieur Bonzig—or "le Grand Bonzig," as he was called behind his back—sat at his table on the estrade, correcting the exercises of the eighth class (huitième), which he coached in Latin and French. It was the lowest class in the school; yet one learnt much in it that was of consequence; not, indeed, that Balbus built a wall—as I'm told we learn over here (a small matter to make such a fuss about, after so many years)—but that the Lord made heaven and earth in six days, and rested on the seventh.

He (Monsieur Bonzig) seemed hot and weary, as well he might, and sighed, and looked up every now and then to mop his brow and think. And as he gazed into the green and azure depths beyond the north window, his dark brown eyes quivered and vibrated from side to side through his spectacles with a queer quick tremolo, such as I have never seen in any eyes but his.

About five-and-twenty boys sat at their

desks; boys of all ages between seven and fourteen—many with closely cropped hair, "à la malcontent," like nice little innocent convicts; and nearly all in blouses, mostly blue; some with their garments loosely flowing; others confined at the waist by a tricolored ceinture de gymnastique, so deep and stiff it almost amounted to stays.

As for the boys themselves, some were energetic and industrious—some listless and lazy and lolling, and quite languid with the heat—some fidgety and restless, on the lookout for excitement of any kind: a cab or carriage raising the dust on its way to the Bois—a water-cart laying it (there were no hydrants then); a courier bearing royal despatches, or a mounted orderly; the Passy omnibus, to or fro every ten or twelve minutes; the marchand de coco with his bell; a regiment of the line with its band; a chorus of peripatetic Orphéonistes—a swallow, a butterfly, a humblebee; a far-off balloon, oh, joy!—any sight or sound to relieve the tedium of those two mortal school-hours that dragged their weary lengths from half past one till half past three—every day but Sunday and Thursday.

(Even now I find the early afternoon a little trying to wear through without a nap, say from two to four.)

At 3.30 there would come a half-hour's interval of play, and then the class of French literature from four till dinner-time at six—a class that was more than endurable on account of the liveliness and charm of Monsieur Durosier, who journeyed all the way from the Collége de France every Saturday afternoon in June and July to tell us boys of the quatrième all about Villon and Ronsard, and Marot and Charles d'Orléans (*exceptis excipiendis*, of course), and other pleasant people who didn't deal in Greek or Latin or mathematics, and knew better than to trouble themselves overmuch about formal French grammar and niggling French prosody.

Besides, everything was pleasant on a Saturday afternoon on account of the nearness of the day of days—

> "And that's the day that comes between
> The Saturday and Monday"....

in France.

I had just finished translating my twenty lines of Virgil—

> "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare," etc.

Oh, crimini, but it *was* hot! and how I disliked the pious Æneas! I couldn't have hated him worse if I'd been poor Dido's favorite younger brother (not mentioned by Publius Vergilius Maro, if I remember).

Palaiseau, who sat next to me, had a cold in his head, and kept sniffing in a manner that got on my nerves.

"Mouche-toi donc, animal!" I whispered; "tu me dégôutes, à la fin!"

Palaiseau always sniffed, whether he had a cold or not.

"Taisez-vous, Maurice—ou je vous donne cent vers à copier!" said M. Bonzig, and his eyes quiveringly glittered through his glasses as he fixed me.

Palaiseau, in his brief triumph, sniffed louder.

"Palaiseau," said Monsieur Bonzig, "si vous vous serviez de votre mouchoir—hein? Je crois que cela ne gênerait personne!" (If you were to use your pocket-handkerchief—eh? I don't think it would inconvenience anybody!)

At this there was a general titter all round, which was immediately suppressed, as in a court of law; and Palaiseau reluctantly and noisily did as he was told.

In front of me that dishonest little sneak Rapaud, with a tall parapet of books before him to serve as a screen, one hand shading his eyes, and an inkless pen in the other, was scratching his copy-book with noisy earnestness, as if time were too short for all he had to write about the pious Æneas's recitative, while he surreptitiously read the *Comte de Monte Cristo*, which lay open in his lap—just at the part where the body, sewn up in a sack, was going to be hurled into the Mediterranean. I knew the page well. There was a splash of red ink on it.

It made my blood boil with virtuous indignation to watch him, and I coughed and hemmed again and again to attract his attention, for his back was nearly towards me. He heard me perfectly, but took no notice whatever, the deceitful little beast. He was to have given up *Monte Cristo* to me at half past two, and here it was twenty minutes to three! Besides which, it was *my Monte Cristo*, bought with my own small savings, and smuggled into school by me at great risk to myself.

"Maurice!" said M. Bonzig.

"Oui, m'sieur!" said I. I will translate:

"You shall conjugate and copy out for me forty times the compound verb, 'I cough without necessity to distract the attention of my comrade Rapaud from his Latin exercise!'"

"Moi, m'sieur?" I ask, innocently.

"Oui, vous!"

"Bien, m'sieur!"

Just then there was a clatter by the fountain, and the shrill small pipe of d'Aurigny, the youngest boy in the school, exclaimed:

"Hé! hé! Oh là là! Le Roi qui passe!"

And we all jumped up, and stood on forms, and craned our necks to see Louis Philippe I. and his Queen drive quickly by in their big blue carriage and four, with their two blue-and-silver-liveried outriders trotting in front, on their way from St.-Cloud to the Tuileries.

"Sponde! Sélancy! fermez les fenêtres, ou je vous mets tous au pain sec pour un mois!" thundered M. Bonzig, who did not approve of kings and queens—an appalling threat which appalled nobody, for when he forgot to forget, he always relented; for instance, he quite forgot to insist on that formidable compound verb of mine.

Suddenly the door of the school-room flew open, and the tall, portly figure of Monsieur Brossard appeared, leading by the wrist a very fair-haired boy of thirteen or so, dressed in an Eton jacket and light blue trousers, with a white chimney-pot silk hat, which he carried in his hand—an English boy, evidently; but of an aspect so singularly agreeable one didn't need to be English one's self to warm towards him at once.

"Monsieur Bonzig, and gentlemen!" said the head master (in French, of course). "Here is the new boy; he calls himself Bartholomiou Josselin. He is English, but he knows French as well as you. I hope you will find in him a good comrade, honorable and frank and brave, and that he will find the same in you.—Maurice!" (that was me).

"Oui, m'sieur!"

"I specially recommend Josselin to you!"

"Moi, m'sieur?"

"Yes, *you;* he is of your age, and one of your compatriots. Don't forget."

"Bien, m'sieur."

"And now, Josselin, take that vacant desk, which will be yours henceforth. You will find the necessary books and copy-books inside; you will be in the fifth class, under Monsieur Dumollard. You will occupy yourself with the study of Cornelius Nepos, the commentaries of Cæsar, and Xenophon's retreat of the ten thousand. Soyez diligent et attentif, mon ami; à plus tard!"

He gave the boy a friendly pat on the cheek and left the room.

Josselin walked to his desk and sat down, between d'Adhémar and Laferté, both of whom were *en cinquième.* He pulled a Cæsar out of his desk and tried to read it. He became an object of passionate interest to the whole school-room, till M. Bonzig said,

"The first who lifts his eyes from his desk to stare at '*le nouveau*' shall be *au piquet* for half an hour!" (To be *au piquet* is to stand with your back to a tree for part of the following play-time; and the play-time which was to follow would last just thirty minutes.)

Presently I looked up, in spite of piquet, and caught the new boy's eye, which was large and blue and soft, and very sad and sentimental, and looked as if he were thinking of his mammy, as I did constantly of mine during my first week at Brossard's, three years before.

Soon, however, that sad eye slowly winked at me, with an expression so droll that I all but laughed aloud.

Then its owner felt in the inner breast pocket of his Eton jacket with great care, and delicately drew forth by the tail a very fat white mouse, that seemed quite tame, and ran up his arm to his wide shirt collar, and tried to burrow there—and the boys began to interest themselves breathlessly in this engaging little quadruped.

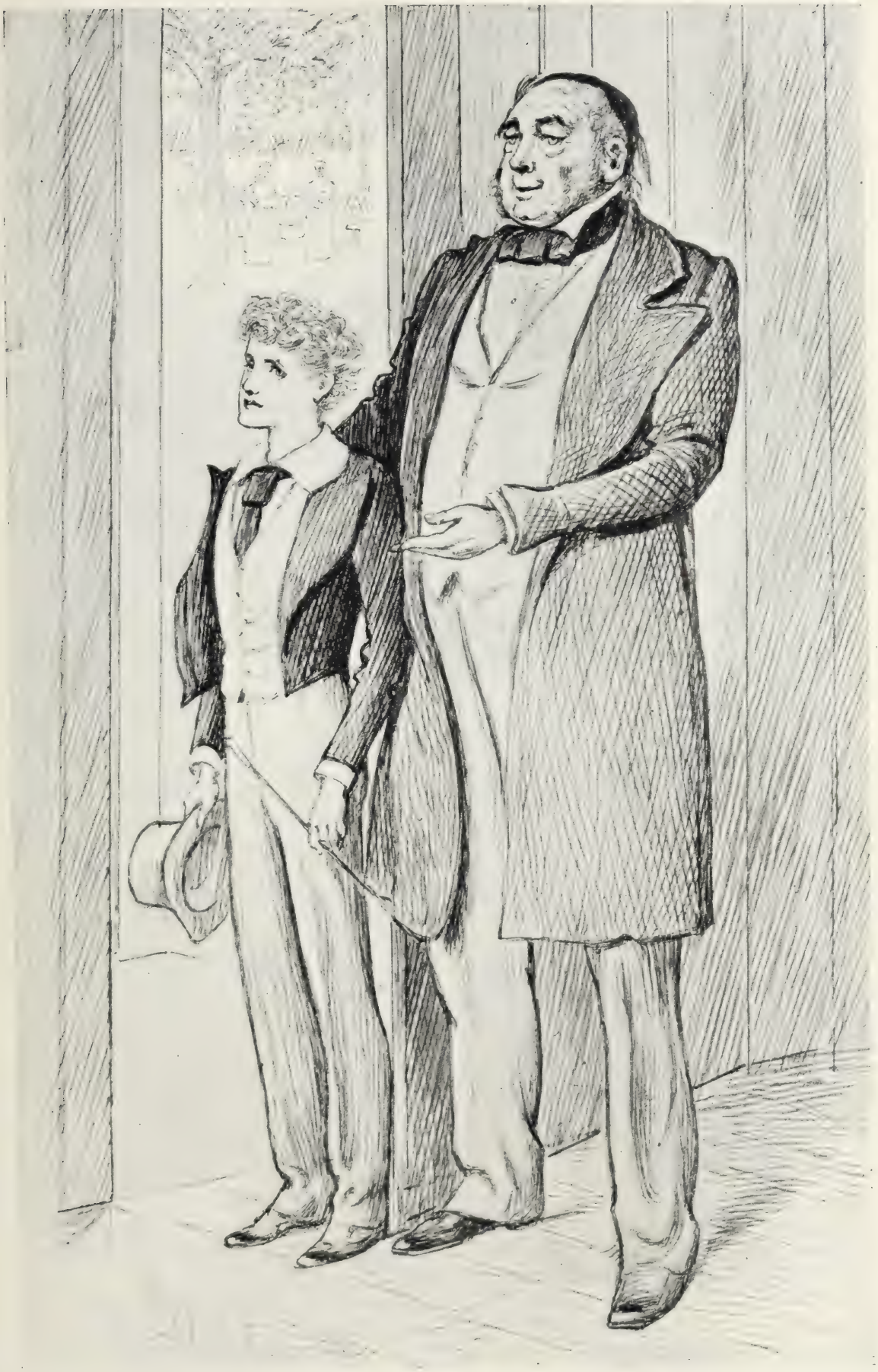
M. Bonzig looked up again, furious; but his spectacles had grown misty from the heat and he couldn't see, and he wiped them—and meanwhile the mouse was quickly smuggled back to its former nest.

Josselin drew a large clean pocket-handkerchief from his trousers, and buried his head in his desk—and there was silence.

"La!—ré, fa!—la!—ré"—

So strummed, over and over again, poor Chardonnet in his remote parlor—he was getting tired.

I have heard "L'Invitation à la Valse" many hundreds of times since then, and in many countries, but never that bar without thinking of Josselin and his little white mouse.



THE NEW BOY.

"Fermez votre pupitre, Josselin," said M. Bonzig after a few minutes.

Josselin shut his desk and beamed genially at the usher.

"What book have you got there, Josselin? Cæsar or Cornelius Nepos?"

Josselin held the book with its title-page open for M. Bonzig to read.

"Are you dumb, Josselin? Can't you speak?"

Josselin tried to speak, but uttered no sound.

"Josselin, come here—opposite me!"

Josselin came and stood opposite M. Bonzig and made a nice little bow.

"What have you got in your mouth, Josselin — chocolate? — barley-sugar? — caoutchouc?—or an India-rubber ball?"

Josselin shrugged his shoulders and looked pensive, but spoke never a word.

"Open quick the mouth, Josselin!"

And Monsieur Bonzig, leaning over the table, deftly put his thumb and forefinger between the boy's lips, and drew forth slowly a large white pocket-handkerchief, which seemed never to end, and threw it on the floor with solemn dignity.

The whole school-room was convulsed with laughter.

"Josselin—leave the room — you will be severely punished, as you deserve—you are a vulgar buffoon—a jocrisse—a paltoquet, a mountebank! Go, petit polisson —go!"

The polisson picked up his pocket-handkerchief and went — quite quietly, with simple manly grace; and that's the first I ever saw of Barty Josselin—and it was some fifty years ago.

At 3.30 the bell sounded for the half-hour's recreation, and the boys came out to play.

Josselin was sitting alone on a bench, thoughtful, with his hand in the inner breast pocket of his Eton jacket.

M. Bonzig went straight to him, buttoned up and severe — his eyes dancing, and glancing from right to left through his spectacles; and Josselin stood up very politely.

"Sit down!" said M. Bonzig; and sat beside him, and talked to him with grim austerity for ten minutes or more, and the boy seemed very penitent and sorry.

Presently he drew forth from his pocket his white mouse, and showed it to the long usher, who looked at it with great seeming interest for a long time, and finally took it into the palm of his own hand—where it stood on its hind legs—and stroked it with his little finger.

Soon Josselin produced a small box of chocolate drops, which he opened and offered to M. Bonzig, who took one and put it in his mouth, and seemed to like it. Then they got up and walked to and fro together, and the usher put his arm round the boy's shoulder, and there was peace and good-will between them; and before they parted Josselin had intrusted his white mouse to "le grand Bonzig"—who intrusted it to Mlle. Marceline, the head lingère, a very kind and handsome person, who found for it a comfortable home in an old bonbon-box lined with blue satin, where it had a large family and fed on the best, and lived happily ever after.

But things did not go smoothly for Josselin all that Saturday afternoon. When Bonzig left, the boys gathered round "le nouveau," large and small, and asked questions. And just before the bell sounded for French literature, I saw him defending himself with his two British fists against Dugit, a big boy with whiskers, who had him by the collar and was kicking him to rights. It seems that Dugit had called him, in would-be English, "Pretty voman," and this had so offended him that he had hit the whiskered one straight in the eye.

Then French literature for the *quatrième* till six; then dinner for all—soup, boiled beef (not salt), lentils; and Gruyère cheese, quite two ounces each; then French rounders till half past seven; then lesson preparation (with *Monte Cristos* in one's lap, or *Mysteries of Paris*, or *Wandering Jews*) till nine.

Then, ding-dang-dong, and, at the sleepy usher's nod, a sleepy boy would rise and recite the perfunctory evening prayer in a dull singsong voice — beginning, "Notre Père, qui êtes aux cieux, vous dont le regard scrutateur pénètre jusque dans les replis les plus profonds de nos cœurs," etc., etc., and ending, "au nom du Père, du Fils, et du St. Esprit, ainsi soit-il!"

And then, bed—Josselin in my dormitory, but a long way off, between d'Adhémar and Laferté; while Palaiseau snorted and sniffed himself to sleep in the bed next mine, and Rapaud still tried to read the immortal works of the elder Dumas by the light of a little oil-lamp six yards off,



A LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

suspended from a nail in the blank wall over the chimney-piece.

The Institution F. Brossard was a very expensive private school, just twice as expensive as the most expensive of the Parisian public schools—Ste.-Barbe, François Premier, Louis-le-Grand, etc.

These great colleges, which were good enough for the sons of Louis Philippe, were not thought good enough for me by my dear mother, who was Irish, and whose only brother had been at Eton, and was now captain in an English cavalry regiment—so she had aristocratic notions. It used to be rather an Irish failing in those days.

My father, James Maurice, also English (and a little Scotch), and by no means an aristocrat, was junior partner in the great firm of Vougeot-Conti et Cie., wine-merchants, Dijon. And at Dijon I had spent much of my childhood, and been to a day school there, and led a very happy life indeed.

Then I was sent to Brossard's school, in the avenue de St.-Cloud, Paris, where I was again very happy, and fond of (nearly) everybody, from the splendid head master and his handsome son, Monsieur Mérovée, down to Antoine and Francisque, the men-servants, and Père Jaurion the concierge, and his wife, who sold croquets and pains-d'épices and "blomboudingues," and sucre-d'orge and nougat and pâte de guimauve; also pralines, dragées, and gray sandy cakes of chocolate a penny apiece; and gave one unlimited credit; and never dunned one, unless bribed to do so by parents, so as to im-

press on us small boys a proper horror of debt.

Whatever principles I have held through life on this important subject I set down to a private interview my mother had with le père et la mère Jaurion, to whom I had run in debt five francs during the horrible winter of '47–8. They made my life a hideous burden to me for a whole summer term, and I have never owed any one a penny since.

The Institution consisted of four separate buildings, or "corps de logis."

In the middle, dominating the situation, was a Greco-Roman pavilion, with a handsome Doric portico elevated ten or twelve feet above the ground, on a large, handsome terrace paved with asphalt and shaded by horse-chestnut trees. Under this noble esplanade, and ventilating themselves into it, were the kitchen and offices and pantry, and also the refectory—a long room, furnished with two parallel tables, covered at the top by a greenish oil-cloth spotted all over with small black disks; and alongside of these tables were wooden forms for the boys to sit together at meat—"la table des grands," "la table des petits"—each big enough for thirty boys and three or four masters. M. Brossard and his family breakfasted and dined apart, in their own private dining-room, close by.

In this big refectory, three times daily, at 7.30 in the morning, at noon, and at 6 P.M., boys and masters took their quotidian sustenance quite informally, without any laying of cloths or saying of grace either before or after; one ate there to live —one did not live merely to eat, at the Pension Brossard.

Breakfast consisted of a thick soup, rich in dark-hued garden produce, and a large hunk of bread — except on Thursdays, when a pat of butter was served out to each boy instead of that Spartan broth—that "brouet noir des Lacédémoniens," as we called it.

Everybody who has lived in France knows how good French butter can often be — and French bread. We triturated each our pat with rock-salt, and made a round ball of it, and dug a hole in our hunk to put it in, and ate it in the playground with clasp-knives, making it last as long as we could.

This, and the half-holiday in the afternoon, made Thursday a day to be marked with a white stone. When you are up at five in summer, at half past five in the winter, and have had an hour and a half or two hours' preparation before your first meal at 7.30, French bread-and-butter is not a bad thing to break your fast with.

Then, from eight to twelve, class—Latin, Greek, French, English, German — and mathematics and geometry—history, geography, chemistry, physics—everything that you must get to know before you can hope to obtain your degree of Bachelor of Letters or Sciences, or be admitted to the Polytechnic School, or the Normal, or the Central, or that of Mines, or that of Roads and Bridges, or the Military School of St.-Cyr, or the Naval School of the Borda. All this was fifty years ago; of course names of schools may have changed, and even the sciences themselves.

Then, at twelve, the second breakfast, meat (or salt fish on Fridays), a dish of vegetables, lentils, red or white beans, salad, potatoes, etc.; a dessert, which consisted of fruit or cheese, or a French pudding. This banquet over, a master would stand up in his place and call for silence, and read out loud the list of boys who were to be kept in during the play-hour that followed:

"*À la retenue*, Messieurs Maurice, Rapaud, de Villars, Jolivet, Sponde," etc. Then play till 1.30; and very good play too; rounders, which are better and far more complicated in France than in England; "barres;" "barres traversières," as rough a game as football; fly the garter, or "la raie," etc., etc., according to the season. And then afternoon study, at the summons of that dreadful bell whose music was so sweet when it rang the hour for meals or recreation or sleep—so hideously discordant at 5.30 on a foggy December Monday morning!

Altogether eleven hours work daily and four hours play, and sleep from nine till five or half past: I find this leaves half an hour unaccounted for, so I must have made a mistake somewhere. But it all happened fifty years ago, so it's not of much consequence now.

Probably they have changed all that in France by this time, and made school life a little easier there, especially for nice little English boys—and nice little French boys too. I hope so, very much; for French boys can be as nice as any, especially at such institutions as F. Brossard's, if there are any left.

Most of my comrades, aged from seven

to nineteen or twenty, were the sons of well-to-do fathers — soldiers, sailors, rentiers, owners of land, public officials, in professions or business or trade. A dozen or so were of aristocratic descent—three or four very great swells indeed; for instance, two marquises (one of whom spoke English, having an English mother); a count bearing a string of beautiful names a thousand years old, and even more—for they were constantly turning up in the Classe d'Histoire de France au moyen âge; a Belgian viscount of immense wealth and immense good-nature; and several very rich Jews, who were neither very clever nor very stupid, but, as a rule, rather popular.

Then we had a few of humbler station —the son of the woman who washed for us; Jules, the natural son of a brave old caporal in the trente-septième légère (a countryman of M. Brossard's), who was not well off — so I suspect his son was taught and fed for nothing — the Brossards were very liberal; Filosel, the only child of a small retail hosier in the rue St.-Denis (who thought no sacrifice too great to keep his son at such a first-rate private school), and others.

During the seven years I spent at Brossard's I never once heard paternal wealth (or the want of it) or paternal rank or position alluded to by master, pupil, or servant—especially never a word or an allusion that could have given a moment's umbrage to the most sensitive little only son of a well-to-do West End cheese-monger that ever got smuggled into a private suburban boarding-school kept "for the sons of gentlemen only," and was so chaffed and bullied there that his father had to take him away, and send him to Eton instead, where the "sons of gentlemen" have better manners, it seems; or even to France, where "the sons of gentlemen" have the best manners of all—or used to have before a certain 2d of December—as distinctly I remember: nous avons changé tout cela!

The head master was a famous republican, and after February, '48, was elected a "représentant du peuple" for the Dauphiné, and sat in the Chamber of Deputies —for a very short time, alas!

So I fancy that the titled and particled boys—"les nobles"—were of families that had drifted away from the lily and white flag of their loyal ancestors—from Rome and the Pope and the past.

Anyhow, none of our young nobles, when at home, seemed to live in the noble Faubourg across the river, and there were no clericals or ultramontanes among us, high or low—we were all red, white, and blue in equal and impartial combination. All this *par parenthèse.*

On the asphalt terrace also, but separated from the head master's classic habitation by a small square space, was the *lingerie*, managed by Mlle. Marceline and her two subordinates, Constance and Félicité; and beneath this, le père et la mère Jaurion sold their cheap goodies, and jealously guarded the gates that secluded us from the wicked world outside —where women are, and merchants of tobacco, and cafés where you can sip the opalescent absinthe, and libraries where you can buy books more diverting than the *Adventures of Telemachus!*

On the opposite, or western, side was the gymnastic ground, enclosed in a wire fence, but free of access at all times—a place of paramount importance in all French schools, public and private.

From the doors of the refectory the general play-ground sloped gently down northwards to the rond-point, where it was bounded by double gates of wood and iron that were always shut; and on each hither side of these rose an oblong dwelling of red brick, two stories high, and capable of accommodating thirty boys, sleeping or waking, at work or rest or play; for in bad weather we played indoors, or tried to, chess, draughts, backgammon, and the like—even blind-man's-buff (*Colin Maillard*)—even puss in the corner (*aux quatre coins!*).

All the class-rooms and school-rooms were on the ground-floor; above, the dormitories and masters' rooms.

These two buildings were symmetrical; one held the boys over fourteen, from the third class up to the first; the other (into the "salle d'études" of which the reader has already been admitted), the boys from the fourth down to the eighth, or lowest form of all—just the reverse of an English school.

On either side of the play-ground were narrow strips of garden cultivated by boys whose tastes lay that way, and small arbors overgrown with convolvulus and other creepers—snug little verdant retreats, where one fed the mind on literature not sanctioned by the authorities, and smoked cigarettes of caporal, and

even colored pipes, and was sick without fear of detection (*piquait son renard sans crainte d'être collé*).

Finally, behind Père Brossard's Ciceronian Villa, on the south, was a handsome garden (we called it Tusculum); a green flowery pleasaunce reserved for the head master's married daughter (Madame Germain) and her family—good people with whom we had nothing to do.

Would I could subjoin a ground-plan of the Institution F. Brossard, where Barty Josselin spent four such happy years, and was so universally and singularly popular!

Why should I take such pains about all this, and dwell so laboriously on all these minute details?

Firstly, because it all concerns Josselin and the story of his life—and I am so proud and happy to be the biographer of such a man, at his own often expressed desire, that I hardly know where to leave off and what to leave out. Also, this is quite a new trade for me, who have only dealt hitherto in foreign wines, and British party politics, and bimetallism—and can only write in telegraphese!

Secondly, because I find it such a keen personal joy to evoke and follow out, and realize to myself by means of pen and pencil, all these personal reminiscences; and with such a capital excuse for prolixity!

At the top of every page I have to pull myself together to remind myself that it is not of the Right Honorable Sir Robert Maurice, Bart., M.P., that I am telling the tale—any one can do that—but of a certain Englishman who wrote *Sardonyx*, to the everlasting joy and pride of the land of his *fathers*—and of a certain Frenchman who wrote *Berthe aux grands pieds*, and moved his *mother*-country to such delight of tears and tender laughter as it had never known before.

Dear me! the boys who lived and learnt at Brossard's school fifty years ago, and the masters who taught there (peace to their ashes!), are far more to my taste than the actual human beings among whom my dull existence of business and politics and society is mostly spent in these days. The school must have broken up somewhere about the early fifties. The stuccoed Doric dwelling was long since replaced by an important stone mansion, in a very different style of architecture—the abode of a wealthy banker—and this again, later, by a palace many stories high. The two school-houses in red brick are no more; the play-ground grew into a luxuriant garden, where a dozen very tall trees overtopped the rest: from their evident age and their position in regard to each other they must have been old friends of mine grown out of all knowledge.

I saw them only twenty years ago, from the top of a Passy omnibus, and recognized every one of them. I went from the Arc de Triomphe to Passy and back quite a dozen times, on purpose—once for each tree! It touched me to think how often the author of *Sardonyx* has stood leaning his back against one of those giants—*au piquet!*

They are now no more; and Passy omnibuses no longer ply up and down the Allée du Bois de Boulogne, which is now an avenue of palaces.

An umbrageous lane that led from the Rond-point to Chaillot (that very forgettable, and by me quite forgotten, quarter) separated the Institution F. Brossard from the Pensionnat Mélanie Jalabert—a beautiful pseudo-Gothic castle which was tenanted for a while by Prince de Carabas-Chenonceaux after Mlle. Jalabert had broken up her ladies' school in 1849.

My mother boarded and lodged there, with my little sister, in the summer of 1847. There were one or two other English lady boarders, half-pupils—much younger than my mother—indeed they may be alive now. If they are, and this should happen to meet their eye, may I ask them to remember kindly the Irish wife of the Scotch merchant of French wines who supplied them with the innocent vintage of Mâcon (ah! who knows that innocence better than I?), and his pretty little daughter who played the piano so nicely; may I beg them also not to think it necessary to communicate with me on the subject, or, if they do, not to expect an answer?

One night Mlle. Jalabert gave a small dance, and Mérovée Brossard was invited, and also half a dozen of his favorite pupils, and a fair-haired English boy of thirteen danced with the beautiful Miss ——.

They came to grief and fell together in a heap on the slippery floor; but no bones were broken, and there was much good-natured laughter at their expense.

If Miss —— (that was) is still among the quick, and remembers, it may interest her to know that that fair-haired English boy's name was no less than Bartholomew Josselin; and that another English boy, somewhat thick-set and stumpy, and not much to look at, held her in deep love, admiration, and awe—and has not forgotten!

If I happen to mention this, it is not with a view of tempting her into any correspondence about this little episode of bygone years, should this ever meet her eye.

The Sunday morning that followed Barty's début at Brossard's the boys went to church in the rue de l'Église, Passy—and he with them, for he had been brought up a Roman Catholic. And I went round to Mlle. Jalabert's to see my mother and sister.

I told them all about the new boy, and they were much interested. Suddenly my mother exclaimed:

"Bartholomew Josselin? why, dear me! that must be Lord Runswick's son—Lord Runswick, who was the eldest son of the present Marquis of Whitby. He was in the 17th lancers with your uncle Charles, who was very fond of him. He left the army twenty years ago, and married Lady Selina Jobhouse—and his wife went mad. Then he fell in love with the famous Antoinette Josselin at the 'Bouffes,' and wanted so much to marry her that he tried to get a divorce; it was tried in the House of Lords, I believe; but he didn't succeed—so they—a—well—they contracted a—a *morganatic* marriage, you know; and your friend was born. And poor Lord Runswick was killed in a duel about a dog, when his son was two years old; and his mother left the stage, and—"

Just here the beautiful Miss —— came in with her sister, and there was no more of Josselin's family history; and I forgot all about it for the day. For I passionately loved the beautiful Miss ——; I was just thirteen!

But next morning I said to him at breakfast, in English,

"Wasn't your father killed in a duel?"

"Yes," said Barty, looking grave.

"Wasn't he called Lord Runswick?"

"Yes," said Barty, looking graver still.

"Then why are you called Josselin?"

"Ask no questions and you'll get no lies," said Barty, looking very grave indeed—and I dropped the subject.

And here I may as well rapidly go through the well-known story of his birth and early childhood.

His father, Lord Runswick, fell desperately in love with the beautiful Antoinette Josselin after his own wife had gone hopelessly mad. He failed to obtain a divorce, naturally; Antoinette was as much in love with him, and they lived together as man and wife, and Barty was born. They were said to be the handsomest couple in Paris, and immensely popular among all who knew them, though of course society did not open its doors to la belle Madame de Ronsvic, as she was called.

She was the daughter of poor fisherfolk in Le Pollet, Dieppe. I, with Barty for a guide, have seen the lowly dwelling where her infancy and childhood were spent, and which Barty remembered well, and also such of her kin as were still alive in 1870, and felt it was good to come of such a race, humble as they were. They were physically splendid people, almost as splendid as Barty himself; and, as I was told by many who knew them well, as good to know and live with as they were good to look at—all that was easy to see—and their manners were delightful.

When Antoinette was twelve, she went to stay in Paris with her uncle and aunt, who were concierges to Prince Scorchakoff in the rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré; next door, or next door but one, to the Élysée Bourbon, as it was called then. And there the princess took a fancy to her, and had her carefully educated, especially in music; for the child had a charming voice and a great musical talent, besides being beautiful to the eye—gifts which her son inherited.

Then she became for three or four years a pupil at the Conservatoire, and finally went on the stage, and was soon one of the most brilliant stars of the Parisian theatre at its most brilliant period.

Then she met the handsome English lord, who was forty, and they fell in love with each other, and all happened as I have told.

In the spring of 1837 Lord Runswick was killed in a duel by Lieutenant Rondelis, of the deuxième Spahis. Antoinette's dog had jumped up to play with the lieutenant, who struck it with his cane (for

he was "*en pékin*," it appears—in mufti), and Lord Runswick laid his own cane across the Frenchman's back; and next morning they fought with swords, by the Mare aux Biches in the Bois de Boulogne—a little secluded, sedgy pool, hardly more than six inches deep and six yards across. Barty and I have often skated there as boys.

The Englishman was run through at the first lunge, and fell dead on the spot.

A few years ago Barty met the son of the man who killed Lord Runswick—it was at the French Embassy in Albert Gate. They were introduced to each other, and M. Rondelis told Barty how his own father's life had been poisoned by sorrow and remorse at having had "la main si malheureuse" on that fatal morning by the Mare aux Biches.

Poor Antoinette, mad with grief, left the stage, and went with her little boy to live in the Pollet, near her parents. Three years later she died there, of typhus, and Barty was left an orphan and penniless; for Lord Runswick had been poor, and lived beyond his means, and died in debt.

Lord Archibald Rohan, a favorite younger brother of Runswick's (not the heir), came to Dieppe from Dover (where he was quartered with his regiment, the 7th Royal Fusileers) to see the boy, and took a fancy to him, and brought him back to Dover to show his wife, who was also French—a daughter of the old Gascon family of Lonlay-Savignac, who had gone into trade (chocolate) and become immensely rich. They (the Rohans) had been married eight years, and had as yet no children of their own. Lady Archibald was delighted with the child, who was quite beautiful. She fell in love with the little creature at the first sight of him—and fed him, on the evening of his arrival, with crumpets and buttered toast. And in return he danced "La Dieppoise" for her, and sang her a little ungrammatical ditty in praise of wine and women. It began:

"Beuvons, beuvons, beuvons donc
De ce vin le meilleur du monde...
Beuvons, beuvons, beuvons donc
De ce vin, car il est très-bon!
Si je n'en beuvions pas,
J'aurions la pépi-e!
Ce qui me...."

I have forgotten the rest—indeed, I am not quite sure that it is fit for the drawing-room!

"Ah, mon Dieu! quel amour d'enfant! Oh! gardons-le!" cried my lady, and they kept him.

I can imagine the scene. Indeed, Lady Archibald has described it to me, and Barty remembered it well. It was his earliest English recollection, and he has loved buttered toast and crumpets ever since—as well as women and wine. And thus he was adopted by the Archibald Rohans. They got him an English governess and a pony; and in two years he went to a day school in Dover, kept by a Miss Stone, who is actually alive at present and remembers him well; and so he became quite a little English boy, but kept up his French through Lady Archibald, who was passionately devoted to him, although by this time she had a little daughter of her own, whom Barty always looked upon as his sister, and who is now dead. (She became Lord Frognal's wife—he died in 1870—and she afterwards married Mr. Justice Robertson.)

Barty's French grandfather and grandmother came over from Dieppe once a year to see him, and were well pleased with the happy condition of his new life; and the more Lord and Lady Archibald saw of these grandparents of his, the more pleased they were that he had become the child of their adoption. For they were first-rate people to descend from, these simple toilers of the sea; better perhaps, *cæteris paribus*, than even the Rohans themselves!

All this early phase of little Josselin's life seems to have been singularly happy. Every year at Christmas he went with the Rohans to Castle Rohan in Yorkshire, where his English grandfather lived, the Marquis of Whitby—and where he was petted and made much of by all the members, young and old (especially female), of that very ancient family, which had originally come from Brittany in France, as the name shows; but were not millionaires, and never had been.

Often, too, they went to Paris—and in 1847 Colonel Lord Archibald sold out, and they elected to go and live there, in the rue du Bac; and Barty was sent to the Institution F. Brossard, where he was soon destined to become the most popular boy, with boys and masters alike, that had ever been in the school (in any school, I should think), in spite of conduct that was too often the reverse of exemplary.

Indeed, even from his early boyhood he was the most extraordinarily gifted



LORD RUNSWICK AND ANTOINETTE JOSSELIN.

creature I have ever known, or even heard of; a kind of spontaneous humorous Crichton to whom all things came easily—and life itself as an uncommonly good joke. During that summer term of 1847 I did not see very much of him. He was in the class below mine, and took up with Laferté and little Bussy-Rabutin, who were first-rate boys, and laughed at everything he said, and worshipped him. So did everybody else, sooner or later; indeed, it soon became evident that he was a most exceptional little person.

In the first place, his beauty was absolutely angelic, as will be readily believed by all who have known him since. The mere sight of him as a boy made people pity his father and mother for being dead!

Then he had a charming gift of singing little French and English ditties, comic or touching, with his delightful fresh young pipe, and accompanying himself quite nicely on either piano or guitar without really knowing a note of music. Then he could draw caricatures that we boys thought inimitable, much funnier than Cham's or Bertall's or Gavarni's, and collected and treasured up. I have dozens of them now—they make me laugh still, and bring back memories of which the charm is indescribable; and their pathos, to me!

And then how funny he was himself, without effort, and with a fun that never failed! He was a born buffoon of the graceful kind—more whelp or kitten than monkey—ever playing the fool, in and out of season, but somehow always *à propos;* and French boys love a boy for that more than anything else; or did, in those days.

Such very simple buffooneries as they were, too—that gave him (and us) such stupendous delight!

For instance—he is sitting at evening study between Bussy-Rabutin and Laferté; M. Bonzig is usher for the evening.

At 8.30 Bussy-Rabutin gives way: in a whisper he informs Barty that he means to take a nap ("*piquer un chien*"), with his Gradus open before him, and his hand supporting his weary brow as though in deep study. "But," says he—

"If Bonzig finds me out (si Bonzig me colle), give me a gentle nudge!"

"All right!" says Barty—and off goes Bussy-Rabutin into his snooze.

8.45.—Poor fat little Laferté falls into a snooze too, after giving Barty just the same commission—to nudge him directly he's found out from the *chaire.*

8.55.—Intense silence; everybody hard at work. Even Bonzig is satisfied with the deep stillness and studious *recueillement* that brood over the scene—steady pens going—quick turning over of leaves of the Gradus ad Parnassum. Suddenly Barty sticks out his elbows and nudges both his neighbors at once, and both jump up, exclaiming, in a loud voice:

"Non, m'sieur, je n'dors pas. J'travaille."

Sensation. Even Bonzig laughs—and Barty is happy for a week.

Or else, again—a new usher, Monsieur Goupillon (from Gascony) is on duty in the school-room during afternoon school. He has a peculiar way of saying "*oê, vô!*" instead of "*oui, vous!*" to any boy who says "moi, m'sieur?" on being found fault with; and perceiving this, Barty manages to be found fault with every five minutes, and always says "moi, m'sieur?" so as to elicit the "*oê, vô!*" that gives him such delight.

At length M. Goupillon says,

"Josselin, if you force me to say '*oê, vô!*' to you once more, you shall be *à la retenue* for a week!"

"Moi, m'sieur?" says Josselin, quite innocently.

"*Oê, vô!*" shouts M. Goupillon, glaring with all his might, but quite unconscious that Barty has earned the threatened punishment! And again Barty is happy for a week. And so are we.

Such was Barty's humor, as a boy—mere drivel—but of such a kind that even his butts were fond of him. He would make M. Bonzig laugh in the middle of his severest penal sentences, and thus demoralize the whole school-room and set a shocking example, and be ordered *à la porte* of the salle d'études—an exile which was quite to his taste; for he would go straight off to the lingerie and entertain Mlle. Marceline and Constance and Félicité (who all three adored him) with comic songs and break-downs of his own invention, and imitations of everybody in the school. He was a born histrion—a kind of French Arthur Roberts—but very beautiful to the female eye, and also always dear to the female heart—a most delightful gift of God!

Then he was constantly being sent for when boys' friends and parents came to see them, that he might sing and play the



"QUEL AMOUR D'ENFANT!"

fool and show off his tricks, and so forth. It was one of M. Mérovée's greatest delights to put him through his paces. The message "on demande Monsieur Josselin au parloir" would be brought down once or twice a week, sometimes even in class or school room, and became quite a by-word in the school; and many of the masters thought it a mistake and a pity. But Barty by no means disliked being made much of and showing off in this genial manner.

He could turn le père Brossard round his little finger, and Mérovée too. Whenever an extra holiday was to be begged for, or a favor obtained for any one, or the severity of a *pensum* mitigated, Barty was the messenger, and seldom failed.

His constitution, inherited from a long line of frugal seafaring Norman ancestors (not to mention another long line of well-fed, well-bred Yorkshire Squires), was magnificent. His spirits never failed. He could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye; this was often tested by M. Dumollard, maître de mathématiques (et de cosmographie), who had a telescope, which, with a little good-will on the gazer's part, made Jupiter look as big as the moon, and its moons like stars of the first magnitude.

His sense of hearing was also exceptionally keen. He could hear a watch tick in the next room, and perceive very high sounds to which ordinary human ears are deaf (this was found out later); and when we played blind-man's-buff on a rainy day, he could, blindfolded, tell every boy he caught hold of—not by feeling him all over like the rest of us, but by the mere smell of his hair, or his hands, or his blouse! No wonder he was so much more alive than the rest of us! According to the amiable, modest, polite, delicately humorous, and ever tolerant and considerate Professor Max Nordau,

this perfection of the olfactory sense proclaims poor Barty a degenerate! I only wish there were a few more like him, and that I were a little more like him myself!

By-the-way, how proud young Germany must feel of its enlightened Max, and how fond of him, to be sure! Mes compliments!

But the most astounding thing of all (it seems incredible, but all the world knows it by this time, and it will be accounted for later on) is that at certain times and seasons Barty knew by an infallible instinct *where the north was*, to a point. Most of my readers will remember his extraordinary evidence as a witness in the "Rangoon" trial, and how this power was tested in open court, and how important were the issues involved, and how he refused to give any explanation of a gift so extraordinary.

It was often tried at school by blindfolding him, and turning him round and round till he was giddy, and asking him to point out where the north pole was, or the north star, and seven or eight times out of ten the answer was unerringly right. When he failed, he knew beforehand that for the time being he had lost the power, but could never say why. Little Doctor Larcher could never get over his surprise at this strange phenomenon, nor explain it; and often brought some scientific friend from Paris to test it, who was equally nonplussed.

When cross-examined, Barty would merely say,

"Quelquefois je sais—quelquefois je ne sais pas—mais quand je sais, je sais, et il n'y pas à s'y tromper!"

Indeed, on one occasion that I remember well a very strange thing happened; he not only pointed out the north with absolute accuracy, as he stood carefully blindfolded in the gymnastic ground, after having been turned and twisted again and again—but, still blindfolded, he vaulted the wire fence and ran round to the refectory door which served as the home at rounders, all of us following; and there he danced a surprising dance of his own invention, that he called "La Paladine," the most humorously graceful and grotesque exhibition I ever saw; and then, taking a ball out of his pocket, he shouted, "À l'amandier!" and threw the ball. Straight and swift it flew, and hit the almond-tree, which was quite twenty yards off; and after this he ran round the yard from base to base, as at "la balle au camp," till he reached the camp again.

"If ever he goes blind," said the wondering M. Mérovée, "he'll never need a dog to lead him about."

"He must have some special friend above!" said Madame Germain (Mérovée's sister, who was looking on).

Prophetic words! I have never forgotten them, nor the tear that glistened in each of her kind eyes as she spoke. She was a deeply religious and very emotional person, and loved Barty almost as if he were a child of her own.

Such women have strange intuitions.

Barty was often asked to repeat this astonishing performance before sceptical people—parents of boys, visitors, etc.—who had been told of it, and who believed he could not have been properly blindfolded; but he could never be induced to do so.

There was no mistake about the blindfolding—I helped in it myself; and he afterwards told me the whole thing was "aussi simple que bonjour" if once he felt the north—for then, with his back to the refectory door, he knew exactly the position and distance of every tree from where he was.

"It's all nonsense about my going blind and being able to do without a dog"—he added; "I should be just as helpless as any other blind man, unless I was in a place I knew as well as my own pocket—like this play-ground! Besides, *I* sha'n't go blind; nothing will ever happen to *my* eyes—they're the strongest and best in the whole school!"

He said this exultingly, dilating his nostrils and chest; and looked proudly up and around, like Ajax defying the lightning.

"But what *do* you feel when you feel the north, Barty—a kind of tingling?" I asked.

"Oh—I feel where it is—as if I'd got a mariner's compass trembling inside my stomach—and as if I wasn't afraid of anybody or anything in the world—as if I could go and have my head chopped off and not care a fig."

"Ah, well—I can't make it out—I give it up," I exclaimed.

"So do I," exclaims Barty.

"But tell me, Barty," I whispered—"*have* you—have you *really* got a—a—*special friend above?*"

"Ask no questions and you'll get no lies," said Barty, and winked at me one eye after the other—and went about his business, and I about mine.

Thus it is hardly to be wondered at that the spirit of this extraordinary boy seemed to pervade the Pension F. Brossard, almost from the day he came to the day he left it—a slender stripling over six feet high, beautiful as Apollo, but, alas! without his degree, and not an incipient hair on his lip or chin!

Of course the boy had his faults. He had a tremendous appetite, and was rather greedy—so was I, for that matter—and we were good customers to la mère Jaurion; especially he, for he always had lots of pocket-money, and was fond of standing treat all round. Yet, strange to say, he had such a loathing of meat that soon by special favoritism a separate dish of eggs and milk and succulent vegetables was cooked expressly for him—a savory mess that made all our mouths water merely to see and smell it, and filled us with envy, it was so good. Aglaé the cook took care of that!

"C'était pour Monsieur Jósselin!"

And of this he would eat as much as three ordinary boys could eat of anything in the world.

Then he was quick-tempered and impulsive, and in frequent fights—in which he generally came off second best; for he was fond of fighting with bigger boys than himself. Victor or vanquished, he never bore malice—nor woke it in others, which is worse. But he would slap a face almost as soon as look at it, on rather slight provocation, I'm afraid—especially if it were an inch or two higher up than his own. And he was fond of showing off, and always wanted to throw farther and jump higher and run faster than any one else. Not, indeed, that he ever wished to *mentally* excel, or particularly admired those who did!

Also, he was apt to judge folk too much by their mere outward appearance and manner, and not very fond of dull, ugly, commonplace people — the very people, unfortunately, who were fondest of him; he really detested them, almost as much as they detest each other, in spite of many sterling qualities of the heart and head they sometimes possess. And yet he was their victim through life—for he was very soft, and never had the heart to snub the deadliest bores he ever writhed under, even undeserving ones! Like ——, or ——, or the Bishop of ——, or Lord Justice ——, or General ——, or Admiral ——, or the Duke of ——, etc., etc.

And he very unjustly disliked people of the bourgeois type — the respectable middle class, *quorum pars magna fui!* Especially if we were very well off and successful, and thought ourselves of some consequence (as we now very often are, I beg to say), and showed it (as I'm afraid we sometimes do). He preferred the commonest artisan to M. Jourdain, the bourgeois gentilhomme, who was a very decent fellow after all, and at least clean in his habits, and didn't use bad language or beat his wife!

Poor dear Barty! what would have become of all those priceless copyrights and royalties and what not if his old schoolfellow hadn't been a man of business? and where would Barty himself have been without his wife, who came from that very class?

And his admiration for an extremely good-looking person, even of his own sex, even a scavenger or a dustman, was almost snobbish. It was like a well-bred, well-educated Englishman's frank fondness for a noble lord.

And next to physical beauty he admired great physical strength; and I sometimes think that it is to my possession of this single gift I owe some of the warm friendship I feel sure he always bore me; for though he was a strong man, and topped me by an inch or two, I was stronger still—as a cart-horse is stronger than a racer.

For his own personal appearance, of which he always took the greatest care, he had a naïve admiration that he did not disguise. His candor in this respect was comical; yet, strange to say, he was really without vanity.

When he was in the Guards he would tell you quite frankly he was "the handsomest chap in all the Household Brigade, bar three"—just as he would tell you he was twenty last birthday. And the fun of it was that the three exceptions he was good enough to make, splendid fellows as they were, seemed as satyrs to Hyperion when compared with Barty Josselin. One (F. Pepys) was three or four inches taller, it is true, being six foot seven or eight—a giant. The two others had immense whiskers, which Barty openly envied, but could not emulate — and the

mustache with which he would have been quite decently endowed in time was not permitted in an infantry regiment.

To return to the Pension Brossard, and Barty the school-boy:

He adored Monsieur Mérovée because he was big and strong and handsome—not because he was one of the best fellows that ever lived. He disliked Monsieur Durosier, whom we were all so fond of, because he had a slight squint and a receding chin.

As for the Anglophobe, Monsieur Dumollard, who made no secret of his hatred and contempt for perfidious Albion. . . .

"Dis donc, Josselin!" says Maurice, in English or French, as the case might be, "why don't you like Monsieur Dumollard? Eh? He always favors you more than any other chap in the school. I suppose you dislike him because he hates the English so, and always runs them down before you and me—and says they're all traitors and sneaks and hypocrites and bullies and cowards and liars and snobs; and we can't answer him, because he's the mathematical master!"

"Ma foi, non!" says Josselin—"c'est pas pour ça!"

"Pourquoi, alors?" says Maurice (that's me).

"C'est parce qu'il a le pied bourgeois et la jambe canaille!" says Barty. (It's because he's got common legs and vulgar feet.)

And that's about the lowest and meanest thing I ever heard him say in his life.

Also, he was not always very sympathetic, as a boy, when one was sick or sorry or out of sorts, for he had never been ill in his life, never known an ache or a pain—except once the mumps, which he seemed to thoroughly enjoy—and couldn't realize suffering of any kind, except such suffering as most school-boys all over the world are often fond of inflicting on dumb animals: this drove him frantic, and led to many a licking by bigger boys. I remember several such scenes—one especially.

One frosty morning in January, '48, just after breakfast, Jolivet trois (tertius) put a sparrow into his squirrel's cage, and the squirrel caught it in its claws, and cracked its skull like a nut and sucked its brain, while the poor bird still made a desperate struggle for life, and there was much laughter.

There was also, in consequence, a quick fight between Jolivet and Josselin; in which Barty got the worst, as usual—his foe was two years older, and quite an inch taller.

Afterwards, as the licked one sat on the edge of a small stone tank full of water and dabbed his swollen eye with a wet pocket-handkerchief, M. Dumollard, the mathematical master, made cheap fun of Britannic sentimentality about animals, and told us how the English noblesse were privileged to beat their wives with sticks no thicker than their ankles, and sell them "*au rabais*" in the horse-market of Smissfeld; and that they paid men to box each other to death on the stage of Drury Lane, and all that—deplorable things that we all know and are sorry for and ashamed, but cannot put a stop to.

The boys laughed, of course; they always did when Dumollard tried to be funny, "and many a joke had he," although his wit never degenerated into mere humor.

But they were so fond of Barty that they forgave him his insular affectation; some even helped him to dab his sore eye; among them Jolivet trois himself, who was a very good-natured chap, and very good-looking into the bargain; and he had received from Barty a sore eye too—*gallicè*, "un pochon"—*scholasticè*, "un œil au beurre noir!"

By-the-way, *I* fought with Jolivet once—about Æsop's fables! He said that Æsop was a lame poet of Lacedæmon—I, that Æsop was a little hunchback Armenian Jew; and I stuck to it. It was a Sunday afternoon, on the terrace by the lingerie.

He kicked as hard as he could, so I had to kick too. Mlle. Marceline ran out with Constance and Félicité and tried to separate us, and got kicked by both (unintentionally of course). Then up came Père Jaurion and kicked *me!* And they all took Jolivet's part, and said I was in the wrong, because I was English! What did *they* know about Æsop! So we made it up, and went in Jaurion's loge and stood each other a blomboudingue on tick—and called Jaurion bad names.

"Comme c'est bête, de s'battre, hein?" said Jolivet, and I agreed with him. I don't know which of us really got the worst of it, for we hadn't disfigured each other in the least—and that's the best of

kicking. Anyhow he was two years older than I, and three or four inches taller; so I'm glad, on the whole, that that small battle was interrupted.

It is really not for brag that I have lugged in this story—at least I hope not. One never quite knows.

To go back to Barty: he was the most generous boy in the school. If I may paraphrase an old saying, he really didn't seem to know the difference betwixt tuum et meum. Everything he had, books, clothes, pocket-money—even agate marbles, those priceless possessions to a French school-boy — seemed to be also everybody else's who chose. I came across a very characteristic letter of his the other day, written from the Pension Brossard to his favorite aunt, Lady Caroline Grey (one of the Rohans), who adored him. It begins:

"My Dear Aunt Caroline,—Thank you so much for the magnifying-glass, which is not only magnifying, but magnifique. Don't trouble to send any more gingerbread nuts, as the boys are getting rather tired of them, especially Laferté and Bussy-Rabutin. I think we should all like some Scotch marmalade," etc., etc.

And though fond of romancing a little now and then, and embellishing a good story, he was absolutely truthful in important matters, and to be relied upon implicitly.

He seemed also to be quite without the sense of physical fear—a kind of callousness.

Such, roughly, was the boy who lived to write the *Motes in a Moonbeam* and *La quatrième Dimension*, before he was thirty; and such, roughly, he remained through life, except for one thing: he grew to be the very soul of passionate and compassionate sympathy, as who doesn't feel who has ever read a page of his work, or even had speech with him for half an hour?

Whatever weaknesses he yielded to when he grew to man's estate are such as the world only too readily condones in many a famous man less tempted than Josselin was inevitably bound to be through life. Men of the Josselin type (there are not many — he stands pretty much alone) can scarcely be expected to journey from adolescence to middle age with that impeccable decorum which I —and no doubt many of my masculine readers—have found it so easy to achieve, and find it now so pleasant to remember and get credit for. Let us think of *The Footprints of Aurora*, or *Étoiles mortes*, or *Déjanire et Dalila*, or even *Les Trépassées de François Villon!*

Then let us look at Rajon's etching of Watts's portrait of him (the original is my own to look at whenever I like, and that is pretty often). And then, let us not throw too many big stones, or too hard, at Barty Josselin.

Well, the summer term of 1847 wore smoothly to its close—a happy "trimestre" during which the Institution F. Brossard reached the high-water mark of its prosperity.

There were sixty boys to be taught, and six house-masters to teach them, besides a few highly paid outsiders for special classes — such as the lively M. Durosier for French literature, and M. le Professeur Martineau for the higher mathematics, and so forth; and crammers and coachers for St.-Cyr, the Polytechnic School, the École des Ponts et Chaussées.

Also fencing-masters, gymnastic masters, a Dutch master who taught us German and Italian—an Irish master with a lovely brogue who taught us English. Shall I ever forget the blessed day when ten or twelve of us were presented with an *Ivanhoe* apiece as a class-book, or how Barty and I and Bonneville (who knew English) devoured the immortal story in less than a week—to the disgust of Rapaud, who refused to believe that we could possibly know such a beastly tongue as English well enough to read an English book for mere pleasure — on our desks in play-time, or on our laps in school, *en cachette!* "Quelle sacrée pose!"

He soon mislaid his own copy, did Rapaud; just as he mislaid my *Monte Cristo* and Jolivet's illustrated *Wandering Jew*—and it was always:

"Dis donc, Maurice! — prête-moi ton *Ivanoé!*" (with an accent on the e), whenever he had to construe his twenty lines of Valtère Scott—and what a hash he made of them!

Sometimes M. Brossard himself would come, smoking his big meerschaum, and help the English class during preparation, and put us up to a thing or two worth knowing.

"Rapaud, comment dit-on '*pouvoir*' en anglais?"

"Sais pas, m'sieur!"

"Comment, petit crétin, tu ne sais pas!"

And Rapaud would receive a *pincée tordue*—a "twisted pinch"—on the back of his arm to quicken his memory.

"Oh, là, là!" he would howl—"je n' sais pas!"

"Et toi, Maurice?"

"Ça se dit, '*to be able*,' m'sieur!" I would say.

"Mais non, mon ami—tu oublies ta langue natale—ça se dit, '*to can*'! Maintenant, comment dirais-tu en anglais, '*je voudrais pouvoir*'?"

"Je dirais, '*I would like to be able.*'"

"Comment, encore! petit cancre! allons—tu es Anglais—tu sais bien que tu dirais, '*I vould vill to can*'!"

Then M. Brossard turns to Barty: "À ton tour, Josselin!"

"Moi, m'sieur?" says Barty.

"Oui, toi!—comment dirais-tu, '*je pourrais vouloir*'?"

"Je dirais, '*I vould can to vill*,'" says Barty, quite unabashed.

"À la bonne heure! au moins tu sais ta langue, toi!" says Père Brossard, and pats him on the cheek; while Barty winks at me, the wink of successful time-serving hypocrisy, and Bonneville writhes with suppressed delight.

What lives most in my remembrance of that summer is the lovely weather we had, and the joy of the Passy swimming-bath every Thursday and Sunday from two till five or six; it comes back to me even now in heavenly dreams by night. I swim with giant side-strokes all round the Île des Cygnes between Passy and Grenelle, where the École de Natation was moored for the summer months.

Round and round the isle I go, up stream and down, and dive and float and wallow with bliss there is no telling—till the waters all dry up and disappear, and I am left wading in weeds and mud and drift and drought and desolation, and wake up shivering—and such is life.

As for Barty, he was all but amphibious, and reminded me of the seal at the Jardin des Plantes. He really seemed to spend most of the afternoon under water, coming up to breathe now and then at unexpected moments, with a stone in his mouth that he had picked up from the slimy bottom ten or twelve feet below—or a weed—or a dead mussel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HYPNOTIST.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

THERE were not so many carriages in the little Illinois city with chop-tailed horses, silver chains, and liveried coachmen that the clerks in the big department shop should not know the Courtlandt landau, the Courtlandt victoria, and the Courtlandt brougham (Miss Abbie Courtlandt's private equipage), as well as they knew Madam Courtlandt, Mrs. Etheridge, or Miss Abbie. Two of the shop-girls promptly absorbed themselves in Miss Abbie, one May morning, when she alighted from the brougham. For an instant she stood, as if undecided, looking absently at the window, which happened to be a huge kaleidoscope of dolls.

A tall man and two ragged little girls were staring at the dolls also. Both the girls were miserably thin, and one of them had a bruise on her cheek. The man was much too well clad and prosperous to belong to them. He stroked a drooping black mustache, and said, in the voice of a man accustomed to pet children, whether clean or dirty, "Like these dolls better than yours, sissy?"—at the same time smiling at the girl with the bruised cheek.

A sharp little pipe answered, "I 'ain't got no doll, mister."

"No, she 'ain't," added the other girl; "but *I* got one, only it 'ain't got no right head. Pa stepped on its head. I let her play with it, and we made a head outer a corn-cob. It ain't a very good head."

"I guess not," said the man, putting some silver into her hand; "there, you take that, little sister, and you go in and buy two dolls, one for each of you; and you tell the young lady that waits on you jest what you told me. And if there is any money left, you go on over to that bakery and fill up with it."

The children gave him two rapid, bewildered glances, clutched the money, and darted into the store without a word. The man's smiling eyes as they turned

away encountered Miss Abbie's, in which was a troubled interest. She had taken a piece of silver from her own purse. He smiled, as perceiving a kindly impulse that matched his own; and she, to her own later surprise, smiled too. The smile changed in a flash to a startled look; all the color drifted out of her face, and she took a step forward so hastily that she stumbled on her skirt. Recovering herself, she dropped her purse; and a man who had just approached went down on one knee to pick it up; but the tall man was too quick for him; a long arm swooped in between the other's outstretched hand and the gleaming bit of lizard-skin on the bricks. The new-comer barely avoided a collision. He did not take the escape with good-humor, scowling blackly as he made a scramble, while still on his knee, at something behind the tall man's back. This must have been a handkerchief, since he immediately presented a white flutter to Miss Courtlandt, bowing and murmuring, "You dropped this too, I guess, madam."

"Yes, thank you," stammered Miss Courtlandt; "thank you very much, Mr. Slater." She entered the store by his side, but at the door she turned her head for a parting nod of acknowledgment to the other. He remained a second longer, staring at the dolls, and gnawing the ends of his mustache, not irritated, but sharply thoughtful.

Thus she saw him, glancing out again, once more, when inside the store. And through all the anguish of the moment—for she was in a dire strait—she felt a faint pang that she should have been rude to this kind stranger. In a feeble way she wondered, as they say condemned criminals wonder at street sights on the way to the gallows, of what was he thinking? But had he spoken his thought aloud, she had not been the wiser, since he was simply saying softly to himself, "Well, wouldn't it kill you dead!"

Miss Abbie stopped at the glove-counter to buy a pair of gloves. As she walked away she heard distinctly one shop-girl's sigh and exclamation to the other, "My, I wish I was her!"

A kind of quiver stirred Miss Abbie's faded, cold face. Her dark gray eyes recoiled sidewise; then she stiffened from head to heel, and passed out of the store.

To a casual observer she looked annoyed; in reality she was both miserable and humiliated. And once back in the shelter of the brougham her inward torment showed plainly in her face.

Abigail Courtlandt was the second daughter of the house; never so admired as Mabel, the oldest, who died, or Margaret, the youngest, who married Judge Etheridge, and was now a widow, living with her widowed mother.

Abigail had neither the soft Hayward loveliness of Mabel and her mother, nor the haughty beauty of Margaret, who was all a Courtlandt, yet she was not uncomely. If her chin was too long, her forehead too high, her ears a trifle too large, to offset these defects she had a skin of exquisite texture, pale and clear, white teeth, and beautiful black brows.

She was thin, too thin; but her dressmaker was an artist, and Abbie would have been graceful were she not so nervous, moving so abruptly, and forever fiddling at something with her fingers. When she sat next any one talking, it did not help that person's complacency to have her always sink slightly on the elbow further from her companion, as if averting her presence. An embarrassed little laugh used to escape her at the wrong moment. Withal, she was cold and stiff, although some keen people fancied that her coldness and stiffness were no more than a mask to shield a morbid shyness. These same people said that if she would only forget herself and become interested in other people she would be a lovable woman, for she had the kindest heart in the world. Unfortunately all her thoughts concentred on herself. Like many shy people, Abbie was vain. Diffidence as often comes from vanity, which is timid, as from self-distrust. Abbie longed passionately not only to be loved, but to be admired. She was loved, assuredly, but she was not especially admired. Margaret Etheridge, with her courage, her sparkle, and her beauty, was always the more popular of the sisters. Margaret was imperious, but she was generous too, and never oppressed her following; only the rebels were treated to those stinging speeches of hers. Those who loved Margaret admired her with enthusiasm. No one admired poor Abbie with enthusiasm. She was her father's favorite child, but he died when she was in short dresses; and while she was dear to all the family, she did not especially gratify the family pride.

Her hungry vanity sought refuge in its own creations. She busied herself in endless fictions of reverie, wherein an imaginary husband and an imaginary home of splendor appeased all her longings for triumph. While she walked and talked and drove and sewed, like other people, only a little more silent, she was really in a land of dreams.

Did her mother complain because she had forgotten to send the Book Club magazines or books to the next lawful reader, she solaced herself by visions of a book club in the future which she and "he" would organize, and a reception of distinguished elegance which "they" would give, to which the disagreeable person who made a fuss over nothing (meaning the reader to whom reading was due) should not be invited—thereby reducing her to humility and tears. But even the visionary tears of her offender affected Abbie's soft nature, and all was always forgiven.

Did Margaret have a swarm of young fellows disputing over her card at a ball, while Abbie must sit out the dances, cheered by no livelier company than that of old friends of the family who kept up a water-logged pretence of conversation that sank on the approach of the first newcomer or a glimpse of their own daughters on the floor, Abbie through it all was dreaming of the balls "they" would give, and beholding herself beaming and gracious amid a worshipping throng.

These mental exercises, this double life that she lived, kept her inexperienced. At thirty she knew less of the world than a girl in her first season; and at thirty she met Ashton Clarke. Western society is elastic, or Clarke never would have been on the edges even; he never did get any further, and his morals were more dubious than his position; but he was Abbie's first impassioned suitor, and his flattering love covered every crack in his manners or his habits. Men had asked her to marry them before, but never had a man made love to her. For two weeks she was a happy woman. Then came discovery, and the storm broke. The Courtlandts were in a rage — except gentle Madam Courtlandt, who was broken-hearted and ashamed, which was worse for Abbie. Jack, the older brother, was summoned from Chicago. Ralph, the younger, tore home on his own account from Yale. It was really a testimony to the family's affection for Abbie that she created such a commotion, but it did not impress her in that way. In the end she yielded, but she yielded with a sense of cruel injustice done her.

Time proved Clarke worse than her people's accusations; but time did not efface what the boys had said, much less what the girls had said. They forgot, of course: it is so much easier to forget the ugly words that we say than those that are said to us. But she remembered that Jack felt that Abbie never did have any sense, and that Ralph raged because she did not even know a cad from a gentleman, and that Margaret, pacing the floor, too angry to sit still, would not have minded so much had Abbie made a fool of herself for a *man;* but she didn't wait long enough to discover what he was; she positively accepted the first thing with a mustache on it that offered!

Time healed her heart, but not her crushed and lacerated vanity. And it is a question whether we do not suffer more keenly, if less deeply, from wounds to the self-esteem than to the heart. Generally we mistake the former for the latter, and declare ourselves to have a sensitive heart, when what we do have is only a thin-skinned vanity!

But there was no mistake about Abbie's misery, however a moralist might speculate concerning the cause. She suffered intensely. And she had no confidant. She had not even her old fairyland of fancy, for love and lovers were become hateful to her. At first she went to church—until an unlucky difference with the rector's wife at a church fair. Later, it was as much her unsatisfied vanity and unsatisfied heart as any spiritual confusion that led her into all manner of excursions into the shadowy border-land of the occult. She was a secret attendant on table-tippings and séances; a reader of every kind of mystical lore that she could buy; a habitual consulter of spiritual mediums and clairvoyants and seventh sons and daughters and the whole tribe of charlatans. But the family had not noticed. They were not afraid of the occult ones; they were glad to have Abbie happy and more contented; and they concerned themselves no further, as is the manner of families, being occupied with their own concerns.

And so unguarded Abbie went to her evil fate. One morning, with her maid

Lucy, she went to see "the celebrated clairvoyant and seer, Professor Rudolph Slater, the greatest revealer of the future in this or any other century."

Lucy looked askance at the shabby one-story saloons on the street, and the dying lindens before the house. Her disapproval deepened as they went up the wooden steps. The house was one of a tiny brick block, with wooden cornices, and unshaded wooden steps in need not only of painting but scrubbing.

The door opened into an entry which was dark, but not dark enough to conceal the rents in the oil-cloth on the floor or the blotches on the imitation oak paper of the walls.

Lucy sniffed; she was a faithful and affectionate attendant, and she used considerable freedom with her mistress. "I don't know about there being spirits here, but there's been lots of onions!" remarked Lucy. Nor did her unfavorable opinion end with the approach to the sorcerer's presence. She maintained her wooden expression even sitting in the great man's room and hearing his speech.

Abbie did not see the hole in the green reps covering of the arm-chair, nor the large round oil-stain on the faded roses of the carpet, nor the dust on the Parian ornaments of the table; she was too absorbed in the man himself.

If his surroundings were sordid, he was splendid in a black velvet jacket and embroidered shirt front sparkling with diamonds. He was a short man, rather thick-set, and although his hair was gray, his face was young and florid. The gray hair was very thick, growing low on his forehead and curling. Abbie thought it beautiful. She thought his eyes beautiful also, and spoke to Lucy of their wonderful blue color and soul-piercing gaze.

"I thought they were just awful impudent," said Lucy. "I never did see a man stare so, Miss Abbie; I wanted to slap him!"

"But his hair *was* beautiful," Abbie persisted; "and he said it used to be straight as a poker, but the spirits curled it."

"Why, Miss Abbie," cried Lucy, "I could see the little straight ends sticking out of the curls, that come when you do your hair up on irons. I've frizzed my hair too many times not to know *them.*"

"But, Lucy," said Abbie, in a low, shocked voice, "didn't you feel *something* when he put on those handcuffs and sat before the cabinet in the dark, and his control spoke, and we saw the hands? What do you think of that?"

"I think it was him all the time," said Lucy, doggedly.

"But, Lucy, *why?*"

"Finger-nails were dirty just the same," said Lucy. Nor was there any shaking her. But Abbie, under ordinary circumstances the most fastidious of women, had not noted the finger-nails; one witching sentence had captured her.

The moment he took her hand he had started violently. "Excuse me, madam," said he, "but are you not a medium *yourself?*"

"No—at least I never was supposed to be," fluttered Abbie, blushing.

"Then, madam, you don't perhaps realize that you yourself possess marvellous psychic power. I never saw any one who had so much, when it had not been developed."

To-day Abbie ground her teeth and wrung her hands in an impotent agony of rage, remembering her pleasure. He would not take any money; no, he said, there had been too much happiness for him in meeting such a favorite of the spiritual influences as she.

"But you will come again," he pleaded; "only don't ask me to take money for such a great privilege. *You* cayn't see the invisible guardians that hover around you!"

His refusal of her gold piece completed his victory over Abbie's imagination. She was sure he could not be a cheat, since he would not be paid. She did come again; she came many times, always with Lucy, who grew more and more suspicious, but could not make up her mind to expose Abbie's folly to her people. "Think of all the things she gives me!" argued Lucy. "Miss Abbie's always been a kind of stray sheep in the family; they are all kind of hard on her. I can't bear to be the one to get her into trouble."

So Lucy's conscience squirmed in silence until the fortune-teller persuaded Abbie to allow him to throw her into a trance. The wretched woman in the carriage cowered back further into the shade, living over that ghastly hour when Lucy at her elbow was as far away from her helpless soul as if at the poles. How his blue eyes glowed! How the flame in them contracted to a glittering spark, like

the star-tip of the silver wand, waving and curving and interlacing its dazzling flashes before her until her eyeballs ached! How of a sudden the star rested, blinking at her between his eyes, and she looked; she must look at it, though her will, her very self, seemed to be sucked out of her into the gleaming whirlpool of that star!

She made a feeble rally under a woful impression of fright and misery impending, but in vain; and, with the carelessness of a creature who is chloroformed, she let her soul drift away.

When she opened her eyes, Lucy was rubbing her hands, while the clairvoyant watched them, motionless and smiling.

The fear still on her prompted her first words, "Let me go home, now!"

"Not now," begged the conjurer; "you must go into a trance again. I want you to see something that will be very interesting to you. Please, Miss Courtlandt." He spoke in the gentlest of tones, but there was a repressed assurance about his manner infuriating to Lucy.

"Miss Abbie's going home," she cried, angrily; "we ain't going to have any more of this nonsense. Come, Miss Abbie." She touched her on her arm, but trembling Abbie fixed her eyes on the conjurer, and he, in that gentle tone, answered:

"Certainly, if she wishes; but she *wants* to stay. You want to stay, Miss Courtlandt; don't you?"

"Yes, I want to stay," said Abbie; and her heart was cold within her, for the words seemed to say themselves, even while she struggled frantically against the utterance of them.

"Do you mean it, Miss Abbie?" the girl repeated, sorely puzzled.

"Certainly, just once more," said Miss Abbie. And she sat down again in her chair.

What she saw she never remembered. Lucy said it was all nonsense she talked, and, anyhow, she whispered so low that nobody could catch more than a word, except that she seemed to be promising something over and over again. In a little the conjurer whispered to her, and with a few passes of his hands consciousness returned. She rose, white and shaken, but quite herself again. He bade the two good-by, and bowed them out with much suavity of manner. Abbie returned not a single word. As they drove home, the maid spoke, "Miss Abbie, Miss Abbie — you won't go there again, will you?"

"Never," cried Abbie—"*never!*"

But the next morning, after a sleepless night, there returned the same horrible, dragging longing to see him; and with the longing came the same fear that had suffocated her will the day before—a fear like the fear of dreams, formless, reasonless, more dreadful than death.

Impelled by this frightful force that did not seem to have anything to do with her, herself, she left the house and boarded a street car. She felt as if a demon were riding her soul, spurring it wherever he willed. She went to a little park outside the city, frequented by Germans and almost deserted of a week-day. And on her way she remembered that this was what she had promised him to do.

He was waiting to assist her from the car. As he helped her alight, she noticed his hands and his nails. They were neat enough; yet she suddenly recalled Lucy's words; and suddenly she saw the man, in his tasteless, expensive clothes, with his swagger and the odor of whiskey about him, as any other gentlewoman would have seen him. Her fright had swept all his seer's glamour away; he was no longer the mystical ruler of the spirit world; he was a squalid adventurer—and her master!

He made her realize that in five minutes. "You cayn't help yourself, Miss Courtlandt," he said, and she believed him.

Whether it was the influence of a strong will on a hysterical temperament and a morbidly impressible fancy, or whether it was a black power from the unseen, beyond his knowledge but not beyond his abuse, matters little so far as poor Abbie Courtlandt was concerned; on either supposition she was powerless.

She left him, hating him as only slavery and fear can hate; but she left him pledged to bring him five hundred dollars in the morning and to marry him in the afternoon; and now, having kept her word about the money, she was driving home, clinching in her cold fingers the slip of paper containing the address of a justice of the peace in the suburbs, where she must meet him and be bound to this unclean vulture, who would bear her away from home and kindred and all fair repute and peace.

A passion of revolt shook her. She



"SHE MUST LOOK AT IT."

must meet him? Why must she? Why not tear his address to bits? Why not drive fast, fast home, and tell her mother that she was going to Chicago about some gowns that night? Why not stay there at Jack's, and let this fiend, who harried her, wait in vain? She twisted the paper and ground her teeth; yet she knew that she shouldn't tear it, just as we all know we shall not do the frantic things that we imagine, even while we are finishing up the minutest details the better to feign ourselves in earnest. Poor weak Abbie knew that she never would dare to confess her plight to her people. No, she could never endure another family council of war.

"There is only one way," she muttered. Instead of tearing the paper she read it:

"*Be at Squire L. B. Leitner's, 398 S. Miller Street, at 3 p.m. sharp.*"

And now she did tear the odious message, flinging the pieces furiously out of the carriage window.

The same tall, dark, square-shouldered man that she had seen in front of the shop window was passing, and immediately bent and picked up some of the shreds. For an instant the current of her terror turned, but only for an instant. What

could a stranger do with an address? She sank into the corner, and her miserable thoughts harked back to the trap that held her.

Like one in a nightmare, she sat, watching the familiar sights of the town drift by, to the accompaniment of her horses' hoofs and jingling chains. "This is the last drive I shall ever take," she thought.

She felt the slackening of speed, and saw (still in her nightmare) the broad stone steps and the stately, old-fashioned mansion, where the daintiest of care and the trimmest of lawns had turned the old ways of architecture from decrepitude into pride.

Lunch was on the table, and her mother nodded her pretty smile as she passed. Abbie had a box of flowers in her hand, purchased earlier in the morning; these she brought into the dining-room. There were violets for her mother and American Beauties for Margaret. "They looked so sweet I had to buy them," she half apologized. Going through the hall, she heard her mother say, "How nice and thoughtful Abbie has grown lately!" And Margaret answered, "Abbie is a good deal more of a woman than I ever expected her to be."

All her life she had grieved because—so she morbidly put it to herself—her people despised her; now that it was too late, was their approval come to her only to be flung away with the rest? She returned to the dining-room and went through the farce of eating. She forced herself to swallow; she talked with an unnatural ease and fluency. Several times her sister laughed at her words. Her mother smiled on her fondly. Margaret said, "Abbie, why can't you go to Chicago with me to-night and have a little lark? You have clothes to fit, too; Lucy can pack you up, and we can take the night train."

"I *would*," chimed in Mrs. Courtlandt. "You look so ill, Abbie. I think you must be bilious; a change will be nice for you. And I'll ask Mrs. Curtis over for a few days while you are gone, and we will have a little tea party of our own and a little lark for ourselves."

Never before had Margaret wished Abbie to accompany her on "a little lark." Abbie assented like a person in a dream; only she must go down to the bank after luncheon, she said.

Upstairs in her own chamber she gazed about the pretty furnishings with blank eyes. There was the writing-desk that her mother gave her Christmas, there glistened the new dressing-table that Margaret helped her about finishing, and there was the new paper with the sprawly flowers that she thought so ugly in the pattern, and took under protest, and liked so much on the walls. How often she had been unjust to her people, and yet it had turned out that they were right! Her thoughts rambled on through a thousand memories, stumbling now into pitfalls of remorse over long-forgotten petulance and ingratitude and hardenings of her heart against kindness, again recovering and threading some narrow way of possible release, only to sink as the wall closed again hopelessly about her.

For the first time she arraigned her own vanity as the cause of her long unhappiness. Well, it was no use now. All she could do for them would be to drift forever out of their lives. She opened the drawer, and from a secret corner took a vial. "It is only a little faintness and numbness, and then it is all over," she thought, as she slipped the vial into the châtelaine bag at her waist. In a sudden gust of courage she took it out again; but that instinctive trusting to hope to the last, which urges the most desperate of us to delay, held her hand. She put back the vial, and without a final glance went down the stairs. It was in her heart to have one more look at her mother, but at the drawing-room door she heard voices, and happening to glance up at the clock, she saw how near the time the hour was; so she hurried through the hall into the street.

During the journey she hardly felt a distinct thought. But at intervals she would touch the outline of the vial at her waist.

The justice's office was in the second story of a new brick building that twinkled all over with white mortar. Below, men laughed, and glasses and billiard-balls clicked behind bright new green blinds. A steep, dark wooden stairway, apparently trodden by many men who chewed tobacco and regarded the world as their cuspidor, led between the walls up to a narrow hall, at the further end of which a door showed on its glass panels the name, L. B. Leitner, J.P.

Abbie rapped feebly on the glass, to see the door instantly opened by Slater him-

self. He had donned a glossy new frock-coat and a white tie. His face was flushed.

"I didn't intend you should have to enter here alone," he exclaimed, drawing her into the room with both hands; "I was jest going outside to wait for you. Allow me to introduce Squire Leitner. Squire, let me make you acquainted with Miss Courtlandt, the lady who will do me the honor."

He laughed a little nervous laugh. He was plainly affecting the manner of the fortunate bridegroom, and not quite at ease in his rôle. Neither of the two other men in the room returned any answering smile.

The justice, a bald, gray-bearded, kindly and worried looking man, bowed and said, "Glad to meet you, ma'am," in a tone as melancholy as his wrinkled brow.

"Squire is afraid you are not here with your own free will and consent, Abbie," said Slater, airily, "but I guess you can relieve his mind."

At the sound of her Christian name (which he had never pronounced before) Abbie turned white with a sort of sick disgust and shame. But she raised her eyes, and met the intense gaze of the tall, dark man that she had seen before. He stood, his elbow on the high desk and his square, clean-shaven chin in his hand. He was neatly dressed, with a rose in his button-hole, and an immaculate pink-and-white silk shirt; but he hardly seemed (to Abbie) like a man of her own class. Nevertheless, she did not resent his keen look; on the contrary, she experienced a sudden thrill of hope—something of the same feeling she had known years and years ago, when she ran away from her nurse, and a big policeman had found her, both her little slippers lost in the mud of an alley, she wailing and paddling along in her stocking feet, and carried her home in his arms.

"Yes, Miss Courtlandt"—she winced at the voice of the justice—"it is my duty under the—hem—unusual circumstances of this case, to ask you if you are entering into this—hem—solemn contract of matrimony, which is a state honorable in the sight of God and man, by the authority vested in me by the State of Illinois—hem—to ask you if you are entering into it of your own free will and consent—are you, miss?"

Abbie's sad gray eyes met the magis-



"PICKED UP SOME OF THE SHREDS."

trate's look of perplexed inquiry; her lips trembled.

"Are you, Abbie?" said the clairvoyant, in a gentle tone.

"Yes," answered Abbie; "of my own free will and consent."

"I guess, professor, I must see the lady alone," said the justice, dryly.

"You cayn't believe it is a case of true love laffs at the aristocrats, can you, squire?" sneered Slater; "but jest as she pleases. Are you willing to see him, Abbie?"

"Whether Miss Courtlandt is willing or not," interrupted the tall man, in a mellow, leisurely voice, "I guess *I* will have to trouble you for a small 'sceance' in the other room, Marker."

"And who are you, sir?" said Slater, civilly, but with a truculent look in his blue eyes.

"This is Mr. Amos Wickliff, of Iowa, special officer," the justice said, waving one hand at the man and the other at Abbie.

Wickliff bowed in Abbie's direction, and saluted the fortune-teller with a long look in his eyes, saying,

"Wasn't Bill Marker that I killed out in Arizona your cousin?"

"My name ain't Marker, and I never had a cousin killed by you or anybody," snapped back the fortune-teller, in a bigger and rounder voice than he had used before.

Wickliff merely narrowed his bright black eyes, opened a door, and motioned within, saying, "Better."

The fortune-teller scowled, but he walked through the door, and Wickliff, following, closed it behind him.

Abbie looked dumbly at the justice. He sighed, rubbed his hands together, and placed a chair against the wall.

"There's a speaking-tube hole where we used to have a tube, but I took it out, 'cause it was too near the type-writer," said he. "It's just above the chair; if you put your ear to that hole I guess it would be the best thing. You can place every confidence in Mr. Wickliff; the chief of police here knows him well; he's a perfect gentleman, and you don't need to be afraid of hearing any rough language. No, ma'am."

Abbie's head swam; she was glad to sit down. Almost mechanically she laid her ear to the hole.

The first words audible came from Wickliff. "Certainly I will arrest you. And I'll take you to Toronto to-night, and you can settle with the Canadian authorities about things. Rosenbaum offers a big reward; and Rosenbaum, I judge, is a good fellow, who will act liberally."

"I tell you I'm not Marker," cried Slater, fiercely, "and it wouldn't matter a d—— if I was! Canada! You cayn't run a man in for Canada!"

Wickliff chuckled. "Can't I?" said he; "that's where you miss it, Marker. Now I haven't any time to fool away; you can take your choice; go off peacefully—I've a hack at the door—and we'll catch the 5.45 train for Toronto, and there you shall have all the lawyers and justices you want; or you can just make one step towards that door, or one sound, and I'll slug you over the head, and load you into the carriage neatly done up in chloroform, and when you wake up you'll be on the train with a decent gentleman who doesn't know anything about international law, but does know *me*, and wouldn't turn his head if you hollered bloody murder. See?"

"That won't go down. You cayn't kidnap me that way! I'll appeal to the squire. No, no! I *won't!* Before God, I won't—I was jest fooling!"

The voice of terror soothed Abbie's raw nerves like oil on a burn. "He's scared now, the coward!" she rejoiced, savagely.

"There's where we differ, then," retorted Wickliff; "*I* wasn't."

"That's all right. Only one thing, will you jest let me marry my sweetheart before I go, and I'll go with you like a holy lamb, I will, by—"

"No swearing, Marker. That lady don't want to marry you, and she ain't going to—"

"*Ask* her," pleaded Slater, desperately. "I'll leave it with her. If she don't say she loves me and wants to marry me, I'll go all right!"

Abbie's pulses stood still.

"Been trying the hypnotic dodge again, have you?" said Wickliff, contemptuously. "Well, it won't work this time. I've got too big a curl on you."

There was a pause the length of a heart-beat, and then the hated tones, shrill with fear: "I *wasn't* going to the window! I wasn't going to speak—"

"See here," the officer's iron-cold accents interrupted, "let us understand

each other. Rosenbaum hates you, and good reason, too; *he'd* much rather have you dead than alive; and you ought to know that *I* wouldn't mind killing you any more than I mind killing a rat. Give me a good excuse—pull that pop you have in your inside pocket just a little bit—and you're a stiff one, sure! See?"

Again the pause, then a sullen voice: "Yes, d—— you! I see. Say, won't you let me say good-by to my girl?"

Abbie clinched her finger-nails into her hands during the suspense of the pause that followed this. Wickliff's reply was a surprise; he said, musingly, "Got any money out of her, I wonder?"

"I swear to God not a red cent," cried the conjurer, vehemently.

"Oh, you *are* a scoundrel, and no mistake," laughed Wickliff; "that settles it, you *have!* Well, I'll call her— Oh, Miss Courtlandt!"—he elevated his soft tones to a roaring bellow—"please excuse my calling you, and step out here! Or we'll go in there."



"HE'S SCARED NOW, THE COWARD!"

"If it's anything private, you'll excuse me," interposed a mild voice at her elbow; and when she turned her head, behold a view of the skirts of the minister of justice as he slammed a door behind him.

A second later Wickliff entered, propelling Slater by the shoulder.

"Ah! Squire stepped out a moment, has he?" said the officer, blandly. "Well, that makes it awkward, but I may as well tell you, madam, with deep regret, that this man here is a professional swindler, who is most likely a bigamist as well, and he has done enough mischief for a dozen in his life. I'm taking him to Canada now for a particularly bad case of hypnotic influence and swindling, etc. Has he got any money out of you?" As he spoke he fixed his eyes on her. "Don't be afraid if he has hypnotized you; he won't try those games before me. Kindly turn your back on the lady, Johnny." (As he spoke he wheeled the fortune-teller round with no gentle hand.) "He has? How much?"

It was strange that she should no longer feel afraid of the man; but his face, as he cowered under the heavy grasp of

the officer, braced her courage. "He has five hundred dollars I gave him this morning," she cried; "but he may keep it if he will only let me go. I don't want to marry him!"

"Of course you don't, a lady like you! He's done the same game with nice ladies before. Keep your head square, Johnny, or I'll give your neck a twist! And as to the money, you'll march out with me to the other room, and you'll fish it out, and the lady will kindly allow you fifty dollars of it for your tobacco while you're in jail in Canada. That's enough, Miss Courtlandt—more would be wasted—and if he doesn't be quick and civil, I'll act as his valet."

The fortune-teller wheeled half round in an excess of passion, his fingers crooked on their way to his hip pocket; then his eye ran to the officer, who had simply doubled his fist and was looking at the other man's neck. Instinctively Slater ducked his head; his hand dropped.

"No, no, please," Miss Courtlandt pleaded; "*let* him keep it, if he will only go away."

"Beg pardon, miss," returned the inflexible Wickliff, "you're only encouraging him in bad ways. Step, Johnny."

"If you'll let me have that five hundred," cried Slater, "I'll promise to go with you, though you know I have the legal right to stay."

"You'll go with me as far as you have to, and no further, promise or no promise," said Wickliff, equably. "You're a liar from Wayback! And I'm letting you keep that revolver a little while so you may give me a chance to kill you. Step, now!"

Slater ground his teeth, but he walked out of the room.

"At least, give him a hundred dollars!" begged Miss Courtlandt as the door closed. In a moment it opened again, and the two re-entered. Slater's wrists were in handcuffs; nevertheless he had reassumed a trifle of his old jaunty bearing, and he bowed politely to Abbie, proffering her a roll of bills. "There are four hundred there, Miss Courtlandt," said he. "I am much obliged to you for your generosity, and I assure you I will never bother you again." He made a motion that she knew, with his shackled hands. "You are quite free from me," said he; "and after all you will consider that it was only the money you lost from me. I always treated you with respect, and to-day was the only day I ever made bold to speak of you or to you by your given name. Good-by, Miss Courtlandt; you're a real lady, and I'll tell you now it was all a fake about the spirits. I guess there are real spirits and real mediums, but they didn't any of 'em ever fool with *me*. Good-afternoon, ma'am."

Abigail took the notes mechanically; he had turned and was at the door before she spoke. "God forgive you!" said she. "Good-by."

"That was a decent speech, Marker," said Wickliff, "and you'll see I'll treat you decent on the way. Good-morning, Miss Courtlandt. I needn't say, I guess, that no one will know anything of this little matter from the squire or me, not even the squire's wife. *I* 'ain't got one. I wish you good-morning, ma'am. No, ma'am"—as she made a hurried motion of the money toward him—"I shall get a large reward; don't think of it, ma'am. But if you felt like doing the civil thing to the squire, a box of cigars is what any gentleman is proud to receive from a lady, and I should recommend leaving the brand to the best cigar-store you know. Good-morning, ma'am."

Barely were the footsteps out of the hall than the worthy justice, very red and dusty, bounced out of the closet. "Excuse me," gasped he, "but I couldn't stand it a minute longer! Sit down, Miss Courtlandt; and don't, please, think of fainting, miss, for I'm nearly smothered myself!" He bustled to the water-cooler, and proffered water, dripping over a tin cup on to Abbie's hands and gown; and he explained, with that air of intimate friendliness which is a part of the American's mental furniture, "I thought it better to let Wickliff *persuade him* by himself. He is a remarkable man, Amos Wickliff; I don't suppose there's a special officer west of the Mississippi is his equal for arresting bad cases. And do you know, ma'am, he never was after this Marker. Just come here on a friendly visit to the chief of police. All he knew of Marker was from the newspapers; he had been reading the letter of the man Marker swindled in Canada, and his offer of a reward for him. Marker's picture was in it, and a description of his hair and all his looks, and Wickliff just picked him out from that. I call that pretty smart, picking up a man from his pic-



"I'LL ACT AS HIS VALET."

ture in a newspaper. Why, I"—he assumed a modest expression, but glowed with pride—"*I* have had my picture in the paper, and my wife didn't know it. Yes, ma'am, Wickliff is at the head of the profession, and no mistake! Didn't have a sign of a warrant. Just jumped on the job; telegraphed for a warrant to meet him at Toronto."

"But will he take him safely to Canada?" stammered Miss Abigail.

"Not a doubt of it," said the justice. And it may be mentioned here that his prediction came true. Wickliff sent a telegram the next day to the chief of police, announcing his safe arrival.

Miss Courtlandt went to Chicago by the evening train. She is a happier woman, and her family often say "how nice Abbie is growing!" She has never seen the justice since; but when his daughter was married, the whole connection marvelled and admired over a trunk of silver that came to the bride, "From one to whom her father was kind."

The only comment that the justice made was to his wife: "Yes, my dear, you're right; it *is* a woman, a lady; but if you knew all about it, how I never saw her but the once, and all, you wouldn't mind Bessie's taking it. She was a nice lady, and I'm glad to have obliged her. But it really ought to go to another man."

MISTRESS ALICE.*

BY NORA PERRY.

MISTRESS ALICE comes this way,
Prankt in all her fine array:
Broidered cloak and primrose gown,
She's the wonder of the town.

But the elders, as they glance,
Shake their heads and look askance:
Sober Puritans are they,
Clad in sober homespun gray.

Sober Puritans who hold
Such attire as vain and bold
For a Christian maid to wear,
Be she e'er so young and fair.

And my certes very fair
Was this Mistress Alice there,
As she lightly tripped along,
Innocent of wrath or wrong.

Who so innocent, indeed,
Of the customs and the creed
Of these stern New England folk
As this maid in broidered cloak?

For 'tis scarce two months at most
Since she left old England's coast,
Since she sailed and sailed away
For this Massachusetts bay.

Who, then, in so brief a space,
Who can shame her to her face,
With the words of ban and blame
That shall blush her cheek with shame?

Grizzled elders may perchance,
Frowning, murmur as they glance,
But the young folk smile and say,
Mistress Alice comes this way.



* "In ye town of Boston, 1643.—There came into ye town about a month ago, brought by ye good ship *Seabridge*, a young maid from London—Mistress Alice Merridew—to visit in ye family of ye right worshipful Master Pelham. She is a fair maid to look upon, and she seemeth to be of a gentle and modest disposition, but the garb that she hath brought with her from London is of a gay and worldly fashion that ye godly people of New England have long eschewed, and as the maid taketh her daily walks about ye town, ye elders do regard her with scant favour, but she is so late come into ye town that they are loth to reprove her, and Master Pelham himself it is said shrinketh from the task, because that she is his guest for so brief a time. Ye younger people, however, are greatly pleased with this new comer, and follow her with admiration, and but that the maid's gentle manners do seem to improve their own, this following would appear to be a grievous misfortune, for ye heart of youth doth always too greatly incline to the vain pleasures of the eye."—*Extract from the Diary of Mr. Humphrey Perry.*



MOLE-CRICKET.

SOME AMERICAN CRICKETS.

BY SAMUEL H. SCUDDER.

OUR crickets are very little known, even by naturalists. Hardly more than thirty different kinds are yet recognized in the United States, while it is altogether probable that we possess a hundred species, and among them we already know many insects of considerable interest. A large part of the chorus of insect songs we hear from June until the time of frosts comes from the crickets, and especially of such songs as we hear at about dusk. It is generally hard to discover the precise origin of a given chirp; its distance is particularly difficult to determine; and crickets are exceedingly shy, much more so than grasshoppers. Those which burrow in the ground generally chirp near the entrance to their burrow, and retreat thereto at every approaching footstep; those which live upon trees or shrubs are of much the same color as the foliage, and are always more or less concealed within it; while the majority, which live in the long grass, find this their amplest protection, even if they are quite black.
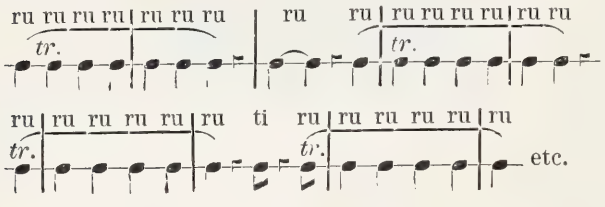
The earliest songster of the year in the Northern States is our little Nemobius, a diminutive ground-cricket, fond of the edges of grass-bordered paths, where it may feel the sun and find an easy refuge in the herbage. In New England one may sometimes hear it by the middle of May, though ordinarily not until the end of that month; these are individuals fully grown, which have passed the winter in hiding-places; before they have done their singing, others, which wintered in a nearly mature condition, have gained their wings and swelled the chorus, which continues without intermission till winter commands silence.

As is well known, the males alone chirp, and do so by rubbing their upper wings together. In this insect these wings are held at an angle of about twenty degrees from the body during stridulation, and perhaps at a slightly greater angle from each other. Even when most violent, the sound is produced by the friction of the inner edges of the wings only, and not by the whole surface.

I once observed narrowly one of these insects singing to its mate. At first the song was mild and frequently broken; afterwards it grew impetuous, forcible, and more prolonged; then it decreased in volume and extent till it became quite soft and feeble. At this time the male began to approach the female, uttering a series of twittering chirps; the female ran away, and the male, after a short chase, returned to his old haunt, singing with the same vigor as before, but with more frequent pauses; at last, finding all persuasion unavailing, he brought his serenade to a close. The pauses of his song were almost instantly followed by a peculiar start of the body, backward and then forward, accompanied by a movement of the antennæ together and then apart. The female was near enough to be touched by the antennæ of the male during the first movement, and usually started in a similar way as soon as touched.

The chirp of this cricket is made up of

a number of trills, interspersed now and then with a single detached note or click. The separate trills sound like *ru*, pronounced as though it were a French word, and in ordinary chirping there are about four trills to the second, all on one key. This may be represented by a sort of musical notation in the following manner, supposing each bar to represent a second of time:



The chirp of the larger species of ground-cricket, belonging to the ubiquitous genus Gryllus, is more forcible, as might be expected from the much greater size of the creature; it also differs both in pitch and in nature from that of the Nemobius. That of the species I have specially observed (probably each species, of which there are several in any given part of the country, has some special peculiarity) is a monotonous and regular indefinite repetition of *cri*, *cri*, or, better, *crrri*, *crrri*, apparently pitched at E natural, two octaves above middle C, as tested by a piccolo flute. Sometimes the notes are repeated as slowly as two per second, but they may be twice as rapid; the mean between these two appears to be the ordinary rate, and the note may be thus expressed:



This difference in rapidity of utterance is dependent upon the temperature, being more rapid the warmer the weather, the note becoming, as it were, drowsy as it becomes less frequently heard on cooler autumn nights. This is true pretty generally of all crickets. I tested this once at Cairo, Egypt, one November; early in the month, when the thermometer stood at 67° in the evening, I found the common Gryllus there chirping at the rate of two hundred and thirty notes per minute; three weeks later, at the same spot and hour, with the thermometer at 61°, the rate was only one hundred and thirty per minute.

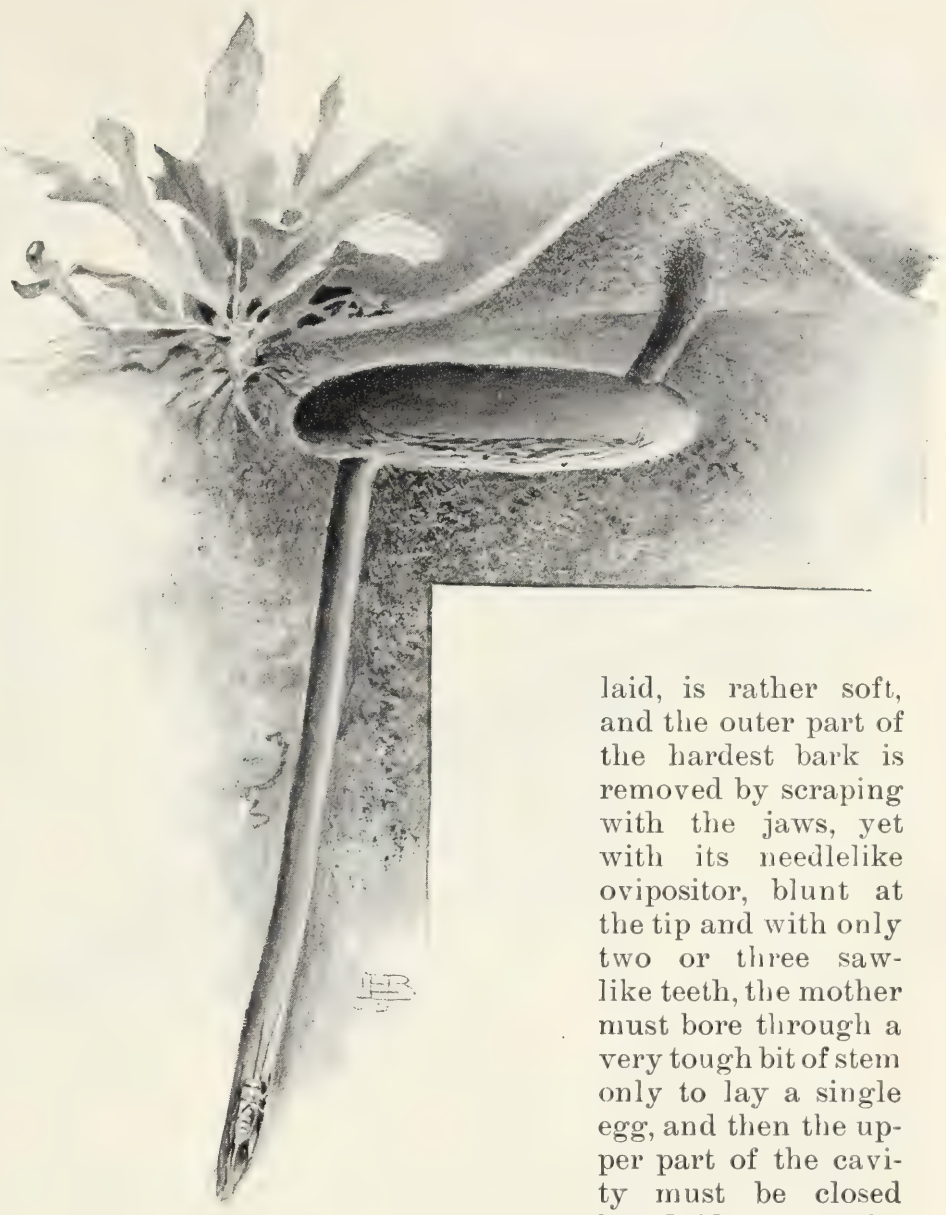
In listening one night in midsummer to the chirping of Gryllus, I heard two choirs, as it seemed—or was it simply two loud-voiced individuals?—one on either side of me, separated by a garden fence. On both sides the chirping continued at the usual rate, but, owing perhaps to the influence of a slightly warmer situation, on one side of the fence a very little faster than on the other, and fourteen seconds elapsed between the perfect accord of the two choirs (or songsters) and their complete discord; from this fourteen more to their former synchronism. These half-minute cycles followed each other with remarkable regularity for about an hour.

These ground-crickets, of which, as I have said, we have a number of different sorts, have habits not unlike those of Nemobius, but each has some special peculiarity of its own. Some make their own burrows in the earth, while others prefer to seek crevices of some sort—under stones, the droppings of cattle, old boards lying on the ground, hay-stacks, etc.; some are much more sociable than others, always living in companies. All lay their eggs in rude clusters in the ground, but some lay them relatively early in the season, and the young hatch the same year and hibernate partly grown; while others oviposit later, and the eggs do not hatch until the next season; but the exact history of each of our species is by no means known as yet, and their study in the field would prove an interesting task, open to any investigator.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that we too have our cricket-on-the-hearth, and that it is the same insect as the European. This creature, indeed, is more nearly cosmopolitan than any other cricket, being found in Africa, western Asia, and India, as well as in Europe and North America; it is probably indigenous only on the shores of the Mediterranean, and has spread elsewhere through commerce. That it was long since introduced into America is shown by its being found now in such separated districts as New York, Maryland, Illinois, Tennessee, and Texas; but it was first reported in this country only in 1862.

There is a ground-cricket in Florida of which little is known—indeed, we do not know to what genus it belongs—which makes a home for itself of a peculiar kind. One may discover it only by observing small heaps of freshly moved sand about an inch and a half high, which he might take for ant-hills. If one of these is care-

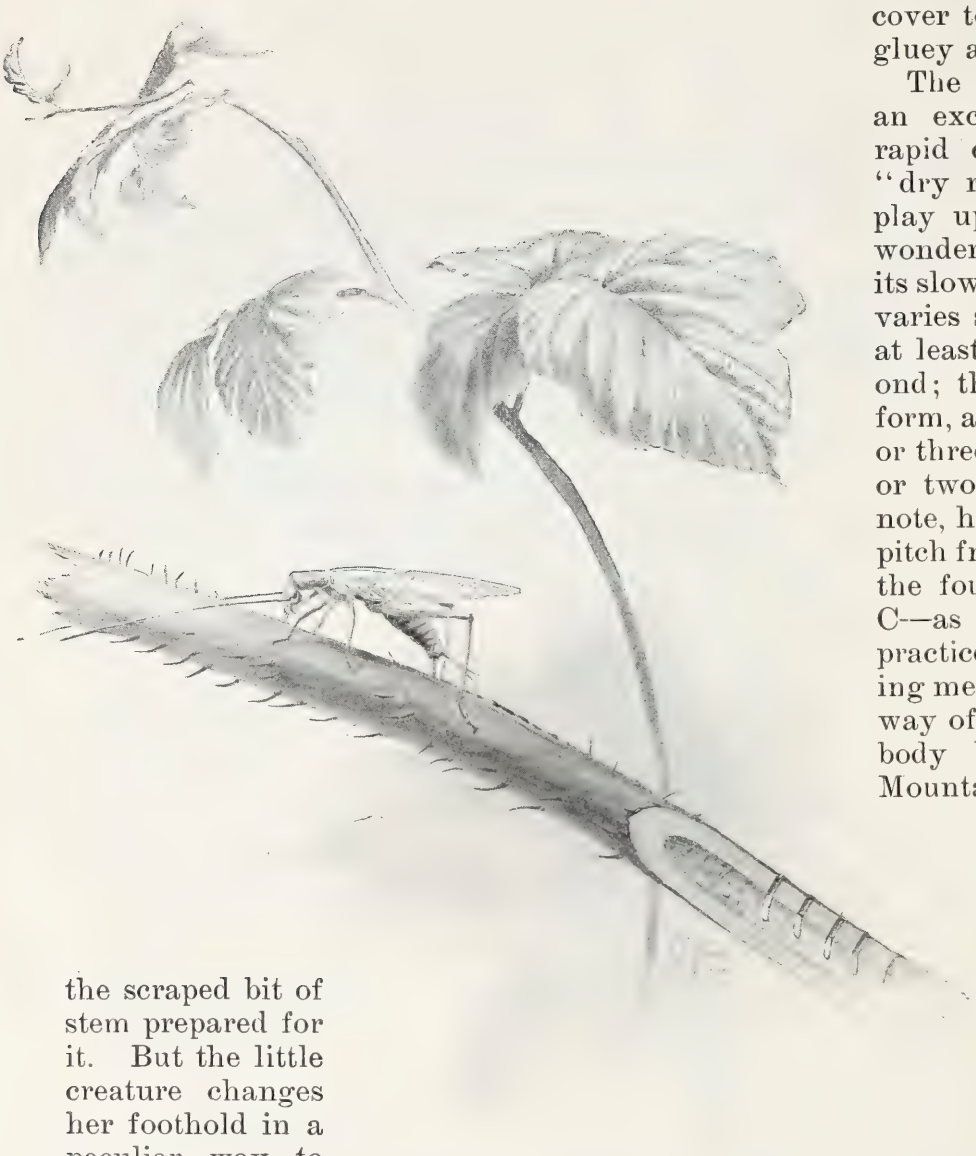
fully removed a small burrow will be perceived at its base, leading to an oblong chamber near by, perhaps a couple of inches long, nearly as deep, and half as wide, lying among the roots of a plant having a general resemblance to a dandelion; bits of leaf and of grass will be found on the floor of this chamber, the remnants of the last feast of the inmate on some nocturnal excursion. The inmate, however, will not be found at first glance, until it is seen that there is, at one extremity of the chamber, a further burrow, a vertical one, from three to six inches deep, at the bottom of which the creature lives, or, at least, to which it retires in case of danger; probably the eggs are laid herein.



NEST OF GRYLLODES.

As far as nidification is concerned, our most interesting crickets are the tree-crickets, of the genus Œcanthus, of which we have several species; one has recently been discovered living solely on pine-trees. One of the commonest kinds, *Œcanthus niveus*, or the snowy tree-cricket, a frail-looking insect of a pale green color with glassy wings, actually does no inconsiderable mischief by laying its eggs in such a way in the pith of grape-vine shoots and raspberry stalks as to cause them to crack and break from the number of punctures made. The eggs are laid in considerable numbers in more or less regular rows down the stems, and the amount of work performed by the mother is incredible. For although the pith itself, in a hole in which the egg is finally laid, is rather soft, and the outer part of the hardest bark is removed by scraping with the jaws, yet with its needlelike ovipositor, blunt at the tip and with only two or three saw-like teeth, the mother must bore through a very tough bit of stem only to lay a single egg, and then the upper part of the cavity must be closed by fluids from the mouth. It takes from five to six minutes for the mother to drill a single hole and lay its egg therein, but the creature is compelled to rest a while after every two or three holes bored, and then returns to the same spot. As stems may often be found with a continuous series of forty or fifty borings, doubtless the work of one insect in a single day, it will be seen that she is a more indefatigable worker than would be looked for in such a dainty little creature. She has at least a harder task to perform than the European species, which lays three eggs instead of one in each hole drilled.

As the jaws are at one end of the body and the ovipositor at the other—a horny drill with no power of feeling in it—it would seem a difficult task for the insect always to bore its hole in the middle of



ŒCANTHUS NIVEUS—FEMALE OVIPOSITING.
The stem is split below to show eggs in place.

the scraped bit of stem prepared for it. But the little creature changes her foothold in a peculiar way to accomplish this. When she has finished her work with the jaws, she draws up her long hind legs as far as possible, then planting their soles firmly, bends the legs until thigh and shank are at a right angle, and curving her abdomen, the ovipositor is brought into position, hitting the exact spot intended. With the legs clasping the stem, the ovipositor is then worked upward and downward, and the body at the same time swayed gently from side to side, until the hole is drilled and the egg laid. As soon as this is done the creature either moves a little way off to rest itself, or proceeds to attack the bark again in a new place just above the last, and uses the bits of torn-off bark to conceal the last drilled hole, held in place by the "molasses" from its mouth, which, on hardening, gives this cover to the holes a rough, gluey appearance.

The song of the male is an exceedingly shrill and rapid continuous trill; its "dry rosined wings" must play upon each other with wonderful rapidity, for at its slowest—and the rapidity varies somewhat—there are at least sixteen beats a second; the trill is nearly uniform, and lasts for from two or three seconds to a minute or two; it often begins its note, however, at a different pitch from the normal one—the fourth F above middle C—as if it required a little practice to attain it, reminding me sometimes in a feeble way of the song of the Peabody bird at the White Mountains. When shrilling, the fore wings are raised at fully a right angle to the body.

Another species differs from this by a regular break in the song, which has three parts of trill and one of rest in every three seconds. That of another is described as "a continuous soft and metallic *re-e-e-e-e*, with numerous undulations," and when a number are heard together the result is "not unlike the jingling of sleigh-bells in the distance."

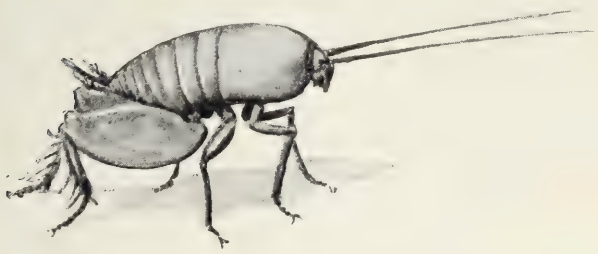


OVIPOSITOR OF ŒCANTHUS NIVEUS.
Much enlarged.

Another tree-cricket, stouter than those mentioned, and occurring only south of New England, is *Orocharis saltatrix*, the song of which is described as "a rather soft and musical piping of not quite half a second's duration, with from four to six trills, but so rapid that they are lost at a distance."

Very different from all these crickets is a minute but plump wingless creature which would never be taken for a cricket by the ordinary observer, though it has similar hind legs. It has

very curious habits. Only one or two species are known in this country, and they are very rarely seen, though they occur both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. They are the smallest of all Orthoptera, have scarcely any eyes, and are known under the name of Myrmecophila, a name which indicates their habits, for they are found only in ants' nests, and especially in the nests of those ants which live under stones or in rotting stumps.



MYRMECOPHILA.
Greatly enlarged.

If Myrmecophila would scarcely be recognized as a cricket, still less would our mole-cricket, Gryllotalpa, found everywhere at the muddy borders of shallow ponds. A more bizarre creature is rarely seen. Unlike all other crickets, it cannot leap, as the hind thighs are not specially thickened for the purpose, and the body is gross and clumsy. But if it cannot leap, to dig is evidently its purpose in life, for the fore legs are developed into shovel-like paws, for all the world like those of the mole. It inherits its name properly; even in its dark velvety coat it resembles the mole, and the burrows it makes by the borders of ponds or in marshy land can be distinguished from those of the mole only by their lesser size. These burrows are usually so near the surface that the earth is ridged above them, permitting them readily to be traced; they frequently fork, and occasionally turn abruptly downward into blind passages, probably made in searching for some retreating earth-worm, for it is largely on such delicacies as this that the creature feeds. A single pair of insects occupies one burrow, which may extend irregularly twenty or thirty feet; usually the passages are just large enough for the mole-crickets to move in (and they move backward as readily as forward), but they occasionally enlarge them into small chambers, and it is in one of these, among the roots of plants, that the eggs are laid, in a mass of from forty to a hundred. The eggs are white and spherical. In contrast to the adult, the young mole-crickets, previous to their first moult, can leap to the distance of several inches, or many times their length. These insects are several years in reaching maturity.

The male usually begins to chirp at about four o'clock in the afternoon; if the day be cloudy it may begin an hour or two earlier, but in any case it does not stridulate very actively until about dusk. This recognition of the weather is a little remarkable in a burrowing insect, and the more so as it appears to sing within its burrow only, if one may judge by the sound, which has a uniformly subdued tone, as if produced from some hidden recess or concealment. The European mole-

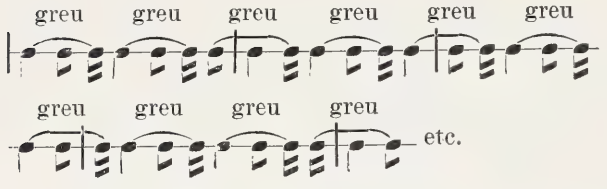


MOLE-CRICKET—FORE LEG.



ŒCANTHUS NIVEUS—MALE.

cricket, a much larger insect than ours, but otherwise very similar, is said to chant both within and without its burrow. The chirp of our common species is a guttural sort of sound like *greu*, repeated in a trill indefinitely,



but seldom for more than two or three minutes, and often for a less time. It closely resembles a distant song of Œcanthus, but is pitched at a lower note; indeed, the note is lower than that of any other cricket I have heard, being pitched at two octaves above middle C, and the notes are usually repeated at the rate of about one hundred and thirty per minute, sometimes, when many are singing with rivalry, even as rapidly as one hundred and fifty per minute. Often when it first begins to chirp it gives a single prolonged trill of more slowly repeated notes, when the composite character of the chirp is much more readily detected, and afterward is quiet for a long time. When most actively chirping, however, the beginning of a strain is less vigorous than its full swell, and the notes are then repeated at the rate of about one hundred and twenty per minute; it steadily gains its normal rapidity. It sounds not unlike a feeble distant croak of toads at spawning season.

Just as Nemobius is a miniature Gryllus, so is Tridactylus a miniature Gryllotalpa, though it is not heavy-bodied, and can leap actively, bounding high in the air. Nothing is more curious than these lively and pigmy mole-crickets; they live in similar places, and make burrows like the mole-crickets, but their fore legs, though constructed for burrowing, are very different in detail. They are not, however, found in quite such wet spots as the mole-cricket haunts, preferring the sandy margins of ponds rather than muddy ones. Their burrows are at first vertical, but immediately turn, running not more than an inch below the surface of the ground, and are very narrow, as would be expected of such little creatures; one measured was hardly a twentieth of an inch in diameter. I once saw one come out of its burrow, slowly and cautiously, but as soon as its body was three-quarters in sight it leaped away. The males are not provided with any tambourine upon the wings, and therefore cannot sing.



PIGMY MOLE-CRICKET—FORE LEG.

Such are a few of the commoner or more striking forms among our American crickets. The study of their songs has not gone very far, but enough is known to make it highly probable that we shall one day be able to distinguish each species that sings — and there are very few that do not—by the character of the song, just as our birds are so recognized by the field ornithologist.



PIGMY MOLE-CRICKET.

Greatly enlarged.

THE UNLIVED LIFE OF LITTLE MARY ELLEN.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

WHEN Simpkinsville sits in shirt sleeves along her store fronts in summer, she does not wish to be considered *en déshabillé*. Indeed, excepting in extreme cases, she would—after requiring that you translate it into plain American, perhaps—deny the soft impeachment.

Simpkinsville knows about coats, and she knows about ladies, and she knows that coats and ladies are to be taken together.

But there are hot hours during August when nothing should be required to be taken with anything—unless, indeed, it be ice—with everything excepting more ice.

During the long afternoons in fly-time no woman who has any discretion—or, as the Simpkinsville men would say, any "management"—would leave her comfortable home to go "hangin' roun' sto'e counters to be waited on." And if they will—as they sometimes do—why, let them take the consequences.

Still, there are those who, from the simple prestige which youth and beauty give, are regarded in the Simpkinsville popular mind-masculine as belonging to a royal family before whom all things must give way—even shirt sleeves.

For these, and because any one of them may turn her horse's head into the main road and drive up to any of the stores any hot afternoon, there are coat-pegs within easy reach upon the inside door-frames—pegs usually covered with the linen dusters and seersucker cutaways of the younger men without.

Very few of the older ones disturb themselves about these trivial matters. Even the doctors, of whom there are two in town, both "leading physicians," are wont to receive their most important "office patients" in this comfortable fashion as, palmetto fans in hand, they rise from their comfortable chairs, tilted back against the weather-boarded fronts of their respective drug-stores, and step forward to the buggies of such ladies as drive up for quinine or capsules, or to present their ailing babies for open-air glances at their throats or gums, without so much as displacing their linen lap-robes.

When any of the village belles drive or walk past, such of the commercial drummers as may be sitting trigly coated, as they sometimes do, among the shirt sleeves, have a way of feeling of their ties and bringing the front legs of their chairs to the floor, while they sit forward in supposed parlor attitudes, and easily doff their hats with a grace that the Simpkinsville boys fiercely denounce while they vainly strive to imitate it.

A country boy's hat will not take on that repose which marks the cast of the metropolitan hatter, let him try to command it as he may.

It was peculiarly hot and sultry to-day in Simpkinsville, and business was abnormally dull—even the apothecary business, this being the mid-season's lull when even drugs are drugs on the market, the annual lull between spring fevers and green chinquapins.

Old Dr. Alexander, after nodding for an hour over his fan beneath his tarnished gilt sign of the pestle and mortar, had strolled diagonally across the street to join his friend and *confrère*, Dr. Jenkins, in a friendly chat.

The doctors were not much given to this sort of sociability, but sometimes when times were unbearably dull and healthy, and neither was called to visit any one else, they would visit one another and talk to keep awake.

"Well, I should say so!" The visitor dropped into the vacant chair beside his host as he spoke. "I should say so. Ain't it hot enough *for you?* Ef it ain't, I'd advise you to renounce yo' religion an' prepare for a climate thet 'll suit you."

This pleasantry was in reply to the common summer-day greeting, "Hot enough for you to-day, doc?"

"Yas," continued the guest, as he zigzagged the back legs of his chair forward by quick jerks until he had gained the desired leaning angle—"Yas, it's too hot to live, an' not hot enough to die. I reckon that's why we have so many chronics a-hangin' on."

"Well, don't let's quarrel with sech as the Lord provides, doctor," replied his host, with a chuckle. "Ef it wasn't for the chronics, I reckon you an' I'd have to give up practisin' an' go to makin' soap. Ain't that about the size of it?"

"Yas, chronics an'—an' babies. Ef



"GET OUT AN' COME IN, MIS' BRADLEY."

they didn't come so punctual, summer an' winter, I wouldn't be able to feed mine thet 're a'ready here. But talkin' about the chronics, do you know, doctor, thet sometimes when I don't have much else to think about, why, I think about them. It's a strange providence to me thet keeps people a-hangin' on year in an' year out, neither sick nor well. I don't doubt the Almighty's goodness, of co'se; but we've got Scripture for callin' Him the Great Physician, an' why, when He could ef He would, He don't—"

"I wouldn't dare to ask myself sech questions as that, doctor, ef I was you. *I* wouldn't, I know. Besides"—and now he laughed—"besides, I jest give you a reason for lettin' 'em remain as they are—to feed us poor devils of doctors. An' besides that, I've often seen cases where it seemed to me they were allowed to live *with* 'em. Of co'se in this I'm not speakin' of great sufferers. An' no doubt they all get pretty tired an' wo'e out with themselves sometimes. I do with myself, even, an' I'm well. Jest listen at them boys a-whistlin' 'After the Ball' to Brother Binney's horse's trot! They haven't got no mo' reverence for a minister o' the gospel than nothin'. I s'pose as long as they ricollect his preachin' against dancin' they'll make him ride into town to that tune. They've made it up among 'em to do it. Jest listen—all the way up the street that same tune. An' Brother Binney trottin' in smilin' to it."

While they were talking the Rev. Mr. Binney rode past, and following, a short distance behind him, came a shabby buggy, in which a shabby woman sat alone. She held her reins a trifle high as she drove, and it was this somewhat awkward position which revealed the fact, even as she approached in the distance, that she carried what seemed an infant lying upon her lap.

"There comes the saddest sight in Simpkinsville, doctor. I notice them boys stop their whistlin' jest as soon as her buggy turned into the road. I'm glad there's some things they respect," said Dr. Alexander.

"Yas, and I see the fellers at Rowton's sto'e are goin' in for their coats. She's drawin' rein there now."

"Yas, but she ain't more'n leavin' an order, I reckon. She's comin' this way."

The shabby buggy was bearing down upon them now, indeed, and when Dr. Jenkins saw it he too rose and put on his coat. As its occupant drew rein he stepped out to her side, while his companion, having raised his hat, looked the other way.

"Get out an' come in, Mis' Bradley." Dr. Jenkins had taken her hand as he spoke.

"No, thanky, doctor. 'Tain't worth while. I jest want to consult you about little Mary Ellen. She ain't doin' well, some ways."

At this she drew back the green barége veil that lay spread over the bundle upon her lap, exposing, as she did so, the blond head and chubby face of a great wax doll, with eyes closed as if in sleep.

The doctor drew the veil back in its place quickly.

"I wouldn't expose her face to the evenin' sun, Mis' Bradley," he said, gently. "I'll call out an' see her to-morrow; an' ef I was you I think I'd keep her indoors for a day or so." Then, as he glanced into the woman's haggard and eager face, he added: "She's gettin' along as well as might be expected, Mis' Bradley. But I'll be out to-morrow, an' fetch you somethin' thet 'll put a little color in *yo*' face."

"Oh, don't mind me, doctor," she answered, with a sigh of relief, as she tucked the veil carefully under the little head. "Don't mind me. I ain't sick. Ef I could jest see *her* pick up a little, why, I'd feel all right. When you come to-morrer, better fetch somethin' *she* can take, doctor. Well, good-by."

"Good-by, Mis' Bradley."

It was some moments before either of the doctors spoke after Dr. Jenkins had returned to his place. And then it was he who said:

"Talkin' about the ways o' Providence, doctor, what do you call that?"

"That's one o' the mysteries thet it's hard to unravel, doctor. Ef anything would make me doubt the mercy of God Almighty, it would be some sech thing as that. And yet—I don't know. Ef there ever was a sermon preached without words, there's one preached along the open streets of Simpkinsville by that pore little half-demented woman when she drives into town nursin' that wax doll. An' it's preached where it's much needed, too—to our young people. There ain't many preachers thet can reach 'em, but—

Did you take notice jest now how, as soon as she turned into the road, all that whistlin' stopped? They even neglected to worry Brother Binney. An' she's the only woman in town thet 'll make old Rowton put on a coat. He'll wait on yo' wife or mine in his shirt sleeves, an' it's all right. But there's somethin' in that broken-hearted woman nursin' a wax doll thet even a fellow like Rowton 'll feel. Didn't you ever think thet maybe you ought to write her case up, doctor?"

"Yas; an' I've done it—as far as it goes. I've called it 'A Psychological Impossibility.' An' then I've jest told her story. A heap of impossible things have turned out to be facts—facts that had to be argued backwards from. You can do over argiments, but you can't undo facts. Yas, I've got her case all stated as straight as I can state it, an' some day it 'll be read. But not while she's livin'. Sir? No, not even with names changed an' everything. It wouldn't do. It couldn't help bein' traced back to her. No; some day, when we've all passed away, likely it 'll all come out in a medical journal, signed by me. An' I've been thinkin' thet I'd like to have you go over that paper with me some time, doctor, so thet you could testify to it. An' I thought we'd get Brother Binney to put his name down as the minister thet had been engaged to perform the marriage, an' knew all the ins and outs of it. And then it 'll hardly be believed."

Even as they spoke they heard the whistling start up again along the street, and looking up, they saw the Rev. Mr. Binney approaching.

"We've jest been talkin' about you, Brother Binney—even before the boys started you to dancin'," said Dr. Jenkins, as he rose and brought out a third chair.

"No," answered the dominie, as with a good-natured smile he dismounted. "No, they can't make me dance, an' I don't know as it's a thing my mare 'll have to answer for. She seems to take naturally to the sinful step, an' so, quick as they start a-whistlin', I try to ride as upright an' godly as I can, to sort o' equalize things. How were you two discussin' me, I'd like to know?"

He put the question playfully as he took his seat.

"Well, we were havin' a pretty serious talk, brother," said Dr. Jenkins—"a pretty serious talk, doc. and me. We were talkin' about pore Miss Mary Ellen. We were sayin' thet we reckoned ef there were any three men in town thet were specially qualified to testify about her case, we must be the three—you an' him an' me. I've got it all written out, an' I thought some day I'd get you both to read it over an' put your names to it, with any additions you might feel disposed to make. After we've all passed away, there ought to be some authorized account. You know about as much as we do, I reckon, Brother Binney."

"Yes, I s'pose I do—in a way. I stood an' watched her face durin' that hour an' a quarter they stood in church waitin' for Clarence Bradley to come. Mary Ellen never was to say what you'd call a purty girl, but she always did have a face thet would hold you ef you ever looked at it. An' when she stood in church that day, with all her bridemaids strung around the chancel, her countenance would 'a' done for any heavenly picture. An' as the time passed, an' he didn't show up—Well, I don't want to compare sinfully, but there's a picture I saw once of Mary at the Cross— Reckon I ought to take that back, lest it might be sinful; but there ain't any wrong in my telling you here thet as I stood out o' sight, waitin' that day in church, behind the pyramid o' flowers the bridemaids had banked up for her, with my book open in my hand at the marriage service, while we waited for him to come, as she stood before the pulpit in her little white frock and wreath, I could see her face. An' there come a time, after it commenced to git late, when I fell on my knees."

The good man stopped speaking for a minute to steady his voice.

"You see," he resumed presently, "we'd all heard things. I *knew* he'd *seemed* completely taken up with this strange girl; an' when at last he came for me to marry him and Mary Ellen, I never was so rejoiced in my life. Thinks I, I've been over-suspicious. Of co'se I knew he an' Mary Ellen had been sweethearts all their lives. I tell you, friends, I've officiated at funerals in my life—buried little children an' mothers of families—an' I've had my heart in my throat so thet I could hardly do my duty; but I tell you I never in all my life had as sad an experience as I did at little Mary Ellen Williams's weddin'—the terrible, terrible weddin' thet never came off."

"An' I've had patients," said Dr. Jenkins, coming into the pause—"I've had patients, Brother Binney, thet I've lost—lost 'em because the time had come for 'em to die—patients thet I've grieved to see go more as if I was a woman than a man, let alone a doctor; but I never in all my life come so near *clair* givin' way an' breakin' down as I did at that weddin' when you stepped out an' called me out o' the congregation to tell me she had fainted. God help us, it was terrible! I'll never forget that little white face as it lay so limpy and still against the lilies tied to the chancel rail, not ef I live a thousand years. Of co'se we'd all had our fears, same as you. We knew Clarence's failin', an' we saw how the yaller-haired girl had turned his head; but, of co'se, when it come to goin' into the church, why, we thought it was all right. But even after the thing had happened—even knowin' as much as I did—I never to say fully took in the situation till the time come for her to get better. For two weeks she lay 'twixt life an' death, an' the one hope I had was for her to recognize me. She hadn't recognized anybody since she was brought out o' the church. But when at last she looked at me one day, an' says she, 'Doctor—what you reckon kep' him—so late?' I tell you I can't tell you how I felt."

"What did you say, doctor?"

It was the minister who ventured the question.

"What can a man say when he 'ain't got nothin' to say? I jest said, 'Better not talk any to-day, honey.' An' I turned away an' made pertence o' mixin' powders—*an'* mixed 'em, for that matter—give her sech as would put her into a little sleep. An' then I set by her till she drowsed away. But when she come out o' that sleep an' I see how things was—when she called herself Mis' Bradley an' kep' askin' for him, an' I see she didn't know no better, an' likely never would—God help me! but even while I prescribed physic for her to live, in my heart I prayed to see her die. She thought she had been married, an' from that day to this she 'ain't never doubted it. Of co'se she often wonders why he don't come home; an' sence that doll come she—"

"Didn't it ever strike you as a strange providence about that doll—thet would allow sech a thing, for instance, doctor?"

Dr. Jenkins did not answer at once.

"Well," he said, presently, "yas—yas an' no. Ef a person looks at it *close-t enough*, it ain't so hard to see mercy in God's judgments. I happened to be at her bedside the day that doll come in—Christmas eve fo' years ago. She was mighty weak an' porely. She gen'ally gets down in bed long about the holidays, sort o' reelizin' the passin' o' time, seein' he don't come. She had been so werried and puny thet the old nigger 'Pollo come for me to see her. An', well, while I set there tryin' to think up somethin' to help her, 'Pollo, he fetched in the express package."

"I've always blamed her brother, Brother Binney," Dr. Alexander interposed, "for *allowin'* that package to go to her."

"*Allowin'!* Why, he never allowed it. You might jest as well say you blame him for namin' his one little daughter after her aunt Mary Ellen. That's how the mistake was made. No, for my part I never thought so much of Ned Williams in my life as I did when he said to me the day that baby girl was born, 'Ef it's a girl, doctor, we're a-goin' to name it after sis' Mary Ellen. Maybe it 'll be a comfort to her.' An' they did. How many brothers, do you reckon, would name a child after a sister thet had lost her mind over a man thet had jilted her at the church door, an' called herself by his name ever sence? Not many, I reckon. No, don't blame Ned—for anything. He hoped she'd love the little thing, an' maybe it would help her. An' she did notice it consider'ble for a while, but it didn't seem to have the power to bring her mind straight. In fact, the way she'd set an' look at it for hours, an' then go home an' set down an' seem to be thinkin', makes me sometimes suspicion thet that was what started her a-prayin' God to send her a child. She's said to me more than once-t about that time—she'd say, 'You see, doctor, when he's away so much—ef it was God's will—a child would be a heap o' company to me while he's away.' This, mind you, when he hadn't shown up at the weddin'; when we all knew he ran away an' married the yaller-hair that same night. Of co'se it did seem a strange providence to be sent to a God-fearin' woman as she always was; it did seem strange thet she should be allowed to make herself redic'lous carryin' that

wax doll around the streets; an' yet, when you come to think—"

"Well, I say what I did befo'," said Dr. Alexander. "Her brother should 'a' *seen* to it thet no sech express package intended for his child should 'a' been sent to the aunt—not in her state o' mind."

"How could he see to it when he didn't send it—didn't know it was comin'? Of co'se we Simpkinsville folks, we all know thet she's called Mary Ellen, an' thet Ned's child has been nicknamed Nellie. But his wife's kin, livin' on the other side o' the continent, they couldn't be expected to know that, an' when they sent her that doll, why, they nachelly sent it to her full name; an' it was sent up to Miss Mary Ellen's. Even then the harm needn't to 've been done exceptin' for her bein' sick abed, an' me, her doctor, hopin' to enliven her up a little with an unexpected present, makes the nigger 'Pollo set it down by her bedside, an' opens it befo' her eyes, right there. Maybe I'm to blame for that—*but I ain't.* We can't do mo' than *try* for the best. I thought likely as not Ned had ordered her some little Christmas things—as he had, in another box."

The old doctor stopped, and taking out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes.

"Of co'se, as soon as I see what it was, I knew somebody had sent it to little Mary Ellen, but—

"You say, Brother Binney, thet the look in her face at the weddin' made you fall on yo' knees. I wish you could 'a' seen the look thet come into her face when I lifted that doll-baby out o' that box. Heavenly Father! That look is one o' the things thet 'll come back to me sometimes when I wake up too early in the mornin's, an' I can't get back to sleep for it. But at the time I didn't fully realize it, somehow. She jest reached an' took the doll from me, an' turnin' over, with her face to the wall, held it tight in her arms without sayin' a word. Then she lay still for so long that-a-way thet by-an'-by I commenced to get uneasy less'n she'd fainted. So I leaned over an' felt of her pulse, an' I see she was layin' there cryin' over it without a sound, an' I come away. I don't know how came I to be so thick-headed, but even then I jest supposed seein' the doll nachelly took her mind back to the time she was a child, an' that in itself was mighty sad an' pitiful to me, knowin' her story, and I confess to you I was glad there wasn't anybody I had to speak to on my way out. I tell you I was about cryin' myself—jest over the pitifulness of even that. But next day when I went back of co'se I see how it was. She never had doubted for a minute thet that doll was the baby she'd been prayin' for—not a minute. An' she don't, *not to this day*—straight as her mind is on some things. That's why I call it a psychological impossibility, she bein' so rational an' so crazy at the same time. Sent for me only last week, an' when I got there I found her settin' down with *it* a-layin' in her lap, an' she lookin' the very picture of despair. 'Doctor,' says she, 'I'm sure they's mo' wrong with Mary Ellen than you let on to me. *She don't grow, doctor.*' An' with that she started a-sobbin' an' a-rockin' back an' fo'th over it. 'An' even the few words she could say, doctor, she seems to forget 'em,' says she. 'She 'ain't called my name for a week.' It's a fact; the little talkin'-machine inside it has got out o' fix some way, an' it don't say 'mamma' and 'papa' any mo'."

"Have you ever thought about slippin' it away from her, doctor, an' seein' if maybe she wouldn't forget it? If she was my patient I'd try it."

"Yas, but you wouldn't keep it up. I did try it once-t. Told old Milly thet ef she fretted too much not to give her the doll, but to send for me. An' she did—in about six hours. An' I—well, when I see her face I jest give it back to her. An' I'll never be the one to take it from her again. It comes nearer givin' her happiness than anything else could—an' what could be mo' innocent? She's even mo' contented since her mother died an' there ain't anybody to prevent her carryin' it on the street. I know it plegged Ned at first to see her do it, but he's never said a word. He's one in a thousand. He cares mo' for his sister's happiness than for how she looks to other folks. Most brothers don't. There ain't a mornin' but he drives in there to see ef she wants anything, an', of co'se, keepin' up the old place jest for her to live in it costs him consider'ble. He says she wouldn't allow it, but she thinks Clarence pays for everything, an' of co'se he was fully able.

"I don't think it's a good way for her to live, doctor, in that big old place with jest those two old niggers. I never have thought so. Ef she was *my* patient—"

"Well, pardner, that's been talked over between Ned an' his wife, an' they've even consulted me. An' I b'lieve she ought to be let alone. Those two old servants take about as good care of her as anybody could. Milly nursed her when she was a baby, an' she loves the ground she walks on, an' she humors her in everything. Why, I've gone out there an' found that old nigger walkin' that doll up an' down the po'ch, singing to it for all she was worth; an' when I'd drive up, the po' ol' thing would cry so she couldn't go in the house for ten minutes or mo'. No, it ain't for us to take away sech toys as the Lord sends to comfort an' amuse his little ones; an' the weak-minded, why, they always seem that-a-way to me. An' sometimes, when I come from out of some of our homes where everything is regular and straight accordin' to our way o' lookin' at things, an' I see how miserable an' unhappy everything *is*, an' I go out to the old Williams place, where the birds are singin' in the trees an' po' Miss Mary Ellen is happy sewin' her little doll-clo'es, an' the old niggers 'ain't got a care on earth but to look after her— Well, I dun'no'. Ef you'd dare say the love o' God wasn't there, *I* wouldn't. Of co'se she has her unhappy moments, an' I can see she's failin' as time passes; but even so, ain't *this* for the best? They'd be somethin' awful about it, *to me*, ef she kep' a-growin' stronger through it all. One o' the sweetest providences o' sorrow is thet we poor mortals fail under it. There ain't a flower thet blooms but some seed has perished for it."

It was at a meeting of the woman's prayer-meeting, about a week after the conversation just related, that Mrs. Blanks, the good sister who led the meeting today, upon opening the services with a short Scripture reading and prayer, rose to her feet, and after a silence that betokened some embarrassment in the subject she essayed, she said:

"My dear sisters, I've had a subjec' on my mind for a long time, a subjec' thet I've hesitated to mention, but the mo' I put it away the mo' it seems to come back to me. I've hesitated because she's got kinfolks in this prayer-meetin', but I don't believe thet there's anybody kin to Miss Mary Ellen thet feels any nearer to her than what the rest of us do."

"Amen!" "Amen!" and "Amen!" came in timid women's voices from different parts of the room.

"I know how you all feel befo' you answer me, my dear sisters," she continued, presently. "And now I propose to you thet we, first here as a body of worshippers, an' then separately as Christian women at home in our closets, make her case a subjec' of special prayer. Let us ask the good Lord to relieve her—jest so—*unconditionally;* to take this cloud off her life an' this sorrow off our streets, an' I believe He'll do it."

There were many quiet tears shed in the little prayer-meeting that morning as, with faltering voice, one woman after another spoke her word of exhortation or petition in behalf of the long-suffering sister.

That this revival of the theme by the wives and mothers of the community should have resulted in renewed attentions to the poor distraught woman was but natural. It is sound orthodoxy to try to help God to answer our prayers. And so the faithful women of the churches—there were a few of every denomination in town in the union prayer-meeting—began to go to her, fully resolved to say some definite word to win her, if possible, from her hallucination, to break the spell that held her; but they would almost invariably come away full of contrition over such false and comforting words as they had been constrained to speak "over a soulless and senseless doll."

Indeed, a certain Mrs. Lynde, one of the most ardent of these good women, but a sensitive soul withal, was moved, after one of her visits, to confess in open meeting both her sin and her chagrin in the following humiliating fashion:

"I declare I never felt so 'umbled in my life ez I did after I come away from there, a week ago come Sunday. Here I goes, full of clear reasonin' an' Scripture texts, to try to bring her to herself, an' I 'ain't no mo'n set down sca'cely, when I looks into her face, as she sets there an' po's out her sorrers over that ridic'lous little doll, befo' I'm consolin' her with false hopes, like a perfec' Ananias an' Sapphira. Ef any woman could set down an' see her look at that old doll's face when she says, 'Honey, do you reckon I'll ever raise her, when she keeps so puny?'—I say ef any woman with a human heart in her bosom could hear her say that, an'

not tell her, 'Cert'n'y she'd raise her,' an' that 'punier children than that had growed up to be healthy men an' women'—well, maybe they might be better Christians than I am, but I don't never expec' to be sanctified up to that point. I know I'm an awful sinner, deservin' of eternal punishment for deceit which is the same as a lie, but I not only told her I thought she could raise her, but I felt her pulse, an' said it wasn't quite what a reel hearty child's ought to be. Of co'se I said that jest to save myself from p'int-blank lyin'. An' then, when I see how it troubled her to think it wasn't *jest right*, why, God forgive me, but I felt it over again, an' counted it by my watch, an' then I up an' told her it was *all right*, an' thet ef it had a-been any different to the way it was under the circumstances, I'd be awful fearful, which, come to think of it, that last is true ez God's word, for ef I'd a-felt a pulse in that doll's wrist—which, tell the truth, I was so excited while she watched me I half expected to feel it pulsate—I'd 'a' shot out o' that door a ravin' lunatic. I come near enough a-doin' it when she patted its chest an' it said 'mamma' an' 'papa' in reply. I don't know, but I think thet the man thet put words into a doll's breast, to be hugged out by a po' bereft weak-minded woman, has a terrible sin to answer for. Seems to me it's a-breakin' the second commandment, which forbids the makin' of anything in the likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, which a baby is if it's anything, bein' the breath o' God fresh-breathed into human clay. I don't know, but I think that commandment is aimed jest as direct at talkin' dolls ez it is at heathen idols, which, when you come to think of it, ain't p'intedly made after the image of anything *in* creation thet we've seen samples of, after all. Them thet I've seen the pictures of ain't no mo'n sech outlandish deformities thet anybody could conceive of ef he imagined a strange-figgured person standin' befo' a cracked merror so ez to have his various an' sundry parts duplicated, hit an' miss. No, I put down the maker of that special an' partic'lar doll ez a greater idolitor than them thet, for the want o' knowin' better, stick a few extry members on a clay statute an' pray to it *in faith.* Ef it hadn't a-called her 'mamma' first time she over-squeezed it, I don't believe *for a minute* thet that doll would ever 'a' got the holt upon Mary Ellen thet it has—I don't indeed."

"Still"—it was Mrs. Blanks who spoke up in reply, wiping her eyes as she began—"still, Sister Lynde, you know she frets over it jest ez much sence it's lost its speech."

"Of co'se," said another sister; "an' why shouldn't she? Ef yo' little Katie had a-started talkin' an' then stopped of a suddent, wouldn't you 'a' been worried, I like to know?"

"Yas, I reckon I would," replied Mrs. Blanks; "but it's hard to put her in the place of a mother with a reel child—even in a person's imagination."

There had been in Simpkinsville an occasional doll whose eyes would open and shut as she was put to bed or taken up, and the crying doll was not a thing unknown.

That the one which should play so conspicuous a part in her history should have developed the gift of speech, invested it with a weird and peculiar interest.

It was, indeed, most uncanny and sorrowful to hear its poor piping response to the distraught woman's caresses as she pressed it to her bosom.

To the little doll-loving girls of Simpkinsville it had always been an object of semi-superstitious reverence—a thing half doll, half human, almost alive.

When her little niece Nellie, a tall girl of eight years now, would come over in the mornings and beg Aunt Mary Ellen to let her hold the baby, she never quite knew, as she walked it up and down the yard, under the mulberry-trees, with the green veil laid lovingly over its closed lids, whether to look for a lapse from its human quality into ordinary dollhood, or to expect a sudden progression on the life side.

She would, no doubt, long ago have lost this last hope, in the lack of progression in its mechanical speech, but for the repeated confidences of her aunt Mary Ellen. She really believed the marvellous stories she told the child of the things "little Mary Ellen" did when she was alone with her mother.

"Why, honey, she often laughs out loud an' turns over in bed, an' sometimes she wakes me up cryin' so pitiful." So the good aunt, who had never told a lie in all her pious life, often assured her—assured her with a look in her face that

was absolutely invincible in its expression of perfect faith in the thing she said.

There had been several serious conferences between her father and mother in the beginning, before the child had been allowed to go to see Aunt Mary Ellen's dolly—to see and hold it, and inevitably to love it with all her child heart; but even before the situation had developed its full sadness, or they had realized how its contingencies would familiarize every one with the strange sad story, the arguments were in the child's favor. To begin with, the doll was really hers, though it was thought best, in the circumstances, that she should never know it. Indeed, at first her father had declared that she should have one just like it; but when it was found that its price was nearly equal to the value of a bale of cotton, the good man was moved to declare that "the outlandish toy, with its heathenish imitations, had wrought sorrer enough in the family a'ready, without trying to duplicate it."

Still, there couldn't be any harm in letting her see the beautiful toy. And so, as she held it in her arms, the child came vaguely to realize that a great mystery of anxious love hovered about this strange weird doll, a mystery that, to her young perception, as she read it in the serious home faces, was as full of tragic possibilities as that which concerned the real baby sister that lay and slept and waked and grew in the home cradle—the real, warm, heavy baby that she was sometimes allowed to hold "just for a minute" while the nurse-mammy followed close beside her.

If the toy-baby gave her the greater pleasure, may it not have been because she dimly perceived in it a meeting-point between the real and the imaginary? Here was a threshold of the great wonder-world that primitive peoples and children love so well. They are the great mystics, after all. And are they not, perhaps, wise mystics who sit and wonder and worship, satisfied not to understand?

Summer waned and went out, and September came in — September, hot and murky and short of breath, as one ill of heart-failure. Even the prayer-meeting women who had taken up Miss Mary Ellen's case in strong faith, determined not to let it go, were growing faint of heart under the combined pressure of disappointed hope and the summer's weight. The poor object of their prayers, instead of seeming in any wise improved, grew rather more wan and weary as time wore on. Indeed, she sometimes appeared definitely worse, and would often draw rein in the public road to lift the doll from her lap and discuss her anxieties concerning it with any passing acquaintance, or even on occasion to exult in a fancied improvement.

This was a thing she had never done before the women began to pray, and it took a generous dispensation of faith to enable them to continue steadfast in the face of such discouragement. But, as is sometimes the case, greater faith came from the greater need, and the prayer-meeting grew. In the face of its new and painful phases, as the tragedy took on a fresh sadness, even a few churchly women who had stood aloof at the beginning waived their sectarian differences and came into the meeting. And there were strange confessions sometimes at these gatherings, where it was no uncommon thing for a good sister to relate how, on a certain occasion, she had either "burst out cryin' to keep from laughin'," or "laughed like a heathen jest to keep from cryin'."

The situation was now grown so sad and painful that the doctors called a consultation of neighboring physicians, even bringing for the purpose a "specialist" all the way from the Little Rock Asylum, hoping little, but determined to spare no effort for the bettering of things.

After this last effort and its discouraging result, all hope of recovery seemed gone, and so the good women, when they prayed, despairing of human agency, asked simply for a miracle, reading aloud, for the support of their faith, the stories of marvellous healing as related in the gospels.

It was on a sultry morning, after a night of rain, near the end of September. Old Dr. Jenkins stood behind the showcase in his drug-store dealing out quinine pills and earache drops to the poor country folk and negroes, who, with sallow faces or heads bound up, confessed themselves "chillin'" or "painful" while they waited. Patient as cows, they stood in line while the dispensing hand of healing passed over to their tremulous, eager palms the promised "help" for their assorted "miseries."

It was a humble crowd of sufferers, deferring equally, as they waited, to the dignitary who served them and to his environment of mysterious potencies, whose unreadable Latin labels glared at them in every direction as if in challenge to their faith and respect. To the thoughtful observer it seemed an epitome of suffering humanity — patient humanity waiting to be healed by some great and mysterious Unknowable.

It may have been their general attitude of unconscious deference that moved the crowd to fall quickly back at the entrance of the first assertive visitor of the morning, or perhaps old 'Pollo, the negro, as he came rushing into the shop, would have been accorded right of way in a more pretentious gathering. There was certainly that in his appearance which demanded attention.

He had galloped up to the front door, his horse in a lather from the long hot ride from the Williams homestead, four miles away, and throwing his reins across the pommel of his saddle, had burst into the drug-store with an excited appeal:

"Doctor Jinkins, come quick! For Gord's sake! Miss Mary Ellen *need* you, Marse Doctor—she need you—*right off!*"

He did not wait for a response. He had delivered his summons, and turning without another word, he remounted his horse and rode away.

It was not needed that the doctor should offer any apologies to his patients for following him. He did not, indeed, seem to remember that they were there as he seized his coat, and, without even waiting to put it on, quickly unhitched his horse tied at the front door, and followed the negro down the road.

It was a matter of but a few moments to overtake him, and when the two were riding abreast, the doctor saw that the old man was crying.

"De dorg, he must 'a' done it, Marse Doctor," he began, between sobs. "He must 'a' got in las' night. It was so hot we lef' all de do's open same lak we *been* doin'— But it warn't we-alls fault, doctor. But de dorg, he must 'a' snatch de doll out'n de cradle an' run out in de yard wid it, an' it lay a-soakin' in de rain all night. When Miss Mary Ellen fust woke up dis mornin', she called out to Milly to fetch de baby in to her. Milly she often tecks it out'n de cradle early in de mornin' 'fo' missy wakes up, an' make pertend lak she feeds it in de kitchen. An' dis mornin', when she call for it, Milly, she 'spon' back, 'I 'ain't got her, missy!' jes dat-a-way. An' wid dat, 'fo' you could bat yo' eye, missy was hop out'n dat bed an' stan' in de middle o' de kitchen in her night-gownd, white in de face as my whitewash-bresh. An' when she had look at Milly an' den at me, she sclaim out, '*Whar my child?*' I tell you, Marse Doctor, when I see dat look an' heah dat inquiry, I trimbled so dat dat kitchen flo' shuck tell de kittle leds on de stove rattled. An' Milly, she see how scarified missy look, an' she commence to tu'n roun' an' seek for words, when we heah pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, on de po'ch; an', good Gord, Marse Doctor! heah come Rover, draggin' dat po' miser'ble little doll-baby in his mouf, drippin' wid mud an' sopped wid rain-water. Quick as I looked at it I see dat bofe eyes was done soaked out an' de paint gone, an' all its yaller hair it had done eve'y bit soaked off. Sir? Oh, I don't know, sir, how she gwine teck it. Dey ain't no sayin' as to dat. She hadn't *come to* when I come away. She had jes drapped down in a dead faint in the mids' o' de kitchen, an' I holp Milly lif' her on to de bed, an' I come for you. Co'se I had to stop an' ketch de horse; an' de roads, dey was so awful muddy an'—"

It was a long ride over the heavy roads, and as the good doctor trotted along, with the old darky steadily talking beside him, he presently ceased to hear.

Having once realized the situation, his professional mind busied itself in speculations as to the probable result of so critical an incident to his patient. Accident, chance, or mayhap a kind providence, had done for her the thing he had long wished to try but had not dared. The mental shock with the irreparable loss of the doll would probably have a definite effect for good or ill—if, indeed, she would consent even now to give it up. Of course there was no telling.

This question was almost immediately answered, however, for when presently the old negro led the way into the lane leading to the Williams gate, preceding the doctor so as to open the gate for him, he leaned suddenly over his horse's neck and peered eagerly forward. Then drawing rein for a moment, he called back:

"Marse Doctor, look hard, please, sir, an' see what dat my ol' 'oman Milly is doin' out at de front gate."



"WHITE IS FOR BABIES."

The doctor's eyes were little better than his companion's. Still, he was able in a moment to reply:

"Why, old man, she is tying a piece of white muslin upon the gate-post. Something has happened."

"White is for babies, ain't it, Marse Doctor?"

"Yes—or for—"

"Den it mus' be she's give it up for dead."

The old man began sobbing again.

"Yes; thank God!" said the doctor. And he wiped his eyes.

The bit of fluttering white that hung upon the gate at the end of the lane had soon told its absurd and pitiful little tale of woe to the few passers-by on the road—playfully announcing half the story, the comedy side, even suggested the tragedy that was enacting within.

Before many hours all Simpkinsville knew what had happened, and the little community had succumbed to an attack of hysteria.

Simpkinsville was not usually of a particularly nervous or hysterical temper, but a wholesome sense of the ludicrous, colliding with her maternal love for her afflicted child, could not do less than find relief in simultaneous laughter and tears.

And still, be it said to their credit, when the good women separated, after meeting in the various houses to talk it over, it was the mark of tears that remained upon their faces.

But when it was presently known that their emotional poise was to be critically tested by a "funeral" announced for the next day, there was less emotion exhibited, perhaps, and there were more quiet consultations among the serious-minded.

When Miss Mary Ellen, prostrate and wan with the burden of her long-borne sorrow, had from her pillow quietly given instructions for the funeral, the old doctor, who solicitously watched beside her, in the double capacity of friend and physician, had not been able to say her nay.

And when on the next day he had finally invited a conference on the subject with her brother, the minister, his fellow-doctor, and several personal friends of the family, there were heavy lines about his eyes, and he confessed that before daring his advice on so sensitive a point he had "walked the flo' the livelong night."

And then he had strongly, unequivocally, advised the funeral.

"We've thought it best to humor her all the way through," he began, "an' now, when the end is clairly in sight, why, there ain't any consistency in changin' the treatment. Maybe when it's buried she'll forget it, an' in time come to herself. Of co'se it'll be a tryin' ordeel, but there's enough of us sensible relations an' friends thet'll go through it, if need be." He had walked up and down the room as he spoke, his hands clasped behind him, and now he stopped before the minister. "Of co'se, Brother Binney"—he spoke with painful hesitation—"of co'se she'll look for you to come an' to put up a prayer, an' maybe read a po'tion o' Scripture. An' I've thought *that* over. Seems to me the whole thing is sad enough for religious services—ef anything is. I've seen reel funerals thet wasn't half so mo'nful, ef I'm any judge of earthly sorrers. There wouldn't be any occasion to bring in the doll in the services, I don't think. But there ain't any earthly grief, in my opinion, but's got a Scripture tex' to match it, ef it's properly selected."

A painful stillness followed this appeal. And then, after closing his eyes for a moment as if in prayer, the good minister said:

"Of course, my dear friends, *you* can see thet this thing can't be conducted *as a funeral.* But, as our good brother has jest remarked, for all the vicissitudes of life—and death—for our safety in joy and our comfort in sorrow, we are given precious words of sweet and blessed consolation."

The saddest funeral gathering in all the annals of Simpkinsville—so it is still always called by those who wept at the obsequies—was that of Miss Mary Ellen's doll, led by the good brother on the following day.

The prayer-meeting women were there, of course, fortified in their faith by the supreme demand laid upon it, and even equipped with fresh self-control for this crucial test of their poise and worthiness. Their love was deep and sincere, and yet, so sensitive were they to the dangers of this most precarious situation that when presently the minister entered, book in hand, a terrible apprehension seized them.

It was as a great wave of indescribable fright, so awful that for a moment their hearts seemed to stop beating, so irresistible in its force that unless it should be quickly stayed it must presently break in some emotion.

No doubt the good brother felt it too, for instead of opening his book, as had been his intention, he laid it down upon the table before him—the small centre table upon which lay what seemed a tiny mound heaped with flowers—and placing both hands upon the bowed head of the little woman who sat beside it, closed his eyes, and raised his face heavenward.

"Dear Lord, Thou knowest," he said, slowly. Then finding no other words, perhaps, and willing to be still, he waited a moment in silence.

When he spoke again the wave had broken. The air seemed to sway with the indescribable vibrations that tell of silent weeping, and every face was buried in a handkerchief.

"Thou knowest, O Lord," he resumed,

presently, raising his voice a little as if in an access of courage—"Thou knowest how dear to our hearts is Thy handmaiden, this beloved sister who sits in sorrow among us to-day. Thou knowest how we love her. Thou knowest that her afflictions are ours. And oh, dear Father, if it be possible, grant that when we have reverently put this poor little symbol of our common sorrow out of sight forever, Thy peace may descend and fill her heart and ours with Thy everlasting benediction."

The words, which had come slowly, though without apparent effort, might have been inspired. Surely they sounded to the women who waited as if uttered by a voice from Heaven, and to their spiritually attuned ears it was a voice comforting, composing, quieting.

After this followed a reading of Scripture—a selection taken for its wide application to all God's sorrowing people—and the singing of the beautiful hymn,

> "God shall charge His angel legions
> Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

This was sung, without a break, from the beginning clear through to the end, with its sweet promise to the grief-stricken of "life beyond the grave." Then came the benediction—the benediction of the churches since the days of the apostles, used of all Christians the world over, but ever beautiful and new—"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds," etc.

All the company had risen for this—all excepting Miss Mary Ellen, who during the entire ceremony had not changed her position—and when it was finished, when the moment of silent prayers was over and one by one the women rose from their knees, there came an awkward interval pending the next step in this most difficult and exceptional service.

The little woman in whose behalf it had been conducted, for whom all the prayers had been said, made no sign by which her further will should be made known. It had been expected that she would herself go to the burial, and against this contingency a little grave had been prepared in the family burial-ground, which, happily, was situated upon her own ground, in a grove of trees a short distance from the house.

After waiting for some moments, and seeing that she still did not move, the reverend brother finally approached her and laid his hand as before upon her head. Then quickly reaching around, he drew her hand from beneath her cheek, felt her pulse, and now, turning, he motioned to the doctor to come.

The old man, Dr. Jenkins, lifted her limp arm tenderly and felt her wrist, listened with his ear against her bosom, waited, and listened again. And then, laying back the hand tenderly, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes.

"Dear friends," he said, huskily, "your prayers have been answered. Sister Mary Ellen has found peace."

WIND AND WAVE.

BY G. E. WOODBERRY.

WHY wilt thou make, O Wave,
Forever in from the bay?
Dost thou seek on the beaches' grave
To cast thy life away?

Why wilt thou blow, O Wind,
Forever out to sea?
Is it death thou too wouldst find,
O winged eternity?—

I told my love unsped
To both in the eventide;
The wild Wind moaned, and fled;
The wild Wave sobbed, and died.

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

EDITED BY R. R. BOWKER.

XII.—ELECTRICITY.

"WHAT *is* electricity?" That is a question no man can yet fully answer. In a great electric station you may see a huge engine "turning over" two big copper wheels. They are doing no work, and require little steam. The day darkens; lights are turned on through the city. A man at the switchboard "throws in" the switches, bringing the two dynamos into circuit, and connecting them with the copper conductors through the streets, and presently the two wheels require all the power the 2500 horse-power engine can supply, and are lighting 25,000 electric lamps. But the wheels turn at the same speed; you cannot *see* or *feel* any difference. The men who make the dynamos and the men who operate them know how to produce electricity, but Mr. Edison himself, standing by an Edison dynamo, could only tell you the "how," and not the "why." Yet for thousands of years this great power has been in the universe, waiting for nineteenth-century man literally to find it out. The dis-coverer, the in-ventor, only un-covers or comes-to the force already in the universe for the service of man. The nineteenth century, in the person of a Kelvin, an Edison, a Tesla, or a man yet unknown, may answer the question, or it may be left unanswered to the twentieth.

We know electricity from its effects and through its relations with other forces. It is a force, having an effect on matter. No force can be *made*. We do not make electricity; we only convert other force into it. Electricity is produced by and produces magnetism. It produces and is produced by heat, mechanical force, chemical force.

When thus produced, an insulated body can be "charged" with it, or electrified. The force is then in suspended animation as static (stand-still or passive) electricity. When a less electrified body is brought near, the force leaps free, and the electrified body is discharged with a shock or spark. Or, thus produced, the force can be transmitted, as dynamic (force-full or active) electricity, along the lines of conductors. This is the electric current.

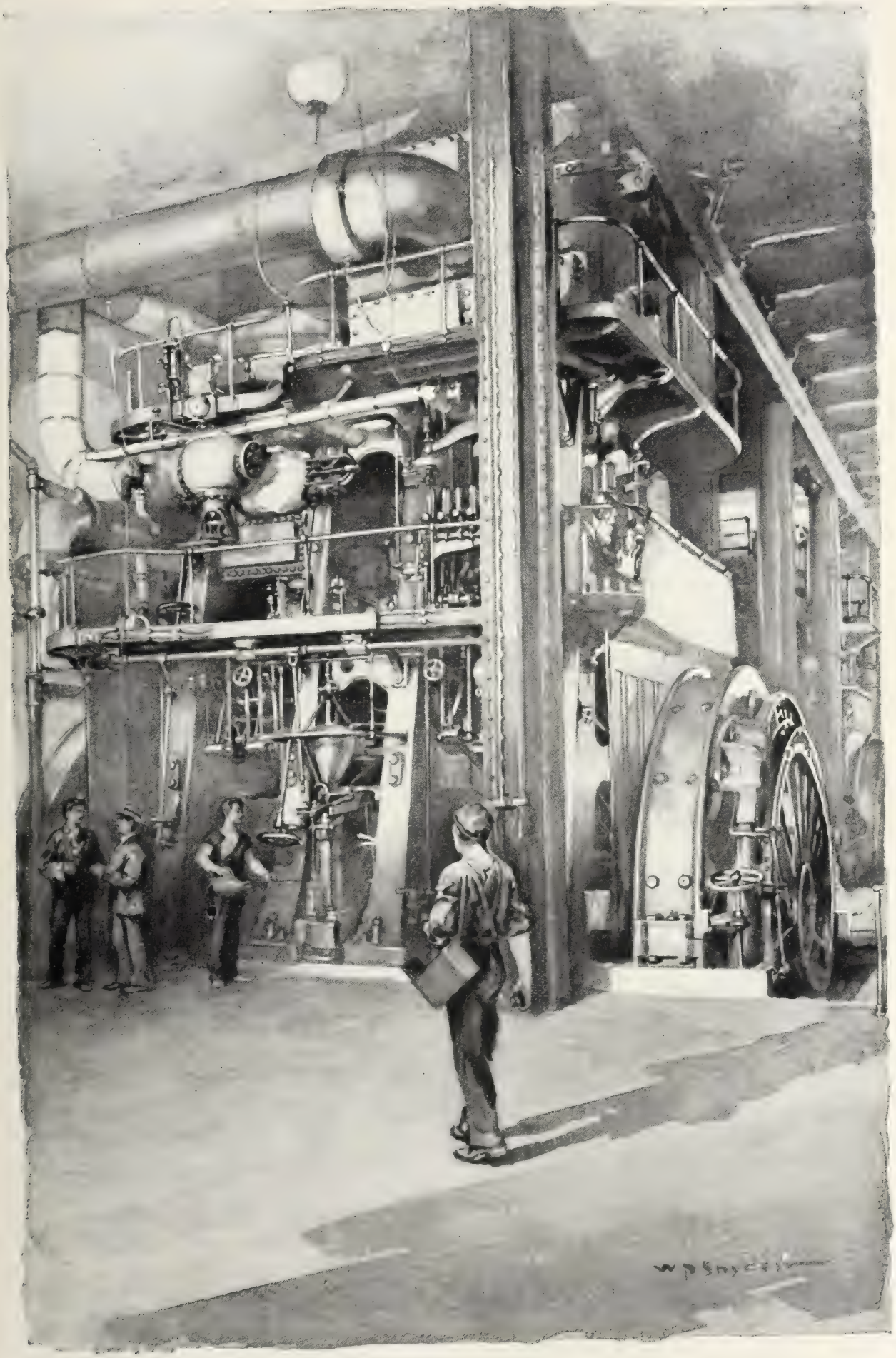
When a man is packed in a crowd, if he moves or is moved, he must push his next neighbor, and he will push that particular next neighbor who moves easiest or makes least resistance. All forces act in this "line of least resistance." Silver, copper, etc., are of "low resistance" to electric force, and are good "conductors" of electricity; paraffine, rubber, glass, mica, are of "high resistance," will not conduct, and are "insulators." Yet every conductor resists somewhat—there is some "loss" or "drop," the electricity turning into heat; every insulator conducts somewhat—there is some "leakage" of current.

Force must always do work: no force can be lost. If the man in the crowd, as he is pushed and pulled, puts his hands on the man in front of him, and he on the next, to the edge of the crowd, and the last man grips a pump-handle, the push and pull at the centre, thus passed on, will work the pump. This is how work is done at a distance by the force of electricity. If the men are close together in a ring, and one shoves forward, the shove will be passed all around the ring till the first man's shove hits himself in the back. The men would not move round, but the force would. This is like the electric "circuit."

Place a rubber band around a finger, and begin to twist it. The twist seems to run round the ring, starting in one



THE "CIRCUIT."



OPERATING-ROOM, EDISON STATION, NEW YORK.

Twenty-five hundred horse-power generating unit in foreground.

direction, coming back in the opposite direction, like "positive" and "negative" current, though its direction is really the same. The twisting force represents a dynamo; if you twist one way continuously, it is like the continuous direct current; if you twist to and fro, it is like the alternating current, first in one direction, then in the other. If you stretch the rubber band, and put two pins through it on either side, the pins will rotate like motors and in opposite directions. These are simple analogies of applied electricity. What we know of electricity, as a science and as an art, can best be learned by tracing our knowledge from its beginnings.

The Greeks called amber *electron* (ἤλεκτρον, shining). Hence, electricity. As the magnet attracts iron, so amber, when rubbed, attracts straws or sticks; the Syrians called it *harpaga*, "clutcher." Thales, about 600 B.C., said of the magnet, "The stone has a soul, since it moves iron"; his reputed reference to amber is less authentic. Plato, 400 B.C., writes, though unprophetic of their vital relation, of "the fall of the thunder-bolt, and the marvels observed about the attraction of amber and the Heraclean stone." This was an early name, perhaps figuring Hercules, the god of strength, for what our own ancestors called the lodestone or leading-stone, its other name of magnet coming from a place, Magnesia, where the magnetite or magnetic ore of iron was perhaps first found. The Samothracian rings, used in the priestly mysteries, one hanging as if by magic to another in a long chain, cited by Plato as a simile of successive inspiration, were probably magnetic. Theophrastus, 300 B.C., mentions a third substance of like power, the "lynx-stone," which was perhaps also amber, possibly jet, less probably the tourmaline, which becomes electric when heated. Aristotle and Pliny refer to the torpedo, one of the electric fishes; its shock is said to have cured a freedman of Tiberius of gout. Lucretius describes the marvels of the magnet, and St. Augustine wonders that the lodestone refuses to move straws, and yet snatches the iron —the first distinction between electricity and magnetism. This is the sum of ancient knowledge.

The ancient Chinese are reputed to have known the compass, and to have had "south-pointing carts," whereon a human figure, perhaps moved by a magnet, kept its arm pointing always to the south. But the first certain reference is in the thirteenth century, although in the twelfth century the compass was known to Europe, for the English monk Neckham described the use of a floated magnet by a ship. Peter Peregrinus, in the thirteenth century, made a pivoted compass, and marked on the circle the "lubber's point" and the scale, which in the next century became "the rose of the winds," perhaps first made by Gioja of Amalfi, often credited with the invention of the compass. The laws of Wisby, the trading city which in the Middle Ages ruled the seas from its Baltic island, punished falsifying the compass — which it was thought could be done with garlic, or even by the breath of a steersman who had eaten onions—by nailing the offender's hand to the ship's mast with a knife. Porta of Naples, one of the Italian masters of the scientific use of the imagination, closes the record of the Middle Ages with his prophecy of the magnetic telegraph: "To a friend that is at a far distance from us, fast shut up in prison, we may relate our minds; which I do not doubt may be done by two mariner's compasses having the alphabet writ about them."

About 1600, Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, found that glass, resin, sulphur, etc., acted like amber, and in his Latin book, *De Magnete*, said, "It pleases us to call this force *electric*." He called glass, resin, etc., *electrics*, and *electricity* became the name of the new science. Von Guericke, burgomaster of Magdeburg, noticed that electrified bodies, though they attracted what Gilbert had called "non-electrics," repelled each other; he also made the first electric machine, pictured in his *Experimenta Nova* published 1672 —a globe of sulphur mounted on a wooden axle revolved by one hand, while the other hand was rubbed against the ball to obtain electricity. From this came the modern frictional machine—a glass cylinder or disk rubbed by a leather strip, with a "prime conductor" or metal rod nearly touching the glass to carry off electricity. Dufay of Paris, about 1730, noticed that when glass and resin were rubbed together, both were "electrified," but with two kinds of electricity. That in the glass he called *vitreous;* that in the

resin, *resinous*. It was afterwards found, however, that if glass were rubbed with fur or flannel instead of with silk, it also would produce "resinous" electricity.

In 1746 Musschenbroek of Leyden, using a wire from such a machine to electrify water in a glass jar which he held in his hand, happened to touch with his other hand the metal conductor from the machine; suddenly he felt a severe shock, which, he wrote Réaumur, he "wouldn't take again for the crown of France." He had discovered the "condenser," now known as the "Leyden jar." Cunæus, a scientific amateur of Leyden, has also been credited with the discovery, which was in fact made, in another form, a year before, by Von Kleist of Pomerania, whose device was called a "strengthening machine." The modern form is a glass jar with a coating of tin-foil inside and another outside. When one coating is connected with a "prime conductor," the jar becomes "charged"; it is discharged with a spark by bringing the conductors from both tin-foils together. It acts as though an elastic bag containing water at high pressure were within an open tank of water; if a tube were run from the high-pressure water to the low-pressure water, or a hole pricked through the elastic, the quick flow of water would equalize the pressure. For usual purposes such "condensers" are made of thin sheets of tin-foil, separated by mica or oiled paper instead of by glass.

That world-genius, our own Franklin, began the work which has made electricity so largely an American development. He considered electricity a fluid, in excess in one body and lacking in another; and he borrowed from mathematics the terms "positive" and "negative," in place of "vitreous" and "resinous" electricity. For years his theory of a fluid prevailed, but modern investigators use the word "current," thinking of electricity more as a motion or mode of force than as a thing —not like water, but like the wave or tide of water. In 1752 Franklin "snatched lightning from heaven" with his famous kite, and proved, as had been suggested by Gray, that it was an electric discharge. The next year all Europe was "snatching lightning" on a grand scale—Romas, in France, getting sparks a foot long, and noticing for the first time the "sulphurous" odor of what we now know to be "ozone"—until the tragic self-electrocution, to use a modern word, of Professor Richman of St. Petersburg, August, 1753, checked such experiments. In 1760 Franklin made the first lightning-conductor.

Italy made the next great strides. In 1775 Volta invented the "electrophorus," or "induction-plate," from which developed the "influence-machines" of Holtz and others, giving high-tension leaping sparks. In 1780 Galvani's wife is said to have noted the twitching of a frog's leg near an electric conductor, and by 1786 Galvani's experiments culminated in the discovery that a frog's leg hung by a copper wire on an iron rod became electrified. Galvani attributed this to animal electricity; Volta, to the contact of unlike metals. Both were partly right. Volta, in proof, about 1796, piled together pairs of silver and zinc plates, with woollen cloth soaked in salt water separating the metals, and from this "voltaic pile" produced electricity. The weight on the lower pairs squeezed the cloth dry, which difficulty led Volta to put each pair in a glass cup, connecting the silver in one cup by a wire with the zinc in the next, and out of these "voltaic cells" was developed what we now know as the "galvanic battery"—a series of cells or cups, containing each a pair of dissimilar plates, of metal or carbon, separated by fluid, but connected by wires running from one kind to the other kind of plates. Galvanic current is the kind of electricity produced, as in this case, by chemical action, when the "circuit" is "closed" by bringing together the "terminals" or unattached wires of such cells. Conversely, by passing current through such a cell, water or other compounds can be decomposed, by what Faraday called "electrolysis" (electro-analysis), and metals can be deposited from their solutions, either covering one metal with a film of another, as in electroplating, or making a fac-simile on a matrix, as in electrotyping. The ends of the wires within the liquid are called "electrodes"—that by which the current goes in, the "kathode"; that by which it goes out, and on which the object to be plated or the matrix is hung, the "anode."

With the beginning of this century electricity, as a science and as an art, was but hatched from the egg—a poor chicken. Sir Humphry Davy, about 1808, first produced the electric light by pass-

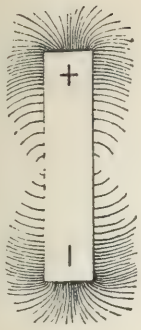


JOSEPH HENRY.

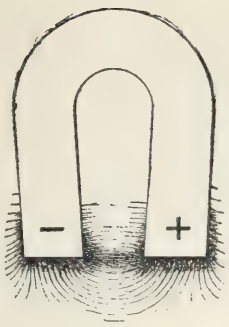
ing current from some two thousand voltaic cells through two rods of wood charcoal, slightly separated at their ends. At the place of separation the current, leaping from one point to the other in an arch or arc, produced a brilliant white light, caused by the heating to white heat, at a temperature reckoned at 4800° F., of the carbon points and of the minute particles of carbon thrown off. The cost of this method was excessive; and practical development waited the invention of the "dynamo."

The "dynamo," or power-machine (from the Greek δύναμις, *dynamis*, power), is the machine for turning mechanical force (obtained from coal through steam) into electrical force, which has made modern electricity possible. The "dynamo" turns mechanical force into electricity; the "motor" turns electrical force back again into mechanical force. They are practically the same machine, the one "reversing" the other. On Christmas morning, 1821, Faraday, then assistant in the Royal Institution, showed his young wife the first electric motor. He filled a cup with mercury, and placed in it, half floating, but anchored below by a bit of thread, a bar-magnet with a copper wire sticking up vertically from it. When he applied one conductor from a voltaic battery to the mercury and the other conductor to the copper wire attached to the magnet, the magnet at once began to revolve; mechanical force was produced. This is almost the exact form of one of the modern (Ferranti) electric meters, and it contained the germ of "motor" and "dynamo" both.

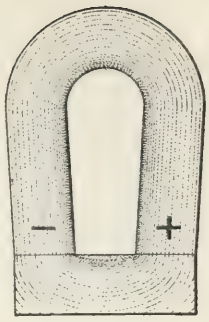
Oersted, a Dane, had already observed, in 1819, that a magnet near an electric current was deflected from the north and brought to a right angle with the wire conveying current; and Ampère and Arago, two French Academicians, working from this hint, magnetized a needle by placing it within a coil of conducting wire. Sturgeon, an Englishman, in 1826, devised the electro-magnet, a horseshoe of soft iron, around which was a coil of conducting copper wire—a device which, exhibited by the elder Dana, in his lectures in New York in 1827, was seen by Morse, and which was developed by Henry, at the Albany Academy, into a practical appliance, holding or dropping a ton of iron as current was turned on or off the coil of wire. Henry, in 1831, applied this principle to lift and drop the tongue of a bell at a distance—the germ of Morse's telegraph and of most electric signalling—and also to construct a little walking-beam motor, now in Princeton College. One Thomas Davenport, a Vermont blacksmith, who had seen at Crown Point, in 1833, a process for separating iron from powdered ore by the attraction of a magnet (a process suggested in the sixteenth century by Porta, and which Edison is developing commercially), not only invented a magnetic motor, but applied it to an electric locomotive which he exhibited on a circular railway model in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1835, and to a press, on which, in 1840, he printed his *Electro-Magnet*. Jacobi, a Russian, propelled a boat about this time from battery cells. Alfred Vail and Dr. C. S. Page constructed a motor and ran a locomotive, in 1851, from Washington to Bladensburg at nineteen miles an hour, on the principle of producing motion by attracting and freeing a bar of soft iron within a coil of wire alternately connected and disconnected with a battery. In brief, most of what



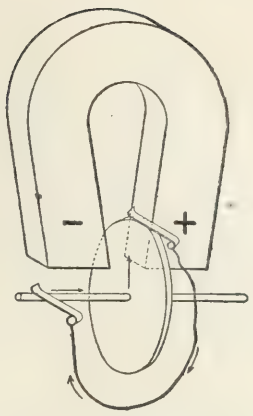
1. Bar-magnet.



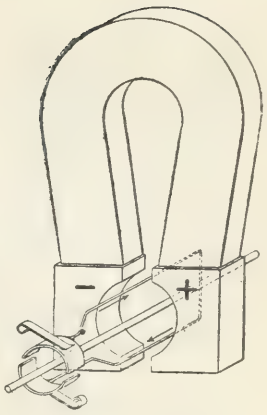
2. Horseshoe-magnet.



3. Same, with armature, showing lines of force.

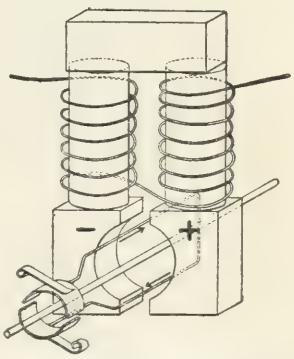


4. Faraday disc machine.



5. Drum armature machine.

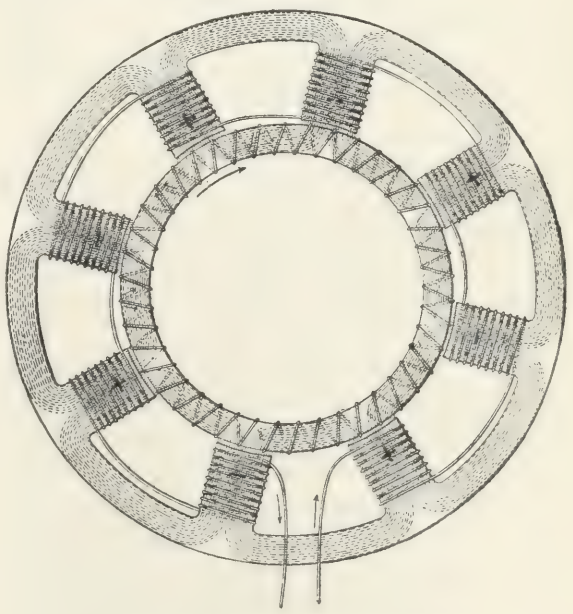
EVOLUTION OF THE DYNAMO.



6. Edison bipolar dynamo.

we have done in a large way in electric power was done in the earlier part of the century in a small way. The source was always a primary battery, which was costly; Joule found that one grain of zinc, costing twenty times as much as one grain of coal, could give only one-eighth its power. Henry foresaw that with coal as the source of combustion electricity would be of wide use, not as "a new power," but as an intermediate agent; what was wanted was a means of producing current by mechanical motion derived from coal-power. The current produced motion; motion had yet to produce current.

Again Faraday's genius found the clew. In 1831 he investigated the "magnetic field" of attraction existing about each pole of a magnet (easily shown with iron filings) made up of what he called "lines of force." If a bar-magnet is bent into horseshoe shape, the "field" is strengthened, because the lines of force between the poles are shortened, for magnetism, like gravitation, acts most strongly at close quarters, "in inverse ratio to the square of the distance." The iron filings will now bridge the gap and make a "closed circuit" between the poles, giving to the lines of force an easier path than the air, and keeping the magnet's strength. A piece of soft metal thus "arming" a horseshoe-magnet is called a "keeper" or "armature." To pull this armature away from the magnet requires power. To move it past the poles, or revolve it in front of or between them, likewise requires power, for some of its particles are always being pulled away while others are coming into the field, thus "cutting the lines of force." By the law of "the conservation of energy" no force *can* be lost, and just as when you scrape one piece of metal on another your force, through friction, reappears as heat, so when you apply power to move the armature through the field against the force of the magnet, your force, through "induction," as Faraday called it, reappears as electricity, induced in the armature. Every motion of a conductor past a magnet, or of a magnet past a conductor, thus induces electricity. When Faraday was exploring this "evolution of electricity from magnetism"—the phrase



7. Multipolar dynamo, showing lines of force.

is his own — he wrote a friend that he thought he "had hold of a good thing," but "it may be a weed instead of a fish, which, after all my labor, I may pull up." As soon as he had proved his work by constructing a first magneto-electric machine, he turned back, in his true scientific spirit, to his chosen field "of discovering new facts and new relations," in sure faith that through others his results "would find their full development hereafter."

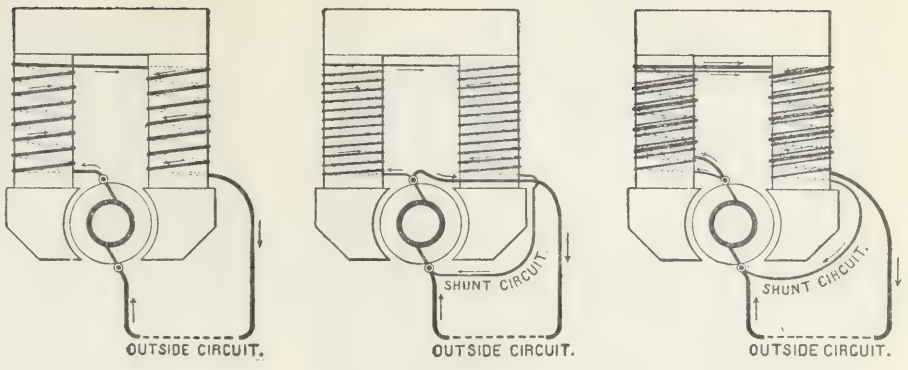
Faraday's experimental machine was simply a copper disc revolved between the two poles of a horseshoe-magnet. As it was revolved the disc became electrified. The particles near the outside edge moved faster than those near the centre, "cut the lines of force" more rapidly, induced higher "electro-motive force," and thus an electric current was produced within the disc. If the electricity could not escape from the disc, it would be in turn converted into heat force; if the current produced were sufficient, the disc would melt or "burn out." Any armature does this if the current generated is turned back upon itself, like water in a whirlpool, by "short-circuiting," or crossing the outside conductors. The internal "eddy currents," also called Foucault currents, from the man who investigated them, are lessened in modern armatures by laminating the metal—making it in strips with insulating material between. Faraday carried the current out from the disc by wire conductors, which brushed against it by flat strips at their ends, or contact "brushes," one near the edge, one at the centre. The Faraday disc revolves in an even field, not varying its relation to the poles; it gives a continuous but weak current. A dynamo of this type is called, wrongly, a "unipolar"—there is no such thing as one-pole magnetism; it is really an equi-field machine. Exactly this machine, reversed, is now in use in the Thomson-Houston mechanical meter as a brake or balance.

Pixii of Paris in 1833 developed the first practical magneto-electric machine. He revolved a horseshoe-magnet below a ⊓ shaped armature, the ends of which were coils of wire. As the two poles successively passed the armature coils, current was induced in the wire, reversed in polarity and direction at each half-turn of the magnet—the "alternating" current. To obviate this reversal, Ampère suggested a "commutator" or current-changer, which Pixii adopted, and which was further developed by Sturgeon in 1836. In alternating machines the ends of the armature wires or windings are led to two collector-rings, side by side, each of which is alternately first positive, then negative. In continuous machines these are replaced by a single ring or tube, split into two half-circles separated by insulating material. As the armature wire passes from one pole toward the other, crossing midway a "neutral" point at which there is no induction and no current, the half-ring which collects its electricity leaves the positive brush and touches the negative brush, so that the same polarity always reaches the same brush, and the current becomes "continuous" or direct.

Pixii's machine was the prototype of "bipolar" generators, now infinite in variety and name. Each has its pair of field-magnets, its armature, and its collectors or commutator. The most important improvements have been in the field-magnets. In 1845, Wheatstone of England patented the use of the electro-magnet in place of a permanent magnet. A separate "exciter" was first used, but in 1867 Wheatstone, Werner Siemens of Germany, and Farmer of Salem, Massachusetts, simultaneously applied the "self-exciting" principle suggested so long before as 1848 by Hjorth of Copenhagen, by which the field-coils, always containing some "residual" magnetism, were strengthened by leading into their wires the current developed increasingly from this residual magnetism by the machine itself. Siemens used his main conducting wires for his field-coils before leading the wires out to the lamps, thus placed "in series" with the coils; he invented for this type, known as "series-wound," the phrase dynamo-electric machine, now shortened into dynamo, and applied to all types. Wheatstone led a separate smaller wire or "shunt" to the coils, a type now known as "shunt-wound." A combination of the two, known as "compound-wound," proves more automatic and gives better regulation.

Meantime the armature was improved. It is now made of copper wire or bars placed or "wound" upon an iron "core," which may be a ring or drum or disc. The iron is not used to produce current,

but forms a bridge or easier path for the magnetism between the poles. The copper bands, insulated from the iron and from each other by mica or paper, are so "wound" around the iron core that one part of the band is entering the field and increasing its potential while the other is leaving the field and decreasing it, producing a flow from positive to negative. Siemens devised a drum armature, on which the copper strips are placed lengthwise along a spindle, which is revolved between the poles. Gramme used an iron ring, now usually made up of thin sheets, around which is wound a continuous copper conductor. Desrosiers used a flat disc, on which the copper bars took the shape of a rose or star, so that the plan is known as rose or star winding.



1. Series. 2. Shunt. 3. Compound.

DYNAMO WINDINGS.

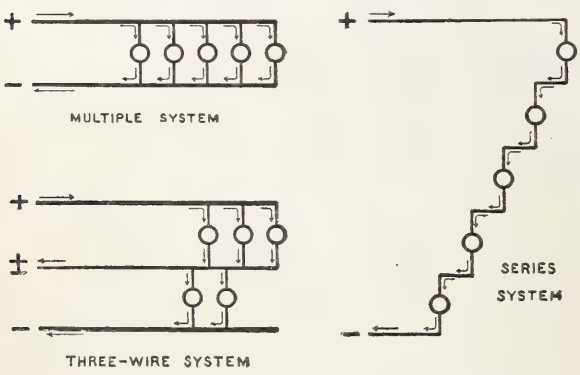
In heating, if the air particles are passed through a "strong" or very hot fire, and over a great many lines of heat force, we get higher temperature; in a dynamo, if the magnetic field is "strong," and there are many turns of wire, so that each wire cuts a great many lines of force in a given time, we get "high tension." On the contrary, if the magnetic field is weak, and there are few turns of wire, we get "low tension" current. The essential principles of all the manifold types of dynamo machines are the same. Their varieties are many. In some the armature is stationary while the field-magnets revolve. In the most modern practice the bipolar machines, long in standard use, have given way to the multipolar types, in which a number of bipolar machines are combined around a circle having an armature wheel within this circle, whose parts revolve in turn through the field of each set of poles.

All this new work required new words. A new international language was invented—by resolutions. In 1861 Mr. Latimer Clark suggested to the British Association the use of Ohm's name for the standard of resistance, which he proposed to call the ohmad. From this happy suggestion it came about that the standards of electric measurement most used today, ohm, volt, ampere, watt, bear the names of great men from the four European nations foremost in electrical progress, while those of Joule, Farad(ay), Coulomb, Gauss, and our own Henry are applied to other units.

Gauss and Weber, professors at Göttingen, published, in the middle of the century, the researches which originated the present electro-magnetic standards. For years after their researches there were only phrases and no words for electric measures. In 1861 the British Association appointed a committee to consider electric standards, and this committee, in its several reports, the last in 1869, recommended the use of the "C.G.S.," or absolute system of measurement, founded on the French metric system, in place of the English "foot-pound system"; and proposed a "B.A. unit of resistance," which was called an ohm. There was a slight inaccuracy in this, and at the International Electrical Congress at Paris in 1881 the legal ohm was defined as the resistance of a column of mercury of one square millimetre section, 106 centimetres long. The congress also adopted the word volt, already in use by the British Association, for the measure of pressure; ampere, suggested by Sir William Thomson, to replace the word weber, then vaguely in use for two different units, for the measure of the flow of current; and coulomb for the measure of quantity. At the second Paris Congress, in 1884, these were confirmed, and the farad adopted for the measure of electric capacity. The word watt, suggested by Sir William Siemens, was adopted by the third Paris Congress, in 1889, for the measure of power, and joule for the measure of work. In practice an ampere is so much current as will

deposit .001118 grams of silver per second when passed through a standard solution of nitrate of silver; a volt is the electro-motive force (abbreviated E.M.F.) or pressure required to force one ampere of current through one ohm of resistance; and a watt is the power exerted by one ampere of current at one volt pressure in one second—746 watts equalling a "horse-power." Thus, to use the analogy of water in a pipe, the ampere measures the rate of flow through the pipe, or quantity per second; the volt measures the head of water, or the electro-motive force, pressure, or tension—all these words having in electricity the same meaning; the watt the amount of working force which the water has at the bottom of the pipe, or the electrical power; the ohm, the friction or other impediment to the flow of water in the pipe, or the electrical resistance.

The same power may be exerted "in multiple" or "in series"—two useful phrases which have passed from electrical into general use. When two horses are abreast they are pulling "in multiple" or "in parallel"; when tandem, "in series"; the "horse-power" is the same. A hundred water-wheels may be driven on the same level or parallel by a thousand gallons of water falling ten feet, or one below another by ten gallons falling a thousand feet. "In multiple" there is a general raceway ten feet above level large enough to pass a thousand gallons, from which a different ten gallons goes through



SYSTEMS OF ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTION.

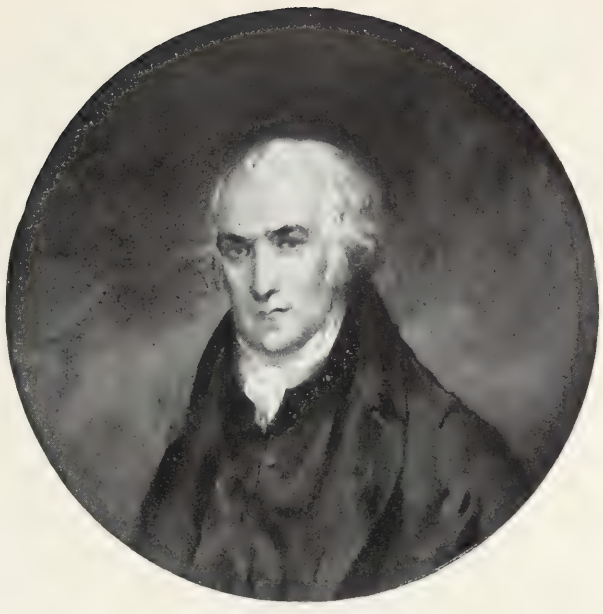
each wheel; "in series" there is a small pipe only large enough to pass ten gallons, and the same ten gallons of water, starting a thousand feet above level, goes through all the wheels in turn. The "water-power" is the same. The bright arc-lamps of our streets require about 500 watts electric power, or 10 amperes at 50 volts each. A hundred may be supplied from 1000 amperes of current at 50 volts, "low tension," in multiple, or from 10 amperes at 5000 volts, "high tension," in series. A standard incandescent lamp requires about 50 watts. The usual house lamps are arranged in multiple, and take half an ampere at 100 volts, or one ampere at 50 volts; but on the "municipal system," so called, forty lamps, taking one ampere each, may be fed in series from a current of 2000 volts. The amount of power and the cost are the same, whether the current is of large amperage at low voltage or of small amperage at high voltage. The three-wire method, used on the Edison system, has a middle or "neutral" third wire, like a raceway at ground level, above which is a set of upper water-wheels supplied from a pipe (the positive wire) ten feet above, and below is another set through which water falls to a pipe (the negative wire) ten feet below level.

"Low-tension" circuits are usually at 100 to 120 volts for two-wire, or 200 to 240 for three-wire systems, and such current is harmless. Trolley circuits are almost uniformly at 500 volts, which usually will kill an animal, especially an iron-shod horse, but not a man. "High-tension" circuits are commonly at or above 2000 volts, a current usually fatal to human life. For series arc-lights, circuits of 5000 volts or more are in commercial use; and for long-distance transmission, 10,000 volts, which are absolutely fatal. In vacuum-tube lighting Tesla thinks he has reached a million volts, and this current he has passed through his body without harm. At such extremely high voltage the quantity of current employed is so infinitesimal that it has no serious effect; it is also possible that the human tissues are not affected beyond a certain range, as the human eye is not affected by light beyond the range of the violet waves.

Electric current is supplied in our great cities chiefly from "central stations," the greater number of them employing the Edison low-tension system, using continuous current, or the Westinghouse high-tension system, utilizing alternating current, for house service; or the Brush or Thomson-Houston series arc system, applying high tension for street-lighting.



GEORG SIMON OHM.



JAMES WATT.

There are probably 2500 to 3000 central stations in the United States, besides many thousand "isolated plants" in private buildings; but no adequate statistics exist, the census of 1890 failing to obtain figures in this most important development of its decade except for New York State, the District of Columbia, and St. Louis. New York has the largest individual electric-lighting company in the world, the New York Edison Company supplying from its six stations on its low-tension system over 240,000 incandescent lamps, 3000 arc lamps, and 15,000 horse-power in motor service; and also several high-tension electric supply companies—the United (Westinghouse), Manhattan, Mount Morris, and others—aggregating about 140,000 incandescent and 6000 arc lamps more. The most important central stations in the country for lighting service are those of the Edison companies in New York, Chicago, and Boston, and of the United (Westinghouse) company in New York, an excellent example of the latest high-tension development. Their general plan is that of an operating-room with "direct-driven" units—a steam-engine with dynamos on the engine shaft instead of attached by belt-



ALESSANDRO VOLTA.



ANDRÉ MARIE AMPÈRE.

ing, now an almost obsolete practice—with boiler-rooms adjacent; but to this "horizontal" type several of the larger Edison stations are exceptions, the high value of land in the centre of their districts causing them to be built of "vertical" type, with their boiler-rooms high in air. The Edison station on Duane Street, New York, is a building 200 by 74 feet and 140 feet high, of an ultimate capacity of 28,000 horse-power, or the equivalent of nearly 300,000 lamps burning at one time. A hundred feet above street-level are huge coal-bunkers, holding 2000 tons of coal, as a storage supply in case of miners' strikes or snow blockades. On the ground-floor is the great operating-room, in which are the generating units, ranging from 600 to 2500 horse-power each. The newest of these are 2500 horse-power, four-cylinder engines, huge machines working almost without noise, carrying at the ends of the shaft a pair of 800 kilowatt multipolar dynamos. Mechanical progress in electricity is strikingly shown by the fact that one of these units, occupying in floor space less than half the old Pearl Street station in which Mr. Edison did his early work, has a capacity double that of the old station, and can be operated with a fourth the number of men.

The "regulation" of the dynamos is done at the regulating platform, often called the switchboard, which is the brain of the electric station. To this is brought the current from all the dynamos, and from it the current goes out upon all the circuits.

The supply of current from the dynamos is regulated almost automatically by the demand from the outside. As the demand increases, the voltage lowers; but before this is perceptible the regulating attendant, watching the volt-meter of the "standard feeder," raises the handles of the dynamo-regulators, gives the dynamos stronger fields, and thus calls upon them for more work. When the capacity of the units in operation is nearly attained, he rings a signal-bell, and the dynamo-attendants make ready to connect another unit, which is "turning over" in readiness. Thus the amount of coal burned and steam used is kept in close proportion to the amount of current demanded.

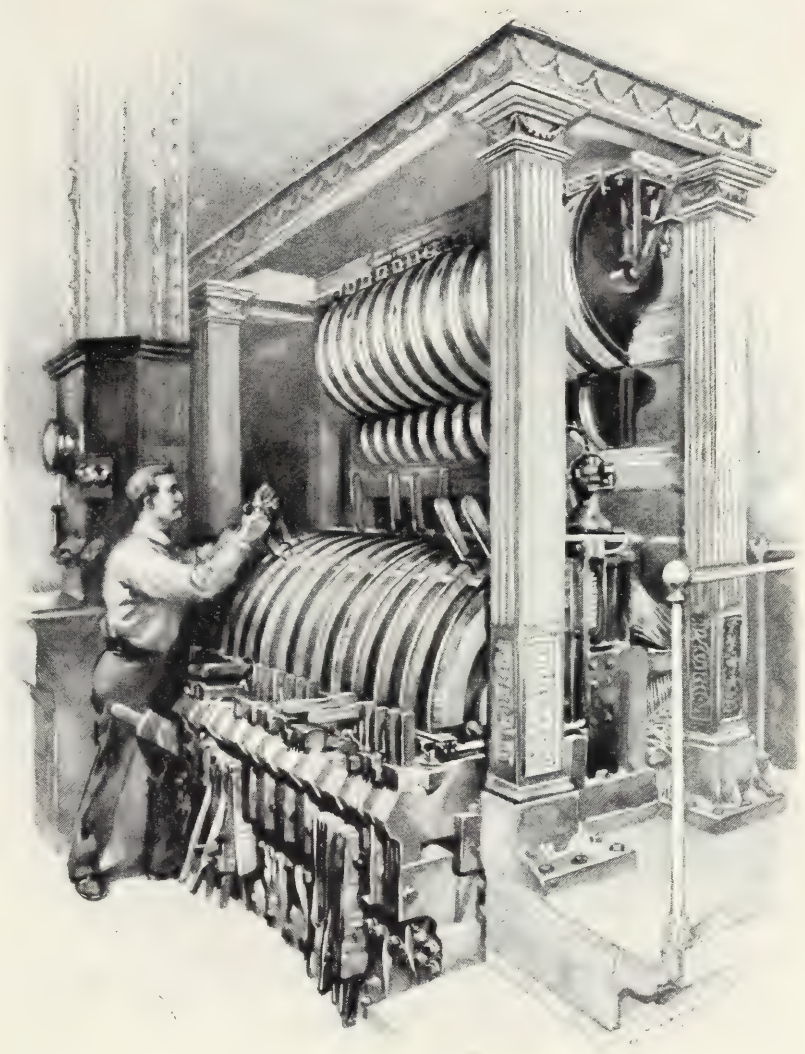
On the Edison system all current is fed into a general net-work of conductors in the streets; on the high-tension systems there is a separate circuit for each series of arc-lamps or converters, requiring regulation of each circuit separately. In New York city there are six hundred miles of Edison conductors contained in two hundred miles of iron tubes, and nearly as many miles of high-tension cables. These subways extend from the Battery to the Central Park, and on the east side as far north as the Harlem River.

In most streets the consumer may have the choice of low-tension or high-tension service, either being introduced into his cellar at the expense of the supplying company. The low-tension service ends at a service end box and a "cut-out," at which the current can be turned off the house at will; the high-tension service primary conductor ends at the "transformer," from which the secondary circuits at lowered voltage extend into the house.

When electricity came to be sold, it was necessary to measure it commercially. To this task Edison set himself in the course of his development of that remarkable series of inventions which gave to the world a perfected lighting system. Electricity can be measured by the work it does, either chemically or mechanically. Edison's chemical meter depends on the simple fact that one ampere of electricity will deposit from sulphate of zinc under standard conditions a definite weight of metal. This type of meter is, in fact, a small electro-plating battery, through which a certain proportion of the current used is carried—the proportion being accurately determined by the relative size of the meter wires and the shunts—with the result that one of the two plates is decreased and the other increased in weight, according to the amount of current consumed within the house. This meter does not give a visible record, which is an advantage of the mechanical meters. Of these there are many varieties, those most in use in this country being the Thomson-Houston watt-meter and the Westinghouse or Schallenberg ampere-meter, both of which are small motors, driven faster or slower as the demand for current is greater or less, and communicating their action to a train of wheels with dials like those of the gas-meter, so that they may be verified by burning a given number of lamps for an hour and comparing the dials at the beginning and end of the time. The meter

record is taken usually once a month, by the supply companies, and bills are based upon these records with as much certainty as though electricity were a visible thing.

The "wiring" of a house, once done exclusively or chiefly by the electricity-supply companies, is now the business of independent wiring contractors, of whom there are over 200 firms in New York alone, and thousands throughout the country. The cost of "house wiring," particularly in houses already built, has been one of the chief obstacles to the general use of electric light; but the ingenuity and dexterity with which an old house can be wired by inserting conduit tubes or "fishing" wires behind walls is surprising. The best practice in new work is the system of interior conduits, which can be placed within or along the walls of a building as it is built, so that wires can afterward be drawn through as needed. From the meter the house wires are carried by "risers" up to the several floors. The risers terminate in "cut-out boxes," whence mains run horizontally to supply the several rooms on any floor. These are again divided by smaller cut-out boxes into branches, supplying individual circuits, usually of from one to ten lights each. The light may be turned on and off at each lamp by key-sockets, in which the lamp-bulbs are placed, or for each circuit by a switch placed anywhere on the circuit, so that contact may be made or broken at will. Thus the lighting of an entire room may be turned on or off by a switch inside or outside the door, or, by an ingenious device within the switch, parts of a chandelier or divisions of lighting in a room may be turned on successively or alternately. A lock-switch used for hotels cuts off all the current from a room when the key is turned from the outside, and ingenious closet-switches turn the light on toilet-rooms when the door is closed from within, or on store-rooms when opened from without. The lamps in a vestibule or in a hallway may be so arranged that the light may be turned off from abovestairs; and by carrying all the circuits to any desired part of the house, or by carrying a special wire from that place to a master-switch elsewhere, a householder may even control the lighting of his entire house from his bedside. On some systems arc-lighting can be supplied from the same wires that furnish incandescent lighting. On the Edison system not only is this the practice, but power for fans, elevators, organs, sewing-machines, and other household machinery, and current for heating and for cooking, may be obtained from the same circuits, and the other systems are mak-

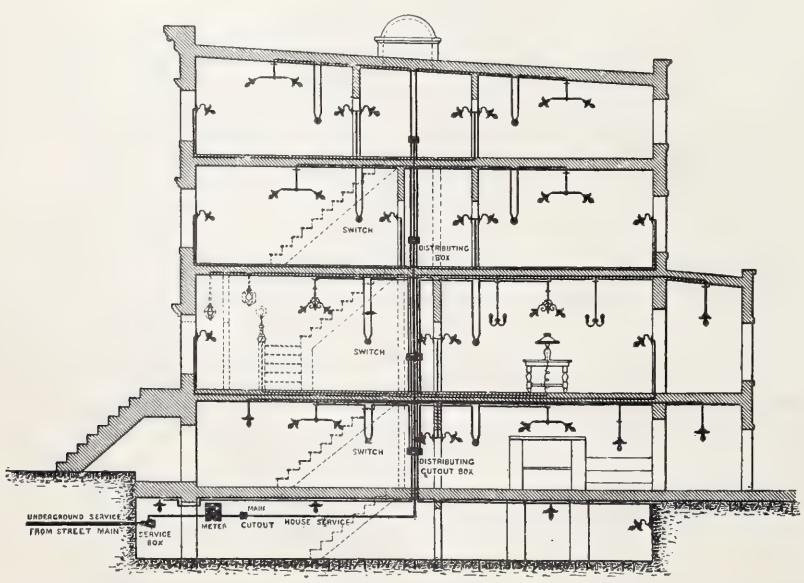


DYNAMO CONTROL PLATFORM, EDISON STATION, NEW YORK.

ing rapid strides towards this same consummation. The varied uses of the electric current and its convenience of control are chief advantages. Its cost is still, however, greater than gas for ordinary household use, the price in cities generally being, for small consumption, from one-fourth to three-fourths cent per 16 candle-power lamp-hour. But the increased cheapness in its cost of generation and distribution in large quantities makes it possible to rival gas when used for lighting on large installations, and to rival steam when used for power for minor and even large machinery, the price then ranging as low as four-tenths cent per lamp-hour and five cents per horse-power hour.

Electric lighting, heating, and cooking may be illustrated in a very simple way. If you put a poker in a hot fire, the heat-motion of the fire will start the iron particles into heat-motion and make the poker hot. At first it remains black, although even then it gives out heat; presently, in a very hot fire, it becomes white-hot, and gives off so much light as well as heat that you can read by it in the dark; if it gets still hotter it will melt. But if the poker is a hollow tube and has water in it, the heat will be conducted through the iron into the water and the water will boil. Or, if the hollow iron is connected with other pipe and water passed through, the heat will be carried off by the water flowing through without its boiling; and if the tube is removed from the fire, instead of being white-hot it is only warm. Now when electricity flows through a sufficiently large wire, the current is conducted away without heating. When it flows into a wire too small, the current heats the wire, and unless the heat is carried off by radiation, the wire melts. If carbon is used instead of wire, it becomes white-hot, and we have the electric light. In one case the heating is external, from the fire without; in the other it is internal, from the current within—and this is a chief difference.

Electric heating is the simplest thing in the world, and when electricity becomes cheap enough, all of us who can get it will do our cooking and warming by it. If an overcharge of electricity is passed through a wire, the electric force is converted into heat force, as above stated, and the wire becomes hot. If no provision is made for carrying off the heat, the wire melts, but by embedding the wire in an enamel of such a kind that it expands just about as the wire does, and so does not crack, the electricity is confined to the wire, but the heat is carried off through the enamel. If this wire is wound round and round a teakettle, or coiled underneath it, protected by such enamel, the heat is conveyed through the kettle to the water and the water boils, just as if the heat came to it from glowing coals in a stove. If it is coiled around an oven, the air within becomes hot, and roasts or bakes. If it is strung across like a gridiron, the hot strips will broil; if it is coiled within a "flat-iron," that becomes hot enough to iron with. If it is woven in with asbestos fibre, it makes an electric blanket or bed-warmer. If it is arranged in radiating plates, electric foot-warmers, or, in large sizes, room-warmers, heat us up. A spiral of such wire properly arranged can be put in any vessel, and will heat water for shaving or other purposes. If a very large volume of current is sent through two bits of metal pressed together, the electric current passes from one to the other, making the joined metal intensely hot, so that the two parts weld together more firmly than a blacksmith can weld two pieces of metal by the heat of his fire and his hammer. These are but a few of the applications of electric heating,



PLAN OF HOUSE-WIRING.

which in the future will become innumerable.

The electric light is, in fact, only electric heating at a high pitch. It began, historically, with the arc-lamp. Years ago the strongest artificial light was made by heating a pencil of lime white-hot in the intense heat of an oxyhydrogen flame. Sir Humphry Davy, about 1808, connected two rods of carbon with the two poles of an enormous battery, and on bringing them together produced an arch or arc of light more intense than the glow of a lime-light. The first practical application of the electric arc-light was made for use at sea: Faraday arranged such a light for the South Foreland Light-house, December 8, 1858; the French Atlantic liner *Lafayette*, a few years later, was provided with an arc-light for use in fog; and the construction of the docks at Cherbourg was done by help of the electric arc. The chief practical difficulty was in keeping the carbon points in proper proximity as the carbon burned away—first solved in Jablochkoff's electric candle by placing two pencils of carbon upright side by side with plaster of Paris between. An arc was started between the tips of the two carbons, and as these burned away the plaster of Paris was also dissipated and the arc maintained itself until both carbons were burned away. These candles were used largely in London, but they lasted only a few hours and were otherwise unsatisfactory. The arc-lamp as now used is largely the development of the American inventor Brush.

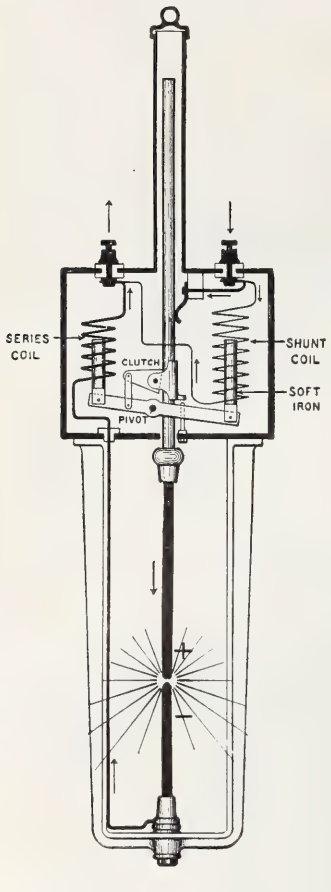
In the modern arc-lamp the two rods of carbon are brought near together end to end. The current leaps across, making the ends of both carbons intensely hot, so that some particles are given off and bridge from one pole to the other. The carbons are kept at the right distance by a ratchet or band or other device, which is operated every time that the carbons burn low by a magnet through which the electricity is shunted when the current through the carbons is thus checked. When the magnet thus gets the current its armature starts the mechanism which brings the carbon points one degree nearer each other, whereupon the current again goes freely through the arc.



ELECTRIC IRONING.

There was yet to be developed a smaller light, which could take the place of the gas-light for household uses. Many inventors set to work at this problem. Most of them, beginning with Dr. J. W. Draper about 1847, and including Edison himself at the start, first met the difficulty by passing current into and through a bit of fine platinum wire which was heated to a white heat and thus gave out light. This was but a false trail.

The "incandescent light" of to-day is really a development of the gas-light. When illuminating gas, which is a hydrocarbon, burns, the hydrogen and part of the carbon combine as fuel with the oxygen of the air to make great heat, in which the other particles of carbon become white-hot, and thus give out light. All the carbon thus passes into the room, either as carbonic acid gas or as soot, robbing the air of its oxygen, vitiating it, and



ARC-LAMP MECHANISM.

giving our walls and our lungs a coating of soot. The "filament" of an incandescent lamp is a continuous loop of carbon, made white-hot by the volume of electric current passing through it, but placed in a vacuum so that there is no oxygen at hand to burn it into carbonic acid gas. After several hundred hours of rapid vibration, however, particles of carbon are shaken off as soot and blacken the inside of the glass bulb, reducing the filament till it is so thin that it breaks. This is the end of the lamp's "life," and a new lamp must be fitted into the socket. Several inventors had experimented with various materials in place of the platinum wire, including carbon; but the thin filament of carbon burned so quickly in the free air that it was not until Edison, in 1878–9, made a combination of a thin carbon filament with a practicable vacuum that the problem was really solved.

As perfected by Mr. Edison under his patent of December, 1879, the incandescent lamp consists of a filament of carbon, attenuated to give high resistance, enclosed in a receiver made entirely of glass, from which the air is exhausted, the conductors being sealed through the glass and connected with the filament. Edison searched the world over for materials for this filament, and hit upon bamboo, which was imported as dunnage from the East, evenly cut into fine splinters, and then carbonized. To produce this lamp the Edison Lamp-Factory was established at Harrison, New Jersey, now employing several hundred girls and men, and turning out over six million lamps per year—the largest product in the world. Of late years "squirted" filament has taken the place of bamboo. Cotton, or other pure cellulose, is digested, much as the human stomach digests food, into a brown fluid not unlike thin molasses, which, when squirted under pressure through a finely cut steel die or tube, is deposited as a continuous spiral in a vessel of alcohol slowly revolved below. The alcohol washes out the acid, and the white thread which is left, cut into strips, is packed in a crucible, subjected to intense heat, and charred into black carbon filaments. These are mounted with carbon paste upon platinum terminals which have already been securely fastened into the tiny stopper of glass. Meantime the glass bulbs have been made in the glass-factories, and into these the glass stoppers are hermetically sealed. At the end of the bulb there is left an open tube of glass. In the vacuum-room the lamps are hung by the conductors to electrical connections, and the open tube is connected to a large glass tube through which is dropping a stream of mercury from the mercurial air-pumps. This mercury sucks the air out from the bulb, and when the air is practically exhausted, the current is turned on to show whether the vacuum is good, and to drive any air out from the carbon way. The bulb is sealed. Each lamp is now put in turn into a photometer, where one girl adjusts the lamp to the photometric standard, while another reads off and marks the voltage. Recently an Italian method for producing a vacuum by chemical means has replaced, in great measure, the mercury pump. The variety of lamps made at the Edison Lamp-Works is extraordinary, at least a thousand kinds being produced, ranging in illuminating power from $\frac{1}{2}$ candle-power for miniature decorative lighting, to above 100 candle-power.

The "light of the future," according to many electric prophets, will be of still another sort—instead of the concentrated intensity of incandescent carbon, the diffused glow of vacuum tubes, or heatless flame. Geissler of Bonn, who devised the first mercury air-pump, obtained from fluorescent glass tubes, in which by his air-pump he had rarefied the air or had vaporized solutions, on passing through them an electric spark, a faint light of lovely color, varying with the kind of vapor, now known as "Geissler tube" effects. Crookes of



INCANDESCENT LAMP.

London, made tubes of a high vacuum—less than one millionth of atmospheric pressure—and obtained in these "Crookes tubes" such remarkable phosphorescent effects as led him to believe that he had discovered a "fourth state of matter," more rarefied than gas. Tesla, an inventor of daring imaginative genius, a graduate from Edison's workshop, went a step further by obtaining from current of extremely high frequency or quick oscillation, and also of extremely high tension, an intense electro-magnetic field—that is, by "electrifying" surfaces or terminals from this current, so that in the space between there was intense electric "stress"—he was able, by merely placing an exhausted lamp-bulb within this field, to produce a glow inside the bulb without use of conducting wires, and even to show luminous discharges from his own person at the finger-tips, like the "St. Elmo's fire" observed at the mast-head of vessels during electric storms. These experiments led him to the development of his mechanical oscillator—a small piston vibrating with extreme rapidity within a stroke of an inch, which actuates at high frequency an electro-magnetic generator—and his electric oscillator, not yet in commercial application, but from which great results are hoped. Pupin, at Columbia University, has produced similar luminous effects, using his harmonic system of condensers, by help of which he expects to render ocean telephony practicable. Macfarlane Moore, while working upon an incandescent lamp in which the light, as in the gas-burner, may be turned low, with proportionate saving of current, found that the oscillating device which he had invented for the purpose, a thin strip of steel making and breaking contact within a vacuum bulb when actuated by low-tension current, produced a like effect in vacuum tubes, and he has been able to light a room with a pervading glow so that reading is possible in any part of it. Edison, by coating the inner surface of a glass bulb with a fluorescent material, has developed a still stronger light, with a consumption of current less than one-third that of the incandescent lamp.



AN ELECTRIC KITCHEN.

Tesla, the pioneer in this field, is expecting, in turn, to make his glow-light of a brilliancy corresponding rather with the arc than with the incandescent lamp, and the present year is thus witnessing a race between the greatest among American inventors as to which shall first reach the goal. Any of these systems may, it is probable, in their practical development, be adapted as house devices, obtaining their actuating current from the present distributing and generating systems, and making electricity at last a rival with gas in cheapness as well as in comfort and convenience.

If electricity, produced first by friction from influence machines, next by chemical action from galvanic batteries, and now by mechanical action from steam-dynamos, could be produced by heat from the direct combustion of coal, it would be vastly cheapened. In 1821, Siebeck of Berlin made the first thermo-electric "pile" by soldering together at their ends bars of two dissimilar metals, one of bismuth and one of copper; when heat was applied to the junction an electric current was produced. Later inventors, among them Edison himself, have devised various pyro-electric and thermo-electric generators, producing electricity directly from fire or heat, but they have been laboratory and not commercial successes. The latest device proposed is that patented in 1896 by Professor Jaques of Boston, in which a block of carbon is hung in a bath of liquid caustic soda. By applying external heat to the metallic vessel in which the carbon and the liquid are contained, current is produced by the slow combustion of the carbon block, in a circuit of which one pole is connected with the carbon block and the other with the metal vessel. It is not yet known whether this novel device will produce commercial quantities of current at low cost — the ideal toward which many inventors are working.

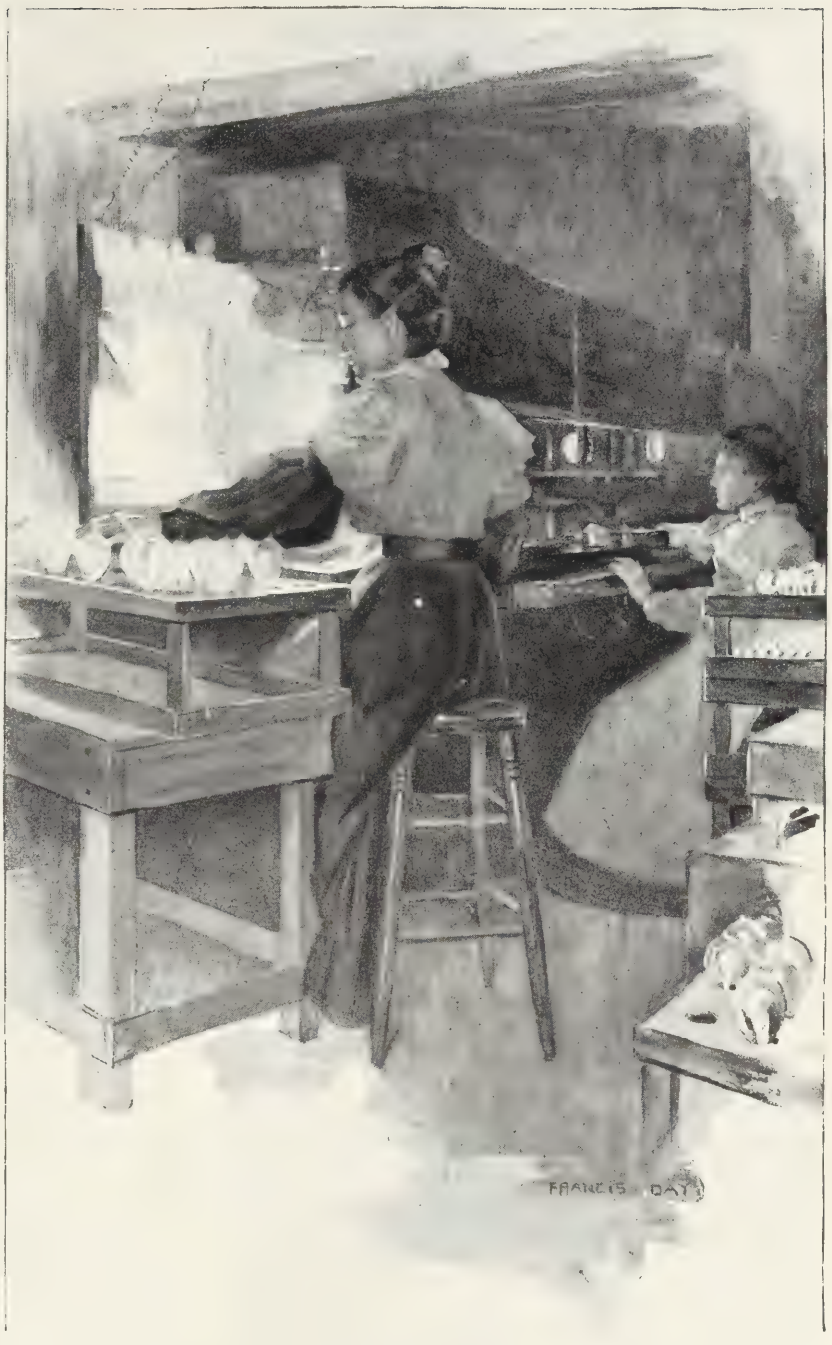
Next to cheap production, cheap storage is a chief aim in the supply of electricity. Without this, current can be used only at the instant it is generated, and an electric "plant" must lie idle or be little used much of the time. In this respect gas has had the advantage over electricity.

Gas, like other *things*, can be stored. Light and electricity cannot be stored, because they are not things, but modes of motion. Yet "luminous paint" (a sulphide of barium) gives out at night the light which it seems to have absorbed during the day, and the electric storage battery, or "accumulator," gives out electricity. In the storage battery there is no electricity, any more than there is heat in a bin full of coal. The storage battery is a bin of electric fuel. Just as coal when it oxidizes, or burns, produces a motion of molecules making heat waves, so a certain compound of lead—the dioxide—as it gives off its oxygen, does so with motions which produce electric current. Planté, a French electrician, made the practical application in 1859. He put two plates into a glass jar filled with water and sulphuric acid, connecting each to one pole of a primary battery; and by charging and discharging these plates many hundreds of times in reverse order, he obtained in one plate lead dioxide, and in the other spongy lead, and found that when the circuit was completed electricity was given off, and both plates became an oxide of lead. But this preparation took some months.

Faure shortened the time by applying a paste made of lead oxide and sulphuric acid. The storage battery of to-day, developed on these lines, consists of cells, each of which contains so many negative and so many positive plates, according to the quantity of current required, in a bath of dilute sulphuric acid. Each plate is a flat slab with a structure of lead, upon or within which is placed the "active material." In one of the most recent kinds of battery, lozenges are originally made of chloride of lead, around which molten lead is poured; by chemical treatment the chlorine is driven out, and the lozenge becomes the usual "active material." This is known as the chloride battery. The plates must be "burned" together—connected one with the other by conductors which are melted or welded to the plate and to the general conductor. Nature limits the product of these plates to about two volts each, so that to obtain a hundred volts fifty cells are usually placed in series. As the pressure in each cell lowers with its use, a number of other "regulating" cells are included in the battery, with connections so made that a fresh cell can be added in series as the pressure gets low. A storage battery occupying 1000 square feet in a room ten feet high would provide four times as much light as a gasometer of the same size, and the reason why electric storage batteries are not more used is their high original cost, their tendency to deterioration, and the loss in the transformation of energy, amounting usually to 25 or more per cent. Within the past few years the great improvements in such batteries have led to their use again for street cars and like purposes, and the newer storage battery will probably be an important element in electric development.

Half a century ago, as has been seen,

many applications of galvanic current were made for motor-power; but here again zinc or its equivalent proved too costly a fuel, so that not until after the happy accident of Gramme's discovery, at Vienna, in 1873, that a dynamo reversed became a motor, did the full possibilities of electricity in motor applications become evident. To-day 15,000 horse-power is supplied by a single company alone, in New York, to motors of all sizes, from one-twelfth of a horse-power, for tiny ventilating fans, to 50 horse-power and more, by which daily newspapers are printed and large factories run. Almost any form of dynamo can be "motored" by passing through its conductors electric current externally generated, but special apparatus has been devised in great variety to meet the several requirements of factory and other work. The most modern factories have discarded shafts and belting, and obtain all their power through simple wires, led here and there to individual motors, coupled directly to the several machines. The continuous current gives continuous rotary motion, as a belt would do mechanically; and for years only continuous-current motors were in use. The alternating current gives a push-and-pull effect, like a one-crank engine, which cannot be started unless the crank is in the right place. To obviate this, two-phase, three-phase, and multi-phase systems were devised, using additional wires to convey current in which the phase or pull lagged behind in the cycle, corresponding to a two-crank or a three-crank engine. On these principles alternating-current motors have been developed and are coming into use. By shunting part of the current through a condenser a similar lag may be produced on a single-phase circuit, and single-phase motors are also in course of successful development.



LAMP-TESTING.

Cazal, a French engineer, proposed to utilize water-power, by electric transmission, for operating railways, so long ago as 1864. For some years Europe has been utilizing its water-power to turn dynamos, produce electric current, and transmit this where it is needed; Rome has been lighted partly from the falls at Tiv-



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

oli, and at the Frankfort Electrical Exhibition of 1891 current was delivered from the falls of the Neckar at Lauffen, a hundred miles away. In California especially many long-distance installations have been successfully made; and at last, after years of preparation, Niagara itself is harnessed for the service of man. Just above the falls huge pits have been dug 140 feet deep, at the bottom of which are huge turbine water-wheels, fed through upright "penstocks," which convey to them the full power of the 140-foot fall; from the bottom a capacious tunnel a mile long carries off the water to a point below the falls. The shaft or axle of these turbine wheels is carried straight up to the top of the pit, and here, in the power-house, are enormous alternating-current dynamos, horizontal, of 5000 horse-power each, giving a current of 2000 volts. This current will supply the city of Buffalo with light, will doubtless supply trolley or other propulsion for boats along the Erie Canal, and will be carried as far afield as can be economically done, "stepping up" to a voltage of 20,000 volts for transmission, and "stepping down" at the points of use to ordinary pressures. At the Electrical Exposition in New York in May, 1896, sufficient power was brought from Niagara over telegraph circuits to run a tiny motor, which actuated the model there exhibited of the Niagara plant; but it is scarcely to be expected that current can be brought as far as New York to commercial advantage. It is not improbable, however, that New York may be ultimately supplied, through its present distributing systems, by current generated from the water-power of New Jersey or the culm heaps of Pennsylvania.

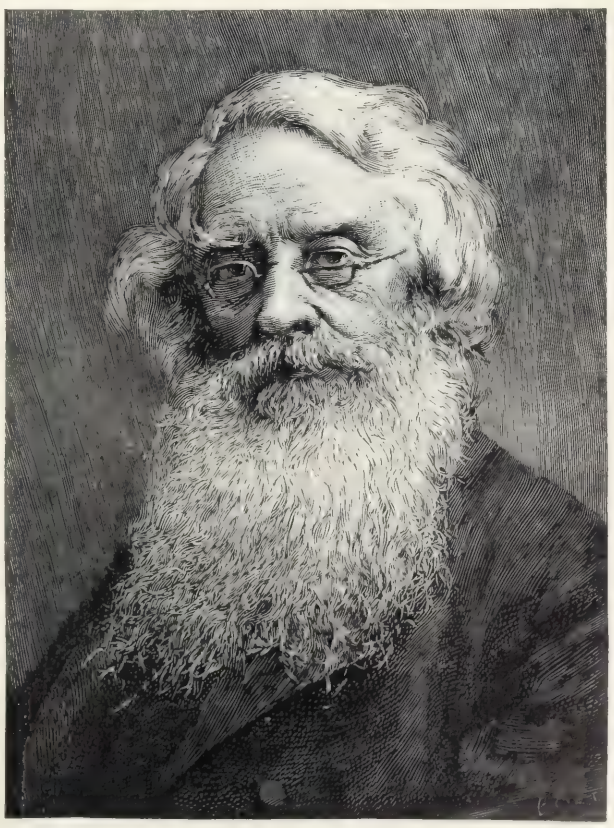
The chief application of electric power has been in the trolley lines, which now literally overrun the land. In 1879 Dr. Werner Siemens constructed an electric railway for the Industrial Exhibition in Berlin, and Edison ran an electric locomotive in 1880 about his works at Menlo Park. Edison used the rails to transmit and return current. Dr. Finney of Pittsburg devised the plan of an overhead wire, with a contact truck or trolley running on the wire, and an experimental car was run in Allegheny City in 1882. One car was operated from an underground conductor in Cleveland in 1884. The first electric street railway in America was put in operation in Baltimore in 1885—using a third insulated rail for the supply of current. In the next ten years the development was marvellous—the overhead "trolley" affording a cheap, however unsightly, method of construction. The trolley (from *troll*, to roll) is a simple device adapted from mining conveyors, by which a tiny wheel rolls over a wire, following a car attached to it by a flexible cord, or, as is more usual, rolls underneath, pressed in contact with the wire by a pole balanced on the top of a car by a weight at its lower end, the pole carrying a conducting wire. From this conductor the current is brought through the car—incidentally supplying lamps for illumination—to motors placed underneath the car and connected by gearing with the axles of the wheels. Car motors must be built to withstand great starting strain, and tightly encased to prevent damage from water or by other accident. From the motor the current passes usually to the ordinary rail, which forms the return part of the circuit. The overhead trolley must give way, within cities, to

underground systems, of which several types are already in operation. An underground system developed by the Siemens firm was in operation in Buda-Pesth in 1892; and in parts of New York and other cities such systems are in successful use. The conductor in this case is insulated in a conduit below the street-level, so arranged as to be protected from water, and reached by a trolley or brush suspended from the car by a rod passing through a slot, like the grip in cable railways. But the advantages of both systems can be combined by switching the motor connection from the underground to the overhead conductor, as is done easily and instantly in Washington, D.C., on one electric line, as the cars pass the city boundary. On any of these plans the speed of the car is easily controlled by the rheostat at the front—a metal can containing coils of iron wire, which can be successively thrown into circuit by turning the handle, with the effect of increasing the resistance in the field-wires, lowering the strength of the field, and thus lessening the power and speed of the car; by reversing the direction of the current, as is simply done, the axle can be stopped and reversed, and the most efficient brake possible applied. On all these systems power is supplied from "power-houses" at central points, through feeders extending miles in all directions and connecting with the main wires at the feeder-ends or at intermediate points.

The application of electricity to long-distance traffic is yet in its infancy. Railroad trains are lighted from storage batteries in each car or near the engine; or, as on some roads, from a dynamo in the baggage-car, supplied with power from the engine; or, as on others, from portable central stations, occupying their own cars. Trolley locomotives are in use in Baltimore for hauling trains through the great tunnel; and the Heilmann locomotive, designed in France, is a complete central station on wheels. The future has yet to see the high-speed electric roads, such as that projected between Chicago and St. Louis, with its proposed speed of 100 to 150 miles an hour—theoretically possible, however practically inconvenient. Another system of electric locomotion, attempted in New York years ago on the Fourth Avenue line with the Julien storage batteries, and recently renewed with chloride batteries, is the placing of storage cells under the seats of a car, from which current may be supplied to ordinary motors. With the improvement in storage batteries such cars are likely to come into general use; and horseless carriages, very easy to control, and electric launches, on this principle, are already coming into vogue where there are central-station systems supplying continuous current for charging such batteries.

The electric inventions for sending messages afar, which, in the words of Morse, make "one neighborhood of the whole country," and indeed of the whole world, the prophecy of the last century, are the achievement of this. Thus, before 1837, commonly reputed the birth-year of the telegraph, a score of investigators had developed schemes, some of them still in practical use, comprising the germs of nearly all of the methods of to-day. The whole world had been at work on the problem for nearly a century.

It was in 1837 that Morse in America entered his *caveat*, Cooke and Wheatstone in England developed their first telegraph, and Steinheil operated his method in Mu-



SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

nich. Steinheil had devised a dot-and-dash alphabet, using the fewest signs for the most frequent letters, which he printed by needles on a ribbon of paper at the rate of six words per minute; in attempting, at Gauss's suggestion, to use railway rails as conductors, he found that he could use the earth for the return part of the circuit. Wheatstone, a distinguished scientist, had lectured on the Ampère-Schilling projects; Cooke, an Indian army officer on furlough, had seen some laboratory demonstrations at Heidelberg; and each had planned a working telegraph. Referred by Faraday to Wheatstone, Cooke, on profit bent, proposed a partnership, and the result was the joint patent for the needle telegraph. This was first tried, using five wires, with a sixth for return, and having an alarm-bell worked by a "relay," July 25, 1837, over a mile and a half railway line between Euston Station and Camden Town, London.

In America, Professor Henry, in 1831, had developed the germ of the Morse telegraph, in making and breaking a magneto-electric circuit, but he stopped short of the application. Morse, a noted painter, during a voyage from Europe on the *Sully* in 1832, was told by Dr. Jackson of Boston about Faraday's experiments; he became possessed with the thought of an electric telegraph, and before reaching port filled a note-book with drawings of various plans. He set to work at once in New York, and when appointed professor of art in the university on Washington Square, developed in his studio there a rude apparatus, over which, it is said, he telegraphed to himself the triumphant word "Eureka." In September, 1837, Alfred Vail, a young student, came to his aid as Cooke came to Wheatstone's, Judge Vail, his father, furnishing pecuniary aid. An experimental line was completed at Speedwell, New Jersey, over which the elder Vail sent as the first message, "A patient waiter is no loser." The patent was issued June 20, 1840. But the fight was a hard one. At one time Morse was saved from starvation, after a day's hunger, by ten dollars, paid by an art pupil, afterwards "Porte Crayon"; and on the night when Congress passed his bill, March 3, 1843, he had but thirty-seven cents left in the world. The government line between Washington and Baltimore, started with copper wires covered with insulating material and sheathed with lead, laid underground, but completed with wires placed on poles, was finished in 1844, and on May 24 Morse sent from the Capitol to Baltimore the first message, "What hath God wrought!" The Baltimore convention which nominated Polk for the Presidency named Silas Wright for Vice-President. Vail telegraphed this news to Morse, and the convention was astounded to receive in a few minutes Wright's declination. This made the new invention famous; but when the line was opened to the public, April 1, 1845, the receipts for the first four days were a single cent—the rate fixed by the Postmaster-General for four characters—and in the first week but a dollar.

In the next ten years thirty or forty straggling companies developed, starting with the Magnetic Telegraph Company's line between New York and Philadelphia, of which the first revenues were the admission fees to see the telegraph instrument in the Broadway office. In 1856 Mr. Hiram Sibley succeeded with his "crazy scheme" for the Western Union —"like collecting all the paupers in the State and arranging them into a union so as to make rich men of them," said one critic—and at last, in 1862, carried through the overland line to the Pacific. Meantime Morse, who one moonlight night in 1842 had dropped a wire from a rowboat in New York Harbor, and sent subaqueous signals between the Battery and Governor's Island, and who in 1844 expressed his belief that "telegraphic communication may with certainty be established across the Atlantic Ocean," had the satisfaction of seeing the first transatlantic cable carried through, at the initiative of Mr. F. M. Gisborne, by the pluck of his friend Cyrus W. Field, in 1858. This first cable worked for less than a month, and its apparent failure gave new life to a plan for a proposed trunk line to Europe by way of Bering Strait, of which vestiges remain to-day only in the "telegraph trail" through the forests of British Columbia. In 1866, after four failures, a successful cable was laid by the *Great Eastern;* and now there is a score of cables across the Atlantic, and many others connecting continents and islands the world over. As yet, however, the girdle has not been put fully around the earth, the gap across the Pacific Ocean having still to be filled. In May, 1896, a message dictated by Depew was sent by



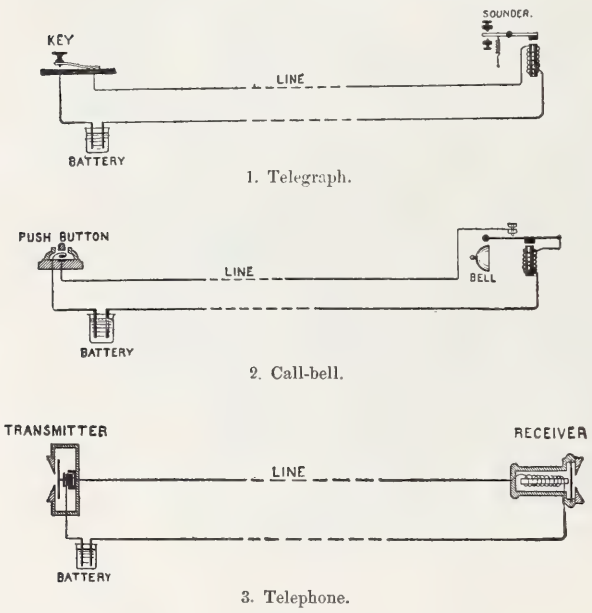
OPERATING-ROOM, POSTAL TELEGRAPH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Chandler from the Electrical Exposition over circuits of 42,872 miles, *viâ* Asia and Africa, and received by Edison in the opposite gallery in fifty minutes—the delay being in various transfers. In the half-century the business has attained such astounding proportions that one company, the Western Union, representing a capitalization of $100,000,000, reported last year 190,000 miles of lines with more than 800,000 miles of wires, over which were sent, from 21,000 offices, 68,000,000 messages, costing $16,000,000, or an average of twenty-three cents a message, and returning $22,000,000 receipts, or an average of thirty cents per message.

The modern telegraph is a survival of the simplest. Morse had invented elaborate recording instruments, and was wroth at operators who read by the click. To-day the largest offices send by the simple Morse key (really Ampère's circuit-breaker), and read by sound. The essential elements of the telegraph are those utilized by Professor Henry — a source of current (battery or dynamo), a circuit (usually a single wire with ground return), a sending instrument (usually a key or circuit-breaker), and a receiving instrument (usually a sounder). In ordinary "open circuit" telegraphy the key, held back by a spring, is pressed by the finger against the other terminal of the wire to close the circuit and send current from the battery through the wire. At the far end the wire, coiled around iron, makes that iron a magnet when current is thus turned on, and an armature is attracted and gives a signal. In "closed circuit" telegraphy current is normally kept on, but is broken before sending signals. This provides for a "way line," on which

a number of stations can be called by any one station simply by opening the circuit.

The circuit of wire may be a few yards or hundreds of miles long, but the action is the same. On a long line the sending current will not be strong enough to work receiving instruments directly; this is accomplished by the "relay," or repeater, in which the line wire is coiled around an electro-magnet, attracting, when even the weakest current is sent over the line, a delicate armature which makes and breaks contact on a local circuit. Each local circuit has its own battery, working

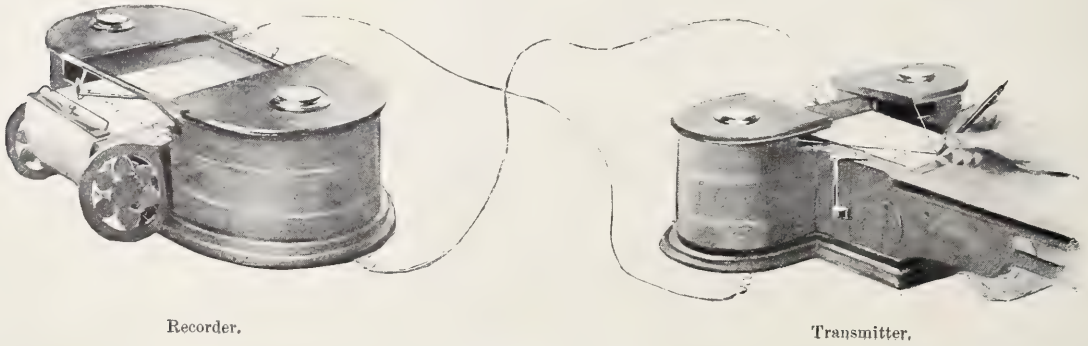


TRANSMITTING SYSTEMS.

its own sounder, and thus any number of sounders in local offices may be set in motion from the line wire.

In the electric house-bell, the "push-button" at the door is a simple spring key, and belowstairs the little gong is rung by a hammer carried on the armature, so connected in series with the magnet that the recoil of the hammer makes and breaks contact, and thus produces an oscillation from continuous current—the "trembler" device invented by Mirand in 1850. For room-calls, as in hotels, the push-button in each room has its own wire to a corresponding "drop" on the "annunciator" bearing the number of the room, which is released by the armature when the button is pressed; all the wires have a "common return," on which an alarm-bell rings when connection is made from any room. In the "teleseme" this common return has on it also a dial spaced into more than a hundred segments, corresponding to those on a dial in each room. Each segment is labelled, and by placing a pointer on the proper segment of the room dial, the annunciator dial shows that No. 99 wants ice-water, a sherry cobbler, two cigars, the hall-boy, the proprietor, a carriage, waking at 5.45, or anything else that can be thought of within hotel possibilities. In place of a drop, each room is designated by a bright platinum button, chemically reddened by the current when its room makes a call, and brightened again when the call is answered, the answer ringing a bell in the room to show that the call is heard, and releasing the room pointer for another call. All this is accomplished with a room dial but a foot in diameter, and an annunciator board only three times as large for three hundred rooms.

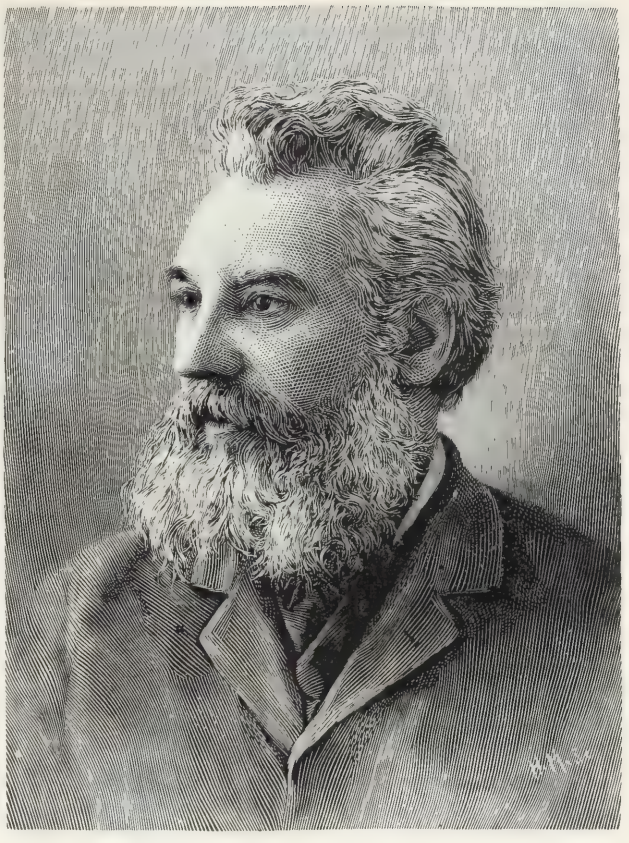
The printing telegraph was proposed by Vail as early as 1837, consisting of a type-wheel bearing the twenty-six letters, revolved by a spring controlled from the electric circuit, a ribbon of paper being pressed against the wheel by an independent clock movement. House patented a printing instrument in 1848, and Hughes his rapid printing receiver in 1855, both using a letter-wheel as receiver, and a key-board like that of a piano from which to transmit, though controlling the wheel by



Recorder. Transmitter.

TELAUTOGRAPH.

different methods. These systems, at first generally adopted, ultimately gave way to the simpler methods; but they survive in the modern automatic "ticker," which is a simple instrument, consisting of a wheel carrying type and a reel carrying paper, the type-wheel being rapidly revolved from the circuit until the right letter is reached, when, from the same current, the type is pressed against the paper and the desired letter printed. These instruments may be worked from a central point for the duplication of the same message at many receiving-points. Another method has come into use, especially for press messages; the message to be sent is perforated on strips of paper, several of which can be prepared at once, and a sending instrument with transmitting devices corresponding to the perforations sends these messages literally at lightning speed.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

The great advance in telegraphy has been the sending of two messages in opposite directions along the same wire at the same time — "duplex" telegraphy; the sending of two messages in the same direction along the same wire at the same time—"diplex" telegraphy; and the combination of these two into "quadruplex" telegraphy. In "duplex" telegraphy current is supplied to the wire by batteries at both ends of the line, and, by an ingenious device for dividing the sending current at both ends equally between the line and the earth, an operator at either end can affect the receiving instrument at the other end without affecting that at his own end, and *vice versa*. In "diplex" telegraphy the circuit is kept closed, so that current flows constantly through the wire; one receiving instrument does not act for a weak current, but does act when the current is strengthened; the other is a polarized instrument which acts when the direction of the current is positive, but not when it is negative. Thus if one sending operator works with strong and weak current alternately, and the other with positive and negative current alternately, two sets of signals may be sent in the same direction at the same time. These two methods are combined in quadruplex telegraphy—as was done by Edison in 1874—so that four operators, two at each end, may be sending, and four operators receiving messages over the same wire at the same instant of time. By this one invention, it is said that Edison increased the working value of the Western Union wires by $15,000,000.

In the great operating-rooms in large cities, such as those of the Western Union or of the Postal Telegraph, this is the usual practice. Into the operating-room in the Postal Telegraph Building, New York, come scores of cables, including many hundreds of separate wires, which emerge from subways in the street into the terminal vault, and thence are carried up through the building to the operating-room in the twelfth story. Each wire is led to its proper terminal at the back of the long switchboard placed on one side of the room. On the face of this switchboard are plugs and cross-connections, by which any one wire may be connected with any operator's desk in the room, or with any other outside line. The room is filled with small tables, each with place for eight operators, from young girls to gray-beard men. In a large office like this, each operator is assigned to a particular wire, those at one end of the room connecting with local offices throughout New York city, those at the other with suburban or distant stations. Each table



A TELEPHONE "CENTRAL."

provides for two quadruplex wires. The receiving is chiefly by ear, the sound being directed by a resonator close to the ear of the receiving operator; but messages are also received on the printing telegraph, or recorded by the dot-and-dash alphabet. Current is supplied from small dynamos in the basement, in place of the unwieldy batteries of yore. Pneumatic tubes are used to send the written messages from the office to the operating-room for transmission, or from the operating-room to the office for distribution. Busy as it is, the work presents no confusion and but little noise, for a great telegraph office is one of the best examples of modern industrial organization.

In ocean telegraphy the dissipation of current by induction is so great that more delicate methods of signalling are necessary. The Morse alphabet is therefore replaced by characteristic curves, and a message is sent over the cable by a series of rising and falling impulses, producing a curious wave-line at the receiving end. This is registered by the siphon-recorder of Sir William Thomson, in which a tiny tube, attracted or repelled by the current, makes a continuous wave-line of ink, or it is read by his mirror galvanometer, in which a spot of light, moved in the same way by the current, is made to give the characteristic curves to the watching eye. To send a message through an ocean cable requires a given amount of electric charge, and if any break occurs in a cable, its location can be reckoned, and a repair-ship sent to the exact spot, by com-

paring the amount of charge needed for the shorter distance with the amount of charge necessary for the full circuit of cable.

To telegraph without wire by induction is now the aim of inventors. Professor Morse in 1844 proposed the use of immersed plates on either side of a river for the transmission of signals by induction from one to the other. Edison's "grasshopper" telegraph made it possible to telegraph from a moving train by sending signals from an instrument within the car to a metal wire or strip outside on the top, which induced a current and thus duplicated its signals on a line wire running alongside the train. Later experimenters, as Preece, have gone farther and have telegraphed across rivers by running lines of wire parallel to each other on either side, and producing induction effects from one wire to another, though miles apart. It is on this principle that a telegraph may be developed which will enable ships at sea and far apart to communicate with each other.

The telegraph, as has been seen, communicates afar (Greek, τῆλε, *tele*, far) by signal, either in writing (Greek, γράφω, *grapho*, to write) or in sound (Greek, φωνή, *phone*, sound), according to the system used; and is really, therefore, telegraph *or* tele-phone. The telephone, as we know it, communicates afar by the sound of one's own voice, and is really a telautophone (Greek, αὐτός, *autos*, self), as Gray's telautograph communicates by writing of one's own hand. No one of these devices transfers sound or writing, but only electric impulses into which sound or writing is translated by the sending instrument, and which are converted by the receiving instrument back into sound or writing. The battery and the wire being provided, the several applications depend upon the transmitting or receiving instruments. The telautograph employs two circuits, having at each end a cylinder on which a cord is coiled; at the sending end the pen or pencil is attached to both these cords by tiny rods, which, as the pen is moved in writing, shorten one cord and lengthen the other. As the respective cylinders, actuated by spring coils, take up or let out their respective cords, the corresponding cylinders at the other end of the wires are made to duplicate this motion, and the receiving pen or pencil thus makes a duplicate of the actual handwriting. Various devices for telegraphing in *fac-simile* had previously been developed, by Edison and others, consisting usually in making and breaking contact as a metal stylus was passed over chemically prepared paper placed at the receiving end on gratings of wire, similar to apparatus at the sending end; but it was left to Professor Gray to develop an actual *fac-simile* by the most simple means.

The telephone also is the result of many minds. The word is old. Wheatstone used it about 1820 for his device of a wooden rod which literally transmitted sound, and to a much greater distance than the "lovers' telegraph," or vibrating string, which has long been a toy. Bourseul of Paris suggested and experimented upon an electric telephone in 1854. Reiss, in 1860, made the first working instrument by using a stretched membrane with a thin strip of platinum, which, when the membrane vibrated to the voice, beat against another platinum wire, completing an electric circuit. At the receiving end an iron wire was attached to a sounding-board, and when magnetized by the line coil gave out sounds, but apparently not articulate sounds of human voice. Elisha Gray, while working at his harmonic telegraph, had made progress in an electric telephone, but had for some time put it aside as a mere toy. Simultaneously, Alexander Graham Bell, whose father was the well-known instructor of deaf-mutes—for whom he had devised his remarkable system of "visible speech"—had been working on a telephone, and the applications of Bell and Gray reached the Patent Office at Washington within two hours on the same day, February 14, 1876. Dolbear, Drawbaugh, Varley, and others were also early inventors of telephonic devices. Gray used a column of liquid in his device, and Bell a magneto-electric system. Bell's application was granted, and the present telephone is a combination or development of Bell's electro-magnetic receiver with the carbon transmitter of Edison, dependent upon his discovery that the conductivity of carbon varies with pressure, and even with such slight pressure as could be transferred from the human voice; or with the transmitters of Berliner and Blake, dependent upon the contact of the diaphragm, not with a carbon button, but with a metal spring.

The early inventors did not foresee the full value of a telephonic system. It was with the introduction of telephone exchanges—the "Hallo, Central!" of to-day—that the telephone assumed its present importance; and its chief advantage, despite the objections to a monopoly, has been that, by the combination into a single organization of the thousands of subscribers in the several cities and throughout the country, each one may instantly speak with any other. The telephone system now connects 15,000 subscribers in New York city, and over 300,000 throughout the country, each with any other, and 750,000,000 messages are exchanged in a single year — more than ten times the number sent by telegraph. This business requires the service of 12,000 employees, utilizes about 460,000 miles of wire, of which 185,000 are underground, and represents an investment of above $83,000,000. Conversation is perfectly practicable nearly half across the continent, and in a few years Eastport will talk with San Francisco; and devices, such as Dr. Pupin's, have already been patented which are expected, by the inventors, to make telephonic communication across the Atlantic practicable.

The telephone exchange is an application of the "permutation" which the school-boy studies in his arithmetic. "Central" occupies a large room, containing a continuous "switchboard," along which from fifty to one hundred and fifty operators sit. Each girl has to attend one of three "divisions" of a "section" of this board, all three being within easy reach, each division representing from fifty to one hundred and fifty subscribers, according to the frequency of use. Her head is bound with what seems a Grecian fillet, but which proves to be a band for the receiving instrument, which she wears constantly at her ears. Each subscriber has his own wire, connected (through stranded cables, led underground, in subway systems such as that in New York) directly with the "drop" on his division of the switchboard. For long-distance transmission, and in cities where there is great electrical disturbance underground, the earth cannot well be used for return, and there is a complete circuit of two wires between each telephone and "Central." When a subscriber makes a call, he uses the line as a telegraph wire, energizing it from the magneto-electric machine, which he turns by the handle; by thus charging the circuit he releases the "drop" which bears his number on the telephone switchboard, and also proves to himself by the ringing of his bell that he has completed the circuit and given the desired signal. In the great room of the central office, where the talk of a hundred girls seems a buzz of quiet whispering, the silent "drop" tells the whole story, and the exasperated subscriber who is ringing his bell furiously troubles only himself—a fact quite impossible to impress upon the average office-boy. The telephone girl now puts a "plug" in the "jack" at which the subscriber's wire terminates, restoring the "drop" automatically, and asks the subscriber to name the number he desires. Each subscriber must be instantly connected with any other subscriber of the same exchange, or with a "trunk line" leading to some other exchange, and thus to the desired subscriber. If the other subscriber is "busy," his line is already alive with current; consequently, when the operator touches the other "jack" with the "plug" which would complete the circuit from one subscriber to the other, she gets a click from the current, and so knows that the other line is "busy." If the other subscriber's line is not "busy," she puts a connecting "plug" into the second "jack," and by so doing disconnects her own telephone. The subscriber called may not belong to the same section as the subscriber calling, yet the connection must be instantly made. To accomplish this all the jacks of each section have practically to be duplicated within reach of each girl all along the board; and each subscriber's wire is actually carried in multiple to every section—which limits the number of subscribers who can be accommodated in any one exchange within about 5000. If the called subscriber is on another exchange or in another city, a "trunk line" to the other exchange or to the long-distance "Central" is connected, and the desired subscriber is called by the second "Central." Each central office has its monitors and its manager—the monitor, a skilled operator, who can connect her telephone at will with any of the receiving telephones, to make sure that the operators are keeping to their work, and to whom the usual questions of subscribers are referred; the manager, the final court of appeal of a local office, who

oversees all its detail, and can also be reached by subscribers when desired. When two subscribers are connected they are cut off from the operator's telephone and from the other lines, and have in the circuit a special drop known as the "clearing-out drop," by which they can signify to the operator that the conversation is ended. But it is possible that the operator or another subscriber may be "plugged" in multiple with the persons talking; so that while the telephone is usually a confidential means of communication, it is not invariably so. The complexities incident to the telephone system produce the curious result that the telephone service, contrary to nearly all other business, becomes more costly to operate as the number of subscribers and amount of business increase.

The applications of electricity are manifold beyond mention—as, for instance, in the handling of ships, in which the electric wires have become the nerves of the great organization; in warfare, or the preparation for it, on land and on sea; in delving into the earth, and ultimately in flying through the air; in actuating clocks in exact time; and, to cite but one more application, in its relations with the human body. It is now more than suspected that the nerves are electrical conductors through which the messages to and from the brain are received and transmitted — and, indeed, the human brain proves to be singularly like a central telephone exchange, with the addition of a storage-room of photograph and phonograph records, which can be tapped at will by the mysterious processes of memory and association. It is more than suspected, also, that many of the bodily processes, especially necessary changes in the blood, are due to electric action. It is natural, therefore, that electricity should be looked to as a great remedial agent; but this great field, much exploited by quacks, has yet to be fully explored by physicians. The uses of electric current to stimulate functional action or to soothe pain, of electric heating for surgical cautery, of electric power for dental and other instruments, and of the electric lamp and the "X rays" for internal explorations, are but beginnings.

Scientific men have many questions to ask of nature in relation to vegetable life also, and experiments are beginning which may result in utilizing electricity to stimulate crops, and thus increase our food supply. Experimenters may yet learn much from the curious batteries which nature has provided for the electric fishes, the torpedo of the Mediterranean, the thunder-fish of the Nile, and the electric eel of South America, of which Professor Wilson has spoken as the "earliest electric machines employed by mankind." The electric eel, sometimes six feet long, contains a number of batteries, singularly like galvanic cells, connected by nerves, evidently in series, and of such power that other fishes may be killed by the shock when the eel emits its full force by touching the object from head and tail. The lightning, probably generated by tiny cells of waterdrops and condensed in the great Leyden jars of the clouds, we do not yet fully understand, and, indeed, we are perhaps at the beginnings of our knowledge of electricity in nature.

The study of electricity in nature brings us nearer to a knowledge of the nature of electricity. While the practical inventors have been teaching us the mastery of electricity as a working force, the scientific investigators have been seeking for us mastery of its real nature. At first considered a substance, then two fluids, then a "current," it is now recognized as one of those wave-forces of nature of which the sun is for us of the earth the primal source. Sound and light we know clearly as wave-forces. Their vibrations can be reflected, refracted, polarized, and subjected to interference, resonance, and absorption. We measure their quickness of vibration—which is in sound the pitch, and in light the color. In music, a sound one "octave" above another vibrates twice as quickly. If, starting from 1, we double to 2, to 4, to 8, etc., we reach at the ninth doubling, or octave, 512, and 512 vibrations per second represent the "philosophical pitch" in music of middle C. The human ear can distinguish sounds slower than 32 and somewhat quicker than 32,000 vibrations per second, reaching from the fifth to the fifteenth octave, or about ten octaves in all. Such vibrations require matter for their transmission, and travel faster as the medium is more elastic — in air 1191 feet per second, through water at four times and through iron at over fifteen times this

speed. We cannot hear the awful roar of the sun, because sound waves cannot bridge the spaces between. But the sun is our evident source of light—or of the radiant energy which gives us light, heat, and electricity. From the fifteenth to the fiftieth octave the human senses take no cognizance of vibrations, so far as we now know; and what may be between, science has yet to learn. The eye recognizes vibrations of 428 million million times a second as red light, and those of 739 million million as violet light—a range of less than one octave, within which the marvellous acuteness of the eye distinguishes all the infinitesimal variations of color. Waves of all intermediate lengths radiate from the sun, and together make white light, which can be analyzed by a prism for the eye, as the phonograph analyzes for the ear the simple wave-record into complex harmonies. Sound is supposed to be of longitudinal vibration — waves to and fro along the path of propagation; light of transverse vibration, up and down across the path. Vibrations slower than those of red light are now believed to constitute radiant heat, and those quicker than violet light chemical or actinic force. Light vibrations are known to reach us from the sun in eight minutes, travelling about 186,000 miles per second—a speed which requires a medium of extreme elasticity, since scientists recognize that no force can produce effect at a distance without an intervening medium. Space is, therefore, supposed to be pervaded with such a medium, infinitely elastic, yet without weight, called the "ether," and Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, has suggested that vortexes in this ether, like whorls shown in the air by puffs of cigar smoke, are the beginnings of matter—the most daring conception of the structure of the universe that has entered into the mind of men, making force and matter interconvertible at the power of the First Cause.

In 1845 Faraday found that polarized light was rotated by a magnet—a surprising discovery, suggesting connection between the two forces. In 1865 Clerk Maxwell advanced the theory that light was itself an electro-magnetic disturbance in the ether, and in 1868 he calculated the speed of electric propagation, and found it the same as the speed of light. In 1887 Hertz devised an oscillator—"a brass cylinder an inch or two in diameter and a foot or so long, divided into two halves with a small sparking interval between"—from which, when connected to a small induction coil, he obtained surgings at about five hundred million times a second, a vibration rate in about the thirtieth octave. These waves were reflected by a mirror of zinc, analyzed by a grid of metallic wires, refracted by a great prism of pitch, and were found to cast shadows. In short, though produced by electricity, they acted like light, which seemed to confirm by experiment the theory of Maxwell. Tesla's remarkable experiment in actually radiating light from his fingertips, from an electric charge of high frequency, afforded still stronger confirmation of this theory, and made more certain the possibility of obtaining light directly from electric action without intervening loss in heat. The latest view of electricity thus developed regards electricity and magnetism as propagated by motions in the ether, together causing light. We think we know what magnetism is—a vibration in the ether which, in a rearrangeable substance, such as iron, re-arranges the atoms in lines of certain direction, produced by and in turn producing electric force at right angles to the magnetic force. We expect to learn that electricity is a complementary disturbance in the ether, the other half of a whole—a stress or motion whose full nature we have yet to discover. Radiant energy, produced by combustion in the sun, is thus transmitted through the ether by transverse motion, in each tiny circuit, first electric and then magnetic, until it reaches matter, as on the earth, where it becomes, or is recognized as, light or other forms of energy knowable by the human senses. Magnetism we cannot know at all, except by its effect on iron or in the electric circuit; a man can put his head in the strongest magnetic field of the largest dynamo without the slightest effect. Electricity is known to us by its effect upon the tissues of the body, although there is no human sense which directly cognizes it. It is thought by some that electric force is not conveyed by conductors or "electrics," such as copper, but rather guided by them, and that the real effect is from ether-stress in the insulants or "dielectric" surrounding the conductor.

We know heat not only as radiant energy, but as "sensible" heat also; bodies are hot or cold; we have warm

weather or cold weather, and the thermometer gives us an easy measure of temperature. We begin to suspect that static (or standstill) electricity is like sensible heat, except that there is no human organ through which it can be made sensible, and no electrometer has been devised like the thermometer. Bodies may be electrified, as they may be heated, by conduction; telegraph operators recognize the existence of electric storms by their effect on the instruments, and the nervous organism is possibly affected by electrical conditions of the atmosphere, as the body is also affected by temperature and barometric variations. What new continents an electric Columbus may discover, no prophet can foresee.

The startling discovery of Roentgen in 1895, that unseen rays produced from vacuum tubes by electric discharge could be recorded by the photographic film, and the development by Edison in 1896, making them instantly visible by interposing a fluorescent screen, have opened still wider fields of investigation. Hertz, in his experiments of 1887, noted, "not without wonder," that his rays were not interrupted by closing a wooden door, and he also obtained shadows on screens. His notes show also that the wooden boxes in which his prisms of pitch were cast did not interfere with their use. The Roentgen ray, in like manner, passes through wood, paper, or muscular tissue, which are transparent to it, but not through bone or metal, which are opaque to it, and the shadow of these opaque images is what is obtained on the photographic plate or on the fluorescent screen. The similarity of effect with the Hertzian waves, the view of some observers that the Roentgen rays are longitudinal vibrations arising from the transverse vibrations of light, the view of others that they are heat waves made visible, and Edison's query whether they are not waves of high-pitch sound, suggest that at last, by a happy accident, mankind has obtained an instrument of investigation into the wide range, thirty-five octaves, of vibrations hitherto unexplored. We know already that substances transparent to light are likely to be opaque to electricity, and we may find, at last, a correspondence between the structure of matter and the wave-lengths of these several forces which will give us the long-sought vision into the molecular and atomic structure of matter. At this close of the nineteenth century discoveries have indeed been made which bring us to the threshold of the twentieth century face to face with problems and possibilities vastly beyond those which the human mind has before conceived. The dreams of alchemists may seem but faint imaginings when one day we confront, by that eye of science which is the eye of faith, the processes by which force becomes matter and matter again force, and the visible has been created from the invisible.

THE PITY OF IT.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.

A FIERCE wind was sweeping over the ocean, and over a lonely island that lay far out amongst the surges. Its fair-weather inhabitants had fled and abandoned the lonely beaches to the storms and the hardy people whose only home was there. Yet a few loiterers were still left from the summer birds of passage, and even now one of them, a young girl, came down the zigzag path which led from the top of the bluff to the wide shore. The gale pressed her against the sandy wall and wrapped her garments closely round her. The fluttering draperies thus swathed about the tall figure had evidently come from the hand of some milliner of distinction. A graceful, unconscious presumption marked the wearer's air as she drew near a knot of weather-beaten fishermen. They were aware of her approach, it was plain, but took no notice of it, and continued their discussion. Was the wind at its worst, or would it strengthen through the night, and was Sam Hale's boat safe enough where she lay, or would it be the part of prudence for him to take her round the point to a better lee?

The girl stood by them awhile waiting for a pause, and then broke in with an imperious, delicately modulated voice,

"Will you tell me, please, whether one

of you would be able to sail me over to the mainland to-night?"

A man lifted his head and stared at her, then turned back and made a remark to a comrade as calmly as if she had not spoken. In a second she repeated the question, in a tone a little raised. Then all the men turned and stared. The eldest took his pipe from his mouth and responded, contemptuously:

"Why no, none of us wouldn't be able to sail you over to the mainland to-night. We ain't goin' sailin' much about this time."

The rudeness of his speech brought a little added haughtiness to her manner, but did not cause her to desist.

"Oh," she said, in the clear high tones which contrasted so strongly with the rough growl of the men, "I did not mean you to take me, of course, without—I supposed this would be an inconvenient time for you to go, but I am very anxious to get across to-night—" Her voice trembled a little. "I meant to offer to pay you well, of course—I will give anything that the trip is worth, with pleasure."

The old fisherman looked her over for a moment or two before he answered:

"Mebbe you hevn't noticed the weather. It's a bad wind, and it's goin' to be a bad night. There ain't none of us cares to risk his precious self out to-night—an' your money ain't goin' to make us do it."

The girl had drawn her slim figure up proudly. She was angry, and yet some strong motive forced her to persevere.

"I am sorry," she said, "for it is really a matter of great importance to me. You know the steamer has not come to-day, and there is no other way in which I can get back. I don't mind the danger. If none of you care to go, would you be kind enough to tell me if there are any other men that might be willing to undertake it? I am ready to pay anything that would make it worth while."

The old man disapproved of her obstinacy. "I don't know a damned soul," he said, solemnly.

She looked at each face. The speaker had evidently voiced the sentiments of all. But he broke out again:

"Well, there comes Jack; he'd undertake to sail you to hell as lief as not, if he took the notion. Here, Jack!" he shouted, as a tall young fellow in a tattered coat came lounging up. "Here's a young woman thinks she'd like to take a little pleasure-jaunt to the main to-night, an' wants to know if you won't oblige her. She thinks she can hev wind an' weather by payin' fur 'em, an' says she'll give you anythin' you like if you'll get her across this evenin'."

The young man came near. He had large, finely cut features and the eyes of a hawk, which swept over the girl's whole figure and seemed to take in every detail with a glance. Evidently he felt in her polished manner, her delicate array, the same sting which had irritated the older men. A bold smile curved his lips.

"Oh yes, I'll take her," he said, with a slow drawl—"I'll take her if she wants to go. An' I won't charge any money neither. I'll take her for nothin' but a—kiss." The men all burst into a noisy laugh.

A sharp exclamation of displeasure came from the girl; her face was crimson, and she turned to go. But no one had noticed a round little figure which had rushed down the path by the bluff and plodded hastily through the sand. It stood now directly in the younger woman's way. Two plump, beringed little hands grasped her arms with all their might as the new-comer turned impatiently to the oldest and most responsible-looking man in the group.

"Oh Mr.—Mr.—oh, sir," she cried, panting, "I hope you haven't encouraged her to do anything rash. I am sure she came down here to ask some of you to take her across to-night, and she mustn't—indeed she mustn't go. I couldn't let her go in such weather. I couldn't sleep for fright with her at sea. Oh, my dear Helen," appealingly to the girl, "you mustn't think of it. As likely as not by to-morrow morning we shall hear your dear father is better, and even if we don't, you mustn't dream of crossing. He would *know* you couldn't come. They never meant the message to bring you over in this storm. Give it up, my dear; do, do!"

"Aunt Nellie," said the girl, "there is no use in trying to stop me. I am going to see my father—alive," her voice sank and quivered, "if there is any human possibility of my finding a way to do it. These people won't help me, but I am going from one end of the island to the other to see if there is not a single man who dares to come with me."

She had stood with her back to the group, but every word was clear to them. One looked at another, and the old man with the pipe spoke to her again in a different tone.

"Was that what you was wantin' to go fur? To see your father? What's the matter?"

"He is dying," she said, shivering, and with every vestige of haughtiness gone.

"Shoo," he said; "that's too bad. I didn't know what you was after when you come down here so high an' mighty to get a boat. I'm reel sorry to hear the old gentleman's sick. We'd all of us like to help you ef we could, but it is rough, an' no mistake. I suppose my wife 'd be reel oneasy ef I offered to go out to-night; seems as if—"

The tall young sailor they called Jack moved towards her on the other side.

"See here," he said, in curt tones, "if you want to go, I'll take you. It's a wild night and there is some risk to it, but I can pretty much promise to get you over safe. Only these men don't like to take the risk, if they can help it, because they've all got wives and families. As for what I said just now, I'm sorry for it. I didn't mean nothing by it. I thought you were trying to get us to go just out of pure sassiness and because you didn't know what you were talking about. But if so be as your father's sick an' you want to get over to him, I'll sail you over safe if any man can, and be glad to. Ask the others."

"That's so," came from two or three throats.

"You can't do better than take Jack's offer," said the old man with a pipe, judicially. "He's very willin' to run into resks, but he's the best man I ever knew to wriggle out of 'em. Ef he says he'll take you over safe, I guess he'll manage it. There ain't no better sailor here. An' don't you worry, ma'am," he went on, turning to the little old lady, who was bending her head, first towards one speaker and then another, and uttering disjointed ejaculations. "Ef your niece goes along with Jack Maverick you can rest easy all night, an' I understand that's what you're most disturbed about."

"Well, are you coming?" asked Maverick. "There's no time to lose."

The girl stood a moment.

"Yes; I will be back directly," she said. She walked rapidly away over the sand. As she went she heard Maverick's voice behind her shouting for Tommy, and saying he would have to go along to work the sheet. Some one observed that Tommy might not want to go, but Maverick said he had got to whether he wanted to or not, and then one inquired if Tommy was sober, and another vouched for his not having had a drop that day. Helen heard it all through the continuous stream of remonstrances from her aunt, who was exhausting her resources, as far as words went, in efforts to keep her charge at home.

A few moments later the young girl returned alone. She was wrapped in a long cloak. She crossed the beach in another direction, to where several boats lay at a little wharf on which the same crowd of men were now gathered.

"Goin' to try it for sure?" asked one as she came near. "Well, I hope ye'll have luck and get safe through. Looks squally, though. Keep your eye out for a shift in the wind, Jack. Here, let me help ye aboard. Better get settled down afore ye get into the swell."

She had jumped on the tiny deck, half a dozen hands held out to help her, and taken her seat.

The bay was quiet, but beyond the bar enormous waves were heaving and breaking. There was a clear space in the western sky; the sun had sunk lower, and shone level and red in their faces.

There was an old man aboard — the luckless Tommy, she concluded — and he and Maverick were busy about the ropes. The sail went up with a rattle, a line was cast off, the sail filled, and the boat glided quietly away from the wharf.

"That's a foolhardy business," she heard a voice saying as they slipped away. "Just like Jack," another answered. A minute more and they were out of hearing. The two men on board were still moving about the boat, settling everything to rights. As he passed her Maverick spoke.

"Here," he said, "it's going to be wetter'n water outside there. That coat won't keep you dry. Better rig it round your petticoats, and put on this oil-skin I brought down for you, and this hat. If you tie your handkerchief tight round the throat it 'll keep the water out some."

She gazed distrustfully at the stiff yellow jacket and hat he held out to her, but she did not like to disobey, and soon

she was transformed from the waist up into a slim young fisherman. The boat began to pitch as it struck the waves, and then, as they grew larger, to climb with a slow staggering motion up the long inclines and slide swiftly down the slopes. Maverick was at the wheel, his keen hazel eyes fixed on the water ahead, yet every second he glanced quickly at the sky and the horizon. His long arms alternately straightened and relaxed as he held the boat against the shock of a wave or eased her past a breaker. Helen watched him while the salt spray blew in her face and the wind whistled past; then turned and regarded the watery desert around her. Lit by the last rays of the sun it looked pitiless, furious, cold. Her gaze came back to the boat. Tommy had disappeared into the cabin some minutes before, and now, as the little door swung half open and shut again with a bang, her eye caught Maverick's.

"He's staying a long time in that cabin," he said. "Tommy!"

His voice rang loud and rough above the wind, but Tommy did not hear.

"Hello! Tommy!" he shouted again. The door swung open an inch and banged once more, but there was no answer.

"See here, miss," he said, "you go to the door and call him. I'll need him in a minute. He can't hear through the noise. I can't leave this."

Helen looked up coldly. She did not like to be ordered about. He had forgotten his place. A smile curled Maverick's lip as he watched her.

"Well, then, *don't* go," he said, and gave all his attention to the wheel again.

She sat still a moment, then rose and stumbled to the cabin door, holding by the gunwale. She opened it, and in the gloom could see Tommy's form stretched on the floor. She called him, but he did not stir; then, with a shudder of repugnance, she laid her hand on his ragged shoulder and shook it.

"You lemme be," came in an ugly grunt from the lumpish form. She drew her hand quickly back and made her way to the stern.

"There is something the matter with him," she said, looking anxiously at Maverick, whose attention never diverged from the boat's course.

"What do you mean?" inquired he, sharply.

"He is on the floor in a heap. He wouldn't answer, and when I shook him he told me to leave him alone."

"What do you think's the matter?" for one second the hard, piercing eyes sought hers. She would not have cared to refuse their demand.

"I thought," she panted, "it might be —could it possibly be—that he had been drinking?"

"Hell!" said Maverick. A second flew by. "I'll have to see to him," he said, "and you'll have to take the wheel. When I tell you, hold it like this, *for all you're worth*, and don't let go till I take it. Can you?"

"I'll try," she said, humbly.

"Try! nonsense!" he sneered. "Can you *do* it? If you can't, we may have a chance to try swimming over."

"Yes, I'll do it," she said.

"All right. Ready. *Now.* Lean hard."

For an instant he helped her steady herself against it, then she was alone, putting forth all her strength to hold the wheel as he had left it. She turned her head and saw him dive into the cabin; there was the sound of a scuffle; a bottle came flying through the air and sank beneath a breaker. She heard blows, oaths; the next moment Maverick slipped out of the cabin door, wrestling still with the man within, thrust him back suddenly, slammed to the door, and slipped the heavy bolt. With almost the same movement he secured the other side and was at the stern with the wheel in his hand. He was panting, and supported himself on the wheel as he held it. The girl cowered on the seat near by. In all her sheltered existence she had never before been in the presence of danger nor close to the savage realities of life. The people she knew might have as fierce instincts at heart as these, but they were concealed and tutored to the semblance of nonentity. This roughness and animal violence startled her with the sense that she had suddenly stepped into another world—a strange, shocking, awfully real world, where things were not what they seemed in that carefully arranged little drama of existence in which she was accustomed to play a part.

She heard the old man pounding at the cabin doors and shouting, but Maverick took no heed. All his attention was given, as before, to guiding the boat through the tumbling waters. Yet he found time to throw a glance occasionally at her.

"You stood your trick at the wheel well. You're strong—for a girl," he said, presently.

"It pulled hard. I didn't know if I should be able to hold it," she answered.

"Haven't been used to sailing much, have you?"

"Not in small boats. I've been quite often on yachts. But that is different."

"Yes, that's different," he said, grimly. "Then you had other people to do the work. You'll get all you want of cat-boat sailing now. You'll have to be crew as well as passenger. Tommy's fixed himself for the next while—lucky if he hasn't fixed us too," he added, savagely, under his breath.

"Is there danger?" she asked.

"Depends on what you're afraid of. I'm not in much danger; but I'm not particularly afraid of going to the bottom. If I did, it would be all in the day's work for me. But I guess you'd like to spend a good deal o' time ashore yet, so I s'pose there is some danger for you—a sight more'n if Tommy'd staid sober—damn him!"

"I will do whatever you tell me to help!"

"Oh, I'll let you do all you can." He caught some fleeting expression on her face. "Look up here," he said, abruptly, and as she raised her eyes he gave a masterful laugh. "Why, you're not afraid! No more than if you was on dry land!"

"No," she said, with an answering smile, "I'm not afraid. I suppose I ought to be, but I'm not. I know you'll get us to shore all right—and even if you don't—I'm not afraid. I don't believe I shall ever feel afraid again; if I do, I'll go to sea in a cat-boat in a storm and get over it."

He chuckled.

"That's worth while," he said. "Go catch that rope that's dragging overboard, and put it in the boat. No, don't chuck it in loose-ended like that; coil it up neat, and stick it under that other that runs along the deck. If we go down, let's go down shipshape."

She did it, and came back to sit near him. The boat gave a sudden roll, and they heard a thud as Tommy's body struck against the cabin door. Then came some blows and inarticulate cries.

"He thinks we're going down," said Maverick.

"Oh, poor fellow, he's locked in there," cried Helen.

"Well, he might as well drown in the cabin as floating round loose. It 'd be no more'n he deserved, anyway. He's done his best to drown you."

Helen did not answer. Again she was watching with involuntary admiration the young man's quick movements, holding the boat here, easing her off there, slipping around the breakers, twisting through the watery lanes, eluding the grasp of death. When they were in the hollow of the waves, the green hissing water encompassed them on every side and hung above them; when they were on the crest of a billow, they could see the furious, crashing waste spreading into the distance. The spray blew past them like a mist. The sun had set, and the water looked wilder and crueler in the gray light.

Presently she was aware that Maverick was looking at her. She glanced up and caught his eye. His gaze cut like a knife. She felt that she must answer it, yet he had not spoken.

"Yes?" she said, inquiringly.

"I was wondering what you thought about the old man?" he answered.

"I?" she said; "I had not thought about him at all, except that it was horrid, and that you were hard on him, when you talked about his drowning."

"I'd be willing for any one to be hard on me, and harder, if I did what he's done. But I meant, did you ever see a man before that had been—drinking?"

"I don't think so, but I don't remember. I don't like to talk about it."

"Yes, but I want particularly to know what you think."

"Why, I—think it's horrid."

Maverick drew in a long breath. "Yes," he said, slowly, "I supposed that's what you'd say. I asked because—I drink too much myself, once in a while, and I rather wanted to know how it would seem to a young lady like you."

"You?" cried the girl, drawing back with a gesture of repulsion. "You? Oh, how can you?"

Maverick gave a slow smile as he noticed her movement. "How can I?" he repeated. "How can't I? would be more to the point. You're talking of something you don't know anything about. But you know you're disgusted with it, and that's the main thing, after all. See here, though: I guess I'd like you to understand a little of how things look to me." His

eyes were dwelling on her face with a curious, inquiring look. "I want you to tell me why I shouldn't drink. I don't find things very entertaining on the island. My father drank before me. He was a gentleman—belonged to the same sort of folks you do, I guess; but something upset him—I don't know what it was. He came to live on this island—buried himself here for the rest of his life. He married one of the fishermen's daughters, and then he died when I was a few years old. I barely remember him. My mother wanted to try and bring me up for a gentleman: she was a good mother; there aren't many like her: she'd have slaved herself to death to get the money to send me to the main, and have me educated as my father was before me; but he forbade her. The last thing he told her when he died was to make a fisherman of me. He said fishermen were better to live among than the men out in the world. Mother never went against what he said, and then when I was a boy, she died. I hadn't nobody left in the world, but the folks were good enough to me. I got on all right. Presently I began to go fishing with the rest. I'm a good fisherman too. I'm lucky. I make more money than any of 'em. But what do I want with the money? And what do I want with the fishing? Once in a while, in a storm, or like that, there's fun in it, but most of the time it's tiresome. But I don't know anything else, and I dare say I wouldn't care for anything else any more than I do for that."

"But there are other things than fishing," broke in Helen, "if you don't like that. You are used to the sea; you might be a sailor—you would care to see more of the world."

"I tried that, but I don't know enough for anything but a common sailor, and I'll never ship for that again. I ain't one of the kind that cares to take another man's orders."

"Then why can't you care for what the other men on the island care for? They work, and grow up, and get married, and take care of their families—"

Maverick interrupted her with a snarl.

"Ya—ah!" he said; "that's for them that like it. There isn't a girl I know I'd marry. They're tiresome; they're stupid, blundering things. I'd die a drunkard within a year if I was tied to a girl like that."

Helen's eyes flashed. "What right have you to speak so?" she cried. "You tell me yourself you drink more than you ought to. What right have you to ask for better things than you have? Do you deserve them? Besides, life isn't to pick and choose; life is to do what comes to your hand with all your might. There is plenty for you to do, I know, without whimpering that there is nothing you care to do but—drink."

"I ain't whimpering," interrupted Maverick, fiercely. "I never said a word to a soul before I opened my lips to you."

"You are complaining in your heart—instead of going to work to right things. Haven't you any ambition? Don't you care to be of use in the world? What is a man for but to do things and to overcome difficulties? If you don't want to be a fisherman, go and be something else. There are plenty of other things to be. If you don't want to be a sailor, be a captain. Are you afraid to take another man's orders long enough to learn to give them yourself? Any one can see you are clever enough to do what you like. Only you don't like. Do you think that's a thing to be proud of? It isn't! It's contemptible. And then you say you can't help drinking. Why don't you tell the truth, and say you can help it, but you won't take the trouble?"

Maverick was looking at her with a gloomy fire in his eyes.

"Hadn't you better talk about something you understand?" he cried. "What do you know about whether it's hard or easy to quit drinking? If you think it's a picnic, ask somebody that's tried it."

"I didn't say it was easy," rejoined the girl. "I said you ought to do it. A man isn't to do things because they're easy—he is to do them because they're hard. And if he says he can't, he isn't a man—he's a coward!"

"It's lucky for you you're not a man," cried the sailor, savagely. "Look out!" as a sudden wave struck the boat, careening her far to one side and throwing the girl off her feet. Like lightning his arm caught her before she struck the gunwale, held her a moment as in a vise, and then gradually released her as she found her footing.

"Oh, thank you," she said, softly, and paused a moment before she added, "If you hadn't caught me, I might have gone overboard."

"You might," he answered, without looking at her.

"Thank you," she said, sitting down nearer to him.

Presently she spoke once more.

"I ought not to have talked to you as I did just now," she said. "I had no right. But it was all true."

"I know that," said Maverick, and his voice too was changed. "It *is* true, and it 'd be a pity to waste so much truth-telling. It made me mad a little —but maybe it 'll do some good yet." He turned as he spoke and gave her a sudden smile, so radiant, so tender, that from a reckless fisherman he seemed transformed into a stainless knight, doing homage to his lady.

Helen's eyes dropped. She wanted to speak, yet some strange timidity bound her tongue. At last:

"The weather is no worse," she faltered.

"No," said Maverick, as he glanced around the horizon. "But it looks like a shift of wind to the north."

They were silent once more, but as the boat labored on there was no lack of sound. The water hissed and seethed around them; there was a constant dull roar of breaking waves; the wind shrieked through the ropes; the timbers of the boat creaked and snapped.

"There's going to be a squall," said Maverick at length.

"A squall?" repeated Helen. "Can the wind blow harder than this?"

"Easy," answered he, taking his eyes a moment from the horizon to consider her. "There's going to be a squall, and the only chance for us to run through it is to get the sail down. The question is if you can do it. I can't leave the wheel, for if one of those waves caught us wrong it would smash us."

"What shall I do?" she said, standing up quickly. The water trickled off her jacket as she moved. Under the glistening yellow sou'wester her hair, beaded with moisture, lay in soft curls on the smooth cheek, the color of a pink shell. Her eyes were alight, not with fear, but with the sense of power.

As her companion's roving glance rested on her he smiled. "There's some company it 'd be pleasant to go down with," he said, softly, and continued without a break: "Get up there for'ard and take hold of the ropes around those two cleats. Do you see?" She nodded. "Undo first one and then the other, all but the last two turns; hold 'em fast, one in each hand, till I tell you to lower, and then let both go, steady. It's a mercy I rigged the lazy-jacks yesterday, or the sail would have been in the water."

The girl stepped forward, staggering, and caught hold of the ropes to untwist them. They were wet and hard; she strained and pulled in vain. "Hurry up there," shouted Maverick, and something in his voice stirred her strangely. It seemed to her she could have moved mountains at his command. She looked back with a little laugh, then bent over the stiff ropes; they melted under her fingers; in a moment they were free. She waited for the word.

"Lower away," he cried.

She loosened the ropes in her hands, and as the boat pitched, the sail began to come down. For one moment it stuck fast, and she thought everything was over; she heard Maverick utter an oath, and gave a sudden quick pull with such strength as she had not known she possessed. The obstacle, whatever it was, gave way, and the soaked, heavy sail began to slip down again. With each pitch of the boat it came lower. Maverick, at the other end, drew in the boom and made it fast along one side. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the wind stopped. There was no longer any current of air moving past them like a palpable fluid, the rigging hung limp, the whistling and singing stopped among the ropes, even the creaking of the boat ceased as she lost way. There was not a sound except from the tumbling waves. The boat rose and fell like a log on the long swells. Helen took her place again beside the steersman. He nodded.

"You did well," he said. She smiled back confidingly. Existence till now she felt had been a dream; life had begun when she sailed out on the raging waters, and its delight lay in facing danger and being whirled along in the fierce sweep of natural forces. As she looked at Maverick she caught an answering gleam in his eye. It was the same spirit in him, she thought, only he was stronger than she was and knew more. She drew closer to him.

"Not afraid yet?" he asked.

"How could I be?" she answered. "You are going to bring us in safe."

The yellow eyes softened and became luminous as they looked into hers, then suddenly grew hard again.

"There it comes!" he cried, and Helen heard a low hissing sound to one side. It came nearer, then with a blow like a collision the wind struck the boat, which turned half over, hung a moment, and slowly righted herself. The gale blew harder than before, but from the opposite direction. It took the crests off the waves; in a little while every breaker had disappeared. Then began a mighty confusion amongst the billows. They were like a routed army entangled by their own efforts to escape, or like a troop of giants suddenly blinded in the midst of battle. One ran one way and one another. Where a gigantic billow towered on high it suddenly lost its force and sank, running in a dozen different directions; where there was comparative calm a huge wave swiftly reared itself, detached from all comrades, dark, threatening, terrible. As the first force of the gust slackened, Maverick said:

"I believe we must be nearing the other side. The wind's off shore. If we can manage to raise a little sail and work in against it, we ought to get into calmer water presently."

"Very well. What shall I do?" asked Helen.

He gave her minute instructions, and once more she stumbled forwards and began to work with the ropes of the sail. Presently she managed to raise it a little.

"That 'll do," he shouted, and she made it fast and came back to him.

For an hour more they stood side by side, the man giving every thought to the boat, the girl watching him like a lynx, to be ready with help. The boat's course had to be changed with each moment. Maverick's muscles were braced like rods of steel to hold her; his face grew set and hard. There were no glances now for Helen, nothing but a concentration of every faculty on preserving the bit of man's handiwork which looked so frail and helpless in the midst of nature's fury. But several times he called on her to help him; she took hold of the wheel, and pulled as he bade her, and stopped when he told her it was enough. She had no other thought than blind, trusting obedience. At last she became aware that the wind was blowing less violently, the waves tumbling less tumultuously. The last gleam of light had faded from the west, but at intervals through the clouds that drifted overhead came a thin moonbeam. A lantern which had been lighted when they left shore hung at the mast and threw a faint light on their way; another, which she had brought from a locker and lighted under Maverick's directions, was lashed to the gunwale at the stern and showed the compass on the seat beneath. The waves came like an endless procession of ghosts out of the dark before them and slipped away into the dark behind. At last the moon became entirely obscured, and it began to rain softly.

"The sea's going down," said Maverick; "we must be getting well into the lee of the land. But I don't know where we'll come in. I've lost my reckoning with this heavy sea."

"It's getting stiller," he repeated, a little later, and Helen had already felt that the boat was now rocking gently. "It's getting still. We must be close to shore. Holloa! I think I see it now!"

He bent his head and peered through the night. Helen could see nothing. "Yes," he went on, "there's some buildings. But I don't know them—yes I do, too; it's Fisher's barns. And there's his dock. Hold on, we'll be in in a moment. 'Tisn't much of a place to get to, but it's dry land, anyway. Leastways it's land—I wouldn't like to say too much about its being dry. And you—you must be as wet as a fish. I hope it won't hurt you. Salt water isn't likely to give you cold, anyway. Well, we've had a rough voyage, but we've got to the end all right. I kept my word and got you in safe, though there was one time when I didn't know if I was going to. Here we are alongside," he gave a long sigh of relief as he released the wheel and rubbed his arms two or three times.

"Oh, how tired you must be!" cried Helen.

"Your arms get stiff pulling so long," he said. "Now wait a moment and let me make her fast before we get off. There, she'll lie quiet till I'm ready to go back."

"You won't go back to-night?" she questioned.

"No; I'll wait for daylight; it 'll be a good bit quieter then. And you've convinced me I oughtn't to be in such a hurry to get drowned." He looked at her sharply, and Helen, who was suddenly

afraid that he was angry, smiled timidly. She laid her hand in his as he stood on the dock, and he drew her up beside him. "Well," he said, "we've got to make the most of this being land; it hasn't got much else to recommend it. Now how am I going to get you over to Westbury? There isn't a human being within two miles of here. I know that Jerry has some horses at pasture somewhere about—and there's an old wagon in the barn. Come and sit down here in the lee while I see what I can do."

She followed to the building which loomed through the darkness, and seated herself on a pile of boards at one side, while Maverick turned towards the road, the white glimmer of which was dimly visible. It was not cold in spite of the storm. She leaned her head against the mossy boards and listened to the gentle drip of the rain and the murmuring of the grass. She felt at peace with all the world. Even the thought of her father did not trouble her. She was doing all she could to get to him, and she had a blind faith that she should find him better. Besides, it was no longer her care, it was Maverick's, who was going to see that she reached her goal in safety. She sat tired, idle, contented, in the soft wet dark, going over and over, in a sort of waking dream, every moment of the wild voyage. She recollected each movement of Maverick's sinuous figure, each quick change in his face, each variation of his voice. And mixed with these came back the wild rush of the wind, the roar of the foaming breakers, the driving spray.

Half an hour must have gone by before she heard her companion's voice once more. He was speaking to a horse which he was leading along the road. Then she became aware that he was on the other side of the barn, and apparently beating down the door. Soon he called to her:

"Come! I've got a team here ready, but I can't leave it," and she roused herself and followed the sound to where in the faint moonlight she saw a horse and wagon standing, with Maverick beside them.

"This is rather a skittish animal," he said. "You get in first and make yourself comfortable, and then I'll jump in. I put in all the old blankets and things I could find."

Helen climbed in and wrapped the warm rugs around her. Maverick followed with a leap, and before he was seated the horse was off at full speed. Presently it quieted down and they went more sedately. Maverick had fastened the boat's lantern in front of the wagon, where it threw a faint illumination before them. But they could barely distinguish the gray road from the dark thickets along the edge.

He talked as they drove. He told her tales of the country-side, and the life there, which was so simple and monotonous, yet often so dramatic and strange. He had an odd, mocking humor, and Helen responded to it gayly. She was aware of a natural instinctive sympathy with the way he felt and spoke. His very recklessness and courage, his keen, quick, domineering spirit, roused something within her that she had never known before, and yet that she recognized as it stirred her inmost self. She listened eagerly, she laughed sympathetically, and she shrank with a feeling of impending loss when he said:

"We're almost there now. That house you said your father was in is this side the village."

She drew her purse from her pocket. "You must pay that man," she said, "for his wagon, and for breaking down his barn." Then she sat still and looked at him by the lantern-light. She did not know what to do, and yet she was not troubled, for she thought he would know.

Maverick glanced down at her and saw what disturbed her. He smiled—a slow, friendly smile. "Yes," he said, "you'd better give me ten dollars for him—then he'll thank me for breaking his door. And I brought you over, you know; but then you gave me lots of good advice on the way, so we're quits. But I would like to have the purse." He took it out of her hand as he spoke and emptied it on her lap, picked out a bill, which he put back, closed the little silver snap of the porte-monnaie, and put it in his pocket.

"Here we are," he said; "it must be near midnight. But there's a light in the back of the house. It won't take long to wake them."

He drew up the horse, jumped down, lifted Helen after him, and took the lantern in his hand. They walked up the long path to the house, which was dark except for the one light they had seen. Maverick knocked vigorously; they waited, without speaking, a few moments. "They haven't heard," he said, and knocked harder. From far off came a

noise of opening and shutting doors, and voices; evidently the people were stirring. "They are coming," he said, and drew closer to her. She saw the look in his face, eager, hungry, sad, and then she seemed to see him again as he stood beside the wheel, holding her life in his hand, and bringing her safe through the ravening waves.

"Good-by," he cried, and put out his hand. She laid her own in it, bending towards him; his arm went about her waist and gathered her close; his head bent nearer and nearer; their lips met. The next moment they heard a key turn in the lock. He released her, and was gone without a word, as a flood of light fell over the threshold. She stepped across it and the door closed behind her.

II.

A fortnight afterwards Helen's father was still living. His daughter had watched beside him day and night; now, white and worn, she rested in her room. Beside her was her aunt, urging some action from which she vehemently dissented.

"I can't. I don't want you to send for him," she exclaimed.

"But, my dear, we must," rejoined the elder lady. "It is only fitting that the man to whom you are engaged should take his place in the family on such an occasion. I doubt if you have explained to him clearly how ill your father is, or he would have come before this. Have you made him understand?"

Helen shook her head wearily. "No," she said, "he does not know."

"Have you written to him at all?" questioned the other, imperiously.

The girl shook her head again.

"Helen!" cried her aunt — "Helen! What can you mean? Your father has been ill a fortnight. George has a right to be very angry. How can you justify yourself?"

"I do not know," said the girl, hopelessly, and then she cried out suddenly, sharply, "Oh, auntie, don't make it harder. I haven't sent for George because I can't. I don't want to see him. I am so very unhappy. It seems as if everything was changing around me, and I had changed more than anything else! I— oh, auntie," turning away — "I cannot marry him."

The elder lady jumped out of her chair.

"Well," she cried, harshly, "this is awful! This is worse than anything I ever thought of. Are you out of your senses? I have mistrusted you were brooding over something all this time. What do you mean? Why, you can't break with him now. Nothing has happened to make you change. And as for George Lathom—everybody knows he is the sort of man that never changes. George? Why he is simply the loveliest fellow that ever breathed, and he is dead in love with you, too—"

"I know it!" cried the girl, sobbing. "Don't say it, you make me wretcheder. But I can't, can't marry him! I didn't understand when I promised; it was an awful mistake, and now—oh, what can I do!"

"Do?" cried her aunt, impetuously. "There is no question of what you should do. You should get over these ridiculous hysterics as fast as you can, and understand that it doesn't answer for a woman to lead a man on, as you have George Lathom, and then turn round and put a knife in him by saying she didn't realize what she was about, and isn't to be bound by her promises. You surely must have *some* sense of honor in you! You foolish child," softening a little as she cast a perplexed glance at the tear-stained face— "you foolish child, I believe you don't know what you are saying. I am not going to speak another word about it. I am going to leave it for your father to settle—and George. You are worn out. Go to sleep, and wake up in your right mind," and with fierce kindness she pulled a shawl over the girl's knees, gave it a quick, angry tuck at one side, and rustled out of the room.

It was not many days later that Helen sat by her father's couch. She had been reading to him, but the story was finished, and her hands lay clasped in her lap as she stared into the blazing fire. The sick man regarded her face covertly, and at last spoke:

"Helen!"

She raised her head with a start.

"My dear, I have been debating whether or not to speak to you of something your aunt has said. She doubts there is trouble between you and George. Are you willing to tell me what it is?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I will tell you if you like, papa," she

answered, gently, "but it will do no good. Nothing can do any good. I have promised to marry George, and I—do not love him. I did not know it before. I liked him very much. We are all so fond of him. I have known him all my life. I thought I would be very glad to pass the rest of it with him; and then you and Aunt Nellie were so pleased, and all my friends said it was just the right thing. I thought I was very clever to have suited every one and arranged everything so nicely. I was contented with myself, and contented with George too, and I know still how good he is, and how kind, and how sensible—it isn't that I don't like him—but, papa, I cannot, cannot marry him."

She stopped short, looking at her father with appealing, miserable eyes. He turned restlessly on his couch before he answered, in an unsteady voice:

"Helen, this is something very strange. You seemed so contented, so happy. Tell me when it was that you began to change? It is not—well—it does not happen often that one gets such a sudden enlightenment about one's own feelings, except through having seen—through having met—some one else. And yet I know that is impossible. You were away from me such a little time, and your aunt says—I have asked her, dear; you must forgive me—that there was no one, *no one* you met that could possibly have had the least interest for you. Helen!" and suddenly the sick man sat upright on his couch, and the girl buried her face in her hands. He watched her intently, then sank back with a smothered groan. Presently he said,

"My daughter, it will be better to tell me everything."

"I will, papa, I will," she cried. "But it seems as if there were nothing to tell. It is nothing, nothing, and I never can make you understand. I cannot see myself why it has changed me so. Only when you were so sick, and I sailed over here that night—when Aunt Nellie was so frightened about me, you know—it was a young fisherman that brought me. I think if it had been any one else, we should have gone to the bottom a dozen times over. He was very brave, papa; I don't think he cared much whether he went down or not, except for me. But I was no more frightened than I am sitting in this room, because I knew it was impossible for harm to come to me as long as he was there. You and Aunt Nellie have always taken such care of me, and kept me in safe places, and then all of a sudden I was away from you, in danger—and I liked it. I liked to see the waves come curling up as if they wanted to catch us, and to have the gusts take the boat and half overturn it. I don't know how to describe it, but it seemed to me as if everything before had been different from my true self, and at last, for the first time, I was where I belonged." She stopped a moment, then went on slowly: "And ever since it seems to me impossible to come back to the things that used to be. At night, papa, I wake up dreaming of the big waves and the wind, and I am so happy when I wake; and then I feel that everything around me is quiet and safe and comfortable, and I am so wretched that I lie and cry as if the saddest thing in the world was to be safe among your friends."

"Tell me more about the young fisherman, Helen," said her father. His face was gloomy.

But Helen did not see it; she had risen, and was standing before the fire, her countenance irradiated by its glow, and still more by some soft brightness that shone from within.

"I don't know what to say, papa," she answered, lingering on the words. "I liked him very much. He is different from other people."

"It isn't possible that he is a gentleman?" questioned her father.

"No, he is not a gentleman," she agreed.

"Is he a respectable fellow? Well-behaved?"

"I do not know," she said; "I—I am afraid—not always."

"Oh, Helen! But is he ambitious? Does he mean to rise? Is he going to make anything of himself?"

"I do not think he cares."

"And yet you say you like him? But you have seen him only for a few hours. What can you know of him?"

"I know I liked him," she responded, softly.

"I dare say he was a clever fellow," rejoined her father, watching her from beneath the hand which shaded his eyes. "Of course you will never meet him again, but we will wish him good luck for the care he took of you. I must re-

member to acknowledge what he has done for us. He brought you back to me through great danger, from all I can hear. I will send him a handsome present."

"No, no, papa," she repeated, pleadingly. "He wouldn't like it. I can't let you wound him so."

"How can you know what he would like?" asked the other, gravely.

She faced him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes suffused. "Papa," she said, softly, "what is the use of talking like that? You are only doing it to see what I will say. But I will not let you, all the same. You shall not hurt him."

"Take care, Helen," retorted her father. "It is you who would hurt him. You don't know what harm you can do, child. It is well for the young fellow that you are not going to meet again."

"You are so sure," she cried, impetuously, "and I—I am not sure."

She turned away. Her father paused a moment, then spoke slowly, hesitating over each phrase.

"My child," he said, "I am sorry for you. It is better to face the truth. You have taken some strange fancy for this young hero—girls have such freaks sometimes. I grieve for the pain it costs you. But you must not make the great mistake of giving it too much importance. He has faced danger with you, and brought you safely through. The qualities he showed are such as would naturally appeal to a young girl's imagination. It is scarcely to be wondered at, much as we may regret it. But be sure that there is nothing lasting in the feeling that you have now. It will pass."

"No, it will not pass," said the girl, quietly.

"Helen," rejoined her father, impatiently, "you are a child, and don't know what you are talking of. The strongest feelings wear away with time—how much more this that has sprung up in an hour, —that rests on no real compatibility, no common interest?"

The girl shook her head. "I think you do not understand," she said, sadly. "And there is one thing that can never pass—I shall know always that somewhere in the world there is a man who is different from the others. George's faults fret me and annoy me; they always have and they always will; but this man's faults—I seem to know them by instinct, and yet they could never fret me, because they are a part of him. What is it, father, what is it"—she had turned and faced him with an eager, pitiful look—"that has changed me so? He is a fisherman, untaught, his ways are different from our ways, and yet I knew before I had been with him five minutes that through everything, and in spite of everything, I looked up to him—and I was glad to know it!"

"My poor girl," said her father, drawing her down on her knees beside him, and stroking her hair as she knelt with her face in the cushions—"my poor girl, it is worse than I thought, yet I can say only cruel things. No matter how you suffer, no matter how strong the feeling is, you will have to overcome it. It is impossible! There is no other word. Why, even if this young fellow cared for you as truly as he well might, you could never live amongst fishermen; it is one of the things that could not be. Nor could he live with gentle folk; it would simply be torment for such a man as you describe. Generations of cultivation, of luxury, of refinement, have gone to make you what you are; and if you throw all this away, unhappiness would be the only end—unhappiness for him as well as you. Do you think a fisherman would be contented who had a lady for his wife? He would be the most wretched mortal alive. And think of what you owe to me, to the aunt who has reared you, to the friends who have surrounded you. My child, it is *impossible*. In time, if you are resolute, these wild thoughts will disappear. Don't think I am not sorry for you; I am more sorry than I care to say. But I know what must be the only end. Go, dear, and bathe your eyes, and come back and read to me again when they bring in the lamps. You are the one comfort of life to me, Helen. And we will say nothing about George just now; there is no need to think of that painful business yet. Wait, and in time it may be easier to see what should be done. Go, dear."

The weeping girl rose to her feet and left him.

It was not many days before she entered the same room again to greet a strong, thick-set man of almost middle age, with kind blue eyes.

"I have come," he said, as he took a seat beside her, "because both your father and your aunt have written me to

come. I should not have done it of myself—I would rather have waited for you. But as they sent for me, I am here, and now I want to say only one thing. I have known for some time, both because you did not write me, and then because when your letters came they were so changed, that something had gone wrong, and I had a fear that the trouble concerned me. What I gathered from your people confirmed it, and now my strongest reason for answering their summons was to assure myself that you are not being made unhappy for my sake. You are not to think I ever question what you say or do. If it is anything concerning our engagement that disturbs you, dear, take all the time you want. You need not speak to me until you are ready. I will wait."

"You are too good," cried the girl. "Too good. You make it harder. I did not want them to send for you; I did not want to think of the pain I must give you. I—I know you care for me, and that I am going to make you unhappy. Oh, George, I don't know how to say it, but I thought I liked you very much, and now—I know I have been mistaken all this time. I never, never, shall be able to love you as you want me to." She hid her face in her hands.

The man turned pale, but his voice was steady.

"I was afraid I was going to hear something like this," he said. "But you must not be too hasty. I am speaking for your sake. You have thought about these things too much, at a time when you had no strength to think of anything. Wait, and do not be troubled; if you want to send me away in two or three months, I will obey, but not now. I am going to take things a little in my own hands; you owe me that privilege, at any rate. Not as your lover, but just as the old friend that I have always been."

"No," she cried, "that will not do. I will not be such a coward as not to face it now. George, I owe it to you to tell you everything, and I will do it now."

"You need not, Helen," he said. "Your father has told me what there was to tell —it is nothing except as it makes you unhappy."

"No, he cannot have told everything," she answered. "He did not know it all. He will have told you how I sailed over that stormy night, and how it seemed to open my eyes to all sorts of new ideas—the world has looked like a different world to me ever since. But you have not heard what—what you had the best right to know. When we came over, before I came into the house," her voice sank lower and lower—"oh, I was so sorry for him, going back into the cold and the storm, without me, and he had brought me safe through it all, and I—I—George, I—kissed him." Her voice had quite died away. Lathom could see only the clear outline of her cheek, for her face was turned from him. For a moment there was silence. The man got up and moved restlessly about. Presently he said:

"There is no use pretending that you have not pained me—a great deal more than you can know. But, Helen, I still hold to what I said. You are my promised wife. I have loved you for a great many years, and I love you now. I will not let you go, and I will not give up my care for you until I know that it is best for you. I will not trouble you in any way—it shall all be just as it was a year ago, when I had not spoken to you. But before the world let the engagement stand till we are all more sure of ourselves. It is what your father and your aunt both wish. And you owe me something, Helen. I beg it for my sake, too."

She bent her head submissively; her voice was choked with tears.

"I am giving you all such terrible trouble," she said. "I do not mean to be as bad as I seem. I will do what you want. But I think you are mistaken. You never can turn me back into the old Helen again."

III.

The morning had dawned fair and soft on a sunny day of early April. Yet a gale was blowing from the southwest, flecking the water with white-caps, and streaking it with a broad sheet of foam where the breakers crashed on North Rip. The air was full of the clamor of the waves, and sweet with the warm, damp smells of spring. On the sand dunes looking out to sea sat half a dozen men, their rough faces reddened with the wind, their watchful eyes instinctively keeping an outlook on the horizon. They were the same who had watched Helen start on her perilous trip half a year before. Now

they had crossed the island to fish on the Rip. But the water was too rough; even a dory could hardly live in such a sea, and they sat on the dunes and gossiped in the sunshine and the wind. One called the attention of the rest to a white sail far off shore.

"I declare if that isn't Jack Maverick," he said.

"So 'tis," cried another. "It's his old *Gypsy;* he hasn't been out in it since last fall. What in thunder makes him take her out in a blow like this? I thought Jack had sobered down so he'd got over all them resky ways."

"So did I," confirmed a third. "But I guess we was all mistaken. That's the foolhardiest thing I've seen him do yet. Worse 'n takin' that girl over to the main last year. He got her over all safe, though. I wonder what she give him? He never said, and Jack's one o' them fellers you don't feel free about askin'! Friendly too, but he don't want no one meddlin'. It must 'a' been a good sum, for I hear she was monstrous rich. Her father 's just died, they say, but it don't seem to 'a' stopped the weddin' none, for Miss Curtis up to the hotel told me yesterday she'd just got the weddin'-cards. She was a high-stepper, if ever there was one, an' they say the man she's married 's another. What's his name? Miss Curtis told me, but I forget—George—George something."

"Lathom, it was—George Lathom," put in a man at one side, who was lying at full length shading his eyes to watch the sail. "Miss Curtis mentioned it to my wife. They say she was married at her father's death-bed. I tell you, though, Jack's goin' it—just see her whiz!"

"If it was any other man I sh'd say he'd capsize certain, between that wind an' the swell. But Jack 'll come out all right. He's been takin' too much stock in himself lately to throw it over. He knows what he's about."

"He has turned a corner, hasn't he?" said a fourth man, who had been silent. "No one 'ain't seen Jack drink a drop for half a year. He seemed to stop off all of a sudden like; I didn't know the boy had it in him. Every one knew he was smart, but I hadn't really never thought he'd come to anything much. But look at the way he's worked at his books all winter, and just got his master's certificate. It wasn't luck at all, his gettin' that place on the *Betsy B.* just now. The captain fairly come an' *begged* him to go second officer. Sails day after to-morrow, I hear, an' Jack's took a share in the cargo—he had a little money saved up."

They fell silent for a while, watching the sail as it passed swiftly in front of the shore. Each time the hull sank in the trough of the waves it looked as though the sea were swallowing it at last.

"Where's Jack bound, I wonder?" said one, a little anxiously. "He's only just outside the Rip—I can't see what he wants to go so close for."

"He's crazy," shouted another. "His boat 'll swamp before he can look round! Now, what's he turned that way for? She'll jibe right on top of that next breaker. Good Lord, she's over!"

They were all standing with pale faces strained forward. By one impulse they broke into a run across the heavy sand and launched their dory. The next moment a huge breaker had overturned her and thrown the men out on shore. They shook themselves.

"It's no use," they said. "Jack's done for. He couldn't keep afloat in the Rip a minute the way it is to-day. However did it come to happen? He did it himself, certain. But whatever could 'a made him change his course an' run straight on to Great Rip in a rage, an' then steer her so's she'd jibe?"

"It almost looks as if he'd done it knowin' what must come," said the old man, heavily.

The others looked horror-stricken.

"Oh, no!" cried one; "it couldn't 'a' been that. Jack had everything to live for. See how successful he'd just been, an' everything was openin' up before him. There wasn't nothin' he couldn't have had in time—an' he knew it. See what a sort of proud look he'd got on his face since he'd been doin' so well. It wasn't *that*, you may be sure—but what could it 'a' been?"

They stared at each other with blanched cheeks. It is those who live by the sea who feel its terrors most.

"Maybe the flood-tide 'll bring him ashore at the Point," they said. But it did not. The wreck of the *Gypsy* washed up on the sand, but Maverick was never seen again.

A RECOVERED CHAPTER IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY WALTER CLARK.

HISTORY records few instances of official incapacity and mismanagement so gross as the ill-fated expedition to South America back in 1740, in which perished, to no purpose, over 3000 Americans from the colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, and nearly seven times that number of English. Historians have not loved to linger over its details. Hence it is hardly noted in our books; yet it was a stern, sad reality in its day.

Six times have troops from what are now the United States visited in hostility the territory of our neighbor on the north—viz., in King William's war, 1690; in Queen Anne's war, 1710; at the taking of Louisburg, 1744; in the old French war of 1755-63 (when Quebec fell, and Canada passed to the English); again, during the Revolution, and in the war of 1812. In 1846 we invaded our southern neighbor. The expedition against Cartagena is the only case in which our troops ever engaged an enemy on another continent.

In October, 1739, England declared war against Spain. The real object, all pretexts aside, was to open the ports of Spanish America to British vessels. These ports were hermetically closed to all except Spanish keels. The object in view was no small one from a mercantile standpoint, for Spanish America then reached from the southern boundary of Georgia and the northern boundary of California down to Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn. From this vast country there could be excepted on the mainland only the possessions of the Portuguese in Brazil, together with Jamaica and a few of the smaller islands in the West Indies. The stake was a large one, and England could win only by destroying the colonial system of Spain.

It was a contest for the enrichment of the merchants and traders of England. Small interest had the North American colonies therein. But loving letters and proclamations were sent out calling on them for aid. Promptly on the outbreak of war Anson was sent to the Pacific coast, and Vernon to the Atlantic. Disaster at sea destroyed the hopes of conquest of the former, and turning his expedition into one for booty, and losing all his ships but one, he circumnavigated the globe, reaching home by way of the East, loaded with fame and enriched with spoils. Vernon, in November, 1739, with ease, captured Porto Bello and Fort Chagres (near the present town of Aspinwall), both on the Isthmus of Panama, and became the hero of the hour. The following year Great Britain determined to send out a masterful expedition under the same victorious auspices.

Accordingly, in October, 1740, a fleet of thirty ships of the line, and ninety other vessels, besides tenders, under Sir Chaloner Ogle, sailed from Spithead, Isle of Wight, England, carrying 15,000 sailors and 12,000 land troops—the latter commanded by Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart. They joined Admiral Edward Vernon at Jamaica, January 9, 1741, to which rendezvous came the North American troops, 3600 in number. It is in these latter that our interest principally centres.

The colonial troops came from nine of the colonies, as follows: Massachusetts, 5 companies; Rhode Island, 2 companies; Connecticut, 2 companies; New York, 5 companies; New Jersey, 3 companies; Pennsylvania, 8 companies; Maryland, 3 companies; Virginia, 4 companies; North Carolina, 4 companies. Total, 36 companies. By the royal instructions these companies consisted of 100 men each, including 4 sergeants, 4 corporals, and 2 drummers, besides commissioned officers, consisting of one captain, two lieutenants, and an ensign. The British government, however, reserved the appointment of field and staff officers and one lieutenant and one sergeant in each company. The total was over 3600 men. The provinces of New Hampshire, Delaware, South Carolina, and Georgia sent no troops—the latter two probably because their forces were sent against St. Augustine (to which North Carolina also contributed men), and Delaware was probably counted in Pennsylvania, it being then known as "the three lower counties on Delaware." Why New Hampshire took no part is not explained.

It was ordered that the American troops should be embodied in four regiments or battalions, under the command of Sir Alexander Spotswood, to whom Colonel William Blakeney was to serve

as adjutant-general. Spotswood had served under Marlborough at Blenheim, 1704; had been Governor of Virginia, 1710 to 1723, and in 1714 had been the first white man to cross the Blue Ridge —a feat which procured him the honor of knighthood. He was an officer of rare talent, a scholar, and a man of high character. His career was unfortunately cut short by his death at Annapolis, June 7, 1740, while waiting for his troops to assemble. He was succeeded in the command by Sir William Gooch, then Governor of Virginia—a post which he filled from 1729 to 1749. Blakeney, the adjutant-general sent out from England, was born in County Limerick, Ireland, 1672, and was therefore in his sixty-ninth year. He lived over twenty years after this expedition, to hold Stirling Castle for the King "in the '45," to surrender Minorca, of which he was Governor, to the French, after a gallant resistance, in 1756, and to be raised to the peerage as Lord Blakeney. He died in 1761.

The Massachusetts troops were commanded by Captains Daniel Goffe, John Prescott, Thomas Phillips, George Stewart, and John Winslow. The first lieutenancies of these companies were presumably filled under the general order by appointments sent out from England, and are not named. Among those not officers were Nathaniel Chandler, of Duxbury, ancestor of the late Judge Peleg Sprague, of the United States District Court, and Moses Thomas, ancestor of Hon. Isaiah Thomas, and of Judge Benjamin F. Thomas, of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts; and doubtless by research among the records of that State the names of others may yet be recovered. Nathaniel Chandler did not return, leaving, it is said, a widow and seven young daughters in destitute circumstances. Indeed, of the 500 gallant young men that Massachusetts Bay sent to this Southern expedition, only 50 lived to come home again. These troops were raised and officered in July, 1740. This colony seems to have appropriated 17,500 pounds. In the fall of 1741 a proclamation was issued for recruits to fill the ranks which had been so sorely depleted, but it does not appear whether any were obtained.



THE SITUATION OF CARTAGENA.

Rhode Island sent two companies of 100 men each. The Newport company, equipped in the spring, was commanded by Captain Joseph Sheffield, and the Providence company by Captain William Hopkins. The names of the other officers are not given, but it is mentioned that the first lieutenants in each company were sent out from England. A large number of men in excess had been enlisted, but they were discharged on receiving orders from New York that only 200 were needed. Before embarking the commissioned officers were dined by the Legislature, and the soldiers entertained at public expense. In August, 1741, it is stated that the British troops before Cartagena had been reduced to 3000 men; and, indeed, over half the force having perished in two days by yellow fever, Captain William Hopkins had come home for recruits, which were obtained, and the *Tartar* was equipped to carry them to Santiago de Cuba, against which an attack was meditated, but afterwards abandoned. Captain Walter Chaloner is also spoken of for good conduct in this expedition. He probably succeeded Captain Sheffield.

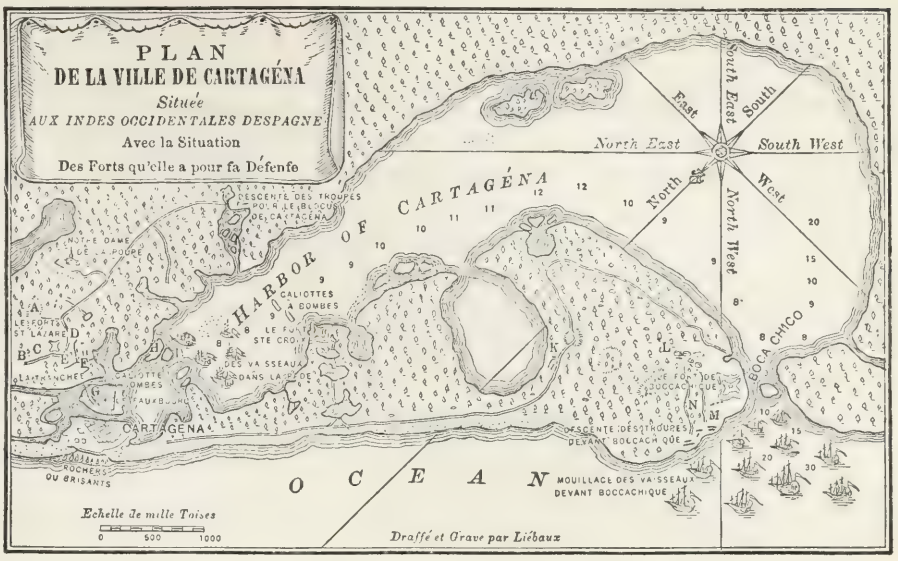
Connecticut sent two companies, commanded, it would seem, by Captains Winslow* and Prescott; and in this province also, in the fall of 1741 and February, 1742, a proclamation was issued to raise recruits under Captain Prescott, who had been sent home by General Wentworth for that purpose from Jamaica. The two companies in 1740 were carried to the seat of war in three vessels, commanded re-

* Colonel John Winslow, who had been a captain in this expedition, commanded all the New England forces in Canada in 1755–6. It does not appear whether it was the Massachusetts or Connecticut captain of that name.

spectively by Captains John Shaw, Nathaniel Shaw, and John Keith. Out of nearly 1000 men furnished by New England, less than 100 ever returned.

Of the five companies sent by New York, one company sailed September 19, 1740, in his Majesty's ships the *Squirrel* and the *Astraa* for Jamaica. Early in October the Rhode Island transports, those of Connecticut (one of which had been delayed to stop a leak caused by running on a rock), those from Boston, and the rest of the New York troops were assembled at Sandy Hook, under Colonel Blakeney, who was in the *Ludlow Castle*. On October 10th they were joined by those of the New Jersey troops which were to embark at Amboy (the West Jersey troops were to go down the Delaware River to meet them). On October 12 the expedition sailed to join Colonel Gooch with the Maryland and Virginia troops. New York raised 2500 pounds for the service. Connecticut gave 4000 pounds towards bounties (*premia* they styled it) and the expenses of the two companies she sent. Application was made to New York also for recruits in 1741. New Jersey raised two companies, and voted 2000 pounds and recruits; for they were also duly called for there, as elsewhere, Captain Farmer being sent home for that purpose. Pennsylvania sent eight companies, but refused any appropriation. Of the Pennsylvania troops 300 were white bond-servants, who were given their liberty on condition of enlistment, much to the dissatisfaction of the province. Maryland voted 5000 pounds, and sent three companies. Virginia sent 400 men, and appropriated 5000 pounds for their support. The captain of one of her companies was Lawrence Washington, the half-brother of George Washington. Lawrence, who was then twenty years of age, distinguished himself in the capture of the fort at Boca Chica, and was also in the deadly assault on San Lazaro, when 600 men, half of the assaulting column, were left on the ground. He was fourteen years older than his more distinguished brother. North Carolina sent 400 men; of these, 300 were raised in the Albemarle section, then the most populous, and one company on the Cape Fear, the latter commanded by James Innes, a Scotchman by birth, but at that day a citizen of New Hanover County. Subsequently he was in command of the North Carolina troops sent to aid Virginia in 1754–5, and as such was the ranking officer under whom George Washington, commanding the Virginia forces, served for a while at Winchester. The names of only two other North Carolinians who served in this expedition are preserved, Captain Robert Holton and Captain Coltrane. North Carolina levied a tax of three shillings on the poll to aid the expedition; but as money was scarce, the General Assembly provided that the tax could be paid either "in specie or by tobacco at ten shillings the hundred, rice at seven shillings and sixpence, dressed deerskins at two shillings and sixpence the pound, tallow at fourpence, pork at seven shillings the barrel, or current paper money at seven and a half for one." This seems to indicate no scarcity in either pork or paper money. Warehouses for receiving the commodities were directed to be built in each county.

Under the royal instructions the feeding and transportation of the troops, till



CARTAGENA IN 1739.

From a map in Oexmelin's *Avanturiers Filibustiers*. Trevoux, 1744.

they joined, were to be borne by the colonies, but their pay, clothing, arms, tents, and ammunition from the beginning were to be furnished by Great Britain. The fleet under Colonel Blakeney, which left New York October 12, arrived first at Jamaica, and the troops from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, under Governor Gooch, soon after. On December 14, 1740, Colonel Blakeney wrote announcing this. Indeed, Gooch wrote himself, December 8, that his command had arrived safely, and only the North-Carolinians were still to come. These sailed from Wilmington, North Carolina, November 5, 1740. Governor Johnston wrote the Duke of Newcastle on that date, adding that the province would have readily sent 200 more if bills of exchange could have been discounted.

In the mean while the British fleet, with 27,000 sailors and soldiers under Sir Chaloner Ogle, proceeded, its 170 vessels having been scattered *en route* by a storm in the Bay of Biscay, to the rendezvous given the American forces at Jamaica. Stopping at St. Christophers and the neutral island of Dominica to take in water, Major-General Lord Cathcart died of a dysentery, and the command of the land forces devolved upon Brigadier-General Thomas Wentworth, an inexperienced and irresolute man—so styled by both Bancroft and Smollett. As the fleet sailed along by Hispaniola, four strange sails were espied, and Sir Chaloner Ogle detached a like number of vessels, under Lord Augustus Fitzroy, to give chase. The battle that ensued was bloody, and lasted till daylight, when the enemy showed French colors, and as war was not then declared between the two nations, the two commanders complimented each other, and went on their several ways, carrying their dead and wounded. This is a characteristic incident of those times. Smollett, the celebrated historian and novelist, was serving in the English fleet as assistant surgeon, and has left us an accurate description, it is said, of this sea-fight in the naval battle depicted by him in *Roderick Random*. The forces were united in the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, January 9, 1741, under Admiral Vernon. Had he at once proceeded to Havana, as intended, it must have fallen, and Cuba would have passed under English rule, and the treasures sent from New Spain would have been intercepted. But unaccountably Vernon lay idle to the end of the month, and then he started east in search of the French fleet off Hispaniola. Finding that it had left for France, towards the end of February it was determined to attack Cartagena. On the 4th of March he anchored off that place, which had three hundred guns mounted. Instead of pressing the attack, he lay inactive till the 9th, giving opportunity for better fortification and re-enforcements to the enemy. He then landed troops on Tierra-Bomba, near the mouth of the harbor known as Boca Chica (or little mouth), and attacked the land batteries also with his ships. In this attack Lord Aubrey Beauclerc, commanding one of the ships, was slain. In the land attack 200 American troops, led by Captain Lawrence Washington, were mentioned for their gallantry. The passage, however, was carried, March 25, and three days later the troops were landed within a mile of Cartagena, which lay at the other end of the spacious harbor, which is really a bay several miles in length. The town was protected by the formidable fort San Lazaro. The enemy abandoned Castillo Grande, the fort on the opposite side of the bay. Had there been proper concurrence between the attacks made by the land forces and the fleet, San Lazaro would have been readily taken; but the worst of feeling prevailed between General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon, and thus there were two poor commanders instead of one good one, as was so essential to success. The whole expedition was shamefully mismanaged. The troops were brave, but the leaders were incompetent. The heat and diseases of the climate slew more than the sword. The town was bombarded three days, terrifying the inhabitants and injuring church steeples and convents. After repeated demands by Admiral Vernon that a land attack should be made, General Wentworth, in a note to Admiral Vernon, April 2, 1741, demanded that 1500 Americans, under Colonel Gooch, should be landed to assist him. On April 6 he acknowledges the landing of the Americans. The assault, which was made on April 9, is thus described: "Stung by the reproaches of the Admiral [Vernon], General Wentworth called a council of his officers, and with their advice he attempted to carry Fort San Lazaro by storm. Twelve hundred men, headed by

General Guise, and guided by some Spanish deserters or peasants, who were ignorant, or more likely in the pay of the Spanish Governor, whom they pretended to have left, marched boldly up to the front of the fort. But the guides led them to the very strongest part of the fortifications; and, what was worse, when they came to try the scaling-ladders with which they were provided, they found them too short. This occasioned a fatal delay, and presently the brilliant morning of the tropics broke with its glaring light upon what had been intended for a nocturnal attack. Under these circumstances the wisest thing would have been an instant retreat; but the soldiers had come to take the fort, and with bull-dog resolution they seemed determined to take it at every disadvantage. They stood under a terrible plunging fire, adjusted their ladders, and fixed upon points where they might climb; and they did not yield an inch of ground, though every Spanish cannon and musket told upon them and thinned their ranks. Some of the grenadiers even attained a footing on the ramparts, when their brave leader, Colonel Grant, was mortally wounded. The grenadiers were swept over the face of the wall, but still the rest sustained the enemy's fire for several hours, and did not retreat till 600, or one-half their original number, lay dead or wounded at the foot of those fatal walls.* It is said that Vernon stood inactive on his quarter-deck all the while, and did not send in his boats full of men till the last moment, when Wentworth was retreating. The heavy rains now set in, and disease spread with such terrible rapidity that in less than two days one-half the troops on shore were dead, dying, or unfit for service." Vernon sent a vessel to the attack after the failure of the land assault, but so badly managed it that she struck on a mud bank, and was destroyed by the enemy. It is said that he could easily have sent four or five vessels in deep water within pistol-shot of the fort, and if this had been done while Wentworth was attacking the land face, the fort would have fallen. After this the army went back to Jamaica, where it numbered only 3000 out of the original 15,600. Of this, even, only 2000 survived to return home. The sailors also were badly depleted, for after his return to Jamaica Admiral Vernon wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, May 30, 1741, that "without the aid of some Americans we could not get our ships to sea." And this was done by impressing them for that purpose—probably sailors from the sloops which had brought out the American troops. Yet, notwithstanding the promise in the royal proclamation, when these troops were enlisted, that they should be returned to their homes free of expense, Vernon had the effrontery to write to Newcastle suggesting that the few surviving Americans should be colonized in eastern Cuba, as "North America is already too thickly settled, and its people wish to establish manufactures, which would injure those at home" (in Britain).

Three thousand recruits, part probably from the North American colonies, were sent him, and he also organized and drilled 1000 Jamaica negroes with a design of attacking Santiago de Cuba, but this was abandoned. Thus ended probably the most formidable and thoroughly equipped expedition which up to that time Great Britain had sent out. Everything was expected of it. Under good leadership it might have taken Cuba, and ended the rule of the Spaniard in the New World. Its failure is only comparable to that sustained by Nicias in Sicily, as narrated by Plutarch. Vernon's utter defeat overthrew the Walpole ministry.

General Thomas Wentworth, on whom the command of the land forces devolved by the death of Lord Cathcart, was colonel of the 24th Regiment, 1737, brigadier-general, 1739, and after these misfortunes was made a major-general, August 14, 1741. On his return to England in 1743 was immediately elected to Parliament, had interest enough to be promoted lieutenant-general two years later, and died, November, 1747, while minister to Turin.

Admiral Edward Vernon was born at Westminster, 1684. He served in Spain in the early years of the War of the Succession. He was several times elected to Parliament both before and after the disastrous expedition in which his incompetency caused the loss of so many brave men. Altogether considerably over 25,000 men must have perished in the four months from January to May, 1741. Admiral Vernon was at last cashiered and dismissed from the service, but not for his incompetency, which is a venial fault in a government ruled by aristocratic influences, as England then was, provided

* 179 killed, 459 wounded, 16 prisoners.

the offender has influential connections. He did not die till 1757. Admiral Vernon was the first to order the sailors' rations of rum to be diluted with water, which unpopular mixture took henceforward the name of *grog*, from his grogram overcoat. He incidentally touches later American history by the fact that his name was bestowed by Lawrence Washington (who served under him) on his residence, which afterwards took its place in history as Mount Vernon. It is the irony of fate which thus links his name with immortal fame, for few men so incompetent have ever trod a quarter-deck as that same Vice-Admiral of the Blue, Edward Vernon.

Thus one hundred and fifty-six years ago the colonies came to the front. They responded to the King's call for aid with men and means to the full extent of their ability. Their troops served faithfully—aye, brilliantly. Beneath the tropical sun, at the carrying of the passage of Boca Chica, in the deadly assault upon San Lazaro, amid the more deadly pestilence that walketh by noonday, they knew how to do their duty and to die. The merest handful returned home. But their States have preserved no memento of their deeds. The historian has barely mentioned them. Few names have been preserved. The recollection of so much heroism should not be allowed to die. Their States should yet erect cenotaphs to these their sons, the

> "Brave men who perished by their guns,
> Though they conquered not"

—to the "unreturning brave" who sleep by the Cartagenian summer sea beneath the walls of San Lazaro.

THE VIGIL OF McDOWELL SUTRO.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

FOR the third time that afternoon the young man stood before the window of the post-office to ask the same question and to receive the same answer:

"Has any letter come for McDowell Sutro?"

"No."

This time he persisted, for he could not take no for an answer at that late hour of the day.

"Are you sure?" he asked, urgently.

"Certain sure," was the answer that came through the window.

"Will there be another mail from California to-night?" he inquired, clutching a last hope.

"Not to-night," responded the clerk.

The young man stood there for a second, staring unconsciously into the window, and not seeing anybody or anything. Then he turned slowly to go.

The clerk knew that look on the face of men who asked for letters, and he had a movement of kindness.

"Say, young feller!" he called, brusquely.

McDowell Sutro faced about instantly, with a swift flash of hope.

"If you're expecting money in that letter, maybe it's registered," suggested the clerk. "Ask over there in the corner."

"Thank you," the young man answered, gratefully; and he walked to the window in the corner with expectation again lighting his face.

But there was no registered letter for McDowell Sutro, and there could none arrive before the next morning. And as the handsome young Californian left the post-office he knew that he had hardly a right even to hope that the letter he was asking for should ever arrive.

He stepped out on Fifth Avenue; and though a warm June wind blew balmily up from Washington Square, his heart was chill within him. He shivered as he wondered what he was to do now. He knew no one in New York, and he had not a cent in his pocket.

In his youth he had expected to inherit a fortune, and so he learned no trade and studied no profession. He had taught himself how to be idle elegantly; he had never planned how to earn his own living. Perhaps this was the reason why he had failed to find any work to do during the two gliding weeks since he had suddenly been brought face to face with his final ten-dollar bill.

He had no more resources than he had friends. His trunk, with the little clothing he owned, was still at the boarding-house he had left ten days before; it was held by the landlady till he paid her

what he owed. His modest jewelry had been pawned, bit by bit.

It was now about seven in the evening, and he had had no food since the coffee and cakes taken perhaps twelve hours earlier, and bought with the last dime left him after he had paid for his night's lodging. Having walked all day, he was weary and hungry, and he had no idea how he could get a roof over his head once again or fill his stomach once more. He had heard of men and women starving to death in the streets of New York, and he found himself inquiring if that were to be his fate.

Not guiding his steps consciously, he went up Fifth Avenue to the corner of Fourteenth Street, and then turned toward Broadway. The long June day was drawing to an end. Behind his back the red sun was settling down slowly. The street was crowded with cars and with carts; and people hurried along, eager to be with their families, and giving no attention to the homeless young man they brushed against.

When he came to Broadway it seemed to him as though the rush and the tumult redoubled, and as though the men and the women who passed him were being tossed to and fro by invisible breakers. The roar of the city rose all about him; it smote on his tired ears like the deafening crash of the surf after a northeaster. He likened himself to a spent swimmer about to have the life beaten out of him by the pounding of the waves, and certain sooner or later to be cast up on the beach, a stripped and bruised corpse.

So vividly did he picture this that involuntarily he straightened himself and drew a long breath. He was a good-looking young fellow, with a graceful brown mustache curling over his weak mouth. As he stood there, erect as though ready to fight for his life, more than one woman passing briskly along the street let his figure fill her eye with pleasure.

The cable-cars whisked around the curves before him, and beyond them he beheld the green fairness of Union Square. The freshness of its foliage as he saw it through the darksome twilight attracted him. He crossed cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout for the cars, and smiling as he noted how careful he was of his life, now he did not know how he was to sustain it.

As he stood at last in the verdant oasis in the centre of the square, suddenly the electric light whitewashed the pavement, and his unexpected shadow lay black and sprawling under his feet. He looked up, startled, and he saw the infinite arch of the sky curving over him—clear, cloudless, and illimitable. The faint sickle of the new moon hung low on the horizon. A towering building thrust its thin height into the air, and the yellow lights in its upper windows seemed like square panels inlaid in the deep blue of the sky. The beauty of the moment lifted him out of his present misery, and he was glad to be alive. The plash of the fountain fell on his ears and charmed them. The broad leaves of the aquatic plants swayed languidly as a gentle breeze blew across the surface of the water.

With a sigh of relief, McDowell Sutro dropped upon one of the park benches. Until he sat down he did not know how tired he was. His feet ached, and his stomach cried for food. And yet he was stout of heart. "If I've got to spend a night *à la belle étoile*," he said to himself, "I could have no better luck. There are beautiful stars a plenty this evening. It's like that night in Venice when Tom Pixley and I took the two Morton girls out in our gondolas, and their aunt couldn't find us. I remember we had had a good dinner at Florian's, with an immense dish of *risotto milanese*—so big we had to leave some. I wish I had the chance again. I could finish it now if it was twice as much."

Over on Fourth Avenue, behind the equestrian statue of George Washington, there was a Hungarian restaurant, and from his bench at the edge of the grass McDowell Sutro could see the table right in the window at which an old man and a young woman were having dinner. He could follow every movement of their hands; he could count every mouthful they ate. At last he could bear it no longer, and he changed his seat to a bench nearer Broadway. Here he found himself facing another eating-room, in the broad windows of which many kinds of food were alluringly displayed. Men came out and lingered in the doorway long enough to light a cigarette.

When McDowell Sutro noted this, the craving for tobacco seized him. A smoke would not stay his stomach, but it would be a solace none the less. He rose to his feet and felt in all his pockets, in

the vain hope that his fingers might touch some overlooked fragment of a cigar. There was something at the bottom of one of the pockets of his coat, but it mocked him by revealing itself as a match. He sank down on the bench and turned his eyes away from the restaurant, for he could not bear to gaze on the cakes and pies piled up behind the plate-glass, or to observe the smoke curling up from the lips of men who had eaten and drunk abundantly.

There was a bar-room under the hotel on the corner of Broadway, and every minute or so two or three men pushed inside the swinging doors, to reappear five or ten minutes later. Further down Broadway stood a theatre, and there was now a throng about its broad doorway. Another theatre faced the square, gay with prismatic signs and besprinkled with electric lights. McDowell Sutro watched men and women step up to the box-office of this place of amusement and buy their tickets and disappear within. He wondered why these men and women should have money to spare on a show, when he had not enough to pay for a meal and a night's lodging.

Perhaps it was the fatigue of his useless day, and perhaps it was the hypnotic influence of the revolving lights before the variety theatre, which caused the lonely young man to fall asleep. How long he slept he did not know, nor what waked him at last. But he had a doubtful memory of a human touch upon his body, and three of his pockets were turned inside out. When he discovered this, he laughed outright. The attempt to rob him then struck him as the funniest thing that had ever happened.

He must have slept for two or three hours at least, for the appearance of the square had changed. It was no longer evening; it was now night. While he looked about him he saw the doors of the theatre in Broadway pushed open, and the audience began to pour forth. A few moments later little knots of the play-goers passed him, still laughing with remembrance of the farce they had been witnessing. In another quarter of an hour the people began to come out of the other theatre, the variety show on the square, and the lights that flared above the doorway went out, all at once.

It was nearly midnight when two men sat down on the bench of which McDowell Sutro had been the sole occupant hitherto. They were tall and thin, both of them; they were clean-shaven; their clothes were shabby; and yet they carried themselves with an indescribable air, as though they were accustomed to brave the gaze of the world.

"No," said the elder of the two, continuing their conversation, "she's no good. She has a figure like a flat-iron and a voice like a fog-horn, hasn't she? Well, there's no draft in that, is there? She's a Jonah, that's what she is, and she'd hoodoo any show. Why, the last time I was on the road she tried to queer my act. I called her down right there and then, and when the star backed her up, I was going to give my two weeks' notice; and I'd have done it, too, but I was playing cases then, and I didn't want to come back here walking on my uppers. But if I had quit, they'd have closed in a month, I tell you! They didn't know who was drawing the money to their old show; but I did! You ought to have been in the one-night towns on the oil circuit and heard me do Shamus O'Brien. That used to fetch 'em every night—I tell you it did! And it used to make her tired!"

"Did you ever see me play Laertes?" asked the younger. "I did it first in 'Frisco in '72, when Larry Barrett came out there. Well, while I was on the stage with him, Hamlet didn't get a hand. I've got a notice here now that said I was the Greatest Living Laertes."

"I played Iago once with Larry Barrett," said the first speaker, "and I gave them such a realistic impersonation they used to hiss me off the stage almost."

"Have a cigarette?" asked the other, holding out a package.

"Don't care if I do," was the answer. "I've got a match."

"That's lucky, for I haven't," said the owner of the cigarettes.

"Well, I haven't, after all," the elder actor had to confess, after a vain search in his pockets.

"Let me provide the match," broke in McDowell Sutro. "I've only one, but it's at your service."

"Thank you," was the response. "Can I not offer you a cigarette?"

"I don't care if I do," the young man answered, involuntarily repeating the phrase he had just heard, as he thrust out his hand eagerly.

The first whiff of the smoke was like

meat and drink to him; and in the sensuous enjoyment of the luxury he almost neglected to respond to the next remark addressed to him. But in a minute he found himself chatting with the two actors pleasantly. Although they had been to California more than once, they knew none of his friends; but it cheered merely to hear again the names of familiar landmarks. There was more than a suggestion of haughtiness in the way they both condescended to him; but he did not resent this, even if he remarked it. Human companionship was sweet to him; and to drop into a chat with casual strangers on a bench in Union Square at midnight, even this diminished the desolation of his loneliness.

The talk lasted perhaps a quarter of an hour, and then the two other men rose to go. McDowell Sutro stood up also, as though he were at home and they were his guests.

"Come over and have a drink," said the elder of the two.

And again the young man answered, "I don't care if I do."

He would rather have had food than drink, but he could not tell two strangers that he was hungry.

As they passed before the statue of Lafayette and crossed the car tracks, he wondered whether the saloon where they were going to was one of those which set out a free lunch.

As they entered the bar-room his eyes swept it wolfishly, and then fixed themselves at the end of the counter, where there were broad dishes with cheese and crackers and sandwiches. He could hardly control himself; he wanted to rush there and snatch the food and devour it. But shame kept him standing near the door with the two actors, though his gaze was fastened on the dishes only a few feet from him.

The barkeeper set the bottle before them, and they poured out the liquor. Then they looked at each other and said, "How!"

The elder actor half finished his drink at a single gulp. As he set down his glass he caught McDowell Sutro staring at the free lunch.

"That's not a bad idea," he said, moving along the bar—"not half bad. I'll take a sandwich myself. I feel a bit hollow to-night. I got three encores after I gave them the 'Pride of Battery B,' and I need something to build me up. Have a sandwich?"

"I don't care if I do," responded the hungry man, as his fingers closed on the bread. Yet when he took the first mouthful it almost choked him.

Five minutes later he had said good-night to his two chance acquaintances and he was again back in the square. The scant food he had been able to take lay hard in his stomach, and the liquor he had drunk, little as that was also, was yet enough to make his head whirl. He did not walk unsteadily, although he was conscious that it took an effort for him to carry himself without swerving.

The bench on which he had been sitting was now occupied by four very young men in evening dress, who were gravely smoking pipes, as though they were trying to acquire a taste for this novel pastime. So he went to the centre of the square, where he stood for a while looking at the aquatic plants and listening to the spurtle of the fountain.

All the seats around the fountain were occupied by men and women, most of whom seemed to have settled themselves for the night, as though they were used to sleeping there. McDowell Sutro found himself speculating whether he too would soon be accustomed to spending his nights in the open air, without a roof over him.

One solid German had fallen into a slumber so heavy that his snore became a loud snort. Then a gray-coated policeman waked the sleeper by smiting the soles of his feet with the club.

"This park ain't no bedroom," said the policeman, "and I ain't goin' to have you fellows goin' to sleep here either! See?"

After walking three or four times around on the outer circle of the little park, the young man found a vacant seat on a bench near the corner of Broadway and Seventeenth Street. The brilliantly lighted cable-cars still glided swiftly up and down Broadway with their insistent gongs, but they were now fewer and fewer; and the cross-town horse-cars passed only two or three an hour. The long day of the city was nearly over at last, and for the two or three hours before dawn there would be peace and a cessation of the struggle.

As he sank back on the bench, sick with weariness, the occupant of the seat next to him aroused herself. She was an elderly woman, with grizzled hair.

"I beg your pardon—if I waked you up?" said the young man.

"You did wake me up," she answered, "but I forgive you. It's only cat-naps I get anyway nowadays. I haven't stretched my legs out between the sheets and had my fill of sleep for a month of Sundays. And I'm a glutton for sleeping if I've the chance. But I'm getting used to sitting up late," and she laughed without bitterness. "What time is it now?" she asked.

McDowell Sutro involuntarily lifted his hand to the pocket of his waistcoat, and then he dropped it quickly. Blushing, he answered, "I don't know—I—"

"Time's up, isn't it?" she returned, with a laugh of understanding. "I haven't got my watch with me either; I left it in my other clothes at my uncle's. But Mr. Tiffany is a kind-hearted man, and he keeps a clock all lighted up for us to see. Your eyes are younger than mine—what time is it now?"

McDowell Sutro looked intently for half a minute before he could make out the hour. At last he answered, "It's almost half past one, I think."

"Then I've a couple of hours for another nap before the sparrows wake us all up," she returned. "Is it the first night you have come to this hotel of ours?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," she continued, "by your feeling for your watch. You'll get out of the way of doing that soon."

His face blanched with fear that she might be predicting the truth. Would the time ever come when he should be used to sleeping in the open air?

The old woman turned a little, so that she could look at him.

"It's a handsome young fellow you are," she went on; "there's more than one house in town where they'd take you in on your looks—and tuck you up in bed, too, and keep you warm."

"Perhaps I'm better off here," he remarked, feeling that he was expected to say something.

"This isn't a bad hotel of ours, this isn't," she returned; "it's well ventilated, for one thing. Of course you can go to the station-house if you want. I don't. I've tried it, and I'd sooner sleep in the snow than in the station-house, with the creatures you meet there. This hotel of ours here keeps open all night; and it's on the European plan, I'm thinking — leastwise you can have anything you can pay for. When the owl-wagon is here, you can get a late supper—if you have the price of it. I haven't."

"Neither have I," he answered.

"Then there's two of us ready for an invite to breakfast," she responded, cheerily. "If any one asks us, it's no previous engagement will make us decline, I'm thinking."

He made no answer, for his heart sank as he looked into the future.

"Are you hungry now?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, simply.

"So am I," she replied, "and I can't get used to it. Hunger is like pain, isn't it? It don't let go of you; it don't get tired and let up on you. It's a stayer, that's what it is, and it keeps right on, attending strictly to business. Sometimes, when I'm very hungry, I feel like committing suicide, don't you?"

"No," he responded, "at least not yet; I haven't had enough of life to be tired of it so soon."

"Neither have I," was her answer. "Sometimes I'm ready to quit, but somehow I don't do it. But it would be so easy; you throw yourself in front of one of those cable-cars coming down Broadway now — and you'll get rapid transit to kingdom come. But they don't sell excursion tickets. Besides, being crunched by a cable-car is a dreadful mussy way of dying, don't you think? And today's Friday, too—and I don't believe I'd ever have any luck in the next world if I was to commit suicide on a Friday."

"This isn't Friday any longer," he suggested; "it's Saturday morning."

"So it is now," she rejoined; "then we'd better be getting our beauty-sleep as soon as we can, for the flower-market here will wake us up soon enough, seeing it's Saturday. And so good-night to you!"

"Good-night!" he responded.

"And may you dream you've found a million dollars in gold, and then wake up and find it true!" she continued.

"Thank you," he replied, wondering what manner of woman his neighbor might be.

She said nothing more, but settled herself again and closed her eyes. She was dressed in rusty black, and she had a thin black shawl over her head. She had been a very handsome woman — so she impressed the young man by her side—and he was wholly at a loss to guess how she



"SHE SAID NOTHING MORE, BUT CLOSED HER EYES."

came to be here, in the street, at night, without money and alone. She seemed out of place there; for her manner, though independent, was not defiant. There was no rasping harshness in her tones; indeed, her talk was dashed with joviality. Her speech even puzzled him, although he thought that showed her to be Irish.

Turning these things over in his mind, he fell asleep. He dreamed the same dream again and again—a dream of a barbaric banquet, where huge outlandish dishes were placed on the table before him. The savor of them was strange to his nostrils, but it brought the water to his mouth. Then, when he made as though to help himself and stay his appetite, the whole feast slid away beyond his reach, and finally faded into nothing. The dream differed in detail every time he dreamed it; and the last time the only dish on the board before him was a gigantic pasty, which he succeeded in cutting open, only to behold four-and-twenty blackbirds fly forth. The birds circled about his head, and then returned to the empty shell of the pasty, and perched there, and sang derisively.

So loudly did they sing that McDowell Sutro awoke, and he heard in the trees above him and behind him the chirping and twittering of countless sparrows.

He recalled what the old woman had said—that the birds would wake them up. Probably they had aroused her first, for the place on the bench next to him was empty.

He rose to his feet and looked about him. It was almost daybreak, and already there were rosy streaks in the eastern sky. A squirrel was running up and down a large tree in the middle of the grass-plot behind the bench on which he had been sleeping. In the open space at the northern end of the square there were a dozen or more gardeners' wagons, thick

with growing flowers in pots, and men were arranging these plants in rows upon the pavement. Another heavy wagon, loaded with roses only, rolled across the car track, and disturbed a flock of pigeons, that swirled aloft for a moment, and then settled down again. A moist breeze blew up from the bay, and brought a warning of rain to come later in the day.

The sleepers on the other benches here and there throughout the square were waking, one by one. McDowell Sutro saw one of them go to the drinking-fountain and wash his hands and face. He followed this example as best he could. When he had made an end of this his eye fell on Tiffany's clock, which told the hour of half past four. A few minutes later the first rays of the sun began to gild the cornices of the tall buildings which towered above the Lincoln statue.

Within the next hour and a half the cable-cars began to pass down town more frequently, and the cross-town cars from the ferries also came closer together. The gardeners' wagons and the plants taken from them filled the broad space at the upper end of the square. Milk-carts rattled across the car tracks, that bounded the square on all four sides. The signs of the coming day multiplied, and McDowell Sutro noted them all, one after another, with unfailing interest, despite the gnawing pain in his stomach. It was the first time he had ever seen the awakening of a great city.

He walked away from Union Square as far as Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and again as far as Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street; but he found himself always returning to the flower market. At last a hope sprang up within him. Among the purchasers were ladies not strong enough to carry home the heavy pots, and perhaps he might pick up a job. This was not the way he wanted to earn his daily bread, but never before had he felt the want of the daily bread so keenly.

When he came back to the line of gardeners' wagons he found other men out of work also hanging about in the hope of making an honest penny; and more than once he saw one or another of these others sent away, burdened with tall plants.

At last he took his courage in his hand, and he went up to a little old lady whom he had seen going from row to row. She had bright eyes and a gentle manner and a kindly smile. He asked her, if she bought anything, to let him carry it home for her. She looked at the handsome young fellow, and her glance was as shrewd as it seemed to him sympathetic.

"Yes," she answered, "I think I can trust you."

A minute or two later she bargained with a Scotch gardener for two azaleas in full bloom. Then she turned to McDowell Sutro:

"Will you take those to the Post-Graduate Hospital, corner of Second Avenue and Twentieth Street, for half a dollar?"

"Yes," he answered, eagerly.

"Very well," she responded. "They are for the Babies' Ward. Say that they are from Miss Van Dyne. The Babies' Ward, you understand? And here is your money. I've got to trust you; but you have an honest face, and I don't believe that you would rob sick children of the sight and smell of the flowers they love."

"No," said McDowell Sutro, "I wouldn't." He picked up the heavy pots, and held one in the hollow of each arm. "The Babies' Ward of the Post-Graduate Hospital, from Miss Van Dyne? Is that it?"

"That's it," she answered, with her illuminating smile.

He walked off with the plants. Having the money in his pocket to break his fast, it seemed as though he could not get to the hospital swiftly enough. But when he had handed in the flowers, and was on his way back again to the square, he remembered suddenly the woman who had sat by him on the bench, and who had been hungry also. He had fifty cents in his pocket now, and in the window of an eating-house on Fourth Avenue he saw the sign, "Regular Breakfast, 25 cts." He had money enough to buy two regular breakfasts, one for himself and one for her.

He made the circle of the little park three times, besides traversing it in every direction, and then he had to confess that she was beyond his reach.

So he went to the restaurant alone, and had a regular breakfast all to himself.

When he came forth he felt refreshed, and the people who were now hurrying along the streets struck him as happier than those he had seen in the gray dawn. The long sunbeams were lighting the side streets. The workmen with their



"THE PEOPLE STRUCK HIM AS HAPPIER."

dinner-pails were giving place to the shop-girls with their luncheons tied up in paper.

The roar of the great city arose once more as the mighty tide of humanity again swept through its thoroughfares.

He went back to the gardeners' wagons, believing that he might earn another half-dollar. But when he saw other men waiting there hungrily, he turned away, thinking it only fair to give them a chance too.

He found a seat in the sun, and looked on while the flower market was stripped by later purchasers. He wondered where the plants were all going, and then he remembered that the same flowers serve for the funeral and for the wedding. For the first time it struck him as strange that the plant which dresses a dinner table to-day may gladden a sick-room to-morrow, and be bedded on a grave the day after.

At last he thought the hour had come when the post-office would be open again, and he set off for Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street.

When he reached the station he checked his walk. He did not dare go in, although the doors were open, and he could see other men and women asking questions at the little square windows. What if his questions should meet with the same answer as yesterday? What if he should have to spend another night in Union Square?

He nerved himself at last and entered. As he approached the window the clerk looked at him with a glance of recognition.

"McDowell Sutro, isn't it? Yes—there *is* a letter for you. Overweight, too—there's four cents extra postage to pay."

The young man's hand trembled as he put down the quarter left after paying for his regular breakfast. He seized the envelope swiftly, and almost forgot to pick up his change, till the clerk reminded him of it.

He tore the letter open. It was from Tom Pixley; it contained a post-office order for fifty dollars; and it began:

"My dear Mac,—Go and see Sam Sargent, 78 Broadway, and he will get you a place on the surveyor's staff for the new line of the Barataria Central. I'm writing to him by this mail, and—"

But for a minute McDowell Sutro could read no further. His eyes had filled with tears.

HEREAFTER.

BY ALFRED H. LOUIS.

THOU know'st not, sweet, what must remain unknown
Through all that my poor words can say or sing,
The measure of the love to thee I bring.
One day thou wilt, when, by a graven stone
That bears a name, thou standest, white, alone,
Shadowed by yearning memory's raven wing,
Rained on by blossoms of some wind-born spring
Wherefrom thirst-quenching fruit shall ne'er be grown.
Then—power shall rest upon the vanished hand
Once too much trembling to thy touch for power;
Then—shall my soul at last thy soul command
As it might not in Time's brief fitful hour;
And what Life's fires might neither melt nor burn
Shall yield with tears to ashes and the urn.



A BLACK SETTLEMENT.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

THE big woods lay both sides the creek, and ran on to the Dover road. Its core was the 'Cisco land, which had belonged for years and years to somebody in Richmond. Then there was Woodchuck, old Major P——'s quarter place, the old Taylor plantation—unoccupied this twenty years—and smaller holdings to swell the tale to something like ten thousand acres—in which possibly five hundred were of old field.

Along the creek the land was lively and broken—now swelling in sharp rounded hills, now spreading in rich cup-shaped swales. It had limestone foundations overlaid with bright red clay, and was heavily timbered with oak of many sorts, walnut, hickory, blue and yellow poplar, with sycamore at the water-side, and undergrowth of hazel, black-gum, and dogwood. Brought under plough, the soil was a blackish-chocolate loam, full of rich phosphorescent pebbles, and equally good for tobacco, wheat, and corn, the region's three staples.

A mile back the land changed entirely; so did the forest growth. Here there were long level reaches, dipping faintly now and then to a wet-weather drain. Every drain ran out of a big high-lying slash, set thick with tall slim trees, and bare of undergrowth. That was not peculiar to the wet lands, though. Riding anywhere, the eye could range and lose itself in mazes of tall slim black trunks, which upheld columnwise a fretted roof. In summer the roof was green; in autumn, red and yellow; in the dead winter, an airy intricacy of netted boughs.

Underneath in the wet sour land there was thick carpeting of moss about a central hollow of clear deep-brown swamp water. Otherwhere dead leaves lay thinly over the soil. They fell in myriads every fall; but from time immemorial the woods had been burned over every spring. Nominally it was to start the grass—sparse sedge and "Nimble Will"—but everybody understood it was really for the sake of the turkey-hunters, who

raced after and shot the wild flocks in fall and winter.

The earth here was black and clammy, running down to a subsoil of yellow clay, which in turn rested upon blue clay, almost as sticky and holding as mortar half set. It was, in native speech, "crayfishy land," since that odd creature had a habit of creeping through the drains into the slashes, and setting his queer ringed houses all about in the moist places. He was thought, indeed, to open and keep free subterranean water-veins, and thus to be answerable for the fact that a loaded wagon would sometimes mire to the hub in what had seemed to be a sound roadway.

Except in its first freshness, the flat lands would not fetch paying crops of corn or wheat. That accounted in large measure for its having been left untouched. To offset that, it yielded peculiarly fine tobacco, and was unrivalled for meadows and for fruit. Frost fell harmless there, indeed, when it killed every peach and cherry along the creek, and in the barren lands upon the other side of it, which ran northward into Kentucky. In spite of its level swampiness the flat land lay higher by two hundred feet. From the verge of the plateau it was possible to look across a space of thirty miles.

So much by way of setting a background. Along towards the close of the sixties a sudden hunger for land fell upon the freedmen in that middle Tennessee county. There were many of them; besides the considerable slave population of old days, hundreds had come down from the Kentucky tobacco plantations. Land in Kentucky was held at fifty dollars the acre; for years the big woods had gone a-begging at five—that, of course, for cash; but the agent of it and adjacent holders were not slow to conclude that twenty dollars the acre on long time would be no bad speculation.

Conversely, in every feature the big woods appealed to its intending occupants. There was timber for houses, barns, fuel, and fencing, a good range for stock, water and game, to say nothing of the teeming soil. Best of all, it was to be bought at prices they might hopefully promise. Then, too, it neighbored a region of farms and plantations whose white owners might be counted on to pay in cash or in kind for whatever labor the blacks could spare from their own crops.

So, very shortly the settlement was begun. Some bought ten acres, some twenty, some fifty—a few venturous souls even a hundred. Nearly every purchaser had a wife and a varied assortment of children, besides dogs, chickens, a cow, a sow and pigs, and, in rare cases, a beast of burden.

What was much more to the point, they had also a knowledge of farming—the earned increment of servile years. Almost without exception they had belonged to thrifty and stirring planters from Virginia and the Carolinas, who knew all subtleties of soil and season—and had taught their slaves like thrift and weather wisdom. They had been taught, too, to go into virgin forest, chop it down, turn the timber into house-logs, rails, and firewood; with the logs to build houses, and give them well-pitched tight roofs of boards rived in the same clearing, as well as to make gates, draw-bars, feed-troughs, and a dozen such small deer.

So the black men had good reason for the courage with which they attacked the remnant wilderness—the wilderness which teaches cogently the "solidarity of society." Nobody in the black settlement had ever heard the doctrine's name, notwithstanding it was of force and effect there from the very beginning. Necessity preaches a communism of conservation that the wayfaring man even cannot fail to comprehend. Though each settler planned for himself and his own, bought, wrought, strove with narrow and jealous individualism, there was hardly a point at which he truly lived to himself. In work or play, through joy or sorrow, by things temporal and things spiritual, he was taught to recognize the strength of human aggregates as opposed to the weakness of human units.

I know the black settlement by heart. Ten years I lived on the verge of it, in amity and comity with its indwellers. For the most part, they were excellent good friends of mine—excellent good neighbors too, anxiously ready to return in kindly service such small courtesies of root and seed and scion, the loan of tools or wagon, or pasturage for ailing stock, as an established plantation could easily afford. Many came to me to write their letters, or to help them through their small legal troubles. By-and-by they

sold me successive crops of calves and tobacco. They asked advice, too, about everything—from buying a church-bell to the proper depth for an overskirt ruffle—and listened always to what I had to say with faces of profound gratitude. Yet, upon my honor, I must affirm, my best judgment was wholly ineffectual, if in any manner it contravened the thing which was decreed by the settlement's own usage.

"Yes, 'm—dat's des zactly de thing—fer whi' folks—but hit's diffunt wid us niggers," they said, in meek apology for taking their own way. This mainly about matters intimately social. In either fashion or finance my word stood for authentic fact.

Let me show you these friends of mine in their habit as they lived. Come first to the "choppin' frolic at Unc' Caleb Barton's." Unc' Caleb is the minister as well as the buyer of a hundred-acre tract. Though he bought it two years back, it is only this fall that he has come to live on it—and even then, his old master up in Kentucky tried hard to prevail on him to stay with him another five years.

But that did not suit Unc' Caleb. Kentucky is twenty miles away, and it is grievous work riding all that way to preach every Sunday. So he has hired him a cabin, built in the edge of the bit of old field he got, has moved into it, fenced a scant door-yard, put up an ash-hopper, a pig-pen, a brush shed for his two mules, and is beginning to think of land for next year's crop.

His three sons are choppers of renown. But what can three axes do to wrest a field from tall timber? The boys have been working here from the settlement's first season; they have chopped their prettiest for their neighbors, and feel now that it is time for returns in kind. Besides, Christmas is coming—all the choppers of spirit are ready for any sort of frolic. By twos and fives and tens they have trooped in this morning, each with a newly ground axe over his shoulder, and a mind made up to win, at the least, a half-dozen races before night.

Yesterday the limit of the new clearing was carefully set; the scant undergrowth cut and piled. The boys saw to that. Unc' Caleb himself went to town, where he spent last month's church collections for a bag of flour, a keg of molasses, and a biggish jug of whiskey. He killed hogs a week ago. There will be backbone pie, sausage, souse, sparerib, and boiled jowl for dinner; besides, one white neighbor has sent in a bushel of red-cheeked apples; another, a fat sack of big sweet-potatoes. Aunt 'Cindy Barton



AUNT 'CINDY BARTON.

is known, too, for a very queen of cooks. The fifty-odd good fellows who stand warming their axes at the big log fire just outside the yard will have cheer to match their noble appetites.

It is crisp weather. Clouds huddle and scurry across the face of the sun, impelled by a wind sitting dead at the north. The ground rings sharply beneath the many booted feet. Here or there a little pool shows glair ice, but, for the most part, the frost has set long funguslike crystals over the face of the land. They shiver to icy dust as the choppers dash about. It is nearing nine o'clock—full time work



UNCLE CALEB.

was begun if Unc' Caleb is to find this short day one of profit.

He comes slowly through the cabin door, a powerful grizzled figure, with shrewd eyes and a generous smile. He has a fat black bottle in one hand—another shows to the neck in the left pocket of his great-coat, which is a marvel of shreds and patches. He carries a tiny tumbler, too. Beforetime he has shaken hands with everybody, yet now they crowd about him like swarming bees.

"I done got de fust er Bro' Caleb's good licker, bless God! Now any man whar beats me choppin' kin hab de res' er my sheer," Mose Sharp says, whirling his axe over his head, and hirpling away toward the clearing. Mose is lame and lazy—when about his own concerns—but a man of mighty muscle from the waist upward. Bill Green, the blacksmith, is his sole rival when it comes to a square chop off; Bill gets the next dram and rushes after Mose. Before the rest have drunk their two fingers of neat spirits the pair have sent an oak a foot through crashing to earth, and stand panting emulously either side the stump, each claiming that his axe went more than half through.

"Nem mine 'bout dat dar saplin'! Dee's trees yere fer racin'—dest er Gawd's plenty ub um!" Ike Clardy retorts. "Lemme chop mysef good an' soople—hit ain't gwint tek long—an' me an' Ed Clardy, us 'll gin you whut Paddy gin de drum—dat wus er debble ob er beatin', ole marster useter say."

"You'll chop yo' shu't off ef you does!" Mose retorts. "Come on! Us is ready right now! Pick us er tree, Unc' Caleb! I'm dest achin' ter cut de comb er dam dar two crowin' chickens."

A minute later the four stand, two either side a towering blue poplar. They have stripped to their shirts, regardless of wind and frost. The Clardy boys are a half head the lower, but muscled like giants, with fine deep chests, and a quick feline suppleness that sends every stroke straight home. They have likewise quick eyes and sure. See how the one axe plays with the other. In, out, up stroke, down, the tough handles vibrant, the bright blades flashing as they hiss and hurtle through the air, the axes fly as swift as lightning, as certain as doom. They are through the bark—big chips begin to fly. The thick white sap is past now—within it you catch the lovely veined pink-purple of the heart. Neither pair has stopped to catch breath. Faster, faster, fall the ringing rhythmic strokes. They roll through the big woods, and say to all the settlement that Unc' Caleb's chopping is truly an affair of spirit. Other choppers are racing. There is a chorus of axe-beats whose swelling ululation the far hills repeat. A booming crash cuts through it—the poplar has toppled to a fall. At once all who are not racing rush up to discover which brace of the combatants has won. Measuring-twig in hand, Unc' Caleb bends over the stump, his best Sunday spectacles set fair upon his nose. Slowly, carefully, as he spells out Holy Writ, he scans the cleft heart, lays the twig, now this side, now that—then says, as he straightens himself:

"Gent'emen! Unc' Jim Clardy gut ter be proud er dam niggers er his'n dis day!

Dee done beat er clur inch—an' nobody else ain't nebber yit done dat fer Brer Bill an' Brer Mose."

A wild whooping shout greets the announcement. Again the axes fly. Other trees fall—other victories are won. Hourly Unc' Caleb walks about with glass and bottle, saying, "Le's dram it, boys!" Songs break out and swell from twenty strong throats, upborne, undervoiced by the axe chorus beating in Homeric time and force. Sometimes the song is wordless—a wild chanting full of plaintive minors with a barbaric undernote. Oftener it is a hymn—one of those Unc' Caleb enjoins for Sunday service. Only the Clardy boys, in virtue of their victory, dare to trill out one of the old unsanctified lays remaining from the time of slavery.

Hear them! Ed sings the stave, Ike breaks in with the refrain:

"When I gits my new house done,
My new house done,
Gib er li'll kick-up in de dinin'-room,
In de dinin'-room,
Ole ooman, sho's you born,
Sho's you born.
Debble's in de dinner-pot, stickin' out he horn,
Stickin' out he horn."

Nobody sings with them. Instead, Mose Sharp trills lugubriously:

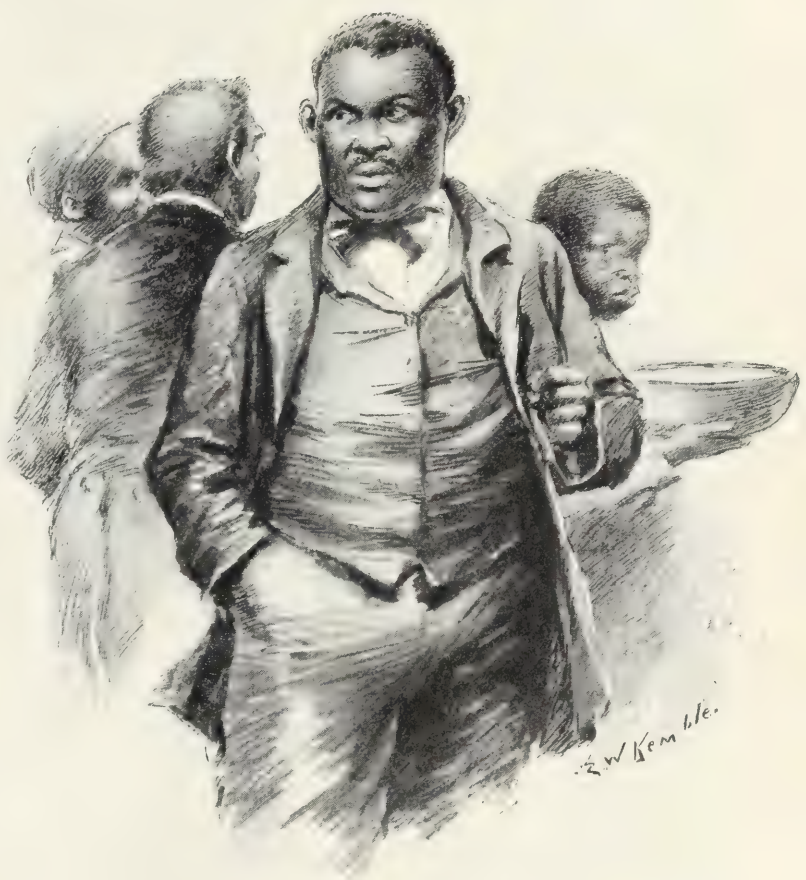
"Jer-u-sa-lem! My hap-py home!
I want ter go dar too!
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
Oh, how I long to see!"

Though he "gives out" each line, he alone sings the words—the rest content them with droning a long-metre accompaniment. The force and volume of it silence effectually the singers of old songs. They even try to join with the hymn-singers in a half-shamed fashion.

Dinner comes at one o'clock. After it everybody smokes plentiful pipes of old tobacco, strong and sweet, grown most likely at ole marster's in the first years of freedom. Then again the swift blades fly—already a good two acres looks as though a besom of destruction had swept over its woodland growth. Unc' Caleb's face is one broad smile. He hints diplomatically at another chopping in February, when the days are longer—and is not openly gainsaid, though Bill Green mutters aside to his elbow neighbor:

"Humph! Brer Caleb mighty good man, but I lay he don' go preach twice fer nobody's hep, 'dout dee's some talk er pay fer hit."

Before the neighbor can answer, there is a hubbub of cries at the very edge of the choppers. They have felled a bee tree—a big hollow oak, full all its upper third of rich comb. The trunk split lengthwise in falling; all the eager eaters need do is to stoop and dip in their scooped palms or clean white chips, and gather generous portions. Here or there a bee stirs and crawls weakly about. For the most part they are mercifully numb with cold, which has strengthened since morning.



THE SETTLEMENT POLITICIAN.

Their despoilers pay no heed to them. They eat of the garnered sweet until even their choice appetites are cloyed—then go back to work, but without the vim of earlier hours. The sun is almost down. As he dips red and fiery below the rimming trees, a great shout goes up, and the "choppin' frolic" is over.

Tobacco is essentially a poor man's crop. Seed may be had for asking; it needs no great breadth of ground; and one given to expedition may market it in five months from the time of setting. Even earlier he can secure advances on his crop from warehouseman or storekeeper. Thrifty folk, though, are shy of asking such—the interest is enormous—and the lender claims a right to set the time of selling. Usually he chooses the week when prices are at their lowest.

The black settlement, for the most part, holds its main crop for the spring rise—and sells that from the "extry patches," planted in name of wives and children, to supply Christmas money. That is why Smith Stover has a tobacco-stripping this mild, misty November day. The extra crop has hung crisp and rattling in the barn since it went there in September, until a night of soft southerly airs brought it in case. Then it was taken down, gathered in great armfuls, and bulked in the unfinished second pen Smith has ambitiously set to his cabin. There is no floor; the roof is held down with weight-poles, not nails; nor is there semblance of chinking in the wide cracks of the wall. The chimney is stick and dirt, with a headless barrel for flue. A big stump smoulders within the fireplace, sending out now a puff of pale blue smoke, now a spurt of flame.

The bulk runs the room's length. Smith himself, tall, brawny, intelligent-looking, stands at one end sorting—that is, taking off the ground leaves and the worm-eaten ones from the stalks, which go then to the strippers, who tie the good leaves into hands, large or small, according to whether the buyer is a stemmer or packer.

A various lot—those strippers—the five Stover children, pitifully ragged; Smith's sickly wife, Betty; young Caleb Barton, who, it is whispered, would take Betty and run off to Kansas—if his father did not forbid; Betty Garnett and Lucy Anderson, the settlement belles, trim and prim in checked cotton frocks, with each an eye severe upon an irrepressible younger brother; Mr. Stanfield the schoolmaster, a graduate of Fiske University; old Uncle Ben Elliot, who can do nothing but brag of what he did and what they had at ole marster's; Ephraim Morris and Wesley Mason, who would both like to preach—if Unc' Caleb permitted; and Davy Cowly, the settlement politician, to whom an election of any sort is known to be worth fifty dollars.

He helps with the sorting, what time he is not making up to Betty Garnett. He has a dead wife and three living ones; but as the last of them left him full three months back, he does not look upon them as by any means a bar to further choice. Six years of life as a landowner have, it is true, given him some idea of legal restraints and enlargements. Heretofore he has not troubled himself about decrees of divorce; they are costly, but so is political influence. Should Betty prove kind, he will take counsel of Lawyer Quarles—a certain candidate next year. Meantime he must improve the occasion to discover her inclination.

Betty has no mind to him. A slim creature, shapely, copper-skinned, with deft taper fingers, she turns her back to him, and gossips hopefully with the youngest Stover boy. "You raised this, I know, Teensy," she says, holding up one of the few fine big stalks. "My! If it was all like this, you'd have so much money you could keep Christmas till April-fool day."

She is one of Mr. Stanfield's pet pupils—he himself does not speak with a purer accent. Not for her best frock would she clip a consonant, or drop a g final. Teensy shakes his head, sighing. "I did had er hunderd er dam big plants," he says, "but de res'—hit ain't much. I don' spec' hit gwine weigh out 'nough ter git we-all no fi'-crackers eben, after maw buy sugar an' 'lasses, an' er pa'r shoes fer her. She bound ter hab dem; her foots is on de groun' now, an' hit always makes 'er sick."

"You hush, Teensy!" Betty Stover says, involuntarily hiding her feet in the ragged folds of her frock. Young Caleb looks down, his face hardening. He thinks of the money Stover earned in the last harvest, and wasted in idle gayety at the festivals and barbecues. He could treat and laugh with other women, while Betty— Young Caleb begins to swallow hard. Lucy Anderson marks it, and bends in front of him to say,

"Oh, Brer Wesley! Please correct me how to get to that new foot-log you cut. I jest must go 'cross the creek next Sunday."

"I'll show you, Miss Lucy," Stover says, with an uneasy laugh. "No, 'twon't be

no trouble; I'm gwine 'crost anyhow. Kaintucky gut ter see me, 'tweenst dis an' Chrismus. Ain't been up dar whar de money lays 'round loose in so long I feels dest as po' as dese yar Tennessee niggers."

"Umph! You better had stay dar, den. My ole marster he nebber had no time fer Kaintucky," Uncle Ben breaks in; then goes rambling on, chuckling and pounding with his big knotty stick between every other word. The rest sit silent, their fingers flying; the heaps of stripped tobacco at their elbows growing as by magic. A low underword passes about now and then; but Uncle Ben has the name of being a conjure-man—so is safe from open interruption. Presently, as it begins to grow dusk, Stover flings a last stalk over his shoulder and with a long breath straightens himself.

"I kin strip whut's lef' befo' breakfus'," he says. "Now come on in t'urr house ev'ybody. Mought be Betty had li'll somp'n t' eat dar."

"'Tain't much," Betty says, apologetically, when her helpers have trooped into the other cabin. The fireplace fills one half the end, but there is no sign of pot or pan or kettle beside it. The table, too, is conspicuously bare; but there are great mounds of hot embers at either end of the hearth.

"Well, suh! Roas' aigs an' sweet-'taters fer er strippin'-frolic!" Davy says, as Stover's wife stirs the mound with a long iron fire-shovel. Betty Garnett gives him a hard look, then says to the schoolmaster, at her clearest high pitch,

"Mr. Stanfield, don't you think Mrs. Stover was sensible not to bother cooking a great mess of things, when she knew we came just to help her work?"



THE YOUNGEST STOVER BOY.

Now let me picture for you a settlement interior—one showing the possibilities of lucky thrift. Peggy Garnett, Betty's mother, is mistress of it. Peggy is almost white, and ever so much more proper spoken than any of her Caucasian neighbors. The Garnetts had money in hand, a year's supplies, and work stock when they came to this new Canaan; it is not strange they have prospered, with so fine a start, and four children big enough to do good work. Now, after six years, they own the land free and clear, have bargained for another fifty acres, and think seriously of buying a rockaway for Sunday driving.

They have already a farm wagon, four work beasts, and a brood-mare, beside cattle, sheep, and hogs. There are lightning-rods to the two chimneys also, and inside a calendar clock, an improved cooking-stove, and a new sewing-machine — monuments all to the energetic persuasion of peripatetic salesmen.



UNCLE BEN.

The house itself is two pens of hewed logs, with a passage between. It has brick chimneys, and glass windows set in narrow whitewashed casings. The batten doors are bright green, the outer walls whitewashed along the daubing which fills the cracks. There is a rough limestone door-step in front. At the back you go out under a brush arbor, overrun in summer with balsam cucumber vines. The tiny yard is treeless, but gay with bright flowers. Hollyhocks, prince's-feather, bachelor's-button, larkspur, marigold, Canterbury-bells, and poppies, each in its season, flame and flaunt there. Within the paled garden June-roses grow, along with lilac, sweet-betsy, mock-orange —all the tribe of old-fashioned flowering shrubs.

The garden runs on to a fine thrifty young orchard—alive in June with clucking hens and their broods. Foolish small turkeys too peep and stray about, until Betty comes to drive them and their mothers out into the young tobacco. The turkeys are allies not to be despised there; they catch grasshoppers by the hundred, thus saving the newly set plants. Later they will catch the fat green tobacco-worms in thousands, and so thrive upon the diet as to be big lusty bronze-green fellows, ready for the Christmas market.

The peach-trees are in full prime; apples have but just come to bearing. They were planted as soon as there was a bit of clear space. Tobacco grew between them the first years; later it was only rows of sweet-corn or sweet-potatoes—a good way off the tree roots. Now that they stand in spreading strength, all the space about is carpeted with a mat of black-eyed pea vines.

The early peaches are ripe; Betty is picking a basketful for market to-morrow. Somebody goes to town every Saturday, either upon horseback, with a colt trotting behind, in the wagon, or afoot if there be little to sell. There is always something—eggs, butter, fruit, fowls, garden stuff, knitted socks, or the brooms and baskets Major ties of winter nights, while his children pore over school-books. Thus there is always money in hand for small needs, leaving the main crop a clear and substantial surplus.

Peggy cooks and washes in a roughish cabin—her first shelter here—sitting L-fashion to the house. A cistern with a trig pump is just beside the door. In one of the big front rooms the household live and work. The other is sacred to Sundays and holidays. I dine in it when chance makes me Peggy's guest, sitting in state at the tiny table beside the fireplace, with Peggy herself in wait behind my chair. She sets out for me her flowered plates, her gilt cup and saucer, and says, with a little laugh that is not quite free of bitterness, "I'd like to give you what you're used to—a napkin and silver forks —but, la! the niggers would never get done talking if I had anything like that."

The room has a clean rag carpet, and gay paper shades under white check muslin curtains to the windows back and front. There is a crude wooden mantel, daubed over with lampblack gray. The shelf of it holds divers plaster groups in gay colors, and an assortment of candy apples and cheap flowered glass vases. It has drapery of newspaper, cut into the most fantastic and wonderful scallops and open-work. At the two corners there are applied rosettes of fringed tissue-paper, green, red, white, and yellow. The log walls have been thickly whitewashed, then striped up and down with smears of ochreous-yellow clay. In large part they are hidden with pictures pasted flat against them. Everything is there, from a fragmentary circus poster to the label of a tomato-can. The dazzle of color is something fearful, yet black-and-whites are by no means despised. A map of the United States thirty years out of date hangs over the mantel. Below it there are photographs of ole marster and ole mistiss in octagonal thread frames.

There is a wall-pocket, too, covered with fringes of corn-shuck, a cornucopia of perforated cardboard full of pink paper spills. A gorgeous blue glass lamp with a yellow shade stands on a table at one side. The table has a red cover—but is quite discounted for brightness by the seven-star quilt which ornaments the plump feather-bed in the corner. The stars are yellow and scarlet on a white background — the patches set together with triangles of dark blue. The quilt falls over a white ruffled valance; there are ruffles on the pillow-cases too, and heavy chain-stitching with turkey-red cotton.

A big family Bible lies beside the lamp. There are two other books a little way off. They have red and gold backs, are very bulky, with inside scant letter-press in very large type, and a great plenty of colored pictures that might safely be worshipped, since they are like nothing on the earth, in the heavens above, nor in the waters under the earth.



PEGGY.

"Major bought them—for Betty," Peggy says, as my eyes rest questioningly upon them. "If he hasn't got education himself, he does think the world of it. Why, he was prouder when Betty came out head at the school turn-out than when he paid the last note off and got a

deed to the place. Major says he knows we can't ever be white, do what we will; but we can act white, and that's the main thing, after all."

Whole and several, the settlement loves flowers. They smile at you, few or many, wherever there is a semblance of door-yard or garden. What wonder, then, there are so many about the folk hurrying to the festival? Women have stuck them in their hair, their belts, the bosom of their gowns; men carry them in big bunches or small, sniffing the fragrance of them as they walk.

Ephraim Morris gives the festival for his own benefit—hence it is held in a vacant cabin. Unc' Caleb allows no festivals in the church but such as enure to his benefit. At Christmas, and again in May, he has one there, which materially increases the remuneration of piety—for it is "a dime at de door"—and there is a handsome return from the side table as well. Ephraim is less grasping—or more enterprising. He asks only a nickel for entrance. The door stands wide, showing a square space, empty, swept, and garnished — with green boughs in the chimney-place. Across one corner, planks laid on inverted barrels make a longish rough table. Mrs. Morris has draped it with her best white table-cloth, and Ephraim has heaped it with gay, cheap candies, nuts, figs, raisins, and sugared cakes of every size. There is a bucket of lemonade at one end, some jugs of summer cider, and half a dozen mysterious bottles labelled "Soda pop." For the whole he has spent something like ten dollars; if all goes well, he will have thirty before sunrise to-morrow.

It is Saturday and nine o'clock of a silver August night. Later there will be moonshine—now the stars show as points of light in a tenderer flowing radiance. Clouds below the horizon flash up momently fine flares of heat-lightning. The wind is faint — the merest breath — too faint to stir the scent of ripening corn and send it abroad. Whippoorwills call clearly through the luminous dusk. The flat land is a chosen haunt of theirs—but to-night their crying is half drowned in gayer noises. Up and about from each netted pathway of the settlement come chattering voices and loud explosive laughs. Evidently there will be a crowd.

"You better had stan' at de do', Eph'um, an' let Sally Ann sell 'hine de table—some dam wile niggers mought brek by her 'dout payin'," Uncle Ben says, calmly wriggling in himself with no color of money in his palm. But Ephraim only smiles—this first comer will bring him luck. He would not have had the conjurer stay away, "wishin' harm," for all the head-money, much less one nickel.

Whether or no the omen has force, the crowd grows and thickens mightily. By ten o'clock there is scarcely breathing-space — motion is out of the question. Ephraim steps from the door and says, in his loudest preaching voice,

"'Tain't no free do'—dat ain't fa'ar; but all dem whar done paid — I knows um straight th'ough—dee kin walk out an' in ergin, much as eber dee please."

At once the house empties itself into the cool outer dusk. The lemonade bucket is dry; other purchase there has been none. Sally Ann comes out panting from her stifling corner. "You must sell the balance yo'sef," she says to her husband; "I wouldn't stay and smother there for all the money."

She is very black, slim and lithe as a panther, with wicked eyes. If it pleases her, she can talk to match Peggy Garnett. She was brought up a lady's-maid, but chooses in some things to affect the accent of the cabins.

"Hit nebber stifle tell you seed Pat Travis come in?—huhn, Sally Ann?" Uncle Ben says, with a chuckling laugh. For answer she puts her head up loftily and marches away. A refluent tide pours through the door. By the light of lamp and lantern you may see sweat beads glistening on every face. Women flock in one corner, men in the other. They eye each other doubtfully a minute, then Davy Cowly tries to draw Betty Garnett to the floor.

She shakes herself free of his hold, but catches Lucy Anderson's arm and darts with her to the middle of the vacant space. "Lucy and I will start the marching, if that's what you want," she says, clearly and without tremor. Then to her mates: "Come on, girls! We are here to march; we had better get about it."

"Ef you was to take the af-fectation out o' Betty Garnett, she wouldn't be big as er hummin'-bird," Sally Ann says in the ear of a tall, dour-faced fellow who has taken her hand. His only answer is to lead her in front of Betty and Lucy.



"ROUND, ROUND THEY GO."

The force of example is magical; at once the floor is crowded with scrambling couples.

"Sing, ev'ybody!" the tall fellow says, imperiously. They do sing—a wild, weird, wordless chant, full of clashing discords and resonant harmonies. The time is that of a dead march, and every foot keeps it perfectly. Round, round they go—the stamping like a drum-beat under the droning cry. Imperceptibly the measure quickens; the motion follows it. By-and-by the chanting changes its pitch—grows wilder, more filled with savage echoes of shriek and war-cry. Some marchers seem possessed. They break out of line, whirl phrensiedly about, then catch place again. Presently arms are raised above the head, the fingers wide and talon-like. They are waved to and fro, with a clutching motion; then there is whirling that ends in wild leaps half across the floor. They chant and march and eat the night through, going home at daylight to sleep the summer Sunday away.

Death is common in the settlement, yet there is no graveyard. When word went about yesterday that Betty Stover was dying, there was much speculation as to where she would be buried. Any of the rest would be taken back to old marster's, and laid in familiar company, to wait the last day. Betty, poor soul! came from Virginia; and even Smith Stover can hardly be so heartless as to put her away in the land he is certain to lose.

Young Caleb's face was calm, but his eye fell when he asked if she might be buried on the hill-top, already gashed with graves for so many of our own black people. Of course but one answer was possible, and so they have dug her straight and narrow house a little way from Black Mammy's elbow. She will ride to it—she whose feet were so quick, so light—latterly so lagging. She will wear a white gown, and have white flowers in her hand, at head and foot, and about her in the coffin. Before sunrise I have rifled the garden, and sent my spoil by a sure hand for her adorning.

There! The wagon is through the bars next the creek. As it comes in sight the half-dozen grave-diggers face it and bare the head. Stover sits beside the coffin, steadying it against the jolting of the springless vehicle over rough roads. Unc' Caleb on his sorrel rides just behind. Major Garnett and Betty are at his elbow. Peggy came an hour ago, eager to be the first to tell me of the good end Betty Stover made.

"Smith took mighty good care of her when it was too late, but she said she was glad to go." Peggy runs on as we watch the funeral-train. "She gave away her

children, too, just as if they were old clothes—the two little ones, you know—she said the big boys could fend for themselves. Yes; we'll be glad to take Teensy—our own are all about grown now, and it's lonesome with no child about. She couldn't say much—her voice was jest a sort of hollow whistle, and her eyes the pitifulest—but at the very last she caught my hand and said, 'Baby Jinny!—let her father—' and they were the very last words. She lay right still till young Caleb came up to the bed; then she opened her eyes, and shivered—so—and it was all over."

Singing drowns her voice. Two and two, behind the riders, all the settlement comes streaming, chanting as it marches. All the men's heads are bare, though they have come three miles in a broiling afternoon sun. The wagon halts at the eyebrow of the hill. As Stover gets down from it, two church deacons lead him aside. Then six stalwart near neighbors lift out the slim coffin of stained pine, and bear it reverently to the verge of the open grave. As they set it down, Unc' Caleb begins to read brokenly, with pathetic stumblings, some part of the burial-service. Dauntless blackbirds in a near oak sing loud and free across the solemn words. The old man folds his hands and lifts his eyes. A minute he is silent; then he prays with rude and simple eloquence, beseeching the dear Lord to heal and comfort all stricken souls. As he prays there is sobbing all about—at last a smothered cry from the outskirts, where the dead woman's eldest son has flung himself writhing upon the ground. Then Unc' Caleb speaks tenderly, hopefully of the dead; helpfully to the living. There is a touch of shrewdness in this black minister—more than a touch of pathos. As the sun dips to the trees he repeats the Lord's Prayer, those about him for the most part joining in. Young Caleb stands silent, with folded arms; he has not raised a finger to help with the coffin, but he watches it with sombre eyes as it is lowered, and when the clods fall on it, turns abruptly away.

When the grave is heaped and shaped, some one touches my arm. The crowd has broken, but Peggy remains to say,

"Please, 'm, those are your shovels and hoes; they'll be brought to the tool-house first thing in the morning; but to-night—well, us black people believe Betty won't rest in her grave if the things it was dug with ain't laid across it the first night."

The tools are duly put in place, and those who do it bring startling news. Young Caleb has taken Baby Jinny and gone somewhere — presumably to Kansas.



MY TWO RIVERS.

BY MAUD KING MURPHY.

I.—THE CONCORD.

THE one, a quiet, sleeping stream,
So wrapt within its own sweet dream
It hardly hears the sea's faint call
Across the level meadow.
So still it moves that tall weeds grow
Scarce shaken by its lazy flow,
And frame it, as it mirrors all
The scene in sun and shadow.

The troop of quiet stars that light
The passing of the summer night
Their image in its waters find;
And, every morn unfolding,
The water-lily on its breast,
Charmed by the spell of perfect rest,
Gleams like a white star left behind
Within the mirror's holding.

As evening gathers, gay canoes
Pass up, and from their happy crews
Soft laughter echoes, and their song
Keeps time to paddles dipping;
While, softly as the daylight dies,
And slowly as the pale stars rise,
The listening, echoing stream along
Its seaward way is slipping.

II.—THE SAN ANTONIO.

THE other,—O stream, as you ripple and curve,
As you eddy and wander and hurry and swerve
In a thousand gay moods from your course as you flow,
You stay not to dream and to dally;
From the heart of the rock where your waters are born
How you leap into life and speed on in bright scorn
Of all rest and delay! You would laugh could you know
Of my river asleep in its valley.

I have watched you, dear river, at work and at play;
I have followed your windings by night and by day,
And my heart has learned all the sweet songs that you sing
Of love or of joy or of yearning.
I know the bright gaze you give back to the sky
Between your green banks with their canes growing high,
And I feel all the strength of your life as you spring
To your task where the wheel must be turning.

AT THE HÔTEL GRAND ST. LOUIS.

BY GEORGIANA PEEL.

THE Princess Sophronie had just finished her morning toilet, and in a few minutes Gustave would come in with her elaborate and dainty *déjeuner*. As she passed to the window she picked up a little hand-mirror of richly enamelled gold, and in the clear morning light thoughtfully regarded the reflection of herself—the sallow skin, the minute network of wrinkles beneath the great lustrous dark eyes that had the keen, piercing look of a beast of prey, and at the cold, cruel mouth. Then she held the mirror up to see the effect of the elaborately arranged hair.

"Bah! mais que çà va mal ce matin!" she said, and threw the glass down.

She was perhaps thirty-six or thirty-eight. Her figure was tall, and full of the grace that the tiger possesses; and one had to own, in spite of the cruelty of the eyes and mouth, she had a beauty all her own. But not the beauty that tells at eleven in the morning; it is seen to better advantage under shaded lamps, or the electric lights of the theatre or opera boxes. Her dress was the best that Paris could achieve—a gleaming combination of dusky purple velvet with vivid touches of canary-colored silk, and her little bonnet gleamed with jewelled embroidery, with a glittering snake's head at the side.

Just then the rumble of the hotel omnibus drew her attention to the window, and she looked down into the court-yard below.

Adolphe and Émile, in their red coats, were helping some guests to alight, and the *directeur*, with his pleasant, catlike smile, was waiting to welcome them; even the pretty concierge, with her cap strings fluttering in the breeze, was bustling about. It was evidently an arrival of importance.

The Princess glanced at the quantity of unmistakable American luggage — large leviathans of yellow and brown, with gleaming red bands, and well besprinkled with vivid steamer labels, and there were the same large white "C's" on all. Evidently people with so much baggage were somebodies.

Out of the omnibus stepped, with much dignity, an elderly lady, rather stout, but having a most imposing presence, dressed entirely in black; her hair was combed in smooth bands beneath a large black hat, with a sort of frill of lace encircling the edge, and showing to advantage her large gray eyes. A young lady got out after her, also in black of the most perfect make, and, as she raised her face to look at the hotel clock, the Princess could see all its flowerlike beauty.

Irene Creighton's face made one think of deep purple pansies and soft damask-roses—all that is most radiant and full of glowing colors. Her eyes were big and blue, with long black lashes, and they had a look of indescribable candor. Her color was rich and deep, and glowed with perfect health in her oval cheeks. Her gleaming brown hair was full of golden lights, and curled against her little black hat, and through and over everything was the charm of youth.

Not one detail escaped the Princess, gazing with intentness at the commotion below.

The smiling *directeur* marched to the door, the men bustled about with the many trunks, and the young girl gently gave her arm to the old lady; then the whole party disappeared within the hospitable door of the Hôtel Grand St. Louis.

"But who are these people?" asked the Princess, as Gustave, with white-gloved hands, placed the small silver basin of consommé and a "merlan frit" on the table.

"Ah! your Highness, they are Americans who are rich. Ah!" and Gustave rolled his small green eyes up to the frescoed ceiling to express the boundless wealth of the strangers.

Maria Scronsky, the Princess's companion, looked on with wonder, but did not dare to say anything. Gustave saw he was in good favor, so he offered a little more information in a deeply unctuous manner.

"They are Madame Creighton, widow of President Creighton, who died ten years ago, and her granddaughter—un ménage tout à fait gentil, tout à fait comme il faut."

The next morning the Princess Sophronie rose in her much-darkened room and slipped again to the window. Her suite of rooms were all on the same side of the court-yard, directly facing those of

the Americans on the other. Her maid had found out all this the previous evening.

The Princess, unadorned, looked older and more worn, and her silk *robe de nuit*, of pale lavender, with decidedly dingy lace, was not becoming. Maria Scronsky had brought her chocolate a few minutes before, and the Princess was glad she had left, with her feeble little smile and flattering stereotyped remarks. The room was close, and had an overpowering odor of frangipanni and heliotrope. It was not very tidy, and on the toilet table lay the curled fringes and other dark locks which formed part of the Princess's elaborate coiffure.

The brilliant sunshine was flooding the court-yard and shining on the high white walls of the hotel. Far overhead the swallows were darting through the air. The court-yard had been freshly washed, and the geraniums and little round orange-trees sprinkled. The statues of the Nine Muses that stood at equal intervals round the wall looked brilliantly white and quite coquettish, as they posed in graceful attitudes, with harps and masks and scrolls of paper. The *garçons* were flitting to and fro with trays of crisp horseshoe rolls, fragrant coffee, shining squares of beet-root sugar, and the delicious little pats of butter—all with the swan stamp, which was always the special mark of the Hôtel Grand St. Louis. The concierge's large gray cat was sitting on the door-step of her room, and from under the arch came in the roar of the Rue de la Paix. A fresh breeze was blowing the lace curtains of the rooms on the opposite side, and all the windows were wide open. In the centre room Émile had just placed the tray on the table, and Irene Creighton was looking down into the court-yard. The breeze was ruffling her golden brown hair, and the sun shone on her pink cheeks and on the firm white brow. She wore a fresh black and white shirt and a white sailor hat, and looked part of the morning itself. It was charming to be just twenty-one and in beautiful Paris for the first time. It seemed as if everything she read of in French history when she was far away in Baltimore was just outside the court-yard. Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, St. Geneviève, Napoleon, Cardinal Richelieu—all floated through her mind in a gay and beautiful procession. Yes, it was their land, and she would see it all.

As the Princess looked at the clear-cut nose—such a nose as we see on the statues of the radiant youth of Greece—and on the parted smiling lips, she drew back into her room with a very bitter smile; she stood quite still as she said, "Ma foi, qu'elle est donc ravissante!" and then she went back to her lace-draped couch.

At eleven o'clock Carl Sargisson came into the court-yard of the Hôtel Grand St. Louis. His paintings are well known to us now. We have seen them time and again in the Royal Academy and the Salon. We know their brilliancy of coloring and their marvellous technique, and we have each of us our favorite. Now he has his exquisite home full of earth's choicest art treasures near Holland House, and we could scarcely recognize in the grave, bearded Academician the young fellow who trod so lightly along the Rue de la Paix. Carl Sargisson never posed for a bohemian, and he was as fresh and neat in his attire as one could wish. He had no velvet jacket or soft hat, but looked like any other well-dressed, pleasant young gentleman.

Things were beginning to look up with him after long patient years of study in the Slade School and in the French studios, and he had had several good orders for portraits, the most important of which were the one of Monseigneur Barel, Archbishop of Tours, and now this one of the Princess Sophronie Maltikoff. He was interested in his subject, and had come to arrange, this morning, some details of the Egyptian costume which the Princess wore as Cleopatra; and he stood for a few minutes outside the concierge's little office in the bright sunshine while Gustave took his card up, when he chanced to look up, and met the great inspiration of his famous picture "Lady Jane Grey on the Morning of her Execution."

He had long waited and longed for an inspiration, and it came to him swiftly and suddenly, as all real inspirations do. He saw it all in an instant—the wonderful rapt look, the exquisite young face. He would paint it just as he saw it, with deepest modern realism, only clothing her in the garments of the past. He longed to be back in his studio, to sketch it all in, and grasped every detail he could, for Irene, filled with her own happy thoughts, was entirely unconscious of his presence. Then some one called from within, and Lady Jane disappeared behind the fluttering curtain.

When at home in his studio in the Rue Fabert, Carl Sargisson began to sketch in the rough outlines for his picture. The very charcoal strokes seemed to fall of themselves into place, and the face that he worked in with red chalk was really like the one he had seen at the window. How charming it would look under a little coif of black velvet! And she wore her hair just the right way, too. Carl took up his cigarette, and sitting down in a great chair copied from one in the Doge's Palace in Venice, began to fill in the details of his picture in his imagination. What a contrast it would be to his other picture of "Cléopâtre"! If he could have them both hung, he would have a try for the Royal Academy — it was an English subject, and might take. A picture in the Salon and one in the Academy! and Carl began to dream as merrily as ever Perrette did with her milk-pail on her head.

But as the picture grew, the importance of seeing Lady Jane grew also, and although Carl made various excuses to go to the Hôtel Grand St. Louis, ostensibly to consult with the Princess, he could not see his model again. He began to lay deep plans for the accomplishment of his purpose. First he found out that they were compatriots of his own, and just when he had got thus far, and was trying to effect a meeting, Fate secured it for him.

One morning he found on his tray an invitation to one of those delightful teas which the wife of the English ambassador gave to both the English and American colonies in Paris, and although Carl was comparatively a poor young man, still he was a favorite of Lady A., who, with her charming intuition and true kindliness of heart, lost no chance of befriending pleasant and clever people.

So on a brilliant summer afternoon Carl found himself in Lord A.'s beautiful house near the Rue Royale. There were many great people there, but Carl kept his eyes upon the door as the different guests were announced. Mrs. Creighton was a well-known person, and she might very possibly come, and just as he was handing a cup of tea to a very old and decrepit duchess, that lady came in, followed by her granddaughter and the Princess Maltikoff!

"Ah!" said Lady A., with that charming manner which has made her so beloved, "Mr. Sargisson, I want to introduce you to some countrywomen of yours who are great friends of mine;" and before Carl could realize his good fortune he was sitting with Mrs. Creighton and Irene on the wide balcony. Although he was from New York and they from the South, they were very good friends indeed, for Carl had often heard of Mrs. Creighton and her wonderfully interesting life as a grande dame of a past régime. Presently she drifted off to the decrepit duchess, who had known her in gay old imperial days, and Carl found himself sitting tête-à-tête with Irene, eating little pink ices, while the carriages passed up and down in endless succession to L'Arc de Triomphe or La Place de la Concorde.

Here was a chance to study his model, and he was certainly a most indefatigable student. He was not disappointed, for Irene was most fascinating in her pretty *robe de fête* of faint yellow silk, with her wide hat à la Marie Antoinette, trimmed with many-colored roses. There was in her reserved manner something very queenly, and at the same time gracious and winning. Carl hoped she would take off her glove, for he must see her hand. This she did presently, and he studied it carefully. It was small and well formed, with long taper fingers, just the ones to hold the embroidered missal in the picture.

It was easy to talk to Irene Creighton, for she had travelled a good deal, and had had in her time those two great educators, sorrow and poverty. She had the bright and well-informed mind of an American woman, and a dignity of manner which made her doubly fascinating. She so fully entered into sympathy with Carl in his wonderful world of art that the time drifted on without their being aware of it; and when Mrs. Creighton came back, Carl plucked up courage to ask if he might call at the Grand St. Louis, to which Mrs. Creighton graciously agreed. Then Carl bade adieu to his kind hostess.

All this the Princess Sophronie Maltikoff had watched with half-shut eyes, carelessly raising her lorgnettes from time to time, listening to abbés, generals, princes, and academicians, but scarcely heeding what they said; for she was in love, as deeply and fervidly as her ungoverned Russian nature prompted, with the brilliant young American artist.

After this, things went very smoothly, and Carl called whenever he could, in the happy American fashion, and saw a good deal of Mrs. Creighton and her granddaughter. Together they visited the galleries and museums, and went to the glorious Palace of Versailles, then to St.-Cloud and St.-Denis. They walked in the Champs Élysées in the evening, when the restaurants shone like monster glow-worms amongst the trees, and the happy Parisian throng passed up and down. Sometimes they sat at the end of the Tuileries garden, and watched the endless procession while the fountains splashed, and all Paris lay stretched out in the golden evening light. Perhaps Sunday afternoon was the most delightful time, for then they would walk to the American church. Sometimes Mrs. Creighton found the walk too long, and she would sit at home, with her book in her hand, quietly dozing, her gold eye-glasses dropping off at intervals, while Carl and Irene went off together. The service and the church were beautiful, but I am afraid Carl was more often studying his model than listening to the service. The music and colored windows made a perfect setting for her as Lady Jane. Then they would take tea in the hotel, in the *salon* with its old-fashioned furniture that belonged to nearly one hundred years ago —for the Hôtel Grand St. Louis was a most conservative mansion. The tall lamps glinted on the waxed floor and on the thin-legged chairs and tables, on the green Sèvres vases and on the gilt clock with its quiet sonorous tick and its inscription: "Tout fuit, l'amour et la vie." Mrs. Creighton sat in the high-backed arm-chair, and Irene made tea at the table, behind the great antique urn, and handed the fragrant beverage about in the thin porcelain cups that had wonderful little cupids and fluttering ribbons painted on them.

From this Olympian height Carl would come down into daily life again, to moments almost as delicious in his studio, where the great picture was in progress. He never told Mrs. Creighton and Irene about it. He had procured a model from whom he could draw the figure, and he filled in the face from memory as best he could. His many artist friends were never permitted to look at it. It grew in the most surprising manner, each stroke of the brush conveying a new meaning, and soon the similitude of Irene Creighton lived upon the canvas, for it was a work of genius, and of love as well.

The Princess Sophronie had kept count of Carl's visits to the Creightons when she could. Again and again she would stand motionless at her window, concealed by the curtain, trying to catch a glimpse of the pleasant lamp-lit group across the court-yard. She had seen with envy the young people start for church, wondering at the freedom of "*cette étrange jeune fille, cette barbare*," as she called Irene; for the Princess's ideas of a young girl's liberty were very much those of a Mohammedan father. She had not a very high opinion of young girls at any time, since she judged them by her own experiences, which were not very creditable.

Once a week the Princess sat to Carl for her portrait, and she rejoiced in this, for so far these hours had been all her own. Carl was always entertaining and clever, and such a master of his craft that he thoroughly enjoyed painting his subject, who was an excellent sitter. Carl had the gift of painting the soul behind the face. That is why even an ugly person becomes attractive in his pictures, and all his portraits dwell in one's memory and seem to be living, breathing people.

The Princess enjoyed the hours in the studio. Ten years of London and Paris had made Carl man of the world enough to please her. His somewhat cold manner and his power of bright and caustic repartee appealed to her taste, blasé with the often servile flattery and empty compliments of many of her followers. Perhaps the very fact that he cared so little for her made her more anxious for his love. As she reclined on the Egyptian couch, with her diaphanous, dimly colored drapery, her eyes half shut, idly smoking her cigarette, with poor little Maria Scronsky doing her eternal embroidery, a veritable little figure-head of propriety, she wove many dreams, and grew more passionately in love with this man. Her gayest sallies of wit were for him, for him her most fascinating smile. Why should she not captivate this man, as she had so many others? She would gaze at the straight, erect figure, his firmly closed mouth, the little puzzled line between his brows, as he worked, quite unconscious of her regard. When he smiled, it was such a sudden lighting up of his face—if it could only be for her!

The last sitting had come, for the great picture was drawing to its completion, and the Princess came in a costume on which she had spent much thought; and truly for thirty-eight she looked marvellously young, thanks to the little secret arts of her Parisian maid.

To-day Maria Scronsky had not come, for the Princess Sophronie had determined to risk all on one last "coup," in very much the same spirit as she had, time and again, risked her napoleons at Monte Carlo, often with great success.

During these last weeks she had noticed a change in Carl. Entertaining and pleasant as usual, he seemed often lost in thought and *abstrait*, for Carl too was making up his mind on a subject of deepest importance to himself. He had found out that he was in love not only with his picture — "Lady Jane Grey"—but with Irene Creighton. He had passed through various little romantic episodes in his life abroad, but this was something very different. Irene, with her quick intelligence and her crystalline purity of soul, fulfilled his cherished ideal of woman.

Carl thought time and again of the picture she made in the old hotel drawing-room, behind the tall urn, of the bright phases of her expression as she wandered with him at Versailles, on the terraces, or in le Jardin de la Reine. Somehow she seemed to belong to the setting of clipped yews, and among the statues of nymphs and fauns, over which the green moss was creeping. If he could only have her always as his companion.

But the difficulties were insuperable. She was so rich, he so poor. What chance had he with the young Duc de Morlé with his neat little figure and waxed mustache, or with that big Englishman in the Lifeguards, Lord Charles Trevor, with his splendid physique and well-pomatumed yellow hair? But they had never come to the Sunday afternoon teas yet. Sometimes he fancied she liked him a little, for she remembered things he had said, and found out books he mentioned, and had always given him a cordial welcome. Once at the American minister's reception she had left Lord Charles's side and had talked to him, and even Carl had to own that the big fair Englishman was a very jolly fellow indeed, and all that an Englishman should be.

On the previous evening he had written a letter to Irene. He had not torn up sheet after sheet of note-paper, as seems the general custom at such times, but had written the letter once, and found afterwards no better words to say. And now he had left this missive to work its fate in the concierge's neat little office in the Hôtel Grand St. Louis. No wonder he was "distrait" this lovely afternoon in July. The Creightons were going away soon, and he must have an early answer—perhaps that very evening.

The large windows were wide open, and the air was filled with the delicious fragrance of great bunches of carnations and yellow roses he had bought in the flower-market at the feet of the great twin towers of Notre Dame. They were grouped in big Swiss jars of green clay and copper vessels he had bought in the market-place of Bruges. The picture of Lady Jane was veiled by a great sail. Some day, perhaps, she would sit to him for its finishing touches.

Into this atmosphere came the Princess with a faint odor of frangipanni, with her rustling silks, and her gleaming, weary eyes, and her envious heart, determined to fascinate her prey.

She threw off the heavy cloak that concealed her Cleopatra dress, and fastened the golden asp above her brow, and fell into the correct attitude on the carved Egyptian couch.

"Monsieur Carl," she said, gently, after a long interval, while he painted steadily on, "it is our last sitting—mais que c'est donc triste hélas, mon ami."

"Ah!" said Carl, "I had forgotten;" then, seeing his blunder, he added, "but they have been very successful."

It was true the picture was successful, for from the canvas gleamed, faithful in touch and coloring, the "serpent of the Nile," instinct with life.

Carl sat down to rest for a few minutes and to smoke a cigarette, after politely offering the Princess a light.

Suddenly, without one word of warning, the Princess left her couch and came and knelt at his side, laying her hand on the arm of his chair.

"Bah!" she said, in a low, stifled voice, "and you do not care; you are cold—cold comme l'acier, cela vous est bien égal! Listen," she went on, her voice rising, "you have forced me to do this—you have taught me to love you, love you as your cold Américaines can never love!"

Carl, utterly dumfounded, gazed at the Princess, whose skin had turned to a parchment-colored gray; to his horror, genuine tears were creeping down her cheeks. A softer look came into her eyes (for serpents have hearts), and she laid her thin hand gleaming with rings on his arm.

"Carl, Carl, mon ami, je vous aime; je ne puis vivre sans vous! Oui," she went on, in her broken English, "I have never loved any one like you before. Tu m'enrages avec your cold, cold manière. Can you not love me très peu—très peu?" Her hands closed like a vise on his arm. "Oui, this is my seul moyen; you would never, never say you love me. Oh, marry me, and we will go everywhere! Come to my château in Russia; I will give you all you want, and we will go to the Riviera and the Nile."

First Carl wondered if the Princess were mad, and then he saw only too clearly she was not.

"Madame la Princesse," he said, very gently, "rise, I pray."

She rose and sat on the couch, lifting her eyes with pleading entreaty. She seemed more her real self now than he had ever seen her before.

"Madame," he went on, quietly, "you do me too much honor. This is most, most unfortunate, as I cannot return your affection. You see," he said, with the old bewildering smile, "you place me in a very awkward predicament."

"Prédicament! Prédicament! What is that?" gasped the Princess. "I do not care one little sou for that. Ah, you do not love me, and will not love—ever, ever! I am indeed a fool. I will go." She stood erect. "Bah!"—her tone changed—"Verily I do know. You love that strange Américaine, *cette chatte blanche*, but you shall never have her!"

Carl stood quietly mixing some paints on his palette, or pretending to do so.

"Madame," he said, "I suppose this sitting is at an end. Allow me to call your maid," and left the room, utterly bewildered by this strange scene.

The Princess, left alone in the studio, caught up some of the lovely yellow roses and tore them to pieces, strewing the old Persian carpet with petals, then walked over towards the picture covered by the sail. Something moved her to look at this painting so carefully veiled, and she drew the sail aside. For a minute she gazed at it, then a strange light of recognition came into her face.

"Alors son secret!" she said, bitterly. "C'est très bien travaillé! Elle est belle; oui, elle est surprenante, si froide, ce cœur glacial, de granit! Elle m'a vaincue!"

"Madame la Princesse, la voiture est en bas," humbly ventured the maid.

The Princess snatched her cloak rudely from the maid and left the room.

Fate, in the shape of Maria Scronsky, stopped the Princess in the concierge's little room, where keys hung and brass candlesticks stood in rows, to give her the Russian letters which had just arrived, and as the Princess took up these, she saw a square envelope, addressed by a hand she knew well—

"Miss Creighton,
Hôtel Grand St. Louis."

She appeared to be quite lost in the contents of one of her letters, which she leisurely opened.

"Maria, va me préparer une tasse de thé," she said.

Maria departed quickly to heat the samovar.

The Princess glanced around quickly. The concierge, in fresh white cap and black dress, was talking to her husband in the court while she watered the geraniums in pots against the wall. It did not take one minute to slip the letter into the pocket of her heavy silk cloak.

"Bonjour, Louise," she said, sweetly, to the concierge, as she passed through the court-yard to reach the elevator. "Qu'il fait beau temps!"

"Mais oui, votre altesse," said Louise, bowing, pleased at the notice of the great lady. When Louise came back to her office she missed the square note, and asked Isidore, her husband, about it. He knew nothing of it—"and I dare say it is of no great importance," he said in French. "It may have been taken up to them before they left, for while you were away this morning Madame Creighton and her très gentille nièce departed. Yes, in great haste, for the father of mademoiselle was taken very ill at Londres, and they departed in time to catch the Calais boat. Elles étaient très agitées, but they had given very handsome remembrances. C'était des gens très convenables pour sûr." And Isidore then gave Louise her share of the very liberal gratuities, and no one thought anything more about the

letter, least of all that the Princess had had anything to do with it, or that she had tied hard knots in the skein of Fate which were to cause much sorrow and bitterness of heart to two young people.

So while Carl was walking restlessly about the streets, thinking with irritation, not unmixed with mortification, about the events of the day, and longing for an answer to his note, Irene Creighton was sitting on the deck of *La France*, in the bright evening sunshine, glad at length to collect her thoughts. Since the arrival of that dreadful telegram in the morning with the news of her father's illness, she had been so busy with all the countless "last things" to be done, in getting tickets and consulting time-tables, that there had been no time for thought, simply a feeling of keen anxiety, for Irene dearly loved her father, who was more indulgent and kind than even most American fathers. The charming, cultivated girl clung with heart-felt devotion to the large, florid, and successful business man. Mingled with those little feelings of self-reproach that come to every loving soul in the illness of a dear one, there were other backward-turning thoughts of regret for the happy days that had gone. Mrs. Creighton had begged Irene to go on deck. The somewhat worldly old lady, with all her failings, was deeply attached to her son, and was much overcome.

As the flat green cliffs of Calais sank out of sight Irene felt deep regret, and looked with real affection at the French sailors with their blue jerseys and flat *bérets*. Dear, happy France, how she loved it! It had all been so pleasant—the old-fashioned hotel, the polite and kind servants, the shops and quaint bits of old Paris, the morning walks in the Champs Élysées where all the funny little stalls stood, where one could buy strange red lemonade, gingerbread, and air-balloons, and the serious little French children dug perpetually in the sand. Then the never to be forgotten days at Versailles and Pierrefontaine, and mingled with it all was one figure always—not the Duc de Morlé or Lord Charles Trevor, but Carl Sargisson. She remembered that last walk specially when they climbed the towers of Notre Dame, and stood on the platform where the great stone gargoyles watch over Paris ever with their sly carven eyes and sardonic smiles; and he had said to her how charming it had been going about with her, and how pleasant she had made the summer—and he had seemed as if he would have said more. She went over it all again, and the question rose which she scarcely dared put to herself, far down in her heart, "Does he care if I am gone?" deeper yet, "Does he love me?" For, with a wave of crimson sweeping over brow and cheek, and the tears standing in her eyes, the answer came direct, tumultuously, and without one ray of doubt, "For I love him"; and this was a revelation to Irene. She had never loved before. She went and stood by the taffrail, and as the last rays of the setting sun shone on the tall white light-house, and violet shadows came on the green waves, she whispered to herself: "Good-by, lovely France! Ah, what a happy, happy time is gone! Good-by, good-by!"

At the same hour the Princess, with her door locked, drew from its envelope Carl's letter; it was not long; the handwriting was firm and distinct. This is what she read:

27 Rue Fabert.

"My Dear Miss Creighton,—Perhaps you can guess what this note will tell you. In our last walk, when we climbed the towers of Notre Dame together, I tried to express the great pleasure I had had in your society, and how all this summer had been made most charming by your presence. Let me say the hours I have spent with you have made me a better and a nobler man. Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to dare to say how dear you have grown to me—presumption under the circumstances, for you are wealthy and I am comparatively poor. But if you were to give me the slightest hope that I might some day win your love, I would work as I have never done before. My prospects are improving beyond what I have had any right to expect, and if I can get a picture into this next year's Academy, then I can do much more. I only tell you all this that you may know exactly how my affairs stand. I can never tell you how I love you, or how happy I would try to make you, God helping me, if ever you were willing to be my wife. Will you write me a few lines just to let me know if I may hope, even if it is a long time to come, to be worthy of your esteem? How happy that would make

me I have not words to tell. Believe me to be, my dear Miss Creighton, ever

Your most sincere and devoted friend,

CARL SARGISSON."

As the Princess read these words she turned an ashen gray. She had received hundreds of love-letters in her time, but none like this. Perhaps its chivalrous and manly tone was beyond her, but she understood it well enough to grasp the fact that Carl loved this woman deeply and devotedly, with a love the like of which she never could possess. "She shall never have him!" she muttered between her teeth, and she tore the note into many little fragments, and stamped upon them with her high-heeled Parisian boots; and plucking at her cloak as if it choked her, flung it on the floor, and then threw herself upon her lace-trimmed couch, disarranging the costly Cleopatra dress beyond repair. She bit her yellow arm till it was marked with her teeth, moaning to herself between her livid lips, "Que je la déteste! que je la hais!"

As no answer came from Miss Creighton the next day, or the next, Carl was much perturbed, and was in a sad state of indecision and doubt, when he met Lord Charles Trevor at the Café Voisin, and learned, in the most incidental way, of the Creightons' departure. "And," said Lord Charles, as he finished his very excellent breakfast, "I am awfully sorry her father is ill; she was such a jolly girl, and a thorough lady too. And the old girl was not half bad either; had seen a jolly lot of life, and was awfully entertaining." With these felicitous remarks Lord Charles departed, to occupy the box-seat of Mr. Vandenberg's coach on a drive to Fontainebleau. He had no idea of Carl's case.

That, then, was the reason of her silence, and Carl was cut to the heart that she should suffer, and at once wrote a note to Mrs. Creighton, expressing his sympathy for them in their trouble, and begging to be kindly remembered to Miss Creighton. In answer to this he received a very kind note from Mrs. Creighton, written with formal and old-fashioned politeness, thanking him for writing, and saying, "My niece is, of course, much overwhelmed at this time with the great anxiety of her father's illness," and then he heard no more. Carl read of Mr. Creighton's death in the *Paris Herald* two weeks after this, but he did not write again, for he thought if she cared, she might have written one short line. Besides, through her father's death she had inherited his vast fortune. Through the short dark winter days one thing remained a stay and anchor to his distressed mind—his work. He painted from morning till night, and with a strange, desolate yearning completed the picture of "Lady Jane."

On a bright May morning in London, at the beginning of the season, Irene Creighton was sitting in a very comfortable drawing-room in her hotel. She sat before the window with the *Morning Post* in her hand, idly gazing out into the square. Little children, with the lovely complexion English children possess in perfection, were playing under the trees, attended by smart-looking nurses in white. Men with barrows filled with fresh flowers and palms passed along, crying their wares. Now and then a trim rider passed by to the Row on his exquisitely groomed horse. London was looking its best, and the great trees in Berkeley Square rustled their crisp green leaves in the morning sunshine. As Irene sat rather listlessly, turning the paper over, she suddenly gave a little start. She had come upon a notice of the Royal Academy. In her mourning she looked very pale, and the bright expression of happiness and content had gone. She looked tired, and a little line of worry and perplexity had come on her forehead. The winter had been a bitter one for her also. But her expression altered entirely as she read these words in the paper:

"The picture of the year is decidedly 'Lady Jane Grey on the Morning of her Execution,' by Sargisson. In this marvellous painting we cannot tell what fascinates us most, its perfect workmanship, or the wonderful individuality of the heroine it depicts. This is a new Lady Jane, not the gentle girl of our school-books, but a living, breathing woman. Filled with strong resolve, supported by an invincible faith, she looks calmly on a terrible and cruel death. Yet the exquisite face is filled with womanly tenderness and bitter sorrow for the loved one who has suffered first. We come away from the great picture feeling moved and elevated, and we long to save from her disastrous fate its beautiful and womanly heroine. The scheme

of color is perfect and harmonious. The flesh tints are marvellous, and one notes especially the hands.

"If this is Mr. Sargisson's maiden endeavor in the way of a great picture, we wonder what his subsequent efforts will give us, and can only predict for this young and brilliant artist a great and glorious future. The National Gallery has offered £7000 for this picture."

The paper dropped from Irene's hand as she gave a little inarticulate cry of joy, and she went quickly into Mrs. Creighton's room and proposed a visit to the Royal Academy. Mrs. Creighton assented with pleasure. She was delighted to see Irene so animated, who for a long time had seemed dull and apathetic. Soon she and Irene were rolling briskly along in a hansom to Burlington House.

It was rather a difficult thing to see the pictures with Mrs. Creighton, as she had to rest a great many times on the comfortable leather seats. But at last they reached the room where Carl's picture was.

"You know, grandma," said Irene, "the great picture of the year is by that young Mr. Sargisson we knew in Paris."

"Is it, indeed?" said Mrs. Creighton. "I always thought he was a very clever young fellow. How very interesting!"

There was a large group looking at the picture, but at length Mrs. Creighton and Irene found a place within its circle. As Irene gazed at the canvas a strange feeling of unreality swept over her. She drank in the beauty of color and grouping, and then fixed her attention upon the face. She knew she had seen it before—where? when? Then it was herself! He had painted her! He had chosen her for this great picture! Oh, strange, strange, sweet thought!

"My dear child," said Mrs. Creighton, looking earnestly at the picture and speaking in a subdued tone — then suddenly turning to her granddaughter and scrutinizing the beautiful face at her side, under its smart black hat, then back again at the lovely moving one under its velvet coif—"am I ill, or a prey to a hallucination? Is not that a portrait of you? It is extraordinary; it has really made me feel so strange! Why, it is positively wonderful! Give me my smelling-bottle. I really feel quite faint."

But it was true, nevertheless, and Irene and Mrs. Creighton discussed the picture on the way home.

"You ought to feel highly complimented," said Mrs. Creighton, "for it is a most beautiful picture, and a wonderful likeness. If only your poor dear father could have seen it! He would have wanted to buy it, no doubt, at once. Only I don't see how Mr. Sargisson could have painted it from memory. Ah, he is truly a genius!" Mrs. Creighton was very much pleased. She herself was one of a line of beauties, and it was only just and proper that the ladies of her family should appear in beautiful and historical pictures. Had not her own mother been painted dancing a saraband with General Lafayette?

Irene sat in the hansom with a happy little smile flitting over her face. She had found the key of the cipher. He had not forgotten her.

A few days after this, as Irene and her grandmother were driving in the park, Irene, who had apparently been quite absorbed in the brilliant and gay scene, quite startled her grandmother by saying, suddenly, "Grandma dear, let's go to France."

"To France?" said Mrs. Creighton. "Paris, you mean, Irene dear. Why, London is ever so much more pleasant in the season. Of course we cannot go out anywhere now; but still we have so many friends, and Lord Charles Trevor has made it so pleasant for us," said Mrs. Creighton, tentatively.

"Oh, I was not thinking about him at all," said Irene, absently, demolishing some very bright little day-dreams her grandmother had been indulging in lately. "But let us go to that place in France you went to when you were a girl in Picardy; it always seemed such a delightful place! I am a little tired of all this—that is, grandma dear, if you don't mind."

And as Mrs. Creighton only lived for Irene, they forthwith went to France, "in that dreadfully erratic American way of theirs," as the Duchess of Montjoy, Lord Charles Trevor's mother, said, when she read of their departure.

One exquisite morning in the last days of May Irene sallied forth on a walk through the gray old town of St.-Valery-sur-Somme. It was good to be alive that lovely day; the tide was out, and the white gulls were pirouetting on the shining yellow sands. Mrs. Creighton would not be up for hours yet, so Irene walked down by the old walls to the little "place." The ancient Norman church stood far up

on the cliffs, while the sea rolled beneath, and the wall-flowers, a band of tawny orange, dusky crimson, and vivid yellow, sprouted out of the gray stones against the cloudless sky, and filled the air with their fresh fragrance. The little "place" was quiet and sunny, surrounded by tall old gray houses with shuttered windows, like closed eyes, and the one draper's shop, where the rosy-cheeked apprentice in a blue smock was standing at the door. The pigeons pattered to and fro with their pink feet over the cobble-stones, and an old peasant was making a mattress in an outbuilding in the corner.

Irene passed into the road behind the church, where the beech-trees grew and the primroses nestled at their feet in the green moss. Here by the stream quantities of purple iris were growing. Some little dark-haired children joined Irene, and they wandered by the stream, picking their way over stones, gathering bunches of the purple flowers. Then she turned into the wood, and trod lightly along the narrow path under the rustling leaves of the beech-trees. She hummed a gay little French song as she went, and the checkered sunshine fell upon her wide black hat and on the bunches of pale primroses and purple flags in her hands; and thus, at the turn of the path that leads to the "abbaye," she met Carl Sargisson.

"Why, Mr. Sargisson," she said, "how did you come here?" And he could see in her face the look of surprised joy. She stood still under the trees, and the purple flags fluttered in the soft breeze against her black dress.

"I learned that you had come to St.-Valery, and I could not help coming here in the hope of catching a glimpse of you again. But this is such good fortune I can scarcely believe it," he said, with his old bright smile.

He looked very upright and fresh, and like a man to whom success had come. Irene did not say a word for a minute; her heart was beating too fast for that.

"Do not go back just yet," said Carl. "Let us sit down here under the beech-trees. I want to talk to you a little bit, if I may." He said this very gently, but with great earnestness. Irene sat down on a great stone under the beech-trees, and her flowers fell unheeded on the path.

"Did you," said Carl, "get a letter I wrote you just the day you left Paris? I left it myself at the Hôtel Grand St. Louis. Why did you never answer it?" He looked at her intently with his clear gray eyes. Might he hope yet?

"No," answered Irene, turning her lovely sincere eyes upon him, "I never received any letter—never even a line." And her face showed something of the pain she had passed through that long winter.

"Darling! Darling! May I tell you what was in it?" And he took up her hand that was resting on the green moss at her side, and held it in both his own. "It can be put into so few words. I love you, Irene, more than I can express in these poor words, and have, almost since the first time I saw you in the hotel window; but I was afraid to say it, for I was poor and you were rich; but now things are better since the picture has been bought by the National Gallery, and my other one, 'Cleopatra,' accepted by the Salon. May I love you, Irene darling? I have been waiting so long to tell you this."

Irene had been looking away over the trees to the old church on the cliffs, but now she turned her eyes, filled with happy tears, upon him, and the deep color came surging back into the cheeks that had turned so white.

"Carl, Carl darling, I have loved you always too; yes, even when you were quite poor. I thought you had forgotten me, or never cared for me at all. After I saw the picture, I knew you had not; but I have been very unhappy."

And Carl put his arm around her and kissed the lovely oval cheek, and said:

"Now you know why I painted Lady Jane. You have been my inspiration, and crowned me with success. I am not worthy of your love," and he took her other hand in his. "Kiss me once, darling," he said, and she put her arms about his neck and kissed him on the square brow, where the little line of perplexity came when he worked, and in that kiss was all the devotion of her true woman's heart.

Then they had to turn homeward for *déjeuner*, and Mrs. Creighton must not be kept waiting, though they could have talked all day long in the beech wood. Carl picked up the scattered flowers, and they walked back to the old gray town and through the sunny "place" to the

yellow cottage by the gate, while the thrushes sang on and on among the rustling beeches.

On their way through Paris, on their return to London, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sargisson stopped at the Hôtel Grand St. Louis for "old sake's sake," as Irene said, and she stood in the *salon* and looked at the golden clock with its inscription: "Tout fuit, l'amour et la vie," and she smiled, for she did not believe it.

As it happened, the Princess Sophronie Maltikoff was also there for the season, and she looked across that evening into the Sargissons' apartments.

It was about nine o'clock, and Irene was sitting alone in the *salon* in one of the high-backed chairs; the light from the tall old-fashioned lamp fell on her chestnut hair, bringing out its ruddy gold, and on her white forehead. She had on a white dress with a black sash, and she was reading.

As the Princess watched, Carl came in, and walked across the court-yard with brisk and happy steps. It was dark, and she could not see him until he passed into the lamp-lit room, with his hands full of newspapers and letters. He looked older than a year ago, with a ripening touch of maturity, and the light glowed on his handsome face, all filled with manly love, as he looked at his wife. Carl came over to Irene, and leaning over the chair, turned the beautiful, devout face up to his own and kissed it tenderly. The Princess turned sharply into her own dark, empty room.

IN THE SHADOW.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WE walk within the shadow, and we feel its thickening fold
That wraps us round and holds us close, a cloak against the cold;
The day is growing sombre, and the joyous light has fled,
And beneath our feet the road is rough, and clouds are overhead.

We sit within the shadow, and in that silence dumb,
To us in softened echoes remembered voices come;
Dear eyes that closed in slumber once, dear hands that straightened lie,
Awaken tender yearnings as the day wanes slowly by.

We rest within the shadow, though the hurrying people go
On errands swift for gold and gain, beyond us, to and fro;
We have no care for transient things; we wish no more to strive
As once we did; we rest, we dream, we feel but half alive.

Our resting and our waiting, and our plodding on the way,
With the sunshine of the past casting darkness on to-day,
With no caring for the future, while the heartache holds us fast,
With no thought for any pleasure—ah! 'tis well these cannot last.

For the shadow always lifts, and the sunlight glows again;
There are sudden gleams of brightness, sweet clear shining after rain;
And we gird ourselves for action, strengthened we arise and go
From the sanctuary outward, where the feet tramp to and fro.

Life must have its sometime sorrow, but the years that drift along
Touch the minor chords but seldom; there are spaces blithe with song.
Sometimes we must face the shadow, where the wind blows keen and cold,
But the shadow fades at dawning, and the east is flecked with gold.

FAITH AND FAITHFULNESS.

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!"

EARLY in the sixties the town of Kingshaven was surrendered and abandoned, and, on entering, the Federal army found the place deserted save for the negroes. The people had only a few hours' notice, for they had felt quite secure behind the one small battery of light artillery at the mouth of the river. They knew nothing whatever of the war-ships that were approaching; but they did know that the battery was manned by the gentlemen of the town, and commanded by George Bullen, and what more could be needed?

George Bullen had warned them, and had warned the government, that the little battery would scarcely be heard by the war-ships; was, indeed, little more than a joke; but the government either agreed with the ladies, or was careless whether Kingshaven fell or not. So the battery retreated, and the war-vessels only waited for the tide to steam up to the town. It was during this short delay that the hegira took place, the inhabitants moving in a body, driving away in their wagons and carriages, taking with them what they could, and accompanied by many of their negroes. By night and by torch-light they marched up to the ferry, across which they were taken in flat-boats to the mainland; then, some following one road and some following another, these people, who had lived and loved and disputed, who had wept and prayed and rejoiced together for generations, bade each other farewell, and went away into a wellnigh unknown world.

Miss Maria Cathcart cast in her lot with her nephew, Charles St. Clair, as being her nearest of kin; and her little carriage and a wagon drawn by one mule brought away for her and her servants all that they could transport. In the front of the carriage, under the feet of Jack the coachman, was a basket of silver; on the seat beside him, a box of Miss Maria's caps, and another basket of ancestral candlesticks. Inside, piled all about Miss Maria, were her clothes and house linen, and in either hand she carried a cut-glass decanter. The wagon behind was driven by Kizzy, Miss Maria's maid, who was the wife of the coachman, and in it were Kizzy's little children and the children of other servants, and all that could be saved of household stuff. Behind came other carriages and wagons, and many negroes walking with their bundles on their backs — a patriarchal procession; but Jack and Miss Maria were in the lead, because, Mr. St. Clair having to go with his company to join the army, Jack, as the oldest and most responsible negro, had the care of the party as they journeyed to the nearest town within the Southern lines, from whence they were transported by rail to the interior.

Miss Maria and the St. Clairs took a house together, and Jack hired out the negroes and collected the wages, and took care of the place they had rented, and things were more comfortable than could have been expected.

"Indeed, we get along famously," Miss Maria asserted; "we have everything quite decent, and Jack is a very good servant — butler, coachman, overseer, and several other things rolled into one; and Kizzy is doing admirably; yes, we are surprisingly comfortable, and I am most thankful."

One day the news came of her nephew's death—killed in Virginia. It was a dreadful blow, and the results which followed were most disastrous to Miss Maria, for her nephew's widow took her many children and went to her own parents. Jack and Kizzy declared that it was "berry ha'd fuh Miss 'Ria to be leff wid nuttin but niggers"; but Miss Maria, who had no idea of being under obligations or of being a burden, bore it very quietly.

So the niece and the children went away, the children very reluctantly and with many tears, and Miss Maria moved into two rooms on the sunniest corner of the ramshackle old house, the owner agreeing to let her have them for a nominal rent, seeing that in the town houses were going begging.

The neighbors seemed to feel with old Jack and Kizzy that Miss Maria had

been hardly treated, and became more friendly.

But worse times came: old Jack died. Kizzy and Miss Maria did everything possible, and also the doctor and the neighbors, but nothing could save him. After this Miss Maria began to feel the want of money. She sold the mule and wagon, and later her little horse and carriage; but she did it quite pleasantly, not alluding to her needs. She and Kizzy consulted as to ways and means, and Kizzy took in washing, and her little daughter Milly became Miss Maria's maid.

The surrender came, and with it came absolute demoralization. This was a black period—a blackness that involved the whole country—and Kizzy spent much of it leaning over the back gate abusing the refugee negroes she knew, as one after another they came to ask if she were going home.

"Goin' back home!" she repeated, scornfully. "What you got down dey to go to? Who is gwine gie you bittle en close? You foolish; you t'ink say 'kase you free dese t'ings is gwine grow on de tree. No, I ain't goin'; I gwine stay right yer wid Miss 'Ria. Enty I done promise Jack say I would stay? Enty I got house yer fuh me en my chillun; enty I got fire, en close, en bittle? No, I ain't goin'. En I 'ain't t'ink say you would leff missis like dis; 'fo' Gawd, I 'ain't t'ink it!"

"Sis Kizzy, I 'bleeged to go," was the usual answer; "I cahn stay in dis po' red-clay country no longer. I des wants to smell de ma'sh one mo' time, en tas'e dem fish, en crab, en 'yster, des *one* mo' time; en I wants to feel dat good lightwood fire 'gen. I 'clay, Sis Kizzy, I des 'bleeged to go; but I cahn tell missis good-by; dat I cahn do."

And they did not, but disappeared one by one during the week, until Kizzy alone was left. She did not tell Miss Maria all at once, but when the last one was gone she opened up the subject gradually, when, one morning, she was putting Miss Maria's breakfast on the table.

"I des wish I had a good fish fuh you, Miss 'Ria," she began—Miss Maria's breakfast was bacon and hominy. "I done yeddy Mingo say turrer day dat 'e was hongry en trusty fuh dem crab en fish, en I 'ain't shum f'om dat day to dis, en I spec' say 'e gone home. Mingo ain't no 'count nohow, 'ceppen somebody stan' by um awl de time en meck um wuck."

Miss Maria looked up. "You think that he has really gone home?" she asked.

"Yes, missis, I spec' 'e is, 'kaze I 'ain't shum fuh dese t'ree day."

"Perhaps they will all go, Kizzy," the old lady said, making no motion to touch her breakfast.

"I spec' so, missis," Kizzy answered, pushing the little dish of hominy nearer to her mistress; "'kaze sence Jack daid, en Mass' Cha'lie is kill, de nigger ain't feel like dey's got no mawsa; en now when people tell um dey is free, den dey awl t'ink say if dey kin git back home t'ings is gwine be des like dey is always be."

Miss Maria was silent for a moment, then the light kindled in her bright old eyes, and she drew herself up. "They are very ungrateful, Kizzy," she said, "and forget that I have cared for them all their lives, and that now they ought to care for me. I hope that *you*, Kizzy, will be better behaved, for you must remember that you have lived in the house since you were two years old—indeed, your mother died *before* you were two years old—and that for more than thirty years I have had you cared for and have provided for you. But perhaps," she went on, her voice softening—"perhaps the poor things *were* homesick—perhaps they were; I am homesick myself sometimes; and, oh, my country—my poor country!"

And Miss Maria put her handkerchief, a piece of old linen, to her eyes and wept; and Kizzy, throwing her apron over her head, knelt down by her mistress's chair and sobbed too, begging pardon all the time for crying in Miss Maria's presence. But it was not long that Miss Maria wept—the tears of old age are hard, but they are few—and presently she wiped her eyes and blew her nose, which seemed to recall Kizzy's self-control, and rising, she took the dishes of bacon and hominy off the table.

"Dis is done git cole, Miss 'Ria," she said; "dis will do fuh me en de chillun; I'll git you some hot."

So the old lady ate her breakfast, and when she had finished, Kizzy beat up the cushions in the chair by the fire and brought Miss Maria her books for daily reading, then went away to her washing.

After this it seemed to Miss Maria that the whole country had dissolved, and her cheerfulness wavered a little. If she

could have written to any one to ask for news, or have known where her kinsmen were—whether in prison, or killed in the last battles, or gone with the despairing to Mexico—if any one had sent her a line or a word, it would have been a great help; but there was such confusion that no one seemed to know anything certainly, and she knew nothing at all. For a few days she was depressed, then she took herself in hand and gave herself a good scolding. Where was the faith of her youth? Why should it fail now, "when the bread she had cast on the water in Kizzy's direction was returning to her in such substantial fashion"? This thought made her laugh a little, and she began to walk up and down her two bare rooms and to sing her hymns as bravely and as badly as in her old Kingshaven home; and Kizzy, hearing the quavering voice, paused over her wash-tub to wipe her eyes.

Money became more scarce, so Kizzy began to work for barter—milking for a share of milk, cooking for food, and washing for a return in wood. Meanwhile Miss Maria got one or two notes, which told of nothing but death and disaster, of privation to the extent of need, and of great mortality among the uncared-for negroes. Again Kizzy came in and knelt by her mistress's chair to weep.

"We's better off wey we is, Miss 'Ria," she comforted; "en I tell dem nigger dey is foolish. Mingo is des been gone 'bout t'ree munts, en now 'e daid—po' Mingo!"

"And just think," Miss Maria said, "Mass George Bullen has just got home; he has been so ill; and Miss Phœbe has been *cooking*. Yes, Kizzy, God has been very good to us, for at least we have enough to eat and are in good health. And, Kizzy, think of your Mass Tom St. Clair ploughing in his field barefooted! Think of it—educated in Europe, and owning three plantations! Poor fellow! poor fellow! And his wife cooking and washing. Kizzy, it is *awful!*"

"Yes, missis, it's berry bad, m'am," Kizzy answered; "en we's better off right wey we is; en ef dem triflin' niggers had stay wid *we*, dey is been better off too; 'kaze who know wey dey is gone now dey is daid? Nobody kin say, 'kaze dey ain't do right in leffin' we up yer by we seff. No, dat 'ain't been right, en I tell 'em so 'fo' dey gone; en Gawd ain't want 'em ef dey ain't do right — no, m'am, 'e ain't. Please Gawd, somebody will come en git we bime-by—please Gawd."

So Miss Maria and Kizzy set themselves to wait patiently for this "bime-by"; but again for several days Miss Maria could not sing.

Cold weather came. Cracks were everywhere in the old house, and curtains and carpets nowhere. The big chimneys took a vast quantity of wood even to heat them so that they would draw, and Kizzy was dismayed. At length she and Miss Maria came to the conclusion that all the furniture had better be moved into the warmest room; then, by having a fire always, Miss Maria might keep comfortable.

"If you ketch a cole, missis, it 'll be berry bad, m'am," Kizzy agreed; "en now ebbrybody is so po' dat nobody ain't gwine t'ink nuttin' 'bout yo' baid bein' in de pahlor."

It was dreadful to live in one room, Miss Maria thought; but how much better than Tom St. Clair ploughing barefooted! And when the move was made she declared that the parlor looked much nicer for having everything in it, and it was much more sociable to have things closer to her—even poor sticks of furniture.

But Kizzy found less and less work, and she did not know what to do unless she hired out by the month. A place was offered to her by a new family who had just come to town—a clergyman and his wife. Kizzy had been scouring for them, and from her present stand-point they seemed to her to be very rich. They offered her good wages if she would come and do all the work, and she might spend the nights at her own home. She had a week in which to decide; but how could she do it—how could she leave Miss Maria and her own little children all day? She could take the youngest with her, but that would leave two besides Milly at home, and how would they keep warm?

The day before Kizzy's answer was due was cold, and Kizzy had no work at all. She thought a long time while she mended various articles, sitting on the floor by the fire in Miss Maria's room. At last she said,

"Is you glad fuh simme settin' yer en sewin', missis?"

"Yes," Miss Maria answered, looking up from her book; "it seems quite proper, Kizzy; but how is it you are not working to-day?"

Kizzy waited a moment, then said, slowly, "I 'ain't got no wuck, Miss 'Ria, en I cahn git none."

"No work!" Miss Maria repeated; then, after a pause, she sat up straighter in her chair and looked down on Kizzy. "Why, girl," she said, "what does this mean?"

"Miss 'Ria—I 'clay, Miss 'Ria, dat is de trute," Kizzy asserted, so mournfully that she showed all the whites of her eyes. "De trute is de light, Miss 'Ria, en dat is de trute; I try en I try, en I cahn fine nuttin' to do; no, m'am, 'ceppen—" But here Kizzy broke down, and threw her apron over her head, crying.

"Well," Miss Maria said, "excepting where?"

"Scuge me, missis; I know 'tain't no manners to cry, but I cahn he'p it, Miss 'Ria."

"Of course I'll excuse you," Miss Maria answered, rather sternly, for she did not know what to expect; "but what does it all mean?"

Kizzy wiped her eyes: Miss Maria's sternness quieted her.

"I mean, Miss 'Ria, dat I kin git wuck, but I hafter go 'way from home to do it, m'am. I kin come yer to sleep at night, but I muss go by daylight in de mawnin', en come home after da'k—yes, m'am."

"Well?" said Miss Maria.

"Well, m'am, dey won't be nobody yer but Milly, Miss 'Ria, en de two nex' chilluns—I'll teck de younges' one wid me."

"Well?" Miss Maria said again.

"En who's gwine teck care o' you, Miss 'Ria, en git yo' dinner hot, m'am?"

"Milly," Miss Maria answered.

"En who's gwine teck care o' de chillun, m'am?"

"Milly."

"En how is dey gwine keep wa'm?"

Kizzy's voice was low, and her eyes were fixed on her mistress's face like the eyes of a dumb creature, and Miss Maria looked at Kizzy. This was the critical point. To have a fire out in Kizzy's room for these two children would be dangerous as well as expensive; to send them to the house of another negro would be expensive also, and not altogether safe; yet to expect that they should sit on the floor in Miss Maria's room was to Kizzy far more presumptuous than to expect that they should sit on the floor of heaven. A dozen little negroes might come into her mistress's room to be taught if Miss Maria pleased, or to serve Miss Maria, but for her to *ask* Miss Maria to let her children stay there all day while she was gone, seemed to her to be preposterous—to be reversing things and asking Miss Maria to serve her! It had somewhat this look to Miss Maria too for a moment, then she saw an escape from the dilemma. In Kingshaven she had taught all the little negroes who lived in her yard, every day, hymns and such things; so to teach these children would be only to keep up old customs. It might entertain her, would surely do them good, and at the same time save appearances and embarrassment both for her and for Kizzy. Still looking in Kizzy's eyes, she said:

"They may stay in here, Kizzy, and I will teach them; Milly shall give them their dinner in the kitchen. It can be easily managed, I think."

And so it was. Kizzy cooked food for the day, and left that for the children in the kitchen, and that for Miss Maria in the cupboard; and the children, spotlessly clean, waited in the back room until Miss Maria had dressed and breakfasted; then Milly, with stern disciplinary whispers, brought them into Miss Maria's room, and put them into a warm corner, from which coigne of vantage they, sitting cross-legged like little black idols, stared at their mistress, who was a part of their faith; or, with eyes that turned so far round in their sockets as to seem all white, they watched Milly as she pattered about putting things to rights. And Milly developed so wonderfully under their admiring gaze, and skipped about so nimbly and assuredly on her batter-cake feet and slim little legs, that Miss Maria, looking at her over the top of her spectacles, told her she would equal her mother some day. Whereupon Milly fizzed into mirth, like a siphon of Vichy, and the little black idols in the corner rolled their eyes from Milly round again to their mistress, and fastened them there.

The weather grew colder; the big chimney in Miss Maria's room "eat wood," and Kizzy's wages made very scant provision. One thing after another Miss Maria said she could do without. Butter was not at all necessary, nor coffee, nor sugar; milk was quite enough for her to drink. Then lights were not necessary; Miss Maria could do her reading in the day, so that for the evening the firelight would do. Fuel, too, must not be burnt with any view to a special blaze

for the sake of light. Sitting alone in the dusk seemed to double the desolation, and putting on two shawls and her rubbers for warmth seemed to deepen the poverty; but it could not be helped; and every evening, as Kizzy came in to make Miss Maria comfortable for the night, to bank up the precious fire and to take the children away, she seemed to bring a little freshness in, a little cheer; and as she rubbed her mistress—in an old-fashioned way, it is true, but soothingly—Miss Maria would say,

"We are one day nearer to going home, Kizzy; for somebody will surely come to get us."

"Yes, missis," Kizzy would answer, "somebody will come en git we bime-by."

Then with a sigh and a smile Miss Maria would go to sleep as quietly as a child, and Kizzy would steal away.

One day, in going his rounds, the new clergyman heard of Miss Maria—of her age, her loneliness, her poverty, and her cheerfulness. It made a moving story, and impressed the good man; but in the faithful, humble servant "Kizzy" he did not for one moment recognize his wife's dignified treasure, who had introduced herself as Mrs. Kezia Adams. He was full of the story, and at supper he retailed it to his wife, who was also deeply moved. They did not observe that Kizzy left the room hastily, nor that they had to ring twice before she returned, nor that when she did come her eyes were flashing, and her head was held unusually high. Indeed, they were so busy planning relief for Miss Maria that they did not observe Kizzy at all; but very little escaped Kizzy of the plans they made to send the stores they would buy to Miss Maria before they called, so that she would not trace the gift to them. The things should be sent in the morning, and they would call in the evening.

"Think of her having so little wood, and no lights at all, not even one candle!" Mrs. Jarvis said. "How pitiful to sit alone in the dark! I wonder if she would use a stove; but these Southern people are so devoted to their open fireplaces that I doubt if she would; yet these big chimneys are dreadfully wasteful."

Mr. Jarvis shook his head. "To send a stove," he said, "would be to tell her who sent the things, and she might not accept them. Feeling runs high, you know; I meet it at every turn—poor people!"

Kizzy almost dropped a dish at this juncture. *Her* white people *poor!* No deeper insult could be offered to ex-slaves than the suggestion that their former owners had not been born in the purple and with the wealth of Crœsus, and Mr. Jarvis unwittingly had offered this insult. Kizzy was in a fury

That night she took an armful of wood. "If he t'inks I is po' buckra nigger," she muttered, vindictively, "I'll do like po' buckra nigger; en if he is so rich, Gawd knows *I* ain't gwine let *my* missis look po' 'fo' *him*—not *me*. Any nigger 'll hab better manners en *dat*." But Kizzy kept the secret of the coming stores to herself, for she had caught the idea that Miss Maria might refuse them.

The next morning there was the most marked change in Miss Maria's room; there were extra touches everywhere, a much larger fire than usual, and the two little black idols had disappeared. Gone to help their mother, Milly said.

Just as Miss Maria finished her reading, the front door was heard to open and steps sounded in the hall. Miss Maria waited, thinking some friend had come in; then hearing the door close again, she sent Milly to investigate; then following herself, found a large basket and an uncovered box filled with all sorts of bags and bundles, addressed to Miss Maria Cathcart.

Miss Maria and Milly stared; then Miss Maria said:

"It is a present. How kind!" Her face lighted up like a child's. "You can't move the basket or the box, Milly," she went on, "but you can bring in the packages." And forthwith Milly began work; and sometimes running and sometimes staggering, and at all times puffing with excitement and delight, she transported bundle after bundle to the table in the back room, Miss Maria walking back and forth with her, touching and pinching each thing to guess what it might be.

"A very handsome present indeed," Miss Maria said, when everything was at last on the table—"a *very* handsome present. Crackers; very good. Here, Milly. Coffee—butter—grits—rice—ginger-snaps. Here, Milly. Tea—flour—candles—pickles—nuts. Here, Milly. Sugar—lump-sugar. Here, Milly; cheese. Here, Milly. Bacon—lard—raisins. Here, Milly." By this time Milly was holding her apron. "And wine," Miss Maria fin-

ished. "A very handsome present. I shall put some in the decanters at once. Two bottles of wine. Suppose I had not saved the decanters! A glass of wine and a cracker will be very comfortable at twelve o'clock—*very* comfortable indeed; quite like old times. Get the scissors, Milly."

So the cork was poked out of one bottle, and the contents divided between the two decanters, which had stood on the high mantel-piece for safety. Miss Maria placed them on the table, with a plate of raisins, a plate of nuts, a plate of crackers, and a plate of ginger-snaps, and her only wineglasses, three in number and three in shape; then she stood off and surveyed it; and Milly, standing on one foot in her excitement, surveyed it too, and smiled an ear-to-ear smile.

"Very comfortable," Miss Maria repeated, nodding her head at the table. "Put on more wood, Milly."

"Missis!" Milly cried, returning with a log in her arms, "dey is a big new pile o' wood in de back ya'd—yes, m'am."

Miss Maria stepped briskly to the window. There it was, a *very* large pile—the biggest pile she had seen since leaving home. The old lady's face beamed as she folded her hands together.

"God is good," she said, softly, "*very* good. Now Kizzy can return to her proper duties. Yes, with all that has been provided, we can live decently once more. Praise the Lord!" She felt like sending Milly off immediately to call her mother home, but her eyes falling on the boxes of candles, she thought of something she wished to do at once. The candles must be put into the candlesticks—for what else had she saved them? So from the mantel-piece and the closet all the candlesticks were taken; and Milly, seated on the floor, rubbed them with a woollen rag, munching the while from her store of confections piled away in the corner; and Miss Maria, hunting up a piece of white paper from around one of the packages, cut little frills with which to make the candles stand firm in the sticks.

It was a very busy day indeed, Miss Maria scarcely wishing to stop for dinner; but by the afternoon the candles were all put into the sticks, with the jaunty little frills about the base of each, and were arranged—and every few moments rearranged—about the room.

The big branches were on the table, where the wine and other refreshments still stood; the smaller branches were on the mantel-piece, flanked by two straight candlesticks; the others were put about in various places, for Miss Maria had decided that she would have a plenty of light. The candles had been sent to give her light and comfort and pleasure, and as soon as it was dark she would gain all this by lighting them. Things had been very bad, but they had taken a turn for the better, and she was weary of darkness and loneliness. In the back room she had stuck the candles into bottles, and Milly had made a fire in there too, so that her mistress could go in and out without fear of taking cold. Miss Maria felt as if she had been keeping house once more; and all being arranged to her satisfaction, she waited anxiously for the evening and the illumination. By five o'clock she and Milly were in a glow of light. Fine fires were blazing on both hearths, and Miss Maria was walking up and down singing, when a knock came at the outer door. Not a remarkably loud knock, but one that made Milly spring to her feet and Miss Maria stop in her walk. The neighbors usually came to the inner door, and this knock, being on the outer door, was a stranger's, and being loud, was a man's.

"Put another log on the fire, Milly," Miss Maria said, as she stepped over to the glass to see if her cap and kerchief were straight. "It must be the new clergyman. And sweep up the hearth, quickly, before you go to the door." Then Miss Maria took from a box filled with dead rose leaves one of the squares of old linen which she had hemmed for pocket-handkerchiefs, and holding it by the middle, resumed her seat, while Milly put away in the corner the bunch of feathers that served as a hearth-broom.

To Milly and to Miss Maria the room looked very fine and cheerful, while to the strangers entering it seemed inexpressibly incongruous and pathetic.

Miss Maria rose and stepped forward to meet them, bowing graciously, and extending her delicate hand as they introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis. There was wonder in their eyes, and putting it down to the brightness of her apartment, Miss Maria was pleased that they should be surprised.

"It has been such a cloudy day," she said, cheerfully, when they were seated,

"that I lighted the candles early, and lighted them all. I enjoy light and warmth, and am so thankful to have it; of late it has not been plentiful"—and she smiled a little to herself at the mild way in which she had stated her case.

"It looks very cheerful indeed," Mr. Jarvis answered, slowly, while Mrs. Jarvis, suffering "pain and grief" for the wild waste she saw, looked on the solidity of the candlesticks and not on the candles, and on the sparkle of the old decanters rather than on the wine.

"A kind friend has sent me quite a batch of nice things," Miss Maria went on. "Won't you try a glass of wine and a cake?" She rose and filled the glasses; but Mrs. Jarvis declining, the ceremony was between Mr. Jarvis and herself.

"Your very good health, sir," she said, with a bow.

"Your very good health, madam," Mr. Jarvis returned, and felt as if he had suddenly reverted into his own grandfather.

"Things have been very bad for everybody," Miss Maria continued, as she sipped her wine; "but I knew that they would get better, and they have. I have always been of a very hopeful and cheerful disposition. I had begun to think too much so"—nodding gayly—"and that I was being chastened for it; but now you see how little good the chastening has done"—making a gesture that took in all the flaring candles—"for at the first opportunity I have an illumination, and change my mind."

After this the conversation ran on smoothly, but chiefly between Mr. Jarvis and his hostess; and to Milly, standing at attention between the strangers and her prog in the corner, Miss Maria seemed a new being—so quick and ready of speech, laughing so gayly, and gesticulating so vivaciously, but with no mention whatever of woes or wants, save as they were the woes and wants of the country.

And Mrs. Jarvis felt defrauded. As they closed the gate she said, "Those candles should have lasted her all winter."

And her husband answered, "I feel like spending my whole salary on candles."

Kizzy was enchanted, especially at the illogical command to come home. Her eyes and teeth reflected all the lights; she looked over the stores, felt the height and length of the wood-pile, deposited the three little black idols in safety, then ran back to Mrs. Jarvis.

"I cahn come yer no mo'," she said, breathlessly, to that astounded lady; "I got to stay home. Miss 'Ria Cat'cart, wey you sen' de t'ings, is my missis."

"Is she sick?"

"No, m'am; but we hab plenty now, en I cahn stay yer no mo'."

"Miss Cathcart ought not to take you."

"Ki! I b'longs to um."

"But you said you'd stay—"

"I say dat when we 'ain't hab nuttin'."

"You *promised*."

"'Kaze we 'ain't hab nuttin'."

"You *must* keep a promise."

"Who gwine meck me? Nigger do what 'e wants to do, en what 'e meck to do. Who gwine meck me?"

"I won't pay you."

"You 'bleeged to pay me fuh what I done do, 'kaze it is done do."

"Not if you go without warning."

"I muss go."

"Why?"

"'Kaze I wants to, en 'kaze my missis wants me, en I tired. If you doan pay me, well—you doan pay me; I cahn he'p dat; but I gwine. I'll sen' somebody fuh cook you breakfuss."

All the way home Kizzy chuckled.

"Dey call me po' buckra nigger; I'll do like po' buckra nigger!" and she clapped her hands and laughed aloud as she ran through the darkness, and remembered the stores only as a further revenge on Mrs. Jarvis for the imagined insult.

Of course Mrs. Jarvis sent Kizzy's money, but she prophesied dire want for Miss Maria and her *ménage*; poetical justice must take account of such childish improvidence.

But no harm came to Miss Maria; Mrs. Jarvis herself would not have permitted it; still, it did not even threaten, for before the stores were exhausted, Mr. George Bullen came to bring Miss Maria and her retinue home to her own people.

So the remaining supplies were given away with much generosity, and, to Kizzy's proud delight, she was sent with a pair of the silver candlesticks as a parting present to Mrs. Jarvis. For, as Miss Maria said to a neighbor, she had not been able to pay anything toward Mr. Jarvis's salary, which had mortified her very much.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

IF people would only be careful what they put into their minds! If man were like a tree it would not make so much difference. The tree absorbs only what it needs for growth and beauty. It takes from filthy water, from a mixed soil, from unpleasant fertilizers, and transforms all that it needs into wholesome nutriment. The mind of man is not such a chemical laboratory. If the mind were simply a reservoir, in compartments, it could be more easily managed. We could pump it out and cleanse it, and get rid of the bad material taken in, ignorantly or inadvertently. Whatever the soul is, it is not this sort of receptacle. If we could conceive of it as material, it might be some volatile essence or gas, with a hungry affinity for everything. Suppose it to be pure originally; it seems in its affinity to lack the power of selection or rejection, of transforming what it absorbs into healthy growth and beauty. The pure essence is changed in substance—it is colored; it is stained; it is tainted. Sometimes it shines and sparkles, and this iridescence, which perhaps is of decay, like Cypriote glass, is called beauty. A sinful and beautiful soul! Is there any process by which it can be redistilled and purified? Unfortunately there is memory, which holds fast all it gets. Why, this essence is more intractable to purifying treatment than butter. The housewife knows how nearly impossible it is to restore to purity tainted butter, which has been permitted to absorb alien and disagreeable odors. It is strange that she is much more careful of her butter than of her child's mind, which is much more susceptible and delicate, much more liable to take in vitiating material, that becomes a part of the mind itself, and is practically ineradicable. One can see why an Eternity is needed to forget what one has learned in the brief space called Time.

Can you not see the difference between a vicious mind—a mind transformed as if by chemical action by reason of unwholesome influences—and a diseased body? We can understand something of the chemistry of the body. Until its tissues are destroyed, it has the power of throwing off deleterious substances. Nay, originally it acts somewhat as a tree acts. It selects and appropriates only what it needs. We say, therefore, when the body is sick, give nature a chance. These ills are to some extent foreign, and the normal life can cast them off. Even habit in the body is not so inexorably a tyrant, usually, as memory is in the soul. Looking at the soul, or the mind, as an entity, a something separate from the body, it is made up of impressions; so far as it can manifest itself to us it is what it has gathered into itself. If it is made up of vicious impressions, what a labor it will be—memory standing by mocking—to transform its bad elements into good elements? The mind of the child, like some ethers, takes in everything that offers, without discrimination, and becomes of the substances it absorbs. What would not many adult men and women give if they could cast out from the very fibre of their minds the vile images and suggestions got when the mind was in its most plastic state!

This is all theory. Yes. You cannot raise a mind under glass. No. There must be knowledge, all sorts of knowledge. The world, the whole world, must flow into the mind. It must know evil as well as good, and be strengthened to resist the one and attain the other. True. But let us talk a little about children.

At no other period of life is acquisition of knowledge so rapid as in the first ten years. The curious mind is infinitely active in its attempt to know the universe. Impressions made then are the strongest. All the surroundings are eagerly absorbed, and if we could look within we could see the process of a mind being made by that absorption. No two minds are alike in this power of taking in, or in original capacity. But all alike are formed, invigorated, deteriorated, made noble or debased, colored or stained, by what they take in. It is evident that the quality of the mind can be largely determined in these plastic years. The child must see the world, but its meaning will be interpreted to him by what is told him. He will begin to form a habit of looking at it in one way or in another way. This

is the beginning of the formation of taste. It depends upon his teaching and his surroundings whether he acquires a taste for that which is pure and noble or that which is base and vulgar. A vast amount of his knowledge is of course self-acquired, the necessary consequence in a susceptible mind let loose in a new and intensely interesting world. But the determining bent for life may be in the mental tastes and habits formed by what he hears daily and reads. Men and women, some of them, learn by bitter experience what is harmful, and when they come to years of discretion, if they ever do, they regret the intellectual food which they took that is vicious. The child can be helped in this habit of discrimination. If care is taken in the family, in the school, that what he hears and reads is pure and elevating, he will get a strong liking for that which is good, and this liking, this habit, will fortify him against the evil in literature and in talk when he comes in contact with it. Thus it is of tremendous importance that nothing should be put into the mind of the child by those in authority that is not wholesome and invigorating. These are all commonplaces, and would not need to be insisted on if parents and teachers were as careful about what they permit to go into the mind of the child as they are about its diet and physical training. But they are not. A large portion of the reading-books are vapid and enervating. Most mothers are more anxious lest an unripe apple should get into the stomach of her child than that an indigestible, crude, vulgar book should get into his mind. In one case the doctor of medicine can probably relieve the patient; in the other, the doctor of letters finds it almost impossible to deal with a mind which has been vulgarized from the beginning. In the popular thought, reading is a sort of fetich. It is regarded as a virtue in itself. It is a good or a bad accomplishment according to the use made of it.

II.

The settlers of this country have treated it as if it were a thing to be despoiled and destroyed as soon as possible, for immediate profit. The attack upon its resources has been without the least notion of husbanding them for the future, or of increasing their natural value, or with any care for posterity. Let loose upon a fresh world, they have given full play to their instincts for destruction, as if when this continent were laid waste there would be another one ready for their devastating energy. Perhaps they regarded this continent as inexhaustible. Indeed, it seemed so. And they have swept on from the Atlantic to the Pacific for a hundred years in active warfare on the beauty and the resources of the land.

It is impossible for language to exaggerate this want of foresight, this reckless yielding to private greed. The destruction began as soon as the settlers landed on the Atlantic coast; it has continued as their instinct drove them westward. They began at once to slash down the noble forests—to make a wholesale sweep of them. That they exhausted the virgin land by unscientific cultivation was a minor matter; the process demanded ever new, fresh fields, just as the system of slave labor did. The farming-lands were speedily "worn out"; and this in a country where the soil is certainly as good as that of European countries which have continued steadily productive. The destruction of the forests has been a more serious affair. These vast forests had been maturing here for ages, and were abundant to supply the wants of ages to come, if properly cared for. But the selfish idea of those who got possession of them was to use them all up at once, in order to make themselves richer than they were. The destruction being too vast for individual effort, great companies were organized to occupy the streams, the highlands, and the mountains, to strip them of timber as soon as possible, and send it wherever there was a market. The people recalled none of the lessons of similar denudations in Europe. The government was perfectly indifferent to the enormous waste of resources. New England was so well stocked with splendid timber that, if the supply had been reasonably drawn on, there would have been enough to last for many generations, for the purposes of ship-building, house-building, and firewood. Nay, at the end of many generations the forests would have increased in value, and added immensely to the wealth of the region. But the whole country has suffered that a few lumbermen might get rich, and that for a few years the people generally could have cheap lumber and cheap firewood. The present generation suffers from this in two ways: their land is of less value than formerly, and lumber

and firewood are much dearer. But this is not the worst of it. The denudation of the mountains, the hills, the water-courses, and the spongy sources of the streams has caused the alternation of sudden and destructive floods with periods of great scarcity of water. This is true all over New England and in the Middle States. And there is no remedy except by the laborious and slow process of restoring the forests. This will never be done by private initiative. The only way to restore a vast wilderness tract to its function of storing water and furnishing timber is to take it out of private hands and make it a public reservation.

This is only considering the subject from the point of utility. But what shall be said about beauty, healthfulness, recreation? The American public, let into the presence of some of the finest natural scenery in the world, has acted like a bull in a china-shop; it has "gone for it." It has never hesitated to destroy the beauty of a hill-side, of a mountain-top, of a mountain pond or lake, of a lovely river or brook, or any sort of natural beauty, by the destruction of which a dollar could be made immediately. It has even tried, and fought hard, to vulgarize and make unsightly the great monumental wonders, like Niagara, the mountain and pond attractions of the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the Yosemite, the Big Trees, and the Yellowstone Park. In some of these cases the efforts have been arrested, after considerable devastation was wrought, but not in all. We have recklessly spent a considerable portion of our capital of natural beauty. Individuals of taste and associations of lovers of nature and of beauty are striving here and there to restore this capital, but many great natural features of beauty can never be regained. Meantime the public indifference to the value of this beauty, and of this opportunity for recreation and pleasure, is very slowly overcome. It is a singular thing to notice in a democracy that whenever a government reservation is made for the benefit of the whole people, there springs up a hostility to the government, and voters are prone to take the side of the few "grabbers" and demagogues who wish to appropriate it to their selfish purposes. This has been the experience in the East, and it is even more marked now in the new and aggressive population of the Far West.

In fact, it is in the Far West that government interference has now become imperatively necessary, if the whole future of that vast area is not to be sacrificed to the greed of the moment. The government must protect the interests of the many and of the coming many from the rapacity of the present few. Only a few years ago the great middle Far West was regarded as a desert, and the mountain ranges, the backbones of the continent, as useless scenery. The opening of mines, the building of railways, which facilitated mining and gave access to the mountain timber, and some experiments in irrigation, changed all that. For a time the newly discovered wealth seemed inexhaustible. But it was presently seen that mines could be exhausted, and that the removal of all the valuable timber, at the rate it was going on, was only a question of a short time. Attention was then more seriously turned to irrigation. If water could be procured, all the desert places could be made fertile, and even if the mining industry failed, the land could support a vast population. But plenty of water was essential. How could it be obtained? Only from the mountains; and they would remain storages of sufficient water only if they retained their forests and their vegetation of grass and shrubs. The enemies to this growth were the lumbermen and the sheep. It became evident that if all these natural supplies of water passed into private hands, their usefulness as aids of irrigation would be gone. The forests would disappear, the verdure would be nibbled away, and the great West and all the Pacific slope would approach the aridness of the moon.

The public has been slow to see this. When a reservation of the Yosemite Valley and of the Big Trees was made, it was largely due to a sentimental movement to preserve national wonders of scenery. The encroachments of private persons have been with difficulty restrained. The State of California seemed powerless to protect the reservations, and insensible of the peril to its own existence. So long as there seemed only a sentimental reason for the reservations, public opinion was indifferent, and private greed was allowed to go on with the destruction of the natural resources of the wealth of the country. But now that it is clearly seen that not only the middle Far West but the whole Pacific slope depends for water upon the

preservation of the mountain ranges in a state of nature, the government is sustained in its effort to secure the future prosperity of that vast region. It is now acknowledged by the thoughtful and the intelligent that all the coast ranges of mountains from the north down to San Diego County, California, ought to be reserved as a part of the public domain, and be forever secure from private speculation and destruction. If this is not done, California will lose its source of irrigation. And what is true of California is true of vast regions of the middle Far West.

Within the last two administrations many large reservations have been made, and a policy of Federal interference for the good of all the people has been inaugurated. But it is only recently that a definite plan has been formulated for comprehensive and far-reaching operations. It is not only necessary that there should be a settled policy, but that it should be understood and be sustained by public opinion, for the reservations that have been made are continually attacked by private interests, and Congress seems much more sensitive to the protests of a few voters than to the interests of the great coming population of the West. Under these circumstances the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. Hoke Smith, has set on foot a national investigation, to be conducted by the National Academy of Science, which by its constitution is liable to duty of this sort upon the request of the head of a government department. The Secretary asks for an investigation and report upon the inauguration of a rational forest policy for the forested lands of the United States. He calls attention to the absence of an intelligent policy in regard to the public timber lands, which results in conditions that may, if not speedily stopped, prevent a perfect development of a large portion of our country, and says that the evil grows more and more as the years go by. Professor Wolcott Gibbs, President of the Academy, responds, accepting the duty laid upon the Academy. In his letter he says:

"It is needless to remind you that the matter you refer to the Academy is important and difficult. No subject upon which the Academy has been asked before by the government for advice compares with it in scope, and it is the opinion of thoughtful men that no other economic problem confronting the government of the United States equals in importance that offered by the present condition and future fate of the forests of western North America.

"The forests in the public domain extend through eighteen degrees of longitude and twenty degrees of latitude; they vary in density, composition, and sylvicultural condition from the most prolific in the world, outside the tropics, to the most meagre. In some parts of the country they are valuable as sources of timber supply, which can be made permanent; in others, while producing no timber of importance, they are not less valuable for their influence upon the supply of water available for the inhabitants of regions dependent on irrigation for their means of subsistence. The character of the topography, and the climate of most of the region now embraced in the public domain, increase the difficulty of the problem. Scanty and unequally distributed rainfall checks the growth of forests, while high mountain ranges make them essential to regulate the flow of mountain streams.

"You have done the Academy the honor of asking it to recommend a plan for the general treatment of the forest-covered portions of the public domain. That its report may be valuable as a basis for future legislation, it must consider:

"1. The question of the ultimate ownership of the forests now belonging to the government; that is, what portions of the forest on the public domain shall be allowed to pass, either in part or entirely, from government control into private hands.

"2. How shall the government forests be administered so that the inhabitants of adjacent regions may draw their necessary forest supplies from them without affecting their permanency.

"3. What provision is possible and necessary to secure for the government a continuous, intelligent, and honest management of the forests of the public domain, including those in the reservations already made, or which may be made in the future."

The commission appointed to make this investigation, the scope of which is so clearly outlined by Professor Gibbs, are, with one exception, members of the Academy, and are all men of high scientific attainment, whose report will carry conviction to the country. The members are Professor Charles S. Sargent, of Harvard, chairman; Professor Wolcott Gibbs, *ex officio;* Alexander Agassiz; Professor W. H. Brewer, of Yale; General Henry L. Abbott, U. S. A. (retired); Arnold Hague, of the Geological Survey; and Gifford Pinchot, practical forester.

The members of the commission serve without pay, but Congress has made an appropriation of $25,000 for necessary

expenses — a small sum for the vast amount of work to be done. They began last summer to make a study of the situation, on the ground, by investigations in the Rocky Mountain regions of Idaho and Montana. Their labors will be watched with great interest, for no project comparable to this for the welfare of the Great West has been undertaken by our government.

III.

This state interference for the preservation of great natural resources, which are necessary to the welfare of a whole nation, is not the same sort as the legal interference in the minute concerns of life with the liberty of action of individuals in their proper spheres. Speaking of the increasing tendency to regulate and restrict industry in all its details, Mr. Lecky, in his *Democracy and Liberty*, says: "It is a somewhat singular fact that an age in which liberty of worship has been most fully secured, and in which the liberty of holding, expressing, and propagating every variety of opinion on religious, moral, social, and political questions has become almost unlimited, should have witnessed this strong disposition to limit in so many forms and in so many spheres the freedom of human action." In the most perfect form that democracy has manifested itself, in France in 1793, liberty wholly disappeared. The phenomenon of constant interference with the freedom of human action in petty details is to be expected in the unrestricted rule of an ignorant majority. Socialism preaches freedom from all restraint, political, moral, and social, but the destruction of property, of marriage, and the family (which the socialists logically consider the basis of property) would bring about what the socialists aim at (the absolute annihilation of existing society), and would bring in such a reign of terror and intolerance, and of loss of human liberty of action, as no hater of the race has dared to imagine. All the elements in this country which tend to weaken in men the feeling of self-reliance, like the excessive pensions, are those that tend to the repudiation of public and private debts, like the greenback and silver heresies and the legal-tender farce; all that interfere with the right of men to control their own labor are the advance agents of the grim and destructive movement of socialism.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed August 10, 1896.—The Populist National Convention was held at St. Louis July 22 to 25. Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, was nominated for Vice-President, and the nomination of William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, for President, was endorsed. The platform declares for free coinage of silver at the ratio to gold of 16 to 1, for government ownership of railroad and telegraph lines, free homes for settlers, an income tax, postal savings-banks, and an increased volume of currency. It denounces bond issues, favors direct legislation through the initiative and referendum, expresses sympathy with the Cuban insurgents, and demands the immediate foreclosure of liens of the United States upon the Pacific railroads.

The Pope, on July 30, appointed as successor to Mgr. Satolli in the United States the Rev. Sebastien Martinelli.

Forty-four persons were killed in a railway wreck near Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 30.

The Chicago Stock Exchange closed August 4 because of business failures.

Dr. Leander Starr Jameson and his companions in the Transvaal raid were tried before the High Court of Justice at London, and on July 28 found guilty. Dr. Jameson was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment and the others to shorter terms.

The *Iltis*, a German gunboat, was sunk in the Yellow Sea July 23. Seventy-five lives were lost.

A cholera epidemic raged in northern Egypt during the month of July. More than 8000 deaths resulted.

OBITUARY.

July 16. — At St. Adelaide de Pobos, Quebec, William E. Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, aged thirty-nine years.—At Washington, Connecticut, William Hamilton Gibson, artist and author, aged forty-six years.—At Paris, Louis-Antoine de Goncourt, the author, aged seventy-four years.

July 19.—At Augusta, Maine, Joseph H. Williams, ex-Governor of Maine.

July 20.—At Clifton Springs, New York, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York, aged seventy-nine years.

July 21.—At New York, Joseph Wesley Harper, ex-member of the publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, aged sixty-six years.

August 10. — At Baltimore, Maryland, Carroll Spence, ex-diplomatist, aged seventy-eight years.—At Aldworth, England, Lady Emily Tennyson, widow of Alfred Tennyson.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

"MY PROPHETIC SOUL! MY UNCLE!"

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE Colonel was a most original and a most amusing creature. The Man I Know first met him upwards of thirty years ago, when the Man was the New Boy in a counting-house in lower Broad Street, New York, taking his initial lesson in debit and credit, in tare and tret. It was the Boy's first day in business; and, naturally nervous at the strangeness of his surroundings, he was perched upon a high stool, in front of a high desk, trying to count up an endless, blurring, dancing line of pencilled figures; when the Colonel, without warning, jumped upon the Boy's back, and, in the most friendly and amiable way, bit the Boy's ear. He said he thought it was the senior entry-clerk—whom, it seems, he always saluted in that manner!

This was the opening of an unbroken friendship. When they became better acquainted the Boy took the Colonel home with him to luncheon, one early closing Saturday afternoon. On the way up town the Boy explained to the Colonel that they were going into an old-fashioned, quiet, somewhat formal, domestic circle; and that it would be wise, perhaps, if the Colonel would try to control himself as far as possible. This he promised faithfully to do. And this is how he did it:

After the ceremony of introduction had been performed, the Colonel sat down in a little rocking-chair, in the sitting-room, picked up a sewing-basket—with which he had no business whatever—held it in his lap, and rocked himself over backwards, chair, and Colonel, and basket, and all. When he, and the chair, and the basket, and the spools, and the thimbles, and the emery-bags, and the pins, and the needles had been gathered together and



TOO MUCH FOR THE COLONEL.

picked up, the Colonel returned to the same chair — and did it again! Explaining that that was the way he always sat down!

The Colonel was never more amusing or more original than in his practical jokes, which were always harmless, although they were sometimes a little trying to his victims. Long after the Broad Street days, when the Office-Boy had become a Newspaper Man, he was sent to Washington to write an account of the second inauguration of Grant; and the Colonel went with him, as he said, to hold the Man's hat. It was the Man's first visit to the capital, and everything was new and interesting to him. The Colonel was an admirable guide. He introduced the new-comer to Mount Vernon, to Arlington, to the White House, to the Patent Office, to the Smithsonian Institution; and, of course, to the great marble palace where are made the laws of the land.

From the Strangers' Gallery of the Senate, one day, the Colonel espied the senior representative of his own State, and his personal friend; and to the legislator he sent his card. They were granted an audience, in a certain Committee-Room, where they found a fine old gentleman of the old-fashioned type of Southern *ante bellum* Statesman, who, with his smooth face, his massive head, his brass-buttoned, blue, swallow-tailed coat, looked like a cross between Patrick Henry and John C. Calhoun. To the Senator the Man, to his own absolute surprise, was presented as Sir Somebody Something, a nephew of John Bright, and the youngest member of the British House of Commons! Utterly unprepared to play such a part, at so short a notice, he did his best, for the Senator's sake, for the Colonel's sake, and for the sake of himself, to appear to be what he was told he was; although it was no easy matter not to give himself, and the Colonel, away. However, the Statesman never knew the difference; he said the kindliest things to the stranger about his distinguished relative, whom he thought the stranger resembled in certain features; and they got out of the place with the best grace they could command, and as soon as possible.

This was the beginning of a series of surprising impromptu inventions upon the Colonel's part. He introduced the Man to everybody he knew, and always by a different name, and as a different person, never giving him an inkling as to who he was to be. Sometimes he made him a Peer of the British Realm; sometimes an Australian Judge; sometimes a South American General; but he always had a title of some kind, and he was invariably somebody's nephew. Before he left Washington he found himself passing as the nephew of Mr. Gladstone, of Disraeli, of John Millais the artist, of Charles Reade; and once he was the grandnephew of Goethe or of Schiller—to the Colonel's considerable amusement, and to the Man's no little uneasiness. And when, at the White House, he had to pay a double fee to the veteran soldier who showed them through the rooms, because he was a nephew of the Comte de Paris, he told the Colonel he would get even with him.

And he did!

A month or two later the Colonel came to New York. On their way up Broadway together, in front of the Metropolitan Hotel they chanced to meet Sir John Britton, an old sailor, who was knighted by the Queen because he had been fortunate enough to command the Royal Yacht which carried the Prince Consort to England to be married. He and the Man were old acquaintances, and the greeting was cordial and hearty. It was "How-do-do, Sir John?" "Sir John" this, and "Sir John" that; and the Colonel was introduced to Sir John in due form. After they left Sir John, they dropped into the Arcadian Club, then a flourishing bohemian institution on Fifth Avenue, much frequented by poets and players, artists and critics. There they found Sir Charles Young, author of *Jim the Penman*, and almost the only other titled personage whom the Man knew in all the world, certainly the only other man of title whom the Man knew in this country. It was "Hello! Sir Charles," "How are you, Sir Charles?" and the Colonel was introduced to Sir Charles Young. But that was too much for the Colonel. That was carrying the joke too far altogether, the Colonel thought. He wanted no "Sir Charles" in his, he said. He had accepted Sir John Britton, but he'd be damned if he'd swallow any more baronets *that* day! This in Young's hearing, and to Young's great surprise. But the matter was explained to the satisfaction of all parties, and the Colonel cheerfully proposed as a fitting sentiment, "the health of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain!"

After that, however, the Colonel permitted the Man to descend to his own private station, and to appear as the nephew of the Uncles and Aunts whom his Father and Mother had given him.

A HISTORICAL PROBLEM.

THE inquiring mind of the child in school is, in many instances, one of the greatest sources of amusement to the teacher. Standing for the moment in the place of the parent, he or she is apt to have propounded at a moment's notice some of those horrid problems, beginning with "why," which have been known to drive fathers to despair.

The latest addition to propositions of this nature comes from New England. One of the pupils in a certain Cape Cod school was reading aloud from her history.

"Now James I. came after Elizabeth," she said, when up popped a little hand, and a piping voice from the rear of the room asked:

"Pleathe tell us, teacher, what James went after Elizabeth for?"



AFRAID TO LEAVE.

"Why, my dear, you haven't spent the whole afternoon at Mrs. Scandal's?"
"Yes: they said such things about every one who left that I didn't dare come away."

A CAUTIOUS MAID OF YE MODERN TIMES.

PHYLLIS TO HER FIANCÉS.

THE summer days have passed away, my lovers tried and true,
And now must come the yellow days of autumn, and the blue,
The blue cold days of winter, when a lover must evince
The qualities of heart and mind to prove himself the Prince.

Ye've chided me, aye, one and all, for that I am a flirt.
No flirt am I, no *ingénue*, I venture to assert,
But one who realizes that 'tis foolish of a maid
To plunge into the sea of love ere she has tried to wade.

How can I tell, O Algernon, that you are what you seem?
How can I tell, O Bertram bold, of whom so oft I dream?
That you, or Rupert, Marmaduke, or e'en Fitz-william here,
Has all the noble qualities which maidens coy hold dear?

And yet how could I, when I saw ye all upon your knees,
With tearful eyes and rending hearts, and lungs with sighs awheeze,
Say nay to any one of you, and blast fore'er your lot,
Until I'd fully ascertained the qualities you'd not?

I have been fair, so fair, indeed, I wonder at it now,
And when you understand my plan its value you'll allow,
For now that social life resumes I'll put you to the test,
And he shall have my heart and hand in June who suits me best.

And here I have prepared for all a small type-written bit;
You'll get an idea what I like on fully read-ing it.
It holds a memorandum of the things that charm my soul,
And ought to help you very much in following out your rôle.

Balls, dances, drives, and promenades, and opera once a week,
And flowers all the winter, are some of the things I seek.
I ask not, as the maids of old, that ye shall fight for me,
But rather choose the arts of mere conventionality.

So go ye, best beloveds of my heart, the time is here,
The real, the active campaign days for her you hold most dear,
And he who brings me most delight 'twixt Easter day and now
Shall wear the laurel wreath of love upon his lofty brow.

THE HUNTER KNEW HIS DANGER.

"YES, folks," said old Zeb, the hunter and mountain guide, to a party of New-Yorkers who were sitting on the veranda of the little mountain hotel one evening, waiting for the old man to tell one of his "b'ar" stories, "there used ter be heaps o' the biggest kind of game in these 'ere parts at one time."

"It was a common occurrence years ago, I suppose," said the young man wearing the patent-leather shoes and white vest, "to see bears and wolves from the windows of your house?"

"Fur shore," answered the guide, as he replenished his pipe and got comfortably settled, "fur shore; and many a time I've sent a bullet into a critter while standin' in the door of my cabin."

"And I suppose," said another of the listeners, as Zeb stopped there without telling a story, "that you have had many hair-breadth escapes and hand-to-hand fights with the ferocious beasts?"

"Waal, I reckon, stranger."

"And haven't you ever been frightened?"

"Jess once, sir, jess once, and the fright I got that day I'll never forgit! It was one arternoon when I was in the thickest part o' the woods, 'way on t'other side of the mountain. On the day before, my ole woman had gone to pay her relations a visit, and left me 'n' the little boy to hum. I had kinder got lonesome layin' around, and me 'n' the young 'un started off fur a walk. With my gun on my shoulder and the kid by the hand, I was trudgin' along, when I heard a sound that made my blood run cold."

"A panther's scream, probably?" said the young man, as he drew his chair closer to the others and glanced furtively around.

"The cries of a pack of wolves, more likely," suggested another of the group.

"No," continued the old guide, "'twa'n't no panther's scream nor wolves that made that noise. 'Twas sunthin' wuss than that, and I knowed it. It was kinder a long wheezin' sound, and at fust I didn't know what to make of it. Finally I put the young 'un behind me and crept a leetle ways through the bresh to whar I kalkerlated the sound come from, and pretty soon I saw standin' in front of a cabin two objicks that made my ole heart jump right inter my mouth, and my legs tremble so I could hardly stand."

The circle of listeners by this time had drawn their chairs so close to the old hunter that he was hemmed in on all sides, and many were holding their breaths for the finish of the weird story. By-and-by he went on:

"Them two objicks was a woman and a child. The little 'un was whoopin', and the woman was slappin' it on the back."

"And what was it that frightened you so much?" was asked.

"Why, thar I was, all alone with my only son—thar was my ole woman a hundred miles

from hum—no doctor within twenty-five miles of me, and—"

"Well, what's that got to do with bears and mountain-lions?"

"B'ars and mountain-lions be dinged! Thar was that child with a terrible case o' hoopin'-cough, and my only son near by, and I tell you what, folks, I lit out and didn't stop runnin' until me 'n' the kid was miles away. Yes, folks—"

But old Zeb was all alone with the fresh mountain breezes. A. B. Lewis.

AN ECONOMIST OF NATURE.

A traveller passing through Kansas a short while ago stopped at a settler's cabin, near the western part of the State line. The owner, a tall, lank farmer, with a stub of a beard and sharp blue eyes, slowly hoisted his booted legs off a rail fence and slouched up to the stranger.

"How yer be, stranger? Goin' fer ter stop long in these parts?"

"Oh no—only a very short time."

"That's lucky fer you, stranger, 'cause there's goin' ter be a little blow here shortly, and it mightn't be safe fer ye to be round. I've just been er-fixin' up the chicks over yonder."

"Why, what funny-looking chickens! Somebody plucked half their feathers off!"

"Somebody? Say, stranger, be yer jokin'? 'Cause it's safer fer ye if I knows what yer mean. Them air plucked chicks is what the last blow did."

"What! a cyclone plucked half the feathers out?"

"Yep, that's it; and, stranger, I've got 'em tied to that fence er-waitin' fer the next blow, which is due here purty nigh 'bout now. Yer see, when it comes it will take the other half off and save pluckin'. There's lots ter do hereabouts, stranger, 'sides pluckin' chicks."



PERPLEXING.

Harold. "Mummy, where does the stocking go that was in the hole?"

SACRIFICE TO PARTY INTERESTS.

THE Drawer has it on trustworthy authority that a certain resident of a secluded nook in the interior of the Empire State not long ago visited the chief city of his commonwealth on business not altogether unconnected with politics, though the name of the party to which he lent his aid and comfort shall no more be divulged than shall his name. It appears that the reception committee assigned this exponent of government by the people to a somewhat old-fashioned hotel, since there was a mighty party gathering, and the more fashionable caravansaries were unfortunately filled by representatives from nooks of greater political importance. It appears further that a small room was given to the man in which there was a survival in the shape of a folding-bed. This bed was of the variety which stands against the wall, and simply turns up edgewise, like a trap-door, under a shelf, displaying when closed a mirror and a couple of wood panels, while the shelf is at all times a sort of mantel some six or seven feet long, a foot wide, and perhaps something over five feet from the floor. Happily we are not obliged to proceed further with our unsupported narrative, but may quote a portion of a letter written by the political gentleman to his wife the next day after his arrival:

"NEW YORK, ——.

"DEAR MARIA,—What we've heard tell about this town being crowded fit to kill is all so. I'm ready now to believe that story the Thompsons' summer boarder told about the dogs here wagging their tails up and down in place of sideways. The committee sent me to this tavern, and about nine o'clock I told the man behind the counter that I believed I'd go to bed. He gave me my key, and a boy took me up stairs and showed me the door. I went in and looked all around. It was a pretty small room, but that wasn't the peculiarest thing about it. Maria, there wasn't any bed in that room—or at least not any regular bed, such as we have in the country. At first I thought there was some mistake, and they hadn't understood that I asked for a bedroom, but had taken me for one of the big guns, and thought I wanted a room to write a speech in, but this didn't seem to stand to reason, and a minute later I saw through the whole thing: there wasn't room for a bed, so they had put in a bunk, up about as high as my chin. I call it a bunk, though it really wasn't anything but a shelf, a little bigger than the mantel-piece in our sitting-room. I saw I was in for it, and I knew better than to make a fuss and let out that I was green, so I just pulled off my coat and boots, took a funny-colored blanket that was on a big chair and a square soft pillow that was on another, stepped on a stool that was handy, and just hopped up on the shelf and sort of went to roost like a turkey. It was pretty hard, but I didn't mind that so much as the narrowness of the thing; and its being so far from the floor made me afraid I'd roll off and break my neck. I didn't sleep much, being mostly flattening up against the wall all night, and I was glad when it was morning and I slid down. I expect to stay two nights more; but to-day, if I can find a hardware store, I am going to get one of those stove-pipe hooks, and screw it in the wall about a foot above the shelf, and hook myself on by a button-hole of my vest. I am willing to do it for the party. I am not complaining. Only, if —— is elected, I propose to just mention it when I put in my petition for the post-office. I must close, and go out and hunt a hardware store.

"Your loving husband, JOHN."

AN EXPLANATION.

MIKE is a very good man, as hired men go, but he has his faults, principal among which is that he is of an inventive turn of mind. One of his duties is to clean the windows of his employer's house. For several weeks these were far from immaculate, and finally he was summoned into his employer's presence.

"Mike," said the latter, "do you wash the windows of this house?"

"Yis, sorr."

"When?"

"Ivery Tursdaa, sorr."

"Did you wash them last Thursday?"

"I did, sorr."

"Sure?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Well, now look at them, Mike. Day before yesterday was Thursday, and there are spots all over them, and you needn't tell me that all of those spots have come in forty-eight hours."

"Thim's on the insoide, sorr," said Mike.

"Inside!" cried the employer; "what has that got to do with it?"

"Oi *concintrate* me work, sorr," explained Mike. "Wan week oi washes the windies outsoide and the next oi washes 'em insoide, sorr. It's quicker."

NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

WHEN the Hotel Association went to Coney Island last summer, on an excursion, the New York delegation, of course, rose to the occasion, and sent enough champagne on board to float a frigate. There was more than enough to go around, and the band shared "the wine of France" liberally. Just before the boat left for New York, to return, a big rosy German came straggling down the pier to the ticket gate.

"Ticket, please!" said the keeper.

"I don't got a teckit—I'm de drummer mit de pand," replied the German.

"But you must have a ticket."

"Vell, I hat one, but I lose him."

"You must have it—you couldn't lose it."

"Vat, I couldn't loose dat leetle teckit! Mein Gott! I have loose my bass-drum!"

MR. MALAPROP AGAIN.

"I ONCE had a noble-hearted neighbor," writes a Drawer reader, "whose excellence was shown rather in his deeds than by his words, as the following incidents will prove:

"He had been exceedingly kind to a poor man who for a long time suffered from a disease that baffled the skill of the physicians. To the last he ministered to the sufferer's necessities, and after his death secured the ablest of the profession to make an autopsy. In telling me of it he said, 'You see, I thought it might be of service to other people, and so I got the doctors to hold a *post-mortification* on him.'

"The same good man was a trustee in the church. A few weeks after the death of the pastor he proposed to the Board that 'we erect a tableau [tablet] to the memory of the late Dr. C——, exposing to the people whom he has served his prominent *traits in brass*.'"

L.

A CORRECTION.

THE amateur political reformer was talking with a ward politician, who had been sent to the Legislature the year before, and was anxious to get in again, under the auspices of the amateur reformers. The politician professed the highest regard for reform in every way, and also pointed out how hard it would be for the amateurs to get any other capable man to stand as candidate for them.

"Honest men is scarce," remarked the politician, "but *I'd* run for yez, an' pull the votes of the byes in the district."

"Yes," assented the reformer, "honest men are scarce, and yet I have heard it said that every man has his price."

"Don't you believe it," returned the would-be candidate, heartily. "I know that when *I* was at the Capitol every man didn't have his price. Why, dere was lots of times we had to compromise for fifty cents on the dollar."

A WEARY SEARCH.

THE story in the Editor's Drawer for March of the professor of mathematics who dreamed that his son was under the radical sign and he could not get him out, reminds a reader of an experience related by a Boston drawing-teacher. She had been studying perspective one evening until bedtime, and during the night her sister, who roomed with her, heard her groping about the room and opening and closing bureau drawers.

"What are you hunting for, Mary?" inquired the sister.

"Oh dear!" moaned the somnambulist, "I can't find the vanishing-point!"

C. ST. JOHN HOFMAN.



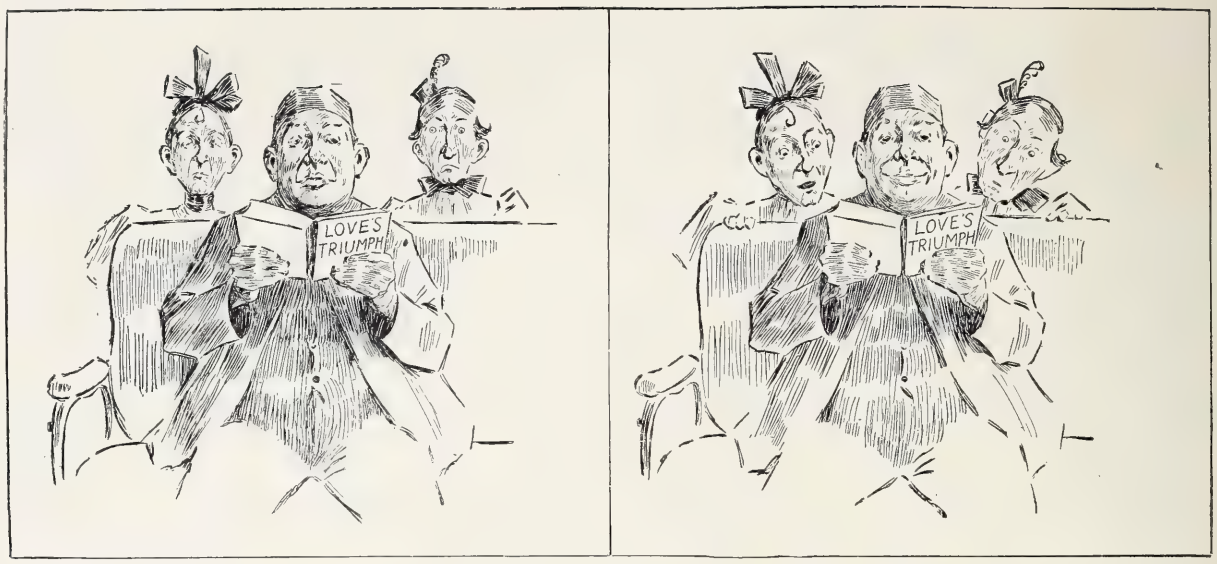
After one month's stay. After six months' stay. After one year's stay.

THE INFLUENCE OF FRENCH ART ON AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN PARIS.

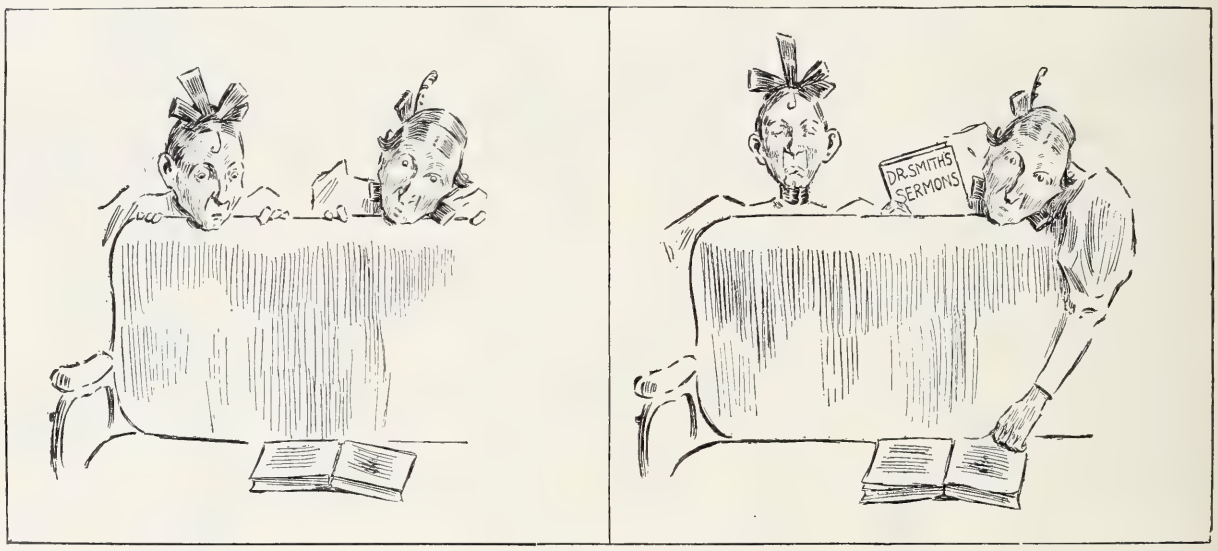
A FLEXIBLE TONGUE.

IT sometimes takes an Irishman with his bull to bring out some of the flexible qualities of the English language. This was shown in the case of a son of Erin recently reported, who, upon being reproached by a former acquaintance with no longer knowing him, retorted:

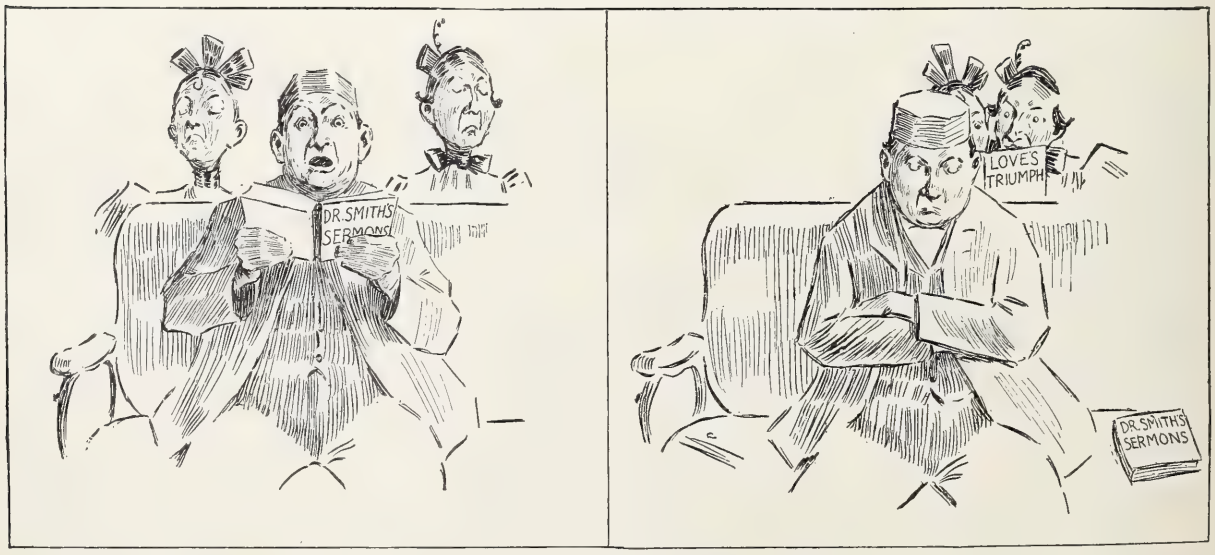
"Know yez? No, oi don't know yez, an' if whin oi did know yez oi'd known yez as well as oi know yez now, whin I don't know yez at all, I'd niver have known yez!"



I. II.



III. IV.



V. VI.

AN UNFAIR EXCHANGE.



See "First President of the United States."

WASHINGTON AND NELLY CUSTIS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIII NOVEMBER, 1896 No. DLVIII

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART I.—JAMESON'S RAID.



GEOGRAPHICALLY speaking, the part of Africa which suits the white man best is that part which puts the most miles between him and the equator—so I started for the Cape of Good Hope. It does not look very far on the map, yet, with the fastest steaming available, the journey took me thirty days; for I had to go first to Southampton, which required eight days; then I had three days to wait until there was a steamer sailing for the Cape; and then another sea stretch, consuming nineteen more days, making the total thirty. The distance travelled was 3000 miles to England from New York; then 6000 from Southampton to the Cape. We took the African Line steamship *Boltter* from Southampton to the Cape.

The wise passenger on all lines takes a salt-water bath every morning, and all lines are supplied with bath-tubs now. In the North Atlantic one often feels like adding a bit of hot water of a chilly morning, but between the tropics the traveller more often pines for a cake of ice, when the sea temperature rises almost to blood-heat and the sides of the ship grow so hot that dressing and undressing become burdensome.

As to dress, however, the African journey is vastly more fashionable than the line of the "roaring forties." It would be a bold man who on the North Atlantic would care to make a full-dress toilet each evening; and, indeed, the journey is now so short that many passengers do not appear at table until the voyage is nearly over. But between the Isle of Wight and Table Mountain, after allowing for the Bay of Biscay, which is usually rough, there is a long stretch of more than two weeks when the sea is smooth, the air warm without being hot. Ladies dress for dinner as they would in big cities, with low neck and short sleeves; a very pretty picture it makes on deck in the moonlight, particularly when a waltz is heard from the saloon that sets our feet in motion over the smooth deck, and, of course, if woman sets the example, man must follow; and thus it happens that, coasting the savage shores of Morocco, Senegambia, Congo, and Niger, the modern passenger-steamer leads the life, as near as may be, of Mayfair or West Point.

The dress-suit for men is the natural result of the daily *sweat;* the man who does hard physical exercise every afternoon, who opens his pores once a day, that man must needs change his clothes when he comes home for his evening meal, not because it is the fashion, but because it is well for his health. And so it was on the trip to the Cape each afternoon.

One side of the promenade deck was enclosed in netting, and a violent game of cricket ensued. The netting was intended to prevent balls getting lost, but in spite of it some managed to escape, and I hope they choked a few sharks. It was a most confined space, and the exercise violent, so that it was not long before every cricketer was dripping with wholesome perspiration. Fortunately the conditions under which the game was played enabled me to have a hand in it, else I had died of inanition. I had never played cricket in my life, but it is a game first

Copyright, 1896, by Harper and Brothers. All rights reserved.

cousin to baseball, and whoever plays one can readily find amusement in the other.

On the North Atlantic route the passenger list is essentially international—largely American, German, and English—and for obvious reasons. The interests of South Africa are, however, so predominantly English that I was not surprised to find myself the only American on board. The rest were with few exceptions British. And of course, so soon as seasickness had been survived, a committee on *sports* was organized, which, by dividing itself into sub-committees, arranged all the spare time of the voyage in such a manner that for almost each day there was some interesting recreation for the passengers in general.

Twice there were formal dances, when the deck was hung with Chinese lanterns and bunting, when dancing-cards were provided, and also free punch. To be sure, the punch was not good, and the music was ditto; but all hands enjoyed it hugely. Then twice there were dramatic or musical performances. The second-class passengers shared in the dances and in the dramatic entertainments, and of course they took part in the athletic competitions which came afterwards. There were races for children, and races for grown-up people. The ladies entered for a race to determine who could run with the greatest speed carrying before her an egg in a spoon. The stewards raced to see who could eat a bun and drink a bottle of soda-water in the shortest time, and then run the length of the deck. I thought they would die of apoplexy. The sailors had a race to see who could make the best time while their legs were fast in a bag; of course many fell down, others rolled over them, and the whole gave much amusement to the spectators, if not to the sailors. Then the firemen pulled at one end of a rope while the third-class passengers pulled at the other. This was called the tug of war. Then there were jumping-matches and various other diversions, which made much excitement at the time and carried as much argument afterwards as though each event had been an international yacht-race; for you see we were a long way from port, and had been accustomed to have each day a newspaper sensation. Nineteen days at sea is a long time, when the sea is smooth and the food ambiguous. Nearly every event was won by passengers in the first class, which, if this be an average ship-load, gives food for thought. It foreshadows roughly that in South Africa at least the aristocracy of money and brains is at the same time an aristocracy of muscle and endurance, able to hold its own not merely with blacks and Boers, but also with the men of English speech who have left the factory and the workshop in the fond belief that their future home is to be one where votes and fists will prevail.

It was a bewildering picture of Africa, this steamer. Many typical and representative specimens of South African life were there—some born there, others who had lived many years there. For instance, we had the young lady whose father was a distinguished official, who had been home on a visit, and was sailing under the captain's care.

Then there was my English friend who had just been recruited for the mounted police, who said he knew all about the Boers: "They are a beastly lot of coarse and ignorant peasants; they are just as bad as the natives. It is outrageous that the government allows them to have their absurd republic. They stand in the way of progress; they never wash; their beds are full of fleas; they are cruel; they commit abominable crimes; they are degenerate, and can't shoot any more as they once did."

That man was sincere in what he said, and so was my Boer friend Chintorius, whom I asked about his country. "These damned English," said he, "think that no one has any rights but themselves. They come into my country like pirates and adventurers; they care for nothing but gold, and when they have got their pockets full they go away again to spend it in England. We don't want people like that; they may threaten and bully all they like, but they sha'n't get what they want so long as I can prevent it. What do we care for their Tommy Atkins? One Boer is a match for any five of their redcoats. They stole our land from us when we were weak. Now we are alive to our danger; we are united; we have plenty of ammunition; we can shoot straight; we know our country. So let them come on, and they shall have Majuba Hill over again."

Then I had a long talk one morning with an energetic hotel-proprietor, whose



CRICKET ON SHIPBOARD.

property lay north of the Transvaal, in what is called Rhodesia. "I should be a rich man to-day," said he, "had it not been for that stupid raid of Jameson. That raid has put the whole country back at least three years. We were all doing well. Property was rising in value. We were getting along smoothly with the natives. The Boers were getting to like us, and emigration was setting towards Buluwayo and Salisbury in a most encouraging manner. Now everything is down. My hotel is worth next to nothing. People are afraid to come into the country. The Boers hate us, and I don't blame them; and all this has been done to please a lot of millionaires who own shares in the British South Africa Company."

These different men all spoke from the heart, and each represented in his way a strong section of public opinion. What hope, thought I, was there for me, if the truth about the country was so variously reflected by men vastly more experienced in the subject than I could ever hope to be?

A turning-point in African history is the raid of Dr. Jameson. Let me anticipate somewhat by inserting here a few extracts which a friend, whom I shall call Dr. Hatheway, allowed me to make from the diary he kept on the march from British territory towards Johannesburg.

Dr. Hatheway was the one Englishman on board the steamship *Bolter* who always spoke kindly of the Boers to me. He has lived a lifetime amongst them; speaks their language fluently, as he does that of several native tribes. He will forgive me if I refer to him as a tall, handsome, athletic specimen of the soldier-doctor, who accompanied the Jameson column in a purely professional capacity. On board we had also a doughty member of the Boer Volksraad, named, let us say, Rendsburg. We became fast friends at once, for Rendsburg loved George Washington, and could repeat yards of eloquent verse glorifying the Father of his Country. Rendsburg recognized Dr. Hatheway at once, for he had seven times fired at him during the battle near Krugersdorp. However, Rendsburg shall tell his yarn later. Let us first revive the impressions which were recorded on the spot by his enemy:

"*Dec.* 29, 1895," says the blood-stained diary of the doctor.—"We marched out of Mafeking this evening, 10 P.M., on our way to Johannesburg. I was only told after lunch to-day, so I had a pretty busy time of it, packing what I was to leave behind and seeing to what I had to get ready."*

"This is a big order, and hard to say how it will turn out, and our work is pretty well cut out for us anyhow."

"We are G and K troops, with Colonel Raleigh Grey, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, in command, Major Hon. Charles John Coventry, Captain Monro, Captain Gosling, Second Lieutenants McQueen, Wood, Hore, and myself as officers.

"Men and horses all fit, as they had need be, for we have to get to Krugersdorp in sixty hours. [Distance between Mafeking and Krugersdorp less than 150 miles.]

"No sleep, I expect, and though plenty of food, not too much time for eating it. Were cheered by Mafeking—such as knew we were leaving—for none of *us* even knew until this afternoon." (The public had been humbugged into thinking that Jameson was contemplating an expedition against some Matabele tribes.—P. B.)

"*Dec.* 30, 1895.—Halted about midnight of the 29th, and were told we were over the border and in the Transvaal."

"On again, after a brief halt, until dawn, when we halted again for half an hour. As the sun rose we rode into the village of Malmani, and here we met the British South Africa force."†

"It was a very pretty sight seeing them coming over the veldt to meet us."

"Offsaddled at a store about 8 A.M., and breakfasted. Met here three officers who had been sent on ahead to cut telegraph lines."

"On again after a couple of hours' rest. A flat, open country—only a very occasional farm—and we met hardly anybody. No incident all day, but beginning to feel tired and sleepy to-night."

* The sergeant who kept the roster told me that the total of white men on this expedition, both of the British South Africa Company and the Imperial Protectorate forces, numbered 482 men. There were besides some fifty negro teamsters. Mafeking is just beyond 26 south latitude, at the extremity of the railway northward from the Cape through Kimberley. It is close to the frontier of the Boer republic.—P. B.

† These so-called stores had been erected by the chartered company at intervals of about ten miles. The Boers had been made to believe that they were exclusively for the convenience of a prospective stage route.—P. B.



DUTCH HOUSE NEAR CAPE TOWN.

"*Dec.* 31, '95.—Rode on all night again, with an enforced rest for a couple of hours while our guides found the road again which we thought we had lost."

"Offsaddled at sun-up at a store where there were some 300 horses, remounts for us. They were not of much use, however, most of them being unbroken." (Of these 300 remounts only half a dozen *circa* were found available, so Dr. Hatheway told me.—P. B.)

"Some Dutchmen drove up to us this afternoon and asked to see Jameson, but were not allowed to."

"Halted at another store this afternoon, but owing to an alarm of Dutchmen ahead we saddled up again before we had time to eat, and rode on again. Got through a very nasty place just before sundown this evening, called the Lead Mines. We could have all been wiped out if the enemy had caught us there. We are promised six hours' sleep to-night.

"*New-Year's Day*, 1896.—Instead of six hours' sleep last night we had four hours' fighting, being attacked at 11 P.M. when passing through some nasty kopjes." (Kopjes or koppies mean hills.)

"We got through the pass at dawn, and New-Year's day found us offsaddled in rather an ugly place commanded by hills all round. So we pushed on again and got to a store about 6 A.M., where we rested and fed.

"On again until about noon, when we found ourselves getting near Krugersdorp." (About forty miles west of Johannesburg.)

"I was away out on the right flank this morning with Coventry, Monro, and Hore, but nothing exciting occurred; but we could hear the 7-pounders shelling somewhere." (On the left. Jameson had eleven pieces of artillery.)

"Called in about 2 P.M. We had a snack, and then advanced on Krugersdorp. Again I was on the right flank, and did not get off so easily this time. We were exposed to a very hot fire from some pits in front of us, and we were in the open, while the Boers were never visible." (It was here that Rendsburg fired seven times at Dr. Hatheway, the Boer not knowing that the good doctor was wholly absorbed in helping the wounded.)

"What was happening to the left I can't say, but there was a very hot fire kept up. I never felt so 'big' before, and it was impossible to get shelter. The shells were beginning to tell now, and we saw Boers leaving their fort and holes rather hurriedly. We were expecting a re-enforcement from Johannesburg every moment, for two messengers on bicycles had joined us this morning with despatches saying Johannesburg had risen to a man, etc." (This, of course, proved wholly false.)

"The whole column advanced to the right now, it being nearly sundown; and I began to hear how things had gone on with the main body and left flank. Captain Lindsell, Dr. Farman, and Sub-Inspector Scott, all of the British South

Africa Company, and some sixteen men, were missing, and supposed to be shot, and we had five or six men wounded on the ambulance. I put my lot on passing gun limbers and led horses, and sent them up to Dr. Hamilton (surgeon-captain late 1st Lifeguards) at the ambulance. As we topped the rise to the right of Krugersdorp we came on a large body of mounted men, which we first thought in the dim light were our Johannesburg contingent. We were soon undeceived, however, and hastily formed a sort of laager where we stood."

(Amongst these mounted men was our mutual friend Rendsburg, who acted as lieutenant for the commander on occasions. From his stand-point, as well as from other trustworthy sources, it may be justly inferred that the English leadership was anything but creditable to professional soldiers, and Jameson's column was commanded by officers of the regular army.)

"*Jan.* 2, 1896.—The most awful night I hope ever to put in, tho', thanks to Almighty Providence, there were only two men shot dead and three wounded. Horses and mules, I don't know how many, fell. The Boers fired into us as we lay in the dark, and must have got, in some cases, within one hundred yards. Our Maxims silenced them eventually, but they kept firing odd shots all night." (It will be noted that the doctor is too honest to mention things which he did not himself see.)

"At daylight they began again, and we moved off under a heavy fire, still fighting, on towards Johannesburg. I was with my own (Bechuanaland border police) men, and covering the retreat.

"We had to leave the dead unburied. The column now struck away, leaving Krugersdorp on our left, and soon it began to straggle and tail off. Every now and then a body of Boers would appear either on the flank or rear, and a Maxim would be turned on to check them. After about an hour of this, Colonel Harry White rode past me and told me to go back and help Dr. Hamilton at the two ambulance wagons. I rode back and found the wagons filled with sick and wounded, and a few skulkers who said they had lost their horses. I was not long in getting rid of them in spite of their pleading, and then turned my attention to the wounded."

"The first man I touched was dead, so I went on to the next; but as the wagons were being pushed on as rapidly as the tired mules could drag them, it was impossible to do more than roughly bandage them up. We were getting left further behind every minute, and I expected we would be cut off any moment."

"Just then Colonel White sent an orderly back for me to come on again to the front, and for Dr. Hamilton to take the ambulance wagons up to a mine on the left flank, get the wounded into the houses, and surrender.

"I looked for my horse, but the orderly who was leading him had cleared, and was nowhere to be seen. Every few yards of the road were saddles, blankets, bandoleers, cloaks, food, pots, etc., etc., which had been thrown away by the men in their haste; and loose horses (mostly wounded) were scattered all over the feldt. I started to run after the column, trying to catch a loose horse as I ran. But I could not; and a party of Boers appearing on the right flank, I ran pretty hard in a left direction.

"Fortunately for me, Inspector Dykes, of the British South Africa Company, came up then with the rear-guard, and he had a led horse with him, which he gave me. The poor plug was very nearly done up then, but I kicked him on somehow, taking off wallets, cloak, and everything that was on the saddle, and chucking them away."

"The head of the column had halted now and got among some kopjes (little hills), and was in very brisk action indeed. I struggled up with the rear-guard, and found things looking pretty bad. We were surrounded by Boers, whom we could only locate by the puffs of smoke from behind rocks. Horses were falling all over the place, and an ugly lot of our men were lying suspiciously still—not in firing attitudes. It was a very warm corner indeed, and I was almost sorry I was not back at the ambulance wagons again.

"Below us and to our left was a farmhouse (Vlackfontein), and on this we retired, having an unpleasant bit of open, swept by their fire, to cross.

"When we got there it was not much protection, and the end, we could see, was not far off. I was busy enough, and was trying to get a bit of shelter to put the wounded in, when we surrendered. Our trumpeters sounded cease firing, and the

white flag was run up." (Dr. Hatheway gave his last piece of lint for use as a white flag on this occasion.)

"The other officers and men were marched away into Krugersdorp at once, but I was left with ten men and our guards to finish the wounded and get the dead buried. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the people, both Dutch and English, who came up afterwards. Milk, brandy, meat, and bread were sent for the wounded, and ambulance carts came out from Krugersdorp."

Omitting the details of life as prisoners at Pretoria, where the Boers treated them with humanity:

"On Saturday, 11th (Jan., 1896), about 9 A.M., a guard of the Pretoria Volunteer Cavalry came down, and we were marched up to the railway station in two separate lots, and put into two special trains, which left Pretoria about noon. We were very well treated here, and a Dr. Saxton, surgeon to the Staats Artillery, was sent with us, as well as a strong escort of Pretoria Volunteer Cavalry. We officers were put into first-class carriages, and well supplied with fruit and liquor. We were cheered as we left the station, and at every station as we passed."

Knowing the writer of these notes to be above suspicion on the score of truth and courage, we have here published for the first time a document of the highest historic interest. As the doctor said to me afterwards,

"We were nothing but pirates, and richly deserved hanging—every one of us!"

And yet immediately after this unprovoked attack upon the Boers, these apparently forgot everything excepting their duties as Christians. This is the nearest example I know of in history of soldiers in the field acting practically on the precept, "Love your enemies."

And now let us hear our doughty Boer legislator who tried hard to kill Dr. Hatheway. W. J. Rendsburg is a Dutch burgher of Potchefstroom, which is eighty miles southwest of Johannesburg. He is a member of the Legislature, deep in the chest, brown as an Indian, has hands that close like a blacksmith's, and he bears amongst Boers the reputation of being as good with the rifle as with the parliamentary manual. He struck me as a man of observing habits, good-natured by temperament, of religious conviction and strong individual character; in short, nine out of ten prosperous Yankees at an average New England society gathering would have reminded me of my friend Rendsburg. He spoke English well, could repeat Shakespeare and Longfellow by the hour, and loved his native country; in short, I found him an interesting companion. One day I asked him about his share in the fight with Jameson's men, and he told me a tale which I recall somewhat in this wise:

"It was on Tuesday morning, the last day of 1895, when news reached me that Jameson's men had invaded the Transvaal. As a member of the Legislature, or Volksraad, I am exempt from military service, but of course I volunteered. There were 87 of us, all told, who started that same day. By the following morning we were 117—nearly forty per cent. of the total number of burghers in the place. We were mostly farmers, men of family, armed and equipped at our own expense, and mounted on our own horses. These horses, by-the-way, had been for the most part out at grass, and therefore in poor condition for campaigning; while in regard to ammunition we had nothing but what each man happened to have in his belt, or bandoleer. You will see that Jameson's men had abundance of ammunition, while we ran very short. We made the distance of 60-odd miles to Krugersdorp in 18 hours.

"By the time we reached Waterval, which is about three miles west of Krugersdorp, Jameson's men were in sight, coming from the west. With their train of wagons and artillery they covered so much ground that we thought they must be near two thousand. We were on the south side of the road, and could not, therefore, make our proposed junction with the commander of our district, Cronje, who had taken up a position on the north side. This Cronje, by-the-way, is a splendid strategist; there could be no better in any European army.

"However, since there was no time to cross over to Cronje's force, the next best thing was to take as strong a position as possible, and there await Jameson's advance.

"The fighting commenced almost immediately after we had got into position. They were all well armed and mounted, and had with them eleven pieces of artillery, of which eight were Maxims. [These



TABLE MOUNTAIN, FROM CAPE TOWN.

figures I have verified in conversation with the Jameson officer who kept the muster-roll.] Jameson's men approached us in skirmishing order, supported by artillery fire. We had orders from Cronje not to return the fire until he gave the word of command, for we had no ammunition to waste, and wanted the enemy to come up close before we opened. The Boer, you must know, is thrifty with his powder, and shoots only to kill. So we waited, and at last, when the English were within five hundred yards, we opened fire, and killed a good many horses. Soon I saw the English, apparently discouraged from pushing along the straight road, make an effort to go around by the north. But Cronje stopped them there, and soon afterwards I could see through my field-glasses Jameson consulting with his men. They then put a 12-pounder in such a position as to rake us, but we soon silenced that by our rifles, for we had no artillery with us. After this Jameson made a move to get around by the southern side; but again Commander Cronje divined his purpose, and when the morning of January 2 broke, Jameson found himself once more faced and flanked by Boers. In that night Cronje's son was wounded, and was carried by the father to the Krugersdorp hospital.

"In the final action Jameson's men charged. My immediate force was two thousand yards away, and took no part, but we could see well what passed. This charge was led by the Hon. Major Coventry and Captain Barry. Barry died of his wounds in the Krugersdorp hospital. Coventry recovered from a dangerous wound, the bullet just grazing his spine. Jameson's men formed up, the bugle sounded, and they dashed up the hill with vigor, and up to within a hundred yards of the Boers. There, however, they were met by severe firing, and must have lost thirty men. They then retreat-

ed, formed, and charged again, but with no better result.

"After this I saw them all draw off to a farm which was in the rear of their position, and almost immediately afterwards I saw what looked like a white flag. [This was the bit of lint furnished by Dr. Hatheway.] We had just succeeded in bringing up our 12-pounder and a Maxim, and were commencing to fire upon the English position when the white flag was seen, and at once I rode up to the gunner and ordered him to stop firing.

"The Boers by this time were about 1500 men, and most of us hurried down to the English as soon as we saw the flag of surrender. To our surprise, we found all of Jameson's men with arms in their hands, as though they expected a general massacre. Cronje entered the farmyard with about thirty men; the rest staid away at a proper distance.

"Jameson surrendered unconditionally, and of course his men all laid down their arms. As far as I could judge, the men had still a good supply of ammunition about them. The magazines of their Lee and Metford rifles were full; so were the chambers of their revolvers. I left the field with Cronje, and know nothing more."

This is the tale of a fair-minded Transvaal citizen.

The two accounts, coming from brave and honest men, who shared in this strange campaign, who have compared their experiences, who are now good friends—these words are precious in connection with the white man's struggle for mastery in Africa. But there is one episode to be added.

When the Boers had silenced the firing of Jameson's men, and had saved their country from what they feared might prove an invasion disastrous to their independence, they did not celebrate the event by cheers or bonfires. They fell upon their knees and followed the prayers offered by their elders; they gave praise to Almighty God for having protected them; they searched their hearts and prayed to be cleansed from the spirit of boasting; they prayed for Jameson and his men that they might be guided by the light of justice and Christian fellowship—and this they prayed while some of the dead lay yet unburied about them.

Rendsburg and Hatheway are fictitious names, but I shall be happy to disclose them to any one seriously interested in the history of this movement. So, also, I have changed the name of the ship, for obvious reasons.

At last the good ship *Bolter* reaches the Cape of Good Hope, and is made fast to her dock, as though in New York. Above us towers the magnificent Table Mountain, which to the Cape dwellers is as essential in the horizon as Fujisan to a Japanese, and quite as remarkable. It is 3500 feet high, and looks like a bit of a vast wall, such as the Palisades of the Hudson, and, indeed, the geological formation reminded me superficially of this. This grand old rock presides over Cape Town much as the Citadel overhangs Quebec; the mariner looks up to both of them as though his ship were a tiny canoe.

My first care on landing was, of course, to seek the American consul, and renew my patriotic fervor by contact with the man on whose shoulders should rest the dignity of our country. To my chagrin, I found that we had no consul; that for the time being American interests were being cared for—and very well, too—by an English gentleman. I made inquiries of various people, and learned that in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Cape Town such a thing as an American consul who could keep sober after twelve o'clock noon was too seldom known; and this fact must be carefully borne in mind, for it will explain many things that otherwise might seem obscure. Other countries encourage the commerce of their citizens by appointing capable consuls at foreign ports. Capable consuls cannot be secured unless they are either well paid for their services or unless they are given a permanent position. The American consul at Cape Town has large American interests to watch — not merely at the Cape, but throughout South Africa. Uncle Sam offers such a man the wages of a second-rate mechanic or baseball-player.

Merchants of Cape Town who seek to do business with the United States have no one here to whom they can turn for information, and thus orders which might have been placed in New York or Chicago are diverted to Birmingham or Buenos Ayres. The consuls of other countries are constantly laboring to increase the trade each of his own country; ours are often regarded as worse than useless.

When the Boers locked up the leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, and amongst them one or more Americans, it was the English Governor at Cape Town, Sir Hercules Robinson, who did what was possible for American interests. He sent an Englishman to look after John Hays Hammond in the Pretoria jail, and that Englishman went with a credit on the bank here for the purpose of bailing out any American that might be in distress. Nor did the English Governor stop there. He gave orders that the best legal talent available should be employed in protecting the legal interests of English and Americans alike—all at the expense of this British colony.

And so I land under Table Mountain, at the southernmost end of Africa, in the midst of war and the rumor of war. The powers of Europe are fiercely scrambling for all they can get from the native races, and even the two Boer republics do not feel safe from the greed of their neighbors. Sudan and Abyssinia are ablaze in the north; the Matabele are on the war-path south of the Zambezi; in German Southwest Africa the natives have risen; and as I go ashore troops from this colony are embarking for Natal on their way to Mafeking. France, Germany, Portugal, England—all are here watching one another with savage eagerness, knowing the vast commercial interests that hinge upon trifles light as a black man's whim. At such a time the best man would be none too good for representing American interests in South Africa. And you naturally ask, Well, what are those interests? At least I hope you do, else no one will read my next contribution.

FEET OF CLAY.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

I BURNED my heart as incense night and day
Before a shrine where scorners turned away.
Upward I gazed, and only cared to see
The glorious face that showed a god to me.
I kissed the garment's hem
That swept about the feet and covered them.
But hands unhallowed tore the robe aside.
"Behold thine Idol!" mocking voices cried;
"He whose winged flight thy blind embrace would stay
Hath feet—ah, hear!—of clay!"

Pass, bitter hearts! the smile of scorn is mine;
The worship his, whom still I deem divine.
What if the touch of earth, its base desires,
Its dross unpurified in passion's fires,
Cling to the feet I kiss?
Oh light were love, to forfeit faith for this!
What loss were his, what woful gain were mine,
If from that sun-and-star-illumined shrine
One heart's poor candle I should take away—
I, who am *all* of clay?

Haply our homage had not seemed so dear;
Haply he had not sought a temple here,
Nor in his service had I known such joy,
But for the mingling of that earth-alloy!
O soul that woke for him,
What larger hope hath lit thy prison dim!
May I not rise from these unquickened clods
To claim eternal kinship with the gods?
To godlike stature grow, though bearing—yea,
Like him—the print of clay?

THE FISH OF M. QUISSARD.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

IN all the length of the Rue Bausset—that is to say, from the Cours Belzunce straight through to the Vieux Port of Marseille: quite a distance, you understand—there was not a tongue but had its share in wagging over the case of Madame the Widow Marjoulet who kept the flourishing tobacco-shop at the corner of the Cours, and the rich huissier M. Quissard, and that good-looking scapegrace Alceste Lamoureux who held a Lieutenant's commission in the Twenty-ninth Regiment of the Line. Remember what the wagging of a single Marseille tongue can accomplish; multiply that by a double row of tongues reaching all the way from the Cours Belzunce to the Vieux Port—and so figure to yourself the commotion!

"You will understand, Madame Vic," said M. Brisson, proprietor of the Pharmacie Centrale—stopping in the very act of pouring from the big bottle that he had taken from the shelf into the little bottle that he held in his left hand—"you will understand that the conduct of Madame Marjoulet is an outrage upon reason and a defiance of propriety. That she should marry with avidity the worthy M. Quissard would be wisely appropriate. He is of a position, and as a fisherman he is superb. [M. Brisson spoke feelingly. Without being superb, he was a fisherman himself.] But that she should be as a shuttlecock in such a matter; and, above all, that she should conduct herself so lightly with this Lieutenant—I tell you it is a scandal which heaps upon herself and all her sex the mountains of disgrace. It would be suitable that the wrath of heaven should descend upon her in flames of fire!" And M. Brisson simulated the descent of fire from heaven by raising above his head and then suddenly lowering again the bottles which he held in his hands.

"Pooh!" answered Madame Vic, with a contemptuous airiness. "If you men had the management of the wrath of heaven there soon wouldn't be a woman left alive in the world!" And then, more seriously, she went on: "Poor soul! As if all in a moment she could decide between reason and love! What you say, monsieur, is unjust, is absurd. She is an angel of innocence martyred by scandalous tongues!"

Madame Vic spoke with asperity. She herself had made a marriage of reason with M. Vic, the well-to-do baker, who was old enough to be her father. It was for his use that the little bottle was being filled. Madame Vic was a forehanded woman who looked ahead and thought about consequences. She was not a person to sow dragon's teeth by pronouncing too harsh an opinion upon a case that presently might be her own.

"And as to this huissier," she continued, "you know as well as I do, monsieur, that there are stories about him. It is hinted, sometimes, that he is not really rich at all. It is more than hinted that if he is rich he has not gathered his money with clean hands. He is a dark man, and mysterious. Even these fish which he brings home—I will not say that he catches—are mysteries. Always large fish. Always not less than five, often seven—a very prodigy of a catch; as you, who are a fisherman yourself, very well know. Frequently you fish for a whole day and catch nothing. When you catch a single fish, even a small fish, you are justly proud of your skill. When you come home you tell us where you caught your fish, and how; and you show it to us in various positions, and are pleased to have us take it in our hands—because you are a brave and skilful fisherman, monsieur, and because you are an honest man!"

M. Brisson stopped in his work of tying a piece of red paper over the cork of the little bottle and made Madame Vic a handsome bow.

"But when M. Quissard comes home at night with such a collection of fish as would make the blessed Saint Peter himself turn green with envy, what does he do? Does he tell us where he caught them, save in a way so vague that it is no telling at all? No. Does he do more than raise the lid of his basket and permit us to peep in at them? No. Is any one ever suffered to take them in hand and examine them? No. And is all that the way of an honest fisherman? No! I tell you a thousand times, no! Were

those seven fish the seven deadly sins I leave it to you if he could make much more of a mystery of them. And on my conscience, monsieur," said Madame Vic briskly in conclusion, mixing her terms a little but leaving her meaning quite clear, "Madame Marjoulet will do well to have none of him, for I believe that if the truth were known he has committed them all!"

M. Quissard, it must be remembered, occupied a responsible position in the community. Whatever people might choose to think about him privately, only a woman with a loosely hung tongue would venture thus to treat publicly of his possible shortcomings in such unguarded terms. M. Brisson, who also occupied a responsible position in the community, had no desire to commit himself in plain words to Madame Vic's extreme opinions; yet was he mollified by her generous estimate of his skill as a fisherman and of his honesty as a man; and, moreover, the exasperating success of his rival in fishing could not but rankle a little in his soul. Weighing these several considerations one against the other, he answered her lively outburst expressively, yet guardedly, by a simultaneous elevation of his eyebrows and shoulders and out-thrust of his elbows from his sides. But his only spoken words were, as he handed her the little bottle, neatly wrapped in green paper and tied with a red string: "The price, madame, is thirty-two sous."

"Thirty-two sous for no more than that!" cried Madame Vic. "It is no wonder that you pharmaciens grow rich! To be a baker is another thing!"

"Quite!" answered M. Brisson dryly. "In *our* business it is necessary to give honest weight."

"Honest weight, indeed!" cried Madame Vic—it was a tender point that M. Brisson had touched upon. "Honest weight! That is excellent! But, at least, all the old women in the world may eat of what *we* sell and not die in agonizing pains!" And having discharged this Parthian dart—whereof the venom was the reference to that unfortunate mistake in the making up of a prescription which had cast so black a shadow over the fortunes of the Pharmacie Centrale — Madame Vic clapped down the thirty-two sous on the brass scales with an angry rattle, and as she went out jerked to the shop door behind her with such energy that she set the little bell above it to jingling in a very devil's dance.

M. Brisson was equal to the emergency. Opening the door just wide enough to thrust out his head, he called after her: "Madame must wait upon the course of nature. Her bottle is not deadly. Mistakes of that sort rarely happen where they are most desired!"—and then drew in his head and closed the door so quickly that Madame Vic's answer struck harmlessly against the glass. It was one of those rare occasions when the man had the last word.

On the whole, the case had not been fairly stated. To say, as M. Brisson said, that the conduct of the widow Marjoulet in the matter of the huissier and the Lieutenant was an outrage upon reason and a defiance of propriety was to say too much. But to say, as Madame Vic said, that the widow Marjoulet was an angel of innocence martyred by scandalous tongues was to say too little — too little by far. Indeed, the major premise of Madame Vic's proposition was a high defiance of probability. To be of an innocence, one cannot also be a widow, and two-and-thirty, and the keeper of a *débit de tabac*, and—least of all—a Marseillaise.

Between the extremes occupied by the druggist and the bakeress lay the truth. It was much more accurately set forth by M. Petot, proprietor of the favorably known barber shop "Au Panthéon des Coiffeurs," around the corner in the Cours. He was of a meditative and sententious habit, this Petot—characteristics which made him a marked man in his city and in his craft—and his pithy utterances, usually arranged in the form of a series of argumentative questions developing a logical conclusion, rarely failed to hit the mark. It was according to this formula, and while in the act of shaving M. Peloux the notary, that he delivered himself in the premises.

"From a point of view, what could a well-to-do widow find better than a young Lieutenant?" he asked.

M. Peloux, over whose upper lip the lather was being spread at that moment, did not attempt a reply.

"And from a point of view," continued the barber, "what could a young widow find better than a huissier who already is rich and who begins to be old?"

As the lathering process still was go-

ing forward, M. Peloux still was unable to answer. But then, to so simple a statement of self-evident fact, no answer was required.

"Being precisely a widow," M. Petot went on, as he relinquished the brush for the razor, "how can Madame Marjoulet carry herself to a choice?"

M. Peloux shook his lathered chin hopelessly. It was too much for him.

"And therefore," concluded the barber, at the same time seizing the notary's nose and beginning a series of long clean sweeps with his razor across the notary's cheek, "she temporizes; and is of a far too encouraging tenderness with them both!"

Simply, then, it was Madame Marjoulet's over-amiability in encouraging both of her suitors, because of the difficulty that she found in deciding between their nicely balanced claims, that had caused M. Brisson to condemn her conduct as outrageous; and that had caused Madame Vic (though also that she might thus vicariously defend the rights of her own unachieved but budding widowhood) to declare her to be an angel of innocence martyred by scandalous tongues.

II.

In truth, the problem which presented itself to Madame Marjoulet was as delicate a one as ever a widow was called upon to solve: and Heaven knows that many and difficult are the problems which beset every widow's way.

Even on the broad lines stated by M. Petot—love and a competence on the one side, on the other riches and a rational esteem—the choice was among nettles; but when all its inner details and difficulties were considered it was nothing less than a bush of thorns. For Madame Marjoulet had to put into the scale with love the possibility that the Lieutenant's aunt might not only die opportunely but also might leave him the pretty estate with the good vineyards in the valley of the Durance: an enchanting combination of improbabilities which would enable her to snap her fingers at the huissier's fortune, no matter how great it might be. Into the scale with reason she had to put the grave doubts which at times beset her as to whether the huissier really had any fortune whatever, great or small. Against both her suitors together she had to weigh the loss—which necessarily would follow her marriage with either of them—of her official position as a vender of tobacco under government: and the fact must be remembered that in France a handsome widow who keeps a tobacco-shop is in effect an uncrowned queen. And all of these balancings were complicated by her knowledge that love might have its way without bringing actual poverty in its train. Her dot had been a fair one; she had made tidy savings during her eight years of tobacco-selling; she had inherited a little shop on the Rue Saint-Ferréol — the principal shopping street in Marseille—and was about to convert it into a big and handsome and well-paying shop by the judicious investment of her portion and her savings in the purchase and improvement of a tumble-down adjoining property. Therefore, the Lieutenant also having his pay and a little beside, there was no great probability that love would have to leave by the window because poverty came in by the door. Yet whenever she had followed out this enticing line of thought—which usually was several times a day—she would find herself thinking at the end of it: "But if the huissier really is so very rich—and already close to sixty — will not that be better still?" And then she would sigh deeply and go over it all again from the start.

Truly, then, the problem was as delicate a problem as ever a widow was called upon to solve. It is much for a strong man to stand up and affront a single fate. Such a man must have courage and nerve. But here was Madame Marjoulet, a weak woman, standing up and affronting a hydra-headed destiny that came dashing at her with all its heads down!

The more that she pondered upon this distracting situation the more was she convinced that an adjustment of its conflicting claims only could be effected by penetrating the veil of mystery that enveloped all the realities of the huissier's life in a sombre haze. Within reason, such concealment could not be objected to. About all huissiers there is more or less of mystery—'tis a part of their stock in trade. But in the case of M. Quissard it was in excess of the normal and decidedly more than the needs of his trade required.

By his own assertion and by common report she knew that he was very rich. But she also knew (aside from the fact

that he notoriously neglected his business in order to go upon his fishing expeditions) that his reputation for veracity was such as habitual fishing produces, and that common report is a common liar—perhaps even more so in Marseille than elsewhere. Moreover, she had heard, even as Madame Vic had heard, the undercurrent of whisperings that his riches were but the riches of a dream. These doubts were disconcerting; these whisperings, if truth lay at the bottom of them, were absolutely subversive of her plans. In the huissier's wealth (of which the probable availability was increased by his somewhat advanced years) lay his only claim upon her consideration. Her marriage with him would be as strictly of convenience as, on the other hand, her marriage with the Lieutenant would be of love. But should he prove to be a gilded sepulchre of a huissier; should her loss of love not be compensated by a gain of gold—then indeed would her marriage of reason be but a dreary harvesting of the fruit of the Dead Sea!

Oddly enough—though perhaps it was merely the working in both of them of the same feminine intuitive processes—Madame Marjoulet was at one with Madame Vic in linking the mystery of the huissier's miraculous draughts of fishes with the deeper mystery which surrounded his real or supposed miraculous draughts of substantial wealth. In each case the verity of his success rested mainly upon his own assertion; in neither was the result exhibited with a convincing clearness; in both a far franker line of treatment greatly was to be desired. Pondering upon these matters, Madame Marjoulet eventually came to believe that could the secret of his success as a fisherman be penetrated such light would be thrown upon his life at large that there would be no need for her longer to hesitate in her choice.

Assuredly it was not for lack of endeavor on her part that the mystery remained unsolved. Rarely did a day go by that she did not, quite by accident, walk past M. Quissard's dwelling—which fronted upon the Pavé d'Amour and had an end upon the Rue Bausset—the while casting searching sidewise glances upon its trim exterior and sniffing tentatively: as though through the close-drawn blinds which veiled its windows, or through its very walls, she would drag forth its secret; or, at least, in the odor of cooking fish, would surprise a portion of that secret in a telltale smell. And not a week went by that she did not make one or more attempts to wring the secret from the huissier himself — whose exterior also was trim, and whose blinds were very closely drawn indeed.

As for the house, it was of the same reticent respectability as the houses of all the other huissiers in France. The paint always was fresh, the well-laid stone walls always had the look of a recent washing, behind the always-shining glass of the windows the neatly drawn curtains always were immaculate, the bell-pull and the door-knob shone always like burnished gold. And with these several characteristic touches was also that obvious air of secretiveness which enables one at a glance to distinguish the house of a huissier from all other houses, and so renders quite unnecessary the trig oval sign set at an angle over the door. From that politely repellent exterior absolutely no information was to be obtained. Of the smell of fish, even on Fridays, there was not a suggestion. If the place smelt of anything — but here reality is superseded by metaphor—it was of shrewd legal settlements behind closed doors, of cleverly manipulated private contracts, of well-adjusted bankruptcies; of all the grist, in short, which comes to a huissier's mill and which is taken good account of without beat of drums.

Indeed, the merest glance at M. Quissard—who was of a compact rather than a lean habit, and whose self-contained look was emphasized by the close-drawn lines of his mouth and also by the close set of his neat black clothes—would have satisfied anybody that drum-beating was not in his line. He was one of those rare men (and most rare in Provence) who understand why their teeth are set outside their tongues, and who utilize that safeguard against indiscreet utterance with which nature has endowed them. Yet was his reticence of that fine (and paradoxical) sort which is liberal enough with mere words. What this intelligent huissier kept to himself were his facts and his thoughts.

Madame Marjoulet, who was endowed with a full share of womanly curiosity, found his imperturbable impenetrability little short of maddening. So heavily did his secret prey upon her that she

actually, at times, was eager to marry him simply that she might find it out. The feeling on the part of her sex about mysteries has been that way from Bluebeard's time down.

III.

"Monsieur has been fishing again? And has had, as always, the great success?"

It was Madame Marjoulet who spoke—the huissier, carrying his rod and basket, had stopped in to get his usual little package of *scaferlati-ordinaire* for his pipe—and she spoke in the tone of cheerful friendliness that implied a kindly wish to know the whole story: whereof the telling, to a Frenchman who really has caught a real fish, is so exquisite a joy.

"Ah, well, it is not so bad, this to-day's sport," M. Quissard answered airily. "I have seven fellows here in my basket—and none of them precisely small."

"Seven!" cried Madame Marjoulet admiringly. "It is a prodigy, it is a miracle, this success that attends you always! But yesterday M. Brisson fished for the whole day long and caught only one—and so little that you might have hidden it in your hand. Monsieur will show me his fish?"

It was notable that in her conversations with the huissier her form of address—she herself could not have accounted for it—would be in one breath familiar and in the next formally polite.

"Madame does me an honor. Will she be good enough to look?" Yet, while uttering these words of politeness, M. Quissard so placed himself that when he opened the basket his own body was between it and the light; nor was the lid entirely raised. As the day was waning, this arrangement did not tend to make the exhibition a very complete one; yet Madame Marjoulet, bending over the counter and peering into the basket, did see within it what had every appearance of being a fine mess of fish. She reached forward her hand quickly—but more quickly M. Quissard drew the basket away.

"Madame must not soil her charming hand," he said gallantly. "It is the misfortune of fish that their smell is vile. I myself, whose hands already are corrupted by this ill odor, shall have the pleasure of showing her one." And with these words M. Quissard, stepping back a little, drew forth a fish from the basket and held it up before her by its gills. But as he held it away from her, instead of toward her, more than half the width of the shop intervened between this object and Madame Marjoulet's eyes. Against the waning light it was a mere silhouette. Yet it certainly was a fish; and, moreover, it was a noble fish—at the least, twenty centimetres long. "It is, of course, only a small fish," said M. Quissard with a modestly depreciative air.

Perhaps unreasonably, Madame Marjoulet was not satisfied. She fairly itched, indeed, to settle the matter definitely by a dash around the counter that would enable her to lay convincing hands upon that mysterious leviathan. Politeness made this vigorous line of action impossible. She therefore temporized. "Magnificent!" she cried. "He must be weighed, this noble fish. Monsieur will place him here in the scales."

At these words M. Quissard visibly shuddered. Madame Marjoulet fancied that he grew pale. There certainly was a trembling in his voice as he answered sharply, in the same moment returning the fish to the basket and clapping down the lid: "Impossible!"

For a moment there was awkward silence. Then the huissier spoke; but lamely, and with the confused air of one who has escaped from peril by a narrow chance. "It—it is impossible, I mean, to think of weighing fish in madame's scales. They would become corrupted by the smell. The delicate flavor of the tobacco which she afterward would weigh in them would be spoiled."

"It is conceivable that a piece of paper might be placed upon the scale," Madame Marjoulet answered dryly. "And the smell of these fish," she added with a touch of sarcasm, "must be positively horrible!"

"It—it is bad luck to weigh fish," almost pleaded the huissier.

Madame Marjoulet was too astute a woman to press a point that obviously could not be carried; and too considerate of her own general line of policy not to extricate the huissier from the difficulties in which she had involved him. With a little sigh, wrung from her by her powerlessness, but also with a most winning smile, she said cordially: "Ah, if to weigh it is to endanger monsieur's luck, the thing

is not to be thought of. To trifle with such luck would be unpardonable. Monsieur is the most fortunate of men!"

M. Quissard essentially was an opportunist. This prettily turned speech very evidently relieved him from a serious embarrassment. Yet even in the tense moment of his deliverance from imminent danger was he keen enough to perceive its farther advantageous possibilities, and quick enough to seize them. Taking off his basket—which seemed to be too much of a Pandora's box for his immediate purposes—he advanced again to the counter. "Not the *most* fortunate of men!" he said with much meaning and even quite a touch of tenderness in his tone.

"But yes," answered Madame Marjoulet, with an air of excellently childlike innocence. "Monsieur is unreasonable. What more—being already rich and prosperous—can he desire?"

"This!" said M. Quissard, and he clasped in both of his the widow's hand.

Really, it was very well done. There were dramatic possibilities in M. Quissard.

Madame Marjoulet, having glanced quickly toward the shop windows and satisfied herself that no inquisitive eyes were peering in upon her, suffered her hand to remain, temporarily, in M. Quissard's keeping. "Monsieur always will have his little joke," she said pleasantly.

"Madame knows that this is no joke," answered the huissier. And then, speaking very earnestly, he went on: "Let us come now to an understanding. You know the affection that I entertain for you; and you, I think, have at least an esteem for me. But we will not speak of that. We will look at the matter only on the side of reason. That is the better spirit—since we no longer are precisely young."

M. Quissard's usual discretion was not shown in this deliverance. But Madame Marjoulet restrained her natural inclination to tell him that she did not regard herself as being conspicuously superannuated, and he continued: "As you know, I am a prudent man, and capable in affairs. I have my own property—not a small property, I may even say a large property — which I manage well. You also have a property; and, you perceive, I could manage it with my own and with the same skill; much better, you understand, than you can manage it yourself."

"My property?" put in Madame Marjoulet. "Pooh, it is nothing!"

"Surely," exclaimed M. Quissard, with a note of anxiety suddenly perceptible in his tone, "you own the shop in the Rue Saint-Ferréol?"

"But the size of it, monsieur—it is as that!" And the lady held the middle finger of her disengaged left hand at a most minute distance from her thumb, and accompanied this expressive gesture with a similarly belittling shrug.

"Ah, but madame does not perceive the possibilities," the huissier said eagerly. "Being a woman, she cannot be expected to understand such large matters. But I am a man, I, and it is for me to show her; to expound. Truly her shop is small; but it is upon a corner, and the house adjoining it is so poor and so old that madame can buy it for a song. And then of the two together we can make such a shop that it will be as a mine of gold! It is for me to attend to, the making of that fine affair — when madame gives me this, which truly will make me what she just now said I was: the happiest of men!" And M. Quissard supplemented this gallant conclusion of his speech by raising gallantly to his lips the hand that still rested in his own.

It was a prettily arranged demonstration of affection, but Madame Marjoulet scarcely was disposed to accept it at its face value. The business note at the beginning was too sharply insisted upon to give the sentimental note at the end free play; and, also, she was ruffled by having presented to her as a project the very plan that she was in the act of executing with a circumspect secrecy. Moreover, the sudden deepening of the mystery which enshrouded M. Quissard's fishing caused her an anxiety that almost amounted to alarm.

But even under these new conditions she still was not inclined to speak in either direction the final word. Therefore she compromised the situation by answering in her most charming manner and with one of her most charming smiles: "Monsieur knows the saying, 'a woman has two minds, but a widow has ten'—and it is clear that to decide them all in the same way must take a long time. And monsieur also knows that other saying, 'you cannot hurry a woman, a cat, or a cow.' And now indeed monsieur must go. He has staid too long already. It is almost dark. People will talk. They



M. QUISSARD.

will utter scandals. Absolutely, monsieur must go without another word!" And as Madame Marjoulet withdrew her hand and at once set about lighting up the shop for the evening, there was nothing for it on the side of the huissier but to obey her command.

But he went away jubilant. Not being able to see into the secret soul of Madame Marjoulet he knew nothing of the freshly aroused doubts and dreads which rankled there; nor could he imagine the practical purpose that had underlaid her willingness to let him hold her hand—and that manifested itself in her eagerly interrogative sniffing at her fingers the very moment that his back was turned.

Yet the practical outcome of that pur-

pose was so astounding that she grew perceptibly pale, and her breath came quick and short, almost in gasps. M. Quissard twice had referred to the corrupting odor of his fish, and otherwise had insisted upon the strong vileness of that odor in emphatic terms. He had handled one of these fish in her presence; and, presumably, he had handled them all. For five minutes at least he had held her hand in his. There was not about her hand the faintest suggestion of a fishy smell!

IV.

During all of that evening, and during the whole of the ensuing day, the troubled soul of Madame Marjoulet moved fearsomely in a fish-haunted maze. The vague yet portentous bodings which she long had harbored deep in the recesses of her inmost consciousness as to the verity of these strange fish of M. Quissard's avowed catching seemed suddenly to be realized—for who could believe in a fish that had no smell! And yet, being a woman, she strenuously denied to herself her own convictions; and was more than usually disposed, should occasion offer, to champion the huissier's success.

Late in the afternoon, with the appearance of the Lieutenant, the occasion did offer; indeed, Madame Marjoulet created it—for she so longed to unburden herself of the matter uppermost in her mind that she lost no time in telling him about the magnificent fish which M. Quissard had caught on the preceding day.

"Bah!" said the Lieutenant, contemptuously. "They are of a trickery, those fish, from first to last. They are not real fish. To be real, they would have to be bought—and that old grip-sous would not spend his money even to deceive you." And, having thus delivered himself, the Lieutenant lighted gracefully the expensive *cigarette russe* which he had just purchased (two francs, the box of twenty-five), and looked at the widow with an air.

The point that he had made, as they both knew, was a strong one. The huissier notoriously was close-fisted. Even in his dealings with Madame Marjoulet—where he reasonably might be expected to put his best foot foremost—his habit was to buy in the course of the week no more than a hectogramme of *scaferlati-ordinaire* for his pipe; and his greatest extravagance, now and then of a Sunday, was a package of *cigarettes caporal* at fifty centimes. The contrast with the Lieutenant—who bought *cigarettes russes* habitually, and even at times (for francs 3.80) boxes of ten small cigars——was as the contrast between night and day.

"Bah!" repeated the Lieutenant, in a tone of still more profound contempt. "These fishes are the fishes of a dream!"

"How easy is it," observed Madame Marjoulet, "for envy to depreciate superior skill!" The Lieutenant was seated in front of the little counter; Madame Marjoulet was standing behind it. As she delivered this abstract moral reflection she looked quite over his head out through the shop window and diagonally across the Cours at the roof of the Hôtel de Provence. It was as though he were not there at all. To so disconcerting a reception of his utterances the Lieutenant was at a loss to formulate a reply.

Madame Marjoulet leaned forward, resting her enchantingly plump elbows upon the counter and framing her most provoking face in her two little white hands. This brought her eyes—they were very bright and very black eyes—on a level with the Lieutenant's; but instead of being directed upon him they continued to range past him at the roof of the Hôtel de Provence. "And how easy is it," continued Madame Marjoulet, abstractedly, "to deny that in which we do not wish to believe!"

She dropped one hand upon the counter and busied herself in arranging with a still greater accuracy the neat pile of little squares of brown paper lying ready for the sale of scaferlati at the rate of one sou the décagramme; the sort of purchase affected by M. Quissard. The result of this slight change of position was to put her charming head a trifle sidewise on her left hand—and a face like Madame Marjoulet's tipped a little from the perpendicular becomes absolutely a distraction—and at the same time to advance the hand that was arranging the squares of brown paper quite close to the Lieutenant's shoulder. And Madame Marjoulet's red lips were a little pursed together with an expression most tantalizingly demure.

After all, an officer of the French Infantry is a human being, not a statue of stone. And even a statue of stone, under those circumstances, would have gone to no very miraculous lengths had it sud-

denly seized the hand on the counter and at the same time bent forward quickly toward those very red lips. Certainly this was precisely what was done by the Lieutenant — who also exclaimed: "I adore thee, Denise!"

Doubtless the Lieutenant was an adept in the tactics of infantry; but Madame Marjoulet could give him points in the tactics of love. It was as though his clasp upon her hand had touched a spring. Instantly she was standing quite erect on the remote side of the counter with her lips hopelessly far away. And then, her position being entirely secure, she broke into a laugh. However, it was a friendly laugh—and the Lieutenant still held her hand.

"Really," cried Madame Marjoulet, "the impudence of these soldiers is past all belief."

"Denise," said the Lieutenant, his voice trembling a little, "I adore thee!"

"But their conversation," continued Madame Marjoulet, speaking in a highly judicial tone, "is of a monotony. Their ideas are few. They painfully repeat themselves. It was but a moment ago, monsieur, that you uttered actually the same words—and even then, if I mistake not, the remark was not precisely new."

"Thou wouldst torment me to death, Denise. And indeed," added the Lieutenant very miserably, "it were better than such a life that I should die!"

"Monsieur would employ poison?"

"I care not what I employ—so that it be quick."

"Because, if it is to be poison, our friend M. Brisson can manage the matter so that there will be no scandal, no noise. He will make the mistake with the prescription, as in the case of the old woman, and all will be decently arranged. Will monsieur attend to this little matter now? The shop of M. Brisson, as he knows, is only a single step away."

"Thou hast no heart. Yes, I will attend to that little matter now." The Lieutenant's voice fairly broke. As he rose, and would have drawn his hand away, his face was pitifully sad. There was a misty look about his eyes.

But Madame Marjoulet detained his hand, and with a gentle pressure that was inexpressibly comforting. "They are such children, these soldiers!" she said. "They are so easily hurt if one ventures in the least to make fun of them. Really, with such babies, it is hard to know how one must behave!" Her words, decidedly, were mocking. But they no longer were stinging, and there was a perceptible note of tenderness in her tone. Her eyes, of a sudden, had grown both brighter and softer, as though they were more than usually moist. The Lieutenant, standing and holding her hand, drew close to the counter and leaned forward. This time Madame Marjoulet did not draw away. The hand that was held prisoner trembled a little, and she uttered a very faint sigh.

But if, as seemed probable, a crisis just then were impending the sudden opening of the shop door cut it short. On the instant, the two clasped hands flew apart as though they had bitten each other; the Lieutenant was standing as stiff as he would have stood to salute a general of division; and as for Madame Marjoulet, all that the person who entered the shop saw of her—until she turned to attend to his demands—was her back, as she stood behind the counter arranging the boxes of matches on the shelves.

A tobacco-shop in the Cours Belzunce is the last place in the world in which to look for privacy. It was only by chance that they had had five minutes together alone. More people came in—a stream of people. As a strategic base for love-making assault the position became untenable. Retreat was a necessity. With a high resolve filling his soul, and with a look in which were whole volumes of unuttered affection, the Lieutenant retired from the field.

As the shop door closed behind him Madame Marjoulet sighed deeply. It was a sigh half of relief, half of regret. "Ah," she said to herself, "I must keep a better guard. In another moment all would have been lost!"

And then Madame Marjoulet sighed still more deeply—as though she regretted that so much had been saved!

V.

The high resolve that Lieutenant Lamoureux brought away in his soul from Madame Marjoulet's tobacco-shop was that he would crush the huissier as he would crush a worm. This simile, he felt, was unjust to the worm. The huissier was of a vileness beyond worms. But while despicable, he also was dangerous. His mysterious success as a fisherman was such

a provocative to curiosity that a woman might go to any lengths to resolve into certainty her longing wonder. His reputed riches were a bait to reason so tempting that, while powerless to command affection, they very well might tempt a woman into marriageable esteem. For himself, the Lieutenant believed in neither fish nor riches. To him the huissier simply was a masked villain. The crushing process upon which he was resolved was the tearing away of the villain's mask.

But Jove does not lend his thunderbolts to Cupid merely for the asking, and this fine project was far from running on wheels.

"He is protected by the devil in person, this huissier," said the Lieutenant, speaking in hollow tones to M. le Capitaine Gontard and regarding that friend of his bosom with despairing eyes.

"It is reasonable," answered the Captain Gontard meditatively. "A huissier and the devil are of the same breast."

"To prove that his strong-box is empty," continued the Lieutenant, "is impossible. I cannot see into that strong-box any more than I can see into the black depths of his foul heart. What then do I do? Of a necessity, I turn myself to his fishings. I play the spy upon him, I! But what do I find? Nothing! At all points he is armed. Before he departs upon his fishings he shows to five people at the least that his basket is empty, and that his leather sack has in it only food. Then he goes to the water. A single step aside on his way from the Pavé d'Amour to the Vieux Port would carry him into the fish-market—and then his perfidy would be clear. But, positively, he steps aside in the other direction and goes to his boat and comes from it again through the Cannebière—and even his friend the devil cannot raise up fish for him from the stones of the busiest street in Marseille!"

"But upon the water," questioned the Captain Gontard. "What happens there?"

"Upon the water," answered the Lieutenant gloomily, "it is worse than upon the land. He takes his boat at the Vieux Port, himself rowing it, and goes toward the islands. In another boat I pursue. He disappears beyond the Château d'If. When I pass the Château d'If and see him again his boat is at anchor near the Île de Ratoneau. But is he fishing? No, he is reading a newspaper! I dare not approach myself closely to him. He knows me, and he would perceive that I am following him as a spy. I wait an hour. I wait two hours. I see nothing. He does not fish. No other boat comes near him from which he could buy fish. The only boat in sight is a big felucca off on the horizon that remains at rest. It is useless, my spying. I come back to the land. Yet, later, he returns with fish—huge fish. He goes with them to the Cours Belzunce, to Madame Marjoulet. He raises a little the lid of his basket and shows them to her. But he will not permit her convincingly to handle them, nor will he tell her clearly how his fish were caught. Therefore the fire of curiosity devours her soul. I know well what must be the conclusion of this matter: she will marry him so that she may penetrate his secret to its bones. And then," concluded the Lieutenant in the calm tone of desperation, "I shall end all by blowing out my brains! Indeed, why should I not blow them out now?"

"Let us go," said the Captain Gontard soothingly, "and have together an absinthe."

This kindly suggestion was fortunate. It conserved the Lieutenant's brains within his skull, where they reasonably belonged, and so gave him an opportunity for using them to such good purpose that only two days later he came again to his friend with the light of triumph in his eyes. His advent was as tumultuous as that of a whirlwind.

"I beheld him through a telescope, and now I know all!" he cried with exultation as he dashed in upon the Captain Gontard. "Come with me instantly. There is not a moment to lose. Even now he is at her door!"

The Captain Gontard was smoking his pipe at his ease, while he engaged himself with the latest number of the *Journal Amusant*. Upon being addressed in a fashion so impetuous and so incoherent his immediate conviction was that this unfortunate lover had gone mad.

"No, I am not mad," said the Lieutenant sharply in answer to his friend's look of concern and alarm. "It is that I have penetrated this dark treachery. All is revealed. I have the huissier in my two hands. I go now to crush him in the very presence of the adorable wo-



"'BAH!' REPEATED THE LIEUTENANT."

man whom he has dared to love. Thou must come with me. Hurry! hurry!" And as he spoke he snatched down from the pegs on which they were hanging the cap and sword of the Captain Gontard; clapped the one upon his head and thrust the other into his hands; and then fairly dragged him out from the room and down the stairs and into the carriage that was waiting below. In a moment they were rattling away with violence toward the Cours Belzunce.

"I will tell to thee now the whole matter clearly," said the Lieutenant as they dashed along. "I will envelop myself in a calmness and explain. It is in this way that all occurs: The huissier goes out toward the islands in a boat. In another boat I follow as before. When I am upon the battlements of the Château d'If—"

"Upon the battlements of the Château d'If in a boat? Impossible!" interrupted the Captain Gontard. It was evident to him that his friend was as mad as a March hare. His distress was profound.

"Animal!" retorted the Lieutenant angrily, "I said nothing about a boat. Do not now annoy me with thy foolish words. Being come, I say, upon the battlements of the Château d'If, I adjust my telescope and direct it upon the huissier. I regard him with all my eyes. It is as though he were no farther away than the length of my arm. He does not fish. He reads interminably his newspaper, *Le Petit Marseillais*. Later, he examines documents which he takes from his pocket, and now and then makes notes in a little book. It is as though he had brought the business of his rascally office out upon the sea.

"The time goes on. It is one hour that I watch. It is two hours. It becomes more. I am in pain of hunger for my breakfast. And my pain is made a million times worse by seeing the huissier eating there his breakfast before my eyes. From his leather bag he brings out all manner of excellent things—sausages of Arles, black olives in oil, a whole cold fowl, a pâté in a box, a huge mass of bread, a great bottle of wine, and even fruit at the end. Figure to yourself my state as I gaze—I who am starving! As I look through the telescope these good things are within my reach. I can touch them with my hand. I fancy, even, that I can smell their delicious smell, and that I can hear the ravishing gurgle of the wine! But they are infinitely far away! And because of my oath I dare not descend from the battlements in search of food. I dare not for so much as a moment turn away. I—"

"Because of what oath?"

"The oath of which all along I have been telling thee, imbecile that thou art! My oath that not for one single instant will I lose sight of the huissier until he shall come again to his own door. Cease thy interruptions, or I never shall have done. Thy stupidity is beyond a dream!

"He continues to eat, that vile huissier, for years—for ages! I draw my belt tighter and demand strength from my soul. When at last he finishes his gorgings he restores to the leather bag the fragments of his feast and lights his pipe. For the moment, I am saved—I remember my cigarettes! With the smoking of cigarettes I allay a little the pains of my agonized stomach, while I continue to observe. I fancy that perhaps he now may fish. But he does not fish. He takes again the papers and the little book from his pocket, and as he reads the papers he makes in the little book his notes. It is the way in which he would pass his hours in his cabinet of affairs. From time to time he looks watchfully toward the open sea. Again it is an hour, it is two hours, that I wait. The pains of my hollow stomach so torment me that I long to cry out and to roll myself upon the stones. Only my cigarettes sustain my life. I smoke them slowly, that this sustenance may be prolonged. But one by one they vanish into nothing, and the pain of my emptiness ever grows more keen!"

In memory of his anguish, the Lieutenant paused in his narrative and groaned. As for the Captain Gontard, listening to this wildly told story as they went whirling along through the Marseille streets, it seemed to him that he had become a part of a tumultuous dream. But he believed that the explanation of it all was to be found in the odor of cognac, which radiated from the Lieutenant more pungently than the odor of sanctity radiates from the blessed saints. His friend's madness, he decided, was merely temporary; and he breathed a sigh of relief as he realized that there was no cause for serious alarm.

They were in the Rue de Noailles, almost at the turning into the Cours Belzunce, as the Lieutenant continued: "Three hours pass. Four hours pass.

My cigarettes are exhausted. I am famished. I am desperate. I suffer the most excruciating pangs. My belt is drawn until my waist is that of a wasp. The raft of the *Medusa* is before my eyes. I feel that in another moment I shall swoon. That in two more moments I shall expire. And then it is, in that very instant of my expiring agony, that the felucca comes and the contraband tobacco appears and the fish are inflated—and the wonder of all that I see revives my strength until I am like a tower of iron. Through the next hour it is purely my brave spirit which sustains my fainting body—until all is ended, and I come quickly to land in advance of the huissier, and obtain cognac at the café on the quai. I demand to drink my cognac in a tumbler, and I drain that tumbler twice—each time at a single draught. Then once more am I alive. It is from the café that I come direct to thee.

"And now thou knowest all perfectly and understandest the vengeance that I shall take upon this wretch—whom I have seen in the very midst of his contraband doings, and who before my eyes blew up his fish with wind. Ah, it is in this moment that his fate shall overtake him. We are arrived."

Actually, as he spoke, the cab stopped in the Cours Belzunce at Madame Marjoulet's door. But what his friend had been talking about, and what vengeance was this which he was about to take, the Captain Gontard knew no more than the unborn babes. These incoherent references to spying through a telescope from the battlements of a castle upon inflated fishes and contraband tobacco obviously were the ravings of a disordered mind. All that was clear to him was the incident of the two tumblers of cognac—and two tumblers of cognac taken on an empty stomach at the end of a day of weary watching would account, he thought, for almost anything out of the common that a man might do or say.

"Speak thou not a word," said the Lieutenant, his hand on the door-knob. "Leave all to me—that I may crush this base animal in my own way. I am confident that he has come hither. It is the hour of his doom!" And he opened the shop door.

VI.

Having been so much talked about as a possibility, it is not surprising that when the marriage of Lieutenant Lamoureux and Madame the Widow Marjoulet became a reality—and that reality emphasized by the huissier's humiliating exposure and irretrievable disgrace—a wave of emotion surged through the Rue Bausset with the violence of a veritable wave upon a stormy sea. From the Cours Belzunce to the Vieux Port not only was a double row of tongues let loose upon the matter, but each individual tongue was hung in the middle and wagged at both ends. The commotion was supreme.

First of all, because it preceded the marriage, the case of the huissier was discussed with a lively energy.

"To think of it!" exclaimed Madame Gauthier, a clear-starcher of position, speaking to the grocer M. Fromagin. "They say that the tobacco which he had always in his basket, hidden beneath his sham fishes, was a tobacco of Turkey that is worth its weight in gold!"

"It is not worth its weight in gold," answered M. Fromagin with an air of superior wisdom. "It is the tobacco called 'Aala'—it is worth ninety francs the kilo. But that, at least, is better than copper." And he put his hand in his pocket and jingled his sous.

"Heavens!" cried Madame Gauthier. "Ninety francs the kilo—and the price of a kilo of the best soap is only sixty centimes! It is no wonder that M. Quissard went fishing often, and that he called himself a rich man!"

"And now," said M. Fromagin, in the tone of moralizing, "he is shut up in prison and has paid a fine of five thousand francs. After all, madame, the honest copper is the best!" And the worthy Fromagin jingled the sous in his pocket with a consciously virtuous air. Indeed, as compared with the stupendous wickedness of the huissier, his own trifling manipulations of sugar and coffee were as nothing at all.

But the marriage of the widow and the Lieutenant was the important matter.

"Monsieur is satisfied, now, that in all that he has spoken of Madame Marjoulet he has uttered calumnies the most cruel. Is it not so?"

It was Madame Vic, standing in the door of her own bakery, who addressed this question to the pharmacien M. Brisson. Madame Vic was arrayed in a seemly black, which yet, having certain



"RAN THEM THROUGH WITH HIS SWORD."

piquant touches of arrangement, was admirably becoming to her large person, and which effectively set off her blooming face. Her white handkerchief of mourning was tied coquettishly in her abundant fair hair. Her carriage and manner betokened the easy contentment of a woman whom the world is using well.

"I am satisfied now," M. Brisson answered, "that Madame Marjoulet has played her cards with an excellent skill." And he added, with a bow to Madame Vic that was more courteous than amiable: "When a woman is getting well along in life, and is a widow, it is natural that she should try to make the best market of what remains."

There was bitterness in M. Brisson's words, and still more in his tone. Already he had urged his fitness as a successor to M. Vic in the possession of Madame Vic's heart and bakery—and already his suit had been rejected with a peremptoriness that withered the very roots of hope.

"Monsieur means," Madame Vic answered sweetly, "that it is natural for a sensible widow to refuse to marry the first foolish old dotard who has the assurance to ask her for her hand. Monsieur is quite right."

"But it is not always," continued M. Brisson, ignoring this adroit thrust which so sharply touched him, "that an elderly widow succeeds as Madame Marjoulet has succeeded, in entrapping a handsome young man who also is a rich owner of vines."

"Entrapping, indeed!" snapped Madame Vic. "When we all know that for a year and more he has been sighing his heart out for her, and that it was the merest stroke of good fortune which made his old aunt die just then and leave him the estate upon the Durance. But monsieur always was of the opinion that she should marry the huissier—who now, because of his tobacco-smuggling, is in jail. That would have been for her a fine marriage! No doubt he would have fed her upon those famous fish made of air—that the Lieutenant saw him take from his pocket and inflate one by one and place in his basket to hide the tobacco that he got from the ship; and that the Lieutenant forced him to hold out at arm's-length while he ran them through with his sword before Madame Marjoulet's eyes. Ah, truly, the marriage with the huissier would have been excellent! I compliment monsieur upon his astuteness. All the advice that he has to give about matrimony is valuable above pearls!" And Madame Vic laughed a very scornful laugh.

This was another thrust under M. Brisson's guard, and a keen one. The pharmacien winced.

"What I have to say," he answered hotly, "is that Madame Marjoulet has calculated with a coldness all her chances from the beginning, and so has made for herself a very good market indeed. But it does not follow, madame, that you—who are a much older and a very much plainer woman—can do as well!"

This was mere brutality. Being overmatched with the rapier, M. Brisson had taken to the club.

"And I say," rejoined Madame Vic, her eyes snapping and her face flaming with a just anger, "that you, monsieur, are the meanest and most despicable of creatures; and that Madame Marjoulet, without a thought of calculation, has married, as every woman should marry, for pure and disinterested love!"

Again the case had not been fairly stated; and again it was the philosophic M. Petot, taking a safe place midway between these violent extremes, who arrived at what substantially was the truth.

"When a woman marries," asked M. Petot, as he adjusted the apron upon the person of M. Peloux, "what better can she desire than affection?"

"Of the desirable attributes of marriage," answered the notary decidedly, "it is among the best."

"And when a woman marries," continued M. Petot, as he mixed the lather in the cup, "what better can a woman desire than a good fortune that will safeguard her against many troubles and cares?"

"That also is of the best," the notary answered in a still more assured tone.

"And finding both affection and a fortune united in one and the same man," M. Petot went on, uplifting the brush well filled with lather, "what better can a woman do than marry that man?"

"It is impossible that a woman should do better than that," replied the notary.

"Precisely," concluded the barber. "And therefore that is what Madame Marjoulet has done!"

And he applied the lather to the face of M. Peloux.

THE DOMINANT IDEA OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS N. THORPE.

A HUNDRED and twenty years ago the doctrine of natural rights was set forth by the American Congress. No dictum is more familiar to Americans, none so popular. America was the first nation to make it a fundamental article of political faith—expressed in classic form in the Virginia Resolutions and in the Declaration of Independence. But neither George Mason, the author of the one, nor Thomas Jefferson, the author of the other, nor any of their associates or contemporaries, understood the doctrine as it is understood to-day. To them it was the fundamental doctrine of individualism. To-day it is the fundamental doctrine of communal rights. To Jefferson and his contemporaries the Declaration conveyed the idea of the enfranchised individual. No other was understood. Nor was the idea formulated only in a general way in a state paper; it was applied and defined elaborately in the twenty-three constitutions which the American commonwealths adopted in the eighteenth century, and was worked out in their legislation and in civil administration. In none of these constitutions or laws is there a hint of the State or the Nation, as these terms are now understood. Mason's sixteen resolutions are the classic constitutional as Jefferson's Declaration is the classic political statement of the doctrine, and, with slight additions, Mason's thought is set forth in the one hundred commonwealth constitutions adopted in this century, and also in the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

Before and during the contest between Great Britain and the colonies, communal or social sentiment among the colonists was weak—indeed, almost lacking. The war was not begun "in order to form a more perfect union." For a dozen years the spirit of individualism was strong enough to prevent union, and for more than seventy years was strong enough to impair the more perfect union of 1789.

No sooner was independence won than a new meaning was given to the doctrine of natural rights and equality—a meaning which began the movement, in this country, for universal suffrage. When Washington was chosen President by the electoral college, not one of its members was elected by popular vote. As doubtless was originally intended, the Presidential electors were appointed by the State Legislatures. Had the college been chosen, as to-day, by popular vote, and had every man voted who was qualified, not more than one hundred and fifty thousand ballots would have been cast in a population of three and a third millions, of whom nearly half a million were slaves. In an equal population to-day the vote would be six times as great. In other words, restore the election laws of 1789, and the majority of voters would be disfranchised. Then those only could vote who possessed the prescribed amount of land or of income, who accepted a prescribed religious creed, and who were native-born whites. These restrictions applied to-day would cut off fully seven millions of voters. The discontent of the disfranchised was soon expressed. "A man should vote because he is a man."

While the doctrine was being applied in the extension of the suffrage, which in the course of a hundred and fourteen years increased the number of voters from one in twenty in the population to one in four, by first enfranchising the white man, then the black man, and last, in fifteen commonwealths, enfranchising women — in varying degree, from the right to hold a school office, as in Pennsylvania, to the right to vote and to hold any office, as in Wyoming—the doctrine itself was in a state of evolution, and was gradually being applied to men industrially, as it had hitherto been applied to them politically. "Men by nature," so ran the new version, "have an industrial life; all are entitled to equal industrial rights." The transition to the new interpretation was an easy one, and the conclusion obvious: "The State must rescue and guarantee this equality."

Yet scarcely a hint of this transition is to be found in our constitutions and our laws until the nineteenth century was half gone. The hint, and probably the first, was made in New York in 1846. The new constitution of that year defined a corporation, and, with slight changes, the definition found its way into the new constitutions of Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan before the decade closed. There was a reason for this apparently

sudden definition and limitation of the powers of a corporation and of the powers of the Legislature to create corporations. The reason had been developing in the public mind for twenty years—the twenty years of bank agitation. In corporations—chiefly banking—individualism had met a powerful and dangerous antagonist, "without a soul." It had sprung into the field full-armed and protected by the powers of the State. Individualism was outflanked by a legal fiction; it had but one recourse: the State must be so reorganized that corporations should be limited in their franchises, and thus be able to do as little harm as possible to individuals. This was a common sentiment throughout the North and West. For twenty years it made a war between the borrower, the individual, and the lender, the State banks. By 1860 the struggle had grown so serious, State banks were to many a synonym for dishonesty and fraud. The panic of 1857 had intensified the struggle; by the opening of the civil war it was suddenly transferred to new ground. Up to this time the chief forum of bank discussion had been the State Legislatures and constitutional conventions. The issues of war suddenly transformed State questions into national. The contest between individuals and the banks was taken up by Congress, and the national banking act of 1863 was the result. A principal issue in State politics was thus transformed into an issue between national parties. This change made a new date in the history of the doctrine of '76. The individual, instead of relying on his State to protect his natural rights, now relied on the United States. During the civil war was presented the spectacle of the concentration of powers in the government at a time when its life hung in the balance. Much of the legislation of these crucial years, both State and national, was paternal. Under highly favorable legislation, of which a great part was national, manufactures were stimulated beyond precedent. On every hand corporations multiplied, and many of these owed their existence to acts of Congress. The United States for the first time began to compete in markets which hitherto older countries had considered exclusively their own.

The revision of the doctrine of '76 concurrent with these events indicated that social changes of the deepest significance were going on. The whole character of the American people was changing. Nor were they changing in opinions or in their concept of the State only. They were making a portentous geographical change. The population was moving from country to town. On the day when Jefferson wrote the Declaration not three persons in a hundred of our population dwelt in the city; to-day thirty-three of every hundred dwell there. The concentration of population in cities—chiefly the result of the sudden stimulus of manufactures, because it was dependent upon them for a livelihood—revolutionized transportation, business methods and standards of living. In 1860 more than one-half of the land in the United States capable of producing a crop was yet in a state of nature. The stimulus to manufactures made a home market unknown before, and this market was supplemented by an equally extraordinary foreign market. In all the world extensive military operations were in active progress. Standing armies abroad and a temporary army of nearly two millions at home robbed the fields of labor, and made a market for farm-products such as the world had never seen. No soldiers were ever so well clothed, so well fed, so well armed, as those of the Federal army. The betterment was general. Never before had the American farmer received so much for his crops. The dress of the people was wholly changed, both in quality and in quantity. Home improvements hitherto only dreamed of were made on every hand. The architecture in city, town, and country changed. The old farm-house was enlarged or torn down for a better one. Village houses were improved. Churches and town-halls, business blocks and depots, sprang up as by magic. The interiors of private houses were beautified. Schools and school-houses multiplied, and the increase in the number of college students and in the number and equipment of colleges indicated the pulse of general prosperity.

No class prospered more than the farmers. Land rose in value, and land sales exceeded in five years the number made in the preceding fifty. The cereal zone, hitherto limited to Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, was rapidly extended westward and northwestward. Railroads led the way. In the small villages of Ireland, of England, of Germany, and

of Scandinavia, American transportation companies sold tickets that would bring the immigrant over an uninterrupted journey of more than four thousand miles, and deposit him on a quarter section on a line of railroad in the new West, and land of inexhaustible fertility could be had almost for the asking.

Amidst these evidences of prosperity petroleum was discovered in limitless quantities, and the problem of cheap illumination was solved. Coal for the first time became a cheaper fuel than wood.

To this stupendous prosperity the national government was a chief contributor. The homestead act had written at least one line in a folk-song: "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." He gave freely of his lands, and in less than thirty years he had parted with the best. Within the period of a single generation thirteen new States were admitted into the Union. Population, hitherto westward and southwestward, towards the close of this period turned its footsteps from the Pacific towards the East for the first time. Agricultural methods were revolutionized by improvements in farm implements. Cunning inventions in use represented a greater number of laborers than the entire population beyond the Mississippi.

The home and foreign markets became collateral security for heavy loans wherewith to purchase more land. Eastern capital, for the first time, was freely invested in vast amount in the West, and for a time safely and profitably for both borrower and lender. The West was mortgaged to the East. So gigantic became the proportions of this new business, and, indeed, so profitable, mortgage and trust companies sprang up, and in a few years contributed largely to modify the business methods of the country. Water-power gave place to steam; new rewards stimulated invention. The "good times" were not wholly limited to the United States. England participated in them, though to far less degree. Germany and France felt them too. As yet neither Europe nor America was forced to compete with Asiatic labor.

But in the progress of these changes the individual gradually fell in importance. Iron and steel, machinery, corporations, trust companies, and industrial combinations were crowding him to the wall. He saw his danger; he began to realize his weakness.

The doctrine of '76 must be again revised, and the individual must seek the protection of his natural rights—now political and industrial—from the national government.

During and since the civil war the vast wealth of the country has tended to accumulation in the hands of a few. Some by accident, but more by skill, increased their fortunes far beyond any precedent which this country had afforded. A few of these men of vast wealth were farmers; most of them were manufacturers or the owners of exclusive franchises. History now repeated itself. The cry in 1846 was, "Down with corporations"; the cry now was, "Down with monopolies."

Public sentiment throughout the West was sterner than in the East. When the people of the Dakotas and Montana and Idaho and Wyoming and Washington and Utah sought admission into the Union, they had already defined in their State constitutions the monopolies with which they were contending, and attempted to defend the individual in the exercise of his industrial rights. They went further in their effort to diminish the power of monopolies than New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Michigan had gone in their efforts to diminish the power of corporations half a century before. This struggle between individualism and monopoly was not a sudden quarrel. When a written constitution formulates such a struggle it is evidence that the struggle has long been going on. Private thought has become public sentiment; agitation has become the statute, and the statute has been embodied in the constitution. These anti-monopoly clauses in the later State constitutions are evidence that the doctrine of '76 has been given a new interpretation. Another step has been taken from individualism to communalism. In 1776 it was the State which had few rights that the individual felt bound to respect; in our day individuals complain that they have few rights which corporations and monopolies respect. Therefore the individual appeals to the government for protection. These anti-monopoly constitutions, and the legislation resting upon them, are little State arks of safety, leading the way for a national fleet of the future.

In the fundamental laws of the newer commonwealths, those admitted since

1876, the industrial interpretation of the doctrine of the Declaration is unmistakable. Thus North Dakota in its Bill of Rights defines the natural rights of man as industrial as well as political. His is "the right to labor," and it is the function of the State to secure him the fruits of his labor. Between him and monopolies the State shall be a barrier. The State is viewed in an entirely different light from that of a century ago. The individualism of 1776 complained of too much government; to-day it complains of too little. No one in Jefferson's time conceived of the State as the true and exclusive owner of rights and privileges in our day exercised by common carriers, such as railroad, steamship, telegraph, and traction companies. State ownership, county ownership, city ownership, of such properties is no longer an unfamiliar thought. The later constitutions are full of a latent socialism, of which those of the eighteenth century contain no suggestion. Nor are these later instruments unsupported. A various and voluminous legislation embodies an approving public opinion.

This is not socialism of either a communistic or anarchistic sort, though it may be called a kind of State socialism; nor is its necessary or natural conclusion "nationalism." Its chief concern is to maintain the equality of natural rights, equality of opportunity for all. No social system can have permanence in which the progress of the whole does not involve the freest play of individualism. The vast expansion of industry since the introduction of steam and electricity has at every stage given not only new advantages to highly organized energy which also accrued to the whole community, but some undue advantages at the sacrifice of communal and individual rights. Concurrently with this expansion has arisen a class of self-seeking politicians; and corporate wealth, in itself the most beneficent factor in industrial progress and the general prosperity, has introduced an element of corruption and maleficence through an unholy alliance with the legislator, for the perpetuation of these disproportionate advantages, at first freely accorded in the name of progress, but afterward disclosing their hostility to the public welfare, and needing, therefore, legal and judicial re-enforcement. Seeing what legitimate stimulation national legislation could give to great corporate enterprise, and, moreover, what illegitimate benefits were conferred upon special classes by the same kind of legislation, it is not strange that the people should have turned to the national government for legal enactments in behalf of measures that should restrain the inordinate greed of corporations and spoilsmen. Two such measures have in recent years been secured for the people: the establishment of the Inter-State Railway Commission and the consummation of civil-service reform. The latter result was, emphatically, from first to last, the expression of the popular will, and accomplished in defiance of the politicians of both parties. The success of these measures shows triumphantly that the American people hold securely in their hands the destiny of the Republic, and are as competent to maintain the declaration of their natural rights in the complexities of the new era as they were in the simpler environment of earlier generations. Such measures as are, in the practical sense, necessary to this end will be accomplished, whatever may be the fate of those which express the theories or dreams of the socialist.

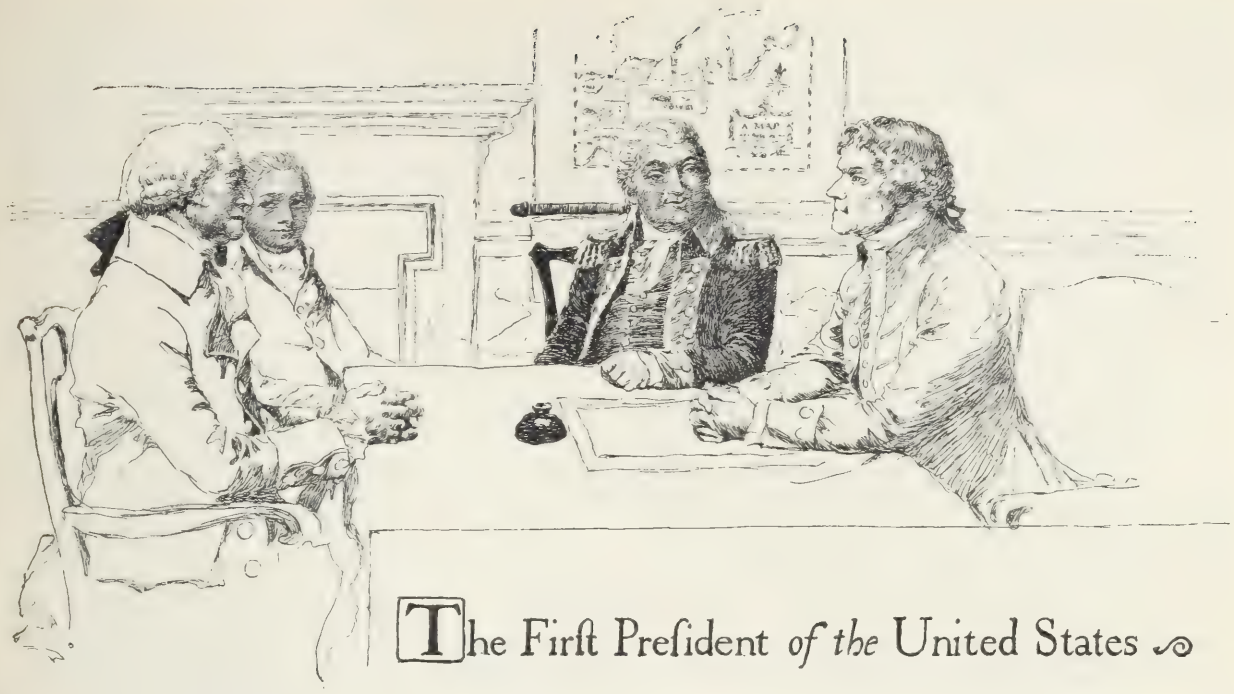
It is all-important to distinguish between what may be and what cannot be accomplished by legislative enactment. Wealth cannot be directly conferred upon the people or upon any class of the people, nor can market values be fixed by statute. There have been times since the civil war when this distinction was ignored by large masses of the people. The time of our greatest material prosperity nourished an overweening confidence in the power of the government to accomplish anything —even the impossible. The strength of the government was visible all over the land. Post-offices of costly architecture sprang up in almost every congressional district; custom-houses multiplied; rivers and harbors were dredged; a revenue marine was set afloat; stately and powerful war-ships were built, each costing more than the revenue of the government during its earlier years; a vast pension fund was annually distributed; and thus, in one way or another, through internal improvements, through more than a quarter of a million of Federal pensioners and officials, the money of the national government was daily sifted among the people. A national debt of nearly a hundred dollars for every person in the country

was in process of rapid extinguishment. By the national bank act the government became a partner in a colossal banking business, and the country was served for the first time with a currency, in most respects, perfect. Hostility to this currency never reached the hostility displayed toward the "corporations," so sedulously and commonly attacked as early as 1846. The prosperity of the country raised it to a pinnacle of financial honor never before attained by any nation—the honor of actually paying its debts. This payment and all that it implied was a crowning glory for America; but crowning glories usually cost dear. American self-confidence, never slight, became a form of national security. Such a security, all men sooner or later know, is "mortal's chiefest enemy." As the doubters of our national power gradually disappeared, the belief began to prevail that ours is the strongest government on earth. Faith in a government is the soul of patriotism, but delusion and fanaticism may be mistaken for faith.

To the era of unparalleled prosperity, during which the doctrine of '76 had been revised, there followed inevitably an era of depression. Save in a few localities, the world was at peace. The inventive genius of Americans had contributed to the prosperity of other nations. It will never be known to what extent American inventions have contributed directly to the production of the whole world. In less than half a century the markets of the world have witnessed a gradual increase in the supply of all commodities, and the consumption has not kept pace with the supply. Much of this enormous industrial activity, in the United States, in South America, and in Europe, was carried on through credit. The use of credit was a chief factor in building up the Western States—in extending agriculture, in building towns, and in county improvements. In the older States credit was also used to a greater extent in establishing factories, and in using franchises granted by cities, counties, and States. The use of credit in railroad construction, betterment, and administration was unparalleled. This vast use of credit was in nearly every instance by corporations. Their operations surpassed even the financial transactions of the national government. The industries represented by these operations swelled the Federal revenues. "The government," men began to believe, "is able to raise any amount of money, because it is 'a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.' National legislation had contributed to make some classes of the people rich: was not the nation the government, and could it not make everybody rich if it chose? Surely the government kept millions of intrinsically worthless paper in circulation, and by its stamp maintained it all at the value of gold. Why should there be any limit on the issue, other than the limit of the people's aggregate wealth?"

The idea was not new. It was familiar to the people when Jefferson penned the Declaration. But at that time the individualism of American democracy did not look to Congress as the fit author of such an issue. The thirteen States were each the proper source. When, twelve years later, the adoption of the national Constitution was the issue, all who opposed adoption were identified locally with the party favoring an unlimited State issue of paper currency. Seventeen votes could have rejected the Constitution in the conventions called to ratify, and would have thrown the country into political chaos. The framers of the Constitution knew the state of the country when they inserted the clause forbidding the States to issue bills of credit or coin money, or "make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts." But the critical struggle which resulted, happily, in the formation of a more perfect union came to be quite forgotten, and the question of an unlimited paper currency presented itself after the civil war, as it had after the Revolution.

This question was temporarily settled by the popular vote against the issue. It has now arisen in a new shape, in years of discontent following an era of great prosperity, and will be settled as it has been in the past, by the good sense, the patriotism, and the sentiment of honor which characterize the American people. But not the less, when the discontent shall have been traced to its proper source, will the people look to themselves for such remedy as lies within the scope of their own energy and intelligence, and to their government for the redress of any real grievance which stands in the way of the fullest interpretation of the dominant and fundamental idea of American democracy.



The First President *of the* United States

by
Woodrow Wilson

THE members of the new Congress were so laggard in coming together that it was the 6th of April, 1789, before both Houses could count a quorum, though the 4th of March had been appointed the day for their convening. Their first business was the opening and counting of the electoral votes; and on the 7th, Charles Thomson, the faithful and sedulous gentleman who had been clerk of every congress since that first one in the old colonial days fifteen years ago, got away on his long ride to Mount Vernon to notify Washington of his election. Affairs waited upon the issue of his errand. Washington had for long known what was coming, and was ready and resolute, as of old. There had been no formal nominations for the Presidency, and the votes of the electors had lain under seal till the new Congress met and found a quorum; but it was an open secret who had been chosen President, and Washington had made up his mind what to do. Mr. Thomson reached Mount Vernon on the 14th, and found Washington ready to obey his summons at once. He waited only for a hasty ride to Fredericksburg to bid his aged mother farewell. She was not tender in the parting. Her last days had come, and she had set herself to bear with grim resolution the fatal disease that had long been upon her. She had never been tender, and these latter days had added their touch of hardness. But it was a tonic to her son to take her farewell, none the less; to hear her once more bid him God-speed, and once more command him, as she did, to his duty. On the morning of the 16th he took the northern road again, as so often before, and pressed forward on the way for New York.

The setting out was made with a very heavy heart; for duty had never seemed to him so unattractive as it seemed now, and his diffidence had never been so distressing. "For myself the delay may be compared to a reprieve," he had written to Knox, when he learned how slow Congress was in coming together, "for in confidence I tell you that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of execution." When the day for his departure came, his diary spoke the same heaviness of heart. "About ten o'clock," he wrote, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York." He did not doubt that he was

doing right; he doubted his capacity in civil affairs, and loved the sweet retirement and the free life he was leaving behind him. It was a grief and a foreboding which did not in the least relax his proud energy and promptness in action. He was not a whit the less resolute to attempt this new rôle, and stretch his powers to the uttermost to play it in masterful fashion. He was only wistful and full of a sort of manly sadness; lacking not resolution, but only alacrity.

He had hoped to the last that he would be suffered to spend the rest of his days at Mount Vernon; he knew the place must lack efficient keeping, and fall once more out of repair under hired overseers; he feared his strength would be spent and his last years come ere he could return to look to it and enjoy it himself again. He had but just now been obliged to borrow a round sum of money to meet pressing obligations; and the expenses of this very journey had made it necessary to add a full hundred pounds to the new debt. If the estate brought money so slowly in while he farmed it, he must count upon its doing even less while he was away; and yet he had determined to accept no salary as President, but only his necessary expenses while in the discharge of his official duties, as in the old days of the war. It had brought distressing perplexities upon him to be thus drawn from his private business to serve the nation. Private cares passed off, no doubt, and were forgotten as the journey lengthened. But the other anxiety, how he should succeed in this large business of statesmanship to which he had been called, did not pass off; the incidents of that memorable ride only served to heighten it. When he had ridden to Cambridge that anxious summer of 1775, he had been hailed by cheering crowds upon the way, who admired the fine figure he made, and shouted for the cause he was destined to lead; but he knew himself a soldier then, was but forty-three, and did not fear to find his duty uncongenial. The people had loved him and had thronged about him with looks and words it had quickened his heart to see and hear as he made his way from New York to Annapolis to resign his commission but six years ago; but that was upon the morrow of a task accomplished, and the plaudits he heard upon the way were but greetings to speed him the more happily homeward. Things stood very differently now. Though he felt himself grown old, he had come out to meet a hope he could not share, and it struck a subtle pain to his heart that the people should so trust him—should give him so royal a progress as he fared on his way to attempt an untried task.

No king in days of kings' divinity could have looked for so heartfelt a welcome to his throne as this modest gentleman got to the office he feared to take. Not only were there civil fête and military parade at every stage of the journey; there was everywhere, besides, a running together from all the country round about of people who bore themselves not as mere sight-seers, but as if they had come out of love for the man they were to see pass by. It was not their numbers but their manner that struck their hero with a new sense of responsibility: their earnest gaze, their unpremeditated cries of welcome, their simple joy to see the new government put into the hands of a man they perfectly trusted. He was to be their guarantee of its good faith, of its respect for law and its devotion to liberty; and they made him know their hope and their confidence in the very tone of their greeting. There was the manifest touch of love in the reception everywhere prepared for him. Refined women broke their reserve to greet him in the open road; put their young daughters forward, in their enthusiasm, to strew roses before him in the way; brought tears to his eyes by the very artlessness of their affection. When at last the triumphal journey was ended, the display of every previous stage capped and outdone by the fine pageant of his escort of boats from Newark and of his reception at the ferry stairs in New York, the demonstration seemed almost more than he could bear. "The display of boats which attended and joined us," he confessed to his diary, "the decorations of the ships, the roar of the cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I walked along the streets, filled my mind with sensations as painful as they are pleasing;" for his fears foreboded scenes the opposite of these, when he should have shown himself unable to fulfil the hopes which were the burden of all the present joy.

It was the 27th of April when he reached New York. Notwithstanding his executive fashion of making haste, the



THOMSON, THE CLERK OF CONGRESS, ANNOUNCING TO WASHINGTON, AT MOUNT VERNON, HIS ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY.

rising of the country to bid him God-speed had kept him four days longer on the way than Mr. Thomson had taken to carry the summons to Mount Vernon. Three days more elapsed before Congress had completed its preparations for his inauguration. On the 30th of April, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who first broke into wild cheers at sight of him, and then fell silent again upon the instant to see him so moved, Washington stood face to face with the Chancellor of the State upon the open balcony of the Federal Hall in Wall Street, and took the oath of office. "Do you solemnly swear," asked Livingston, "that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States?" "I do solemnly swear," replied Washington, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States;" and then, bending to kiss the Bible held before him, bowed his head and said, "So help me God!" in tones no man could mistake, so deep was their thrill of feeling. "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" cried Livingston to the people; and a great shout went up with the booming of the cannon in the narrow streets.

Washington was profoundly moved, and, with all his extraordinary mastery of himself, could not hide his agitation. It was a company of friends, the Senators and Representatives who stood about him within the Senate chamber as he read his address, after the taking of the oath. Some very old friends were there—men who had been with him in the first continental congress, men who had been his intimate correspondents the long years through, men who were now his close confidants and sworn supporters. Not many strangers could crowd into the narrow hall; and it was not mere love of ceremony, but genuine and heartfelt respect, that made the whole company stand while he read. He visibly trembled, nevertheless, as he stood in their presence, strong and steadfast man though he was, "and several times could scarce make out to read"; shifted his manuscript uneasily from hand to hand; gestured with awkward effort; let his voice fall almost inaudible; was every way unlike himself, except for the simple majesty and sincerity that shone in him through it all. His manner but gave emphasis, after all, to the words he was reading. "The magnitude and difficulty of the trust," he declared, "could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies;" and no one there could look at him and deem him insincere when he added, "All I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if in executing this task I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality with which they originated." His hearers knew how near the truth he struck when he said, "the smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained; and the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people." It was, no doubt, "a novelty in the history of society to see a great people turn a calm and scrutinizing eye upon itself," as the people of America had done; "to see it carefully examine the extent of the evil" into which disunion and disorder had brought it; "patiently wait for two years until a remedy was discovered;" and at last voluntarily adopt a new order and government "without having wrung a tear or a drop of blood from mankind"; but Washington knew that the praise deserved for such mastery and self-possession would be short-lived enough if the new government should fail and be discredited. It was the overpowering thought that he himself would be chiefly responsible for its success or failure that shook his nerves as he stood there

at the beginning of his task; and no man of sensibility in that audience failed to like him the better and trust him the more implicitly for his emotion. "It was a very touching scene," wrote Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts. "It seemed to me an allegory in which virtue was personified as addressing those whom she would make her votaries. Her power over the heart was never greater, and the illustration of her doctrine by her own example was never more perfect." "I feel how much I shall stand in need of the countenance and aid of every friend to myself, of every friend to the Revolution, and of every lover of good government," were Washington's words of appeal to Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina; and he never seemed to his friends more attractive or more noble than now.



THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MANSION,
At Pearl and Cherry Streets, New York.

The inauguration over, the streets fallen quiet again, the legislative business of the Houses resumed, Washington regained his old self-possession, and turned to master his new duties with a calm thoroughness of purpose which seemed at once to pass into the action of the government itself. Perhaps it was true, as he thought, that he had been no statesman hitherto; though those who had known him would have declared themselves of another mind. He had carried the affairs of the confederation upon his own shoulders, while the war lasted, after a fashion the men of that time were not likely to forget, so full of energy had he been, so provident and capable upon every point of policy. His letters, too, since the war ended, had shown his correspondents the country over such an appreciation of the present, so sure a forecast of the future, so masculine an understanding of what waited to be done and of the means at hand to do it, that they, at least, would have accounted him their leader in peace no less than in war. But statesmanship hitherto had been only incidental to his duties as a soldier and a citizen. It had been only an accident of the Revolution that he had had himself, oftentimes, to supply the foresight and the capacity in action which the halting congress lacked. He had had no experience at all in actual civil administration. He did not know his own abilities, or realize how rich his experience in affairs had been. He went about his new tasks with diffidence, therefore, but with the full-pulsed heartiness of the man who thoroughly trusts himself for the capacity, at any rate, of taking pains. Statesmanship was now his duty—his whole duty—and it was his purpose to understand and execute the office of President as he had understood and administered the army. He knew what need there was for caution. This was to be, "in the first instance, in a considerable degree, a government of accommodation as well as a government of laws. Much was to be done by prudence, much by conciliation, much by firmness." "I walk," he said, "on untrodden ground. There is scarcely an action the motive of which may not be subjected to a double interpretation. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent." But though he sought a prudent course, he had no mind to be timid. Though he asked advice, he meant to be his own master.

Washington had, no doubt, a more precise understanding of what the new government must be made to mean than any other man living, except, perhaps, Hamilton and Madison, the men whom he most consulted. The confederation had died in contempt, despised for its want of dignity and power. The new government must deserve and get pre-eminent standing from the first. Its policy must make the States a nation, must stir the people out of their pettiness as colonists and provincials, and give them a national character and spirit. It was not a government only that was to be created, but the definite body of opinion also which should sustain and perfect it. It must be made worth believing in, and the best spirits of the country must be rallied to its support. It was not the question simply of how strong the government should be. Its action must, as Washington said, be mixed of firmness, prudence, and conciliation if it would win liking and loyalty, as well as respect. It must cultivate tact as well as eschew weakness; must win as well as compel obedience. It was of the first consequence to the country, therefore, that the man it had chosen to preside in this delicate business of establishing a government which should be vigorous without being overbearing was a thoroughbred gentleman, whose instincts would carry him a great way towards the solution of many a nice question of conduct. While he waited to be made President, he called upon every Senator and Representative then in attendance upon Congress, with the purpose to show them upon how cordial and natural a basis of personal acquaintance he wished, for his part, to see the government conducted; but the oath of office once taken, he was no longer a simple citizen, as he had been during those two days of waiting; the dignity of the government had come into his keeping with the office. Henceforth he would pay no more calls, accept no invitations. On a day fixed he would receive calls; and he would show himself once a week at Mrs. Washington's general receptions. He would invite persons of official rank or marked distinction to his table at suitable intervals. There should be no pretence of seclusion, no parade of inaccessibility. The President should be a republican officer, the servant of the people; but he would not be common. It should be known that his office and authority were the first in the land; and this outward form of dignity, ceremony, and self-respect should tell, as he knew it would, very wholesomely upon the imagination of the people; should be the visible sign, which no man could miss, that there was here no vestige of the old federal authority, at which it had been the fashion to laugh, but a real government, and that the greatest in the land.

It was not that the President was not to be seen by anybody who had the curiosity to wish to see him. Many a fine afternoon he was to be seen walking, an unmistakable figure, upon the Battery, whither all persons of fashion in the town resorted for their daily promenade, his secretaries walking behind him, but otherwise unattended. Better still, he could be seen almost any day on horseback, riding in his noble way through the streets. People drew always aside to give him passage wherever he went, whether he walked or rode; no doubt there was something in his air and bearing which seemed to expect them to do so; but their respect had the alacrity of affection, and he would have borne himself with a like figure in his own Virginia. Some thought him stiff, but only the churlish could deem him unrepublican, so evident was it to every candid man that it was not himself but his office that he was exalting. His old passion for success was upon him, and he meant that this government of which he had been made the head should have prestige from the first. Count de Moustier, the French Minister to the United States, deeming America, no doubt, a protégé of France, claimed the right to deal directly with the President in person, as if upon terms of familiar privilege, when conducting his diplomatic business; but was checked very promptly. It was not likely a man bred in the proud school of Virginian country gentlemen would miss so obvious a point of etiquette as this. To demand intimacy was to intimate superiority, and Washington's reply drew from the Count an instant apology. That the United States had every reason to hold France in loyal affection Washington gladly admitted with all stately courtesy; but affection became servility when it lost self-respect, and France must approach the President of the United States as every other country did, through the properly constituted department. "If there are



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, 1790.

rules of proceeding," he said, quietly, "which have originated from the wisdom of statesmen, and are sanctioned by the common assent of nations, it would not be prudent for a young state to dispense with them altogether," — particularly a young state (his thought added) which foreign states had despised and might now try to patronize. These small matters would carry an infinite weight of suggestion with them, as he knew, and every suggestion that proceeded from the President should speak of dignity and independence.

For the first few months of the new government's life these small matters that marked its temper and its self-respect were of as much consequence as its laws or its efficient organization for the tasks of actual administration. The country evidently looked to Washington to set the tone and show what manner of government it was to have. Congress, though diligent and purposeful enough, could linger, meanwhile, the whole summer through upon its task of framing the laws necessary for the erection and organization of departments of state, for foreign affairs, of the treasury, and of war, and the creation of the office of attorney-general — a simple administrative structure to suffice for the present. In the interval the treasury board of the confederation and its secretaries of war and foreign affairs were continued in service, and the President found time to digest the business of the several departments preparatory to their reorganization. He sent for all the papers concerning their transactions since the treaty of peace of 1783, and mastered their contents after his own thorough fashion, making copious notes and abstracts as he read. He had been scarcely six weeks in office when he was stricken with a sharp illness. A malignant tumor in his thigh seemed to his physicians for a time to threaten mortification. It was three weeks before he could take the air again, stretched painfully at length in his coach; even his stalwart strength was slow to rally from the draught made upon it by the disease, and its cure with the knife. There was deep anxiety for a little among those who knew, so likely did it seem that the life of the government was staked upon his life. He himself had looked very calmly into the doctor's troubled face, and had bidden him tell him the worst with that placid firmness that always came to him in moments of danger. "I am not afraid to die," he

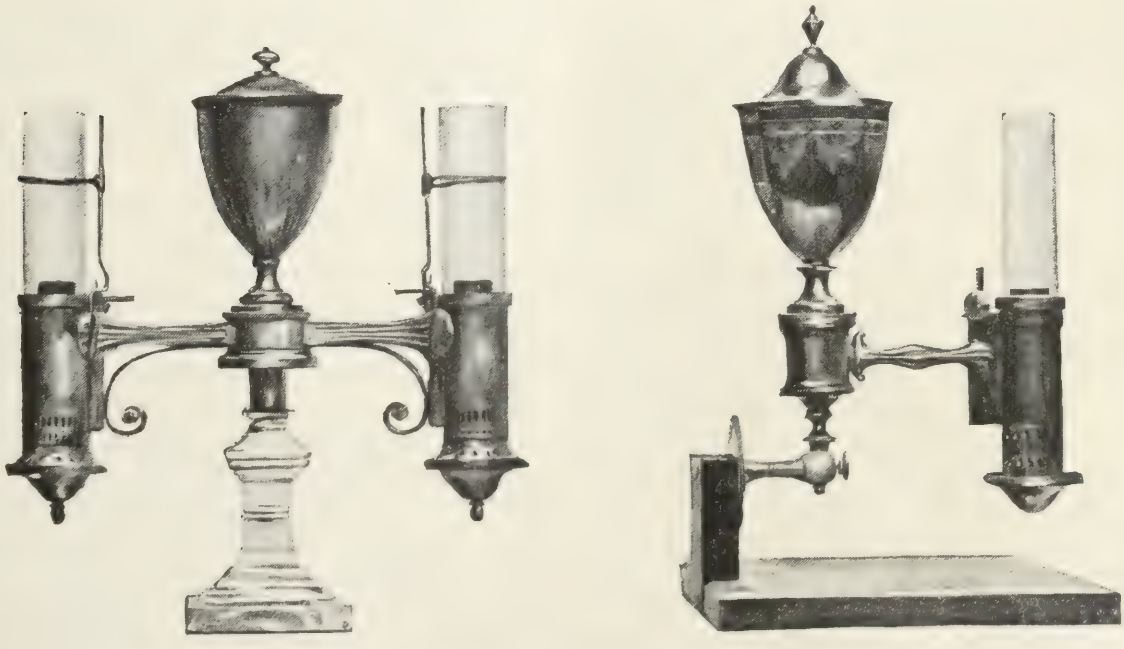
said. "Whether to-night or twenty years hence makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." A chain had been stretched across the street in front of the house where he lay, to check the noisy traffic that might have disturbed him more deeply in his fever. But the government had not stood still the while. He had steadily attended to important matters as he could. 'Twas scarcely necessary he should be out of bed and abroad again to make all who handled affairs feel his mastery; and by the time the summer was ended that mastery was founded upon knowledge. He understood the affairs of the new government, as of the old, better than any other man; knew the tasks that waited to be attempted, the questions that waited to be answered, the difficulties that awaited solution, and the means at hand for solving them, with a grasp and thoroughness such as made it impossible henceforth that any man who should be called to serve with him in executive business, of whatever capacity in affairs, should be more than his counsellor. He had made himself once for all head and master of the government.

By the end of September (1789) Congress had completed its work of organization and Washington had drawn his permanent advisers about him. The Federal courts, too, had been erected and given definitive jurisdiction. The new government had taken distinct shape, and was ready to digest its business in detail. Washington chose Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Knox as Secretary of War, Thomas Jefferson as Secretary of State, and Edmund Randolph as Attorney-General—young men all, except Jefferson, and he was but forty-six. The fate of the government was certain to turn, first of all, upon questions of finance. It was hopeless poverty that had brought the confederation into deep disgrace; the new government had inherited from it nothing but a great debt; and the first test of character to which the new plan in affairs would be put, whether at home or abroad, was the test of its ability to sustain its financial credit with businesslike thoroughness and statesmanlike wisdom. Alexander Hamilton was only thirty-two years old. He had been a spirited and capable soldier, and an astute and eloquent advocate; but he had not had a day's experience in the administration of a great governmental department, and had never handled—so far as men knew, had never studied—questions of public finance. Washington chose him, nevertheless, without hesitation, for what must very likely turn out to be the most critical post in his administration. No man saw more clearly than Washington did how large a capacity for statesmanship Hamilton had shown in his masterly papers in advocacy of the Constitution. He had known Hamilton, moreover, through all the quick years that had brought him from precocious youth to wise maturity; had read his letters and felt the singular power that moved in them; and was ready to trust him with whatever task he would consent to assume. Henry Knox, that gallant officer of the Revolution, had been already four years Secretary of War for the confederation; in appointing him to the same office under the new Constitution Washington was but retaining a man whom he loved and to whom he had for long been accustomed to look for friendship and counsel. He chose Thomas Jefferson to handle the delicate questions of foreign affairs that must press upon the young state because, John Adams being Vice-President, there was no other man of equal gifts available who had had so much experience in the field of diplomacy. Again and again Jefferson had been chosen for foreign missions under the confederation; he was American minister to France when Washington's summons called him to the Secretaryship of State; and he came of that race of Virginian statesmen from whom Washington might reasonably count upon receiving a support touched with personal loyalty. Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, and George Mason were home-keeping spirits, and doubted of the success of the new government; but Jefferson, though he had looked upon its making from across the seas, approved, and was ready to lend his aid to its successful establishment. In appointing Edmund Randolph to be Attorney-General, Washington was but choosing a brilliant young man whom he loved out of a great family of lawyers who had held a sort of primacy at the bar in Virginia ever since he could remember—almost ever since she had been called the Old Dominion. Knox was thirty-nine,

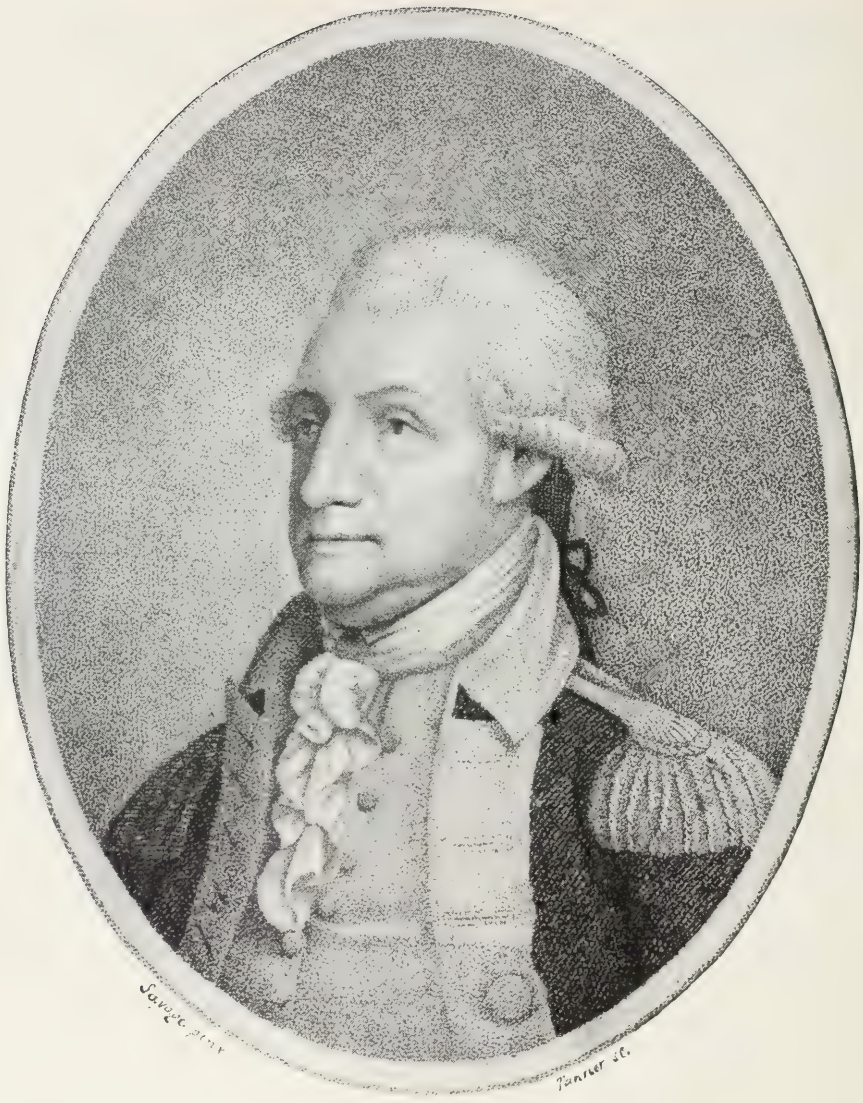
Edmund Randolph, thirty-six; but if Washington chose young men to be his comrades and guides in counsel, it was but another capital proof of his own mastery in affairs. Himself a natural leader, he recognized the like gift and capacity in others, even when fortune had not yet disclosed or brought them to the test.

It was hard, in filling even the greater offices, to find men of eminence who were willing to leave the service of their States or the security and ease of private life to try the untrodden paths of federal government. The States were of old and secure—so men thought—the Federal government was new and an experiment. The stronger sort of men, particularly amongst those bred to the law, showed, many of them, a great reluctance to identify themselves with new institutions set up but five or six months ago, and Washington, though he meant to make every liberal allowance for differences of opinion, would invite no man to stand with him in the new service who did not thoroughly believe in it. He was careful to seek out six of the best lawyers of the country when he made up the Supreme Court, and to choose them from as many States—John Jay, of New York, to be chief justice, John Rutledge, of South Carolina, William Cushing, of Massachusetts, John Blair, of Virginia, James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and R. H. Harrison, of Maryland—for he knew that the government must draw its strength from the men who administered it, and that the common run of people must learn to respect it in the persons of its officers. But he was equally careful to find out in advance of every appointment what the man whom he wished to ask thought of the new government, and wished its future to be. Many to whom he offered appointment declined; minor offices seemed almost to go a-begging amongst men of assured position such as it was his object to secure. It needed all the tact and patience he could command to draw about him a body of men the country must look up to and revere. His letters went abroad by the hundred, as before, to persuade men to their duty, build a bulwark of right opinion round about the government, make his purposes clear and his plans effective. He would spare no pains to make the government both great and permanent.

In October, 1789, his principal appointments all made, the government in full operation, and affairs standing still till Congress should meet again, he went upon a four weeks' tour through the Eastern States, to put the people in mind there, by his own presence, of the existence and dignity of the Federal government, and to make trial of their feeling towards it. They received him with cordial enthusiasm, for he was secure of their love and admiration; and he had once more a royal progress from place to place all the way to far New Hampshire and back



WASHINGTON LAMPS.



WASHINGTON.
After the painting by Edward Savage.

again. He studiously contrived to make it everywhere felt, nevertheless, by every turn of ceremonial and behavior, that he had come not as the hero of the Revolution, but as the President of the United States. At Boston, Governor Hancock sought by cordial notes and pleas of illness to force Washington to waive the courtesy of a first call from him, and so give the executive of Massachusetts precedence, if only for old friendship's sake. But Washington would not be so defeated of his errand; forced the perturbed old patriot to come to him, swathed as he was in flannels, and borne upon men's shoulders up the stairs; received him with grim courtesy; and satisfied the gossips of the town once and for all that precedence belonged to the Federal government—at any rate so long as George Washington was President. Having seen him and fêted him, the Eastern towns had seen and done homage to the new authority set over them. Washington was satisfied, and returned with a noticeable accession of spirits to the serious work of federal administration.

No man stood closer to Washington in his purpose to strengthen and give prestige to the government than Hamilton, and no man was able to discover the means with a surer genius. Hamilton knew who the well-wishers of the new government were, whence its strength was to be drawn, what it must do to approve itself great and permanent, with an insight and thoroughness Washington himself could not match: for Hamilton knew Washington and the seats of his strength in the country as that self-forgetful man himself could not. He knew that it was the commercial classes of the

country—such men as he had himself dwelt among at the great port at New York—who were bound by self-interest to the new government, which promised them a single policy in trade, in the stead of policies a half-score ; that the men who were standing to its support out of a reasoned prudence, out of a high-minded desire to secure good government and a place of consideration for their country amongst the nations of the world, were individuals merely, to be found only in small groups here and there, where a special light shone in some minds; that Washington was loved most for his national character and purpose amongst the observant middle classes of substantial people in the richer counties of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England, while his neighbors in the South loved him with an individual affection only, and rather as their hero than as their leader in affairs; that both popular support and international respect were to be had most surely by giving to the government at once and in the outset a place of command in the business and material interests of the country. That policy every man could comprehend; that policy a great body of energetic and influential men would support; that alone could make the government seem real from the first—a veritable power, not an influence and a shadow merely.

Here was a man, unquestionably, who had a quick genius in affairs; and Washington gave him leave and initiative with such sympathy and comprehension and support as only a nature equally bold and equally originative could have given. Hamilton's measures jumped with Washington's purpose, ran with Washington's perception of national affairs, and were with Washington's aid put into execution with a promptness which must have surprised the friends of the new government no less than it chagrined and alarmed its enemies. Having done its work of organization during its first summer session, the Congress came together again, January 4, 1790, to attempt the formulation of a policy of government, and Hamilton at once laid before it a "plan for the settlement of the public debt," which he had drawn and Washington had sanctioned. He proposed that provision should be made for the payment of the foreign debt in full—that of course; that the domestic debt, the despised promises and paper of the Confederation, should be funded and paid; and that the debts contracted by the several States in the prosecution of the war for independence should be assumed by the general government as the debt of the nation. No one could doubt that the foreign debt must be paid in full: to that Congress agreed heartily and without hesitation. But there was much in the rest of the plan to give prudent men pause. To pay off the paper of the Confederation would be to give to the speculators, who had bought it up in the hope of just such a measure, a gratuity of many times what they had paid for it; to assume the State debts would be taken to mean that the States were bankrupt or delinquent, that the Federal government was to be their guardian and financial providence, and that the capital of the country must look only to the government of the nation, not to the government of the States, for security and profitable employment. This was nationalizing the country with a vengeance, and was a plain bid, besides, to win the moneyed class to its support. Members whose constituencies lay away from the centres of trade looked askance at such measures, and deemed them no better than handing the government over to the money-lenders of the towns. But boldness and energy prevailed, as they had prevailed in the adoption of the Constitution itself, and both measures were carried through the Houses—the first at once, the second after a close and doubtful struggle—by stratagem and barter.

Jefferson had been in France when Washington called him to assume the headship of foreign affairs at home; had not reached New York on his return voyage until December 23, 1789; and did not take his place in Washington's council till March 21, 1790. All of Hamilton's great plan had by that time passed Congress, except the assumption of the State debts. Upon that question a crisis had been reached. It had wrought Congress to a dangerous heat of feeling. Members from the South, where trade was not much astir, and financial interests told for less than local pride and sharp jealousy of a too great central power, were set hotly against the measure; most of the Northern members were as hotly resolved upon its adoption. Mr. Jefferson must have caught echoes and rumors of the great debate as he lingered at Monticello

in order to adjust his private affairs before entering upon his duties in the cabinet. The measure had been lost at last in the House by the narrow margin of two votes; but the minority were in no humor to submit. They declined to transact any business at all till they should be yielded to in this matter. There were even ugly threats to be heard that some would withdraw from Congress and force a dissolution of the Union rather than make concessions upon the one side or the other. It was to this pass that things had come when Mr. Jefferson reached the seat of government; and his arrival gave Hamilton an opportunity to show how consummate a politician he could be in support of his statesmanship. The Southern members wanted the seat of the Federal government established within their reach, upon the Potomac, where Congress might at least be rid of importunate merchants and money-lenders clamoring at its doors, and of impracticable Quakers with their petitions for the abolition of slavery; and were almost as hot at their failure to get their will in that matter as the Northern men were to find themselves defeated upon the question of the State debts. Mr. Jefferson was fresh upon the field, was strong among the Southern members, was not embroiled or committed in this quarrel. Hamilton besought him to intervene. The success of the government was at stake, he said, and Mr. Jefferson could pluck it out of peril. Might it not be that the Southern men would consent to vote for the assumption of the State debts if the Northern members would vote for a capital on the Potomac? The suggestion came as if upon the thought of the moment, at a chance meeting on the street, as the two men walked and talked of matters of the day; but it was very eloquently urged. Mr. Jefferson declared he was "really a stranger to the whole subject," but would be glad to lend what aid he could. Would not Mr. Hamilton dine with him the next day, to meet and confer with a few of the Southern members? In the genial air of the dinner table the whole difficulty was talked away. Two of the diners agreed to vote for the assumption of the State debts if Mr. Hamilton could secure a majority for a capital on the Potomac; and Congress presently ratified the bargain. There was not a little astonishment at the sudden clearing of the skies. The waters did not go down at once; hints of a scandal and of the shipwreck of a fair name or two went about the town and spread to the country. But Congress had come out of its angry tangle of factions, calm had returned to the government, and Hamilton's plan stood finished and complete. He had nationalized the government as he wished.

It was this fact that most struck the eye of Jefferson when he had settled to his work and had come to see affairs steadily and as a whole at the seat of government. He saw Hamilton supreme in the cabinet and in legislation—not because either the President or Congress was weak, but because Hamilton was a master in his new field, and both Congress and the President had accepted his arguments. It chagrined Jefferson deeply to see that he had himself assisted at Hamilton's triumph, had himself made it complete, indeed. He could not easily brook successful rivalry in leadership; must have expected to find himself, not Hamilton, preferred in the counsels of a Virginian President; was beyond measure dismayed to see the administration already in the hands, as it seemed, of a man just two months turned of thirty-three. He began erelong to declare that he had been "most ignorantly and innocently made to hold the candle" to the sharp work of the Secretary of the Treasury, having been "a stranger to the circumstances"; but it was not the circumstances of which he had been ignorant; it was the effect of what he had done upon his own wish to play the chief rôle in the new government. He did not like the assumption of the State debts when he came to a calm scrutiny of the matter; and, what was more serious for a man of political ambition, it was bitterly distasteful to the very men from whom he must look to draw a following when parties should form. He felt that he had been tricked; he knew that he had already been outrun in the race for leadership.

What he did not understand or know how to reckon with was the place and purpose of Washington in the government. Hamilton had been Washington's aide and confidant when a lad of twenty, and knew in what way those must rule who served under such a chief. He knew that Washington must first be convinced and won; did not for a moment doubt that the President held the reins and was

master; was aware that his own plans had prospered both in the making and in the adoption because the purpose they spoke was the purpose Washington most cherished. Washington had adopted the fiscal measures as his own; Hamilton's strength consisted in having his confidence and support. Jefferson very soon found that leadership in the cabinet was to be had, not by winning a majority of the counsellors who sat in it, but by winning Washington. That masterful man asked counsel upon every question of consequence, but took none his own judgment did not approve. He had chosen Hamilton because he knew his views, Jefferson only because he knew his influence, ability, and experience in affairs. When he did test Jefferson's views he found them less to his liking than he had expected. He had taken Jefferson direct from France, where for five years he had been watching a revolution come on apace, hurried from stage to stage, not by statesmen who were masters in the art and practice of freedom, like those who had presided in the counsels of America, but by demagogues and philosophers rather; and the subtle air of that age of change had crept into the man's thought. He had come back a philosophical radical rather than a statesman. He had yet to learn, in the practical air of America, what plain and steady policy must serve him to win hard-headed men to his following, and Washington found him a guide that needed watching. Foreign affairs, over which it was Jefferson's duty to preside, began of a sudden to turn upon the politics of France, where Jefferson's thought was so much engaged. The year 1789, in which America gained self-possession and set up a government soberly planned to last, was the year in which France lost self-possession and set out upon a wild quest for liberty, which was to cost her both her traditional polity and all the hopes she had of a new one. In that year broke the storm of the French Revolution.

It was a dangerous infection that went abroad from France in those first days of her ardor, and nowhere was it more likely to spread than in America.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very heaven! O times
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress, to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favored spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown."

Was not this spirit that had sprung to such sudden might in France the very spirit that had made America free, her people sovereign, her government liberal as men could dream of? and was not France now more than ever America's friend and close ally against the world? 'Twould be niggardly to grudge her aid and love to the full in this day of her emulation of America's great example. The Bastille was down, tyranny at an end, Lafayette the people's leader. The gallant Frenchman himself could think of nothing more appropriate than to send the great key of the fallen fortress to Washington. But Washington's vision in affairs was not obscured. He had not led revolutionary armies without a knowledge of what revolution meant. "The revolution which has been effected in France," he said, "is of so wonderful a nature that the mind can hardly realize the fact"—his calm tones ringing strangely amidst the enthusiastic cries of the time. "I fear, though it has gone triumphantly through the first paroxysm, it is not the last it has to encounter before matters are finally settled. The revolution is of too great a magnitude to be effected in so short a space and with the loss of so little blood." He hoped, but did not believe, that it would run its course without fatal disorders; and he meant, in any case, to keep America from the infection. She was herself but "in a convalescent state," as he said, after her own great struggle. She was too observant still, moreover, of European politics and opinion, like a province rather than like a nation—inclined to take sides as if she were still a child of the European family, who had flung away from her mother England to cling in pique to an ancient foe. Washington's first and almost single object, at every point of policy, was to make of the provincial States of the Union a veritable nation, independent, at any rate, and ready to be great when its growth should come, and its self-knowledge. "Every true friend

to this country," he said at last, "must *see* and *feel* that the policy of it is not to embroil ourselves with any nation whatever, but to avoid their disputes and their politics, and, if they will harass one another, to avail ourselves of the neutral conduct we have adopted. Twenty years' peace, with such an increase of population and resources as we have a right to expect, added to our remote situation from the jarring powers, will in all probability enable us, in a just cause, to bid defiance to any power on earth;" and such were his thought and purpose from the first. "I want an *American* character," he cried, "that the powers of Europe may be convinced we act for *ourselves*, and not for *others*." He had been given charge of a nation in the making, and he meant it should form, under his care, an independent character.

It was thus he proved himself no sentimentalist, but a statesman. It was stuff of his character, this purpose of independence. He would have played a like part of self-respect for himself among his neighbors on the Virginian plantations; and he could neither understand nor tolerate the sentiment which made men like Jefferson eager to fling themselves into European broils. Truly this man was the first American, the men about him provincials merely, dependent still for their life and thought upon the breath of the Old World, unless, like Hamilton, they had been born and had stood aloof, or, like Gouverneur Morris, had divined Europe in her own capitals with clear, unenamoured eyes. Fortunately affairs could be held steadily enough to a course of wise neutrality and moderation at first, while France's revolution wrought only its work of internal overthrow and destruction; and while things went thus, opinion began slowly to cool. 'Twas plain to be seen, as the months went by, that the work being done in France bore no real likeness at all to the revolution in America; and wise men began to see it for what it was, a social distemper, not a reformation of government—effective enough as a purge, no doubt; inevitable, perhaps; a cure of nature's own devising; but by no means to be taken part in by a people not likewise stricken, still free to choose. At first Washington and a few men of like insight had stood almost alone in their cool self-possession. Every man of generous spirit had deemed it his mere duty to extol the French, to join clubs after their manner, in the name of the rights of man, to speak everywhere in praise of the revolution. By the time it became necessary to act, however — to declare the position and policy of the nation's government towards France — a sober second thought had come, and Washington's task was a little simplified.

The crisis came with the year 1793. In 1792 France took arms against her European neighbors, let her mobs sack the King's palace, declared herself a republic, and put her monarch on trial for his life. The opening days of 1793 saw Louis dead upon the scaffold; England, Holland, Spain, and the Empire joined with the alliance against the fevered nation; and war, as it were, spread suddenly to all the world. Would not America succor her old ally? Was there no compulsion in the name of liberty? Would she stand selfishly off to save herself from danger? There was much in such a posture of affairs to give pause even to imperative men like Washington. Those who favored France seemed the spokesmen of the country. The thoughtful men, to whom the real character of the great revolution oversea was beginning to be made plain, were silent. It would have required a veritable art of divination to make out the real sentiment of the country, upon which, after all, the general government must depend. "It is on great occasions only, and after time has been given for cool and deliberate reflection," Washington held, "that the real voice of the people can be known;" but a great risk must be run in waiting to know it. The measures already adopted by the government, though well enough calculated to render it strong, had not been equally well planned to make it popular. The power to tax, so jealously withheld but the other day from the Confederation, the new Congress had begun promptly and confidently to exercise upon a great scale, not only laying duties upon imports, the natural resource of the general government, but also imposing taxes upon distilled spirits, and so entering the fiscal field of the States. Not only had the war debts of the States been assumed, but a national bank had been set up (1791), as if still further to make the general government sure of a complete mastery in the field of finance. Jefferson and Randolph had fought the measure in the cabinet, as

many a moderate man had fought it in Congress, and Washington had withheld his signature from it till he should hear what they had to urge. But he had sent their arguments to Hamilton for criticism, and had accepted his answer in favor of the bank. Jefferson and Randolph had challenged the measure on the ground that it was without warrant in the Constitution, which nowhere gave Congress the right to create corporations, fiscal or other. Hamilton replied that, besides the powers explicitly enumerated, the Constitution gave to Congress the power to pass any measure "necessary and proper" for carrying those set forth into execution; that Congress was itself left to determine what might thus seem necessary; and that if it deemed the erection of a bank a proper means of executing the undoubted financial powers of the government, the constitutional question was answered. By accepting such a view Washington sanctioned the whole doctrine of "implied powers," which Jefferson deemed the very annulment of a written and explicit constitution. No bounds, Jefferson believed, could be set to the aggressive sweep of congressional pretension if the two Houses were to be given leave to do whatever they thought expedient in exercising their in any case great and commanding powers. No man could doubt, in the face of such measures, what the spirit and purpose of Hamilton were, or of the President whom Hamilton so strangely dominated.

Strong measures bred strong opposition. When the First Congress came together there had seemed to be no parties in the country. All men seemed agreed upon a fair and spirited trial of the new Constitution. But an opposition had begun to gather before its two years' term was out, and in the Second Congress party lines grew definite — not for and against the Constitution, but for and against an aggressive use of constitutional powers. There was still a majority for the principal measures of the administration, but the minority had clearly begun to gather force both in the votes and in the debates. The reaction was unmistakable. Even Madison, Washington's stanch friend and intimate counsellor, who had at first been his spokesman in the House, began to draw back — first doubted and then opposed the policy of the Treasury. He had led the opposition to the bank, and grew more and more uneasy to note the course affairs were taking. It looked as if the administration were determined of set purpose to increase the expenses of the government, in order that it might add to the loans which were so acceptable to influential men of wealth, and double the taxes which made the power of the government so real in the eyes of the people. Steps were urged to create a navy, to develop an army with permanent organization and equipment, and the President insisted upon vigorous action at the frontiers against the western Indians. This was part of his cherished policy; it was his way of fulfilling the vision that had long ago come to him, of a nation spreading itself down the western slopes of the mountains and over all the broad reaches of fertile land that looked towards the Mississippi; but to many a member of Congress from the quiet settlements in the east it looked like nothing better than a waste of men and of treasure. The President seemed even a little too imperious in the business, would sometimes come into the Senate in no temper to brook delay in the consideration and adoption of what he proposed in such matters. When things went wrong through the fault of the commanders he had sent to the frontier, he stormed in a sudden fury, as sometimes in the old days of the war, scorning soldiers who must needs blunder and fail. The compulsion of his will grew often a little irksome to the minority in Congress, and the opposition slowly pulled itself together, as the months went by, to concert a definite policy of action.

Washington saw as plainly as any man what was taking place. He was sensitive to the movements of opinion; wished above all things to have the government supported by the people's approval; was never weary of writing to those who were in a position to know, to ask them what they and their neighbors soberly thought about questions and policies under debate; was never so impatient as to run recklessly ahead of manifest public opinion. He knew how many men had been repelled by the measures he had supported Hamilton in proposing; knew that a reaction had set in, that even to seem to repulse France and to refuse her aid or sympathy would surely strengthen it. The men who were opposed to his financial policy were also the men who most loved France, now she was mad with revolution. They were the men who dread-

ed a strong government as a direct menace to the rights alike of individuals and of the separate States, the men who held a very imperative philosophy of separatism and revolt against too great authority. If he showed himself cold towards France, he would certainly strengthen them in their charge that the new government craved power and was indifferent to the guarantees of freedom.

But Washington's spirit was of the majestic sort that keeps a great and hopeful confidence that the right view will prevail, that the "standard to which the wise and honest will repair" is also the standard to which the whole people will rally at last, if it be but held long and steadily enough on high to be seen of all. When the moment for action came he acted promptly, unhesitatingly, as if in indifference to opinion. It was the outbreak of war between France and England that made it necessary he should let the country know what he meant to do. "War having actually commenced between France and Great Britain," he wrote to Jefferson in April, 1793, "it behooves the government of this country to use every means in its power to prevent the citizens thereof from embroiling us with either of those powers, by endeavoring to maintain a strict neutrality. I therefore require that you will give the subject mature consideration, that such measures as shall be deemed most likely to effect this desirable purpose may be adopted without delay. . . . .Such other measures as may be necessary for us to pursue against events which it may not be in our power to avoid or control you will also think of, and lay them before me at my arrival in Philadelphia, for which place I shall set out to-morrow." He was at Mount Vernon when he despatched these instructions; but it did not take him long to reach the seat of government, to consult his cabinet, and to issue a proclamation of neutrality whose terms no man could mistake. It contained explicit threat of exemplary action against any who should presume to disregard it.

That very month (April, 1793) Edmond Charles Genet, the youth still in his twenties whom the new republic over-sea had commissioned minister to the United States, landed at Charleston. It pleased him to take possession of the country, as if it were of course an appanage of France. He was hardly ashore before he had begun to arrange for the fitting out of privateers, to issue letters of marque to American citizens, and to authorize French consuls at American ports to act as courts of admiralty in the condemnation of prizes. As he journeyed northward to Philadelphia he was joyfully confirmed in his views and purposes by his reception at the hands of the people. He was everywhere dined and toasted and fêted, as if he had been a favorite prince returned to his subjects. His speeches by the way rang in a tone of authority and patronage. He reached Philadelphia fairly mad with the sense of power, and had no conception of his real situation till he stood face to face with the President. Of that grim countenance and cold greeting there could be but one interpretation, and the fellow winced to feel that at last he had come to a grapple with the country's government. It was, no doubt, in the eyes of the sobering man, a strange and startling thing that then took place. The country itself had not fully known Washington till then—or its own dignity, either. It had deemed the proclamation of neutrality a party measure, into which the President had been led by the enemies of France, the partisans of England. But the summer undeceived everybody, even Genet. Not content with the lawless mischief he had set afoot on the coasts by the commissioning of privateersmen, the mad youth had hastened to send agents into the south and west to enlist men for armed expeditions against the Floridas and against New Orleans on the coveted Mississippi; but his work was everywhere steadily undone. Washington acted slowly, deliberately even, with that majesty of self-control, that awful courtesy and stillness in wrath, that had ever made him a master to be feared in moments of sharp trial. One by one the unlawful prizes were seized; justice was done upon their captors; the false admiralty courts were shut up; the army of the United States was made ready to check the risings in the south and west, should there be need; the complaints of the British minister were silenced by deeds as well as by words; the clamor of those who had welcomed the Frenchman so like provincials was ignored, though for a season it seemed the voice of the country itself; and the humiliating work, which ought never to have been necessary, was at last made effective and complete.

Towards the close of June, Washington

ventured to go for a little while to Mount Vernon for rest. At once there was trouble. A privateer was found taking arms and stores aboard in the very river at Philadelphia. Jefferson allowed her to drop down to Chester, believing Genet instead of the agents of the government; and she was upon the point of getting to sea before Washington could reach the seat of government. Jefferson was not in town when the President arrived. "What is to be done in the case of the *Little Sarah* now at Chester?" came Washington's hot questions after him. "Is the minister of the French Republic to set the acts of this government at defiance *with impunity?* And then threaten the executive with an appeal to the people? What must the world think of such conduct, and of the government of the United States in submitting to it? Circumstances press for decision, and as you have had time to consider them, I wish to know your opinion upon them even before to-morrow, for the vessel may then be gone." It was indeed too late to stop her; a gross violation of neutrality had been permitted under the very eyes of the Secretary of State. Washington staid henceforth in Philadelphia, in personal control of affairs. It was an appeal to the people that finally delivered Genet into his hands. Washington revoked the *exequatur* of one Duplaine, French consul at Boston, for continuing to ignore the laws of neutrality. Genet declared he would appeal from the President to the sovereign State of Massachusetts. Rumors of the silly threat got abroad, and Genet demanded of the President that he deny them. Washington answered with a chilling rebuke; the correspondence was given to the public prints; and at last the country saw the French minister for what he was. A demand for his recall had been resolved upon in the cabinet in August; by February, 1794, the slow processes of diplomatic action were complete, and a successor had arrived. Genet did not venture to return to his distracted country, but he was as promptly and as readily forgotten in America. Some might find it possible to love France still, but no one could any longer stomach Genet.

Washington had divined French affairs much too clearly to be for a moment tempted to think with anything but contempt of the French party who had truckled to Genet. "The affairs of France," he said to Lee, in the midst of Genet's heyday, "seem to me to be in the highest paroxysm of disorder; not so much from the presence of foreign enemies, but because those in whose hands the government is intrusted are ready to tear each other to pieces, and will more than probably prove the worst foes the country has." It was his clear perception what the danger would be, should America be drawn into the gathering European wars, that had led him to accept a second term as President. It had been his wish to remain only four years in the arduous office: but he had no thought to leave a task unfinished, knew that he was in the very midst of the critical business of holding the country to the course which should make it a self-respecting nation, and consented to submit himself once more to the vote of the electors. Parties were organizing, but there was no opposition to Washington. He received again a unanimous vote, and John Adams was again chosen Vice-President. The second inauguration (March, 1793) seemed but a routine confirmation of the first. But the elections to Congress showed a change setting in. In the Senate the avowed supporters of the administration had still a narrow majority, but in the House they fell ten votes short of control; and Washington had to put his policy of neutrality into execution against the mad Genet with nothing but doubts how he should be supported. 'Twas the insane folly of Genet, however, that saved the President serious embarrassment, made the evidence that he was right too plain to be missed by anybody, and gave the country at last vision enough to see what was in fact the course of affairs abroad, within and without unhappy France. Before that trying year 1793 was out, an attack upon Hamilton in the House, though led by Madison, had failed; Jefferson had left the cabinet; and the hands of those who definitely and heartily supported the President were not a little strengthened. There was sharp bitterness between parties—a bitterness sharper as yet, indeed, than their differences of view; but the "federalists," who stood to the support of Washington and Hamilton, were able, none the less, to carry their more indispensable measures—even an act of neutrality which made the President's policy the explicit law of the land.

The sober second thought of the country was slowly coming about to their aid.

The air might have cleared altogether had the right method of dealing with France been the only question that pressed; but the ill fortune of the time forced the President to seem not only the recreant friend of France, but also the too complacent partisan of England. Great Britain seemed as mischievously bent upon forcing the United States to war as Genet himself had been. She would not withdraw her garrisons from the border posts; it was believed that she was inciting the Indians to their inroads, as the French had done in the old days; she set herself to destroy neutral trade by seizing all vessels that carried products of the French islands or were laden with provisions for their ports; she would admit American vessels to her own West Indian harbors only upon sufferance and within limits of the most jealous restriction. It gave a touch of added bitterness to the country's feeling against her that she should thus levy, as it were, covert war upon the Union while affecting to be at peace with it, as if she counted on its weakness, especially on the seas; and Congress would have taken measures of retaliation which must certainly have led to open hostilities, had not Washington intervened, despatching John Jay, the trusted Chief Justice, across sea as minister extraordinary, to negotiate terms of accommodation, and so given pause to the trouble.

While the country waited upon the negotiation, it witnessed a wholesome object-lesson in the power of its new government. In March, 1791, Congress had passed an act laying taxes on distilled spirits; 'twas part of Hamilton's plan to show that the federal government could and would use its great authority. The act bore nowhere so hard upon the people as in the vast far counties of Pennsylvania and Virginia, beyond the mountains, and there the very allegiance of the people had been but the other day doubtful, as Washington very well knew. How were they to get their corn to market over the long roads if they were not to be permitted to reduce its bulk and increase its value by turning it into whiskey? The tax seemed to them intolerable, and the remedy plain. They would not pay it. They had not been punctilious to obey the laws of the States; they would not begin obedience now by submitting to the worst laws of the United States. At first they only amused themselves by tarring and feathering an exciseman here and there, but resistance could not stop with that in the face of a government bent upon having its own way. Opposition organized itself and spread, till the writs of federal courts had been defied by violent mobs, and the western counties of Pennsylvania were fairly quick with incipient insurrection. For two years Washington watched the slow gathering of the storm, warning those who resisted, keeping Congress abreast of him in preparation for action when the right time should come, letting all the country know what was afoot and preparing its mind for what was to come. It must have won him to a stern humor to learn that seven thousand armed men had gathered in mass-meeting on Braddock's field to defy him. At last he summoned an army of militia out of the States, sent it straight to the lawless counties, going with it himself till he learned there would be no serious resistance, and taught the country what was back of federal law. Hamilton had had his way, the country its lesson.

"The servile copyist of Mr. Pitt thought he must have his alarms, his insurrections and plots against the Constitution," sneered Jefferson. "It aroused the favorite purposes of strengthening government and increasing the public debt; and therefore an insurrection was announced and proclaimed and armed against and marched against, but could never be found. And all this under the sanction of a name which has done too much good not to be sufficient to cover harm also."

"The powers of the executive of this country are more definite, and better understood, perhaps, than those of any other country," Washington had said, "and my aim has been, and will continue to be, neither to stretch nor to relax from them in any instance whatever, unless compelled to it by imperious circumstances;" and that was what he meant the country to know, whether the law's purpose was good or bad.

The next year the people knew what Mr. Jay had done. He reached New York May 28, 1795, and the treaty he brought with him was laid before the Senate on the 8th of June. On the 2d



CONGRESS HALL, 1790–1800.

of July the country knew what he had agreed to and the Senate had ratified. There was an instant outburst of wrath. It swept from one end of the country to the other. The treaty yielded so much, gained so little, that to accept it seemed a veritable humiliation. The northwestern posts were, indeed, to be given up at last; the boundaries between English and American territory were to be determined by commissioners; unrestricted commerce with England herself and a free direct trade with her East Indian possessions were conceded; but not a word was said about the impressment of American seamen. American claims for damages for unjust seizures in the West Indies were referred to a commission, along with American debts to Englishmen; the coveted trade with the West Indian Islands was secured only to vessels of seventy tons and under, and at the cost of renouncing the right to export sugar, molasses, coffee, cocoa, or cotton to Europe. Washington agreed with the Senate that ratifications of the treaty ought not to be exchanged without a modification of the clauses respecting the West Indian trade, and October had come before new and better terms could be agreed upon; but he had no doubt that the treaty as a whole ought to be accepted. The opposition party in Congress had refused to vote money for an efficient navy, and had so made it impossible to check British aggressions; they must now accept this unpalatable treaty as better, at any rate, than war. It was hard to stand steady in the storm. The country took fire as it had done at the passage of the Stamp Act. Harder things had never been said of King and Parliament than were now said of Washington and his advisers. Many stout champions stood to his defence, none stouter or more formidable than Hamilton, no longer a member of the cabinet—for imperative private interests had withdrawn him these six months and more—but none the less redoubtable in the field of controversy. For long, nevertheless, the battle went heavily against the treaty. Even Washington for once stood a little while perplexed, not doubting his own purpose, indeed, but very anxious what the outcome should be. Protests against his signing the treaty poured in upon him from

every quarter of the country, many of them earnest almost to the point of entreaty, some hot with angry comment. His reply, when he vouchsafed any, was always that his very gratitude for the approbation of the country in the past fixed him but the more firmly in his resolution to deserve it now by obeying his own conscience. "It is very desirable," he wrote to Hamilton, "to ascertain, if possible, after the paroxysm of the fever is a little abated, what the real temper of the people is concerning it; for at present the cry against the treaty is like that against a mad dog;" but he showed himself very calm to the general eye, making his uneasiness known only to his intimates. The cruel abuse heaped upon him cut him to the quick. "Such exaggerated and indecent terms," he cried, "could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket." But the men who sneered and stormed, talked of usurpation and impeachment, called him base, incompetent, traitorous even, were permitted to see not so much as the quiver of an eyelid as they watched him go steadily from step to step in the course he had chosen.

At last the storm cleared; the bitter months were over; men at the ports saw at length how much more freely trade ran under the terms of the treaty, and remembered that while they had been abusing Jay and maligning the President, Thomas Pinckney had obtained a treaty from Spain which settled the Florida boundary, opened the Mississippi without restriction, secured a place of deposit at New Orleans, and made commerce with the Spaniards as free as commerce with the French. The whole country felt a new impulse of prosperity. The "paroxysm of the fever" was over, and shame came upon the men who had so vilely abused the great President as to make him wish, in his bitterness, that he were in his grave rather than in the Presidency; who had even said that he had played false in the Revolution, and had squandered public moneys; who had gone beyond threats of impeachment and dared to hint at assassination! They saw the end of his term approach, and would have recalled their insults. But they had alienated his great spirit forever. When he had seen parties forming in his cabinet in the quiet days of his first term as President, he had sought to placate differences, to bring Hamilton and Jefferson to a cordial understanding which should be purged of partisan bias, as he meant his own judgments to be; had deemed parties unnecessary, and loyalty to the new Constitution the only standard of preferment to office. But he had come to another mind in the hard years that followed. "I shall not, whilst I have the honor to administer the government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly," he declared in the closing days of 1795, "whose political tenets are adverse to the tenets which the general government are pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide;" and he left the Presidency ready to call himself very flatly a "Federalist"—of the party that stood for the Constitution and abated nothing of its powers. "You could as soon scrub a blacka-



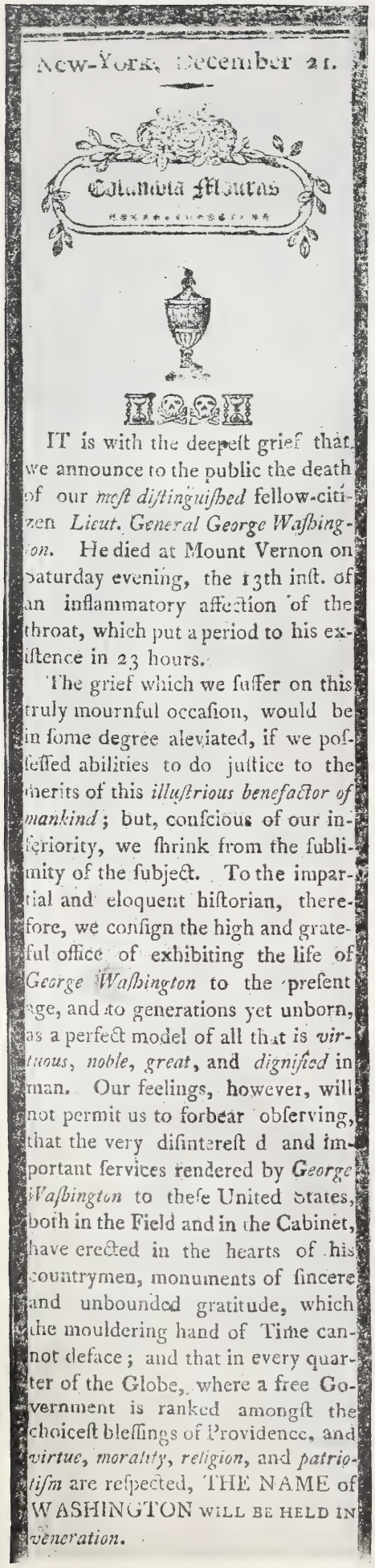
WASHINGTON MANSION, 190 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

more white," he cried, "as to change the principle of a profest Democrat; he will leave nothing unattempted to overturn the government of the country." Affairs fell very quiet again as the last year of his Presidency drew towards its close. Brisk trade under the new treaties heartened the country more and more; the turbulent Democratic clubs that had so affected French principles and French modes of agitation were sobered and discredited, now the reign of terror had come and wrought its bloody work in France; the country turned once more to Washington with its old confidence and affection, and would have had him take the Presidency a third time, to keep the government steady in its new ways.



ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS.
From the painting in possession of General Custis Lee.

But he would not have it again. On the 18th of September, 1796, he published to the people a farewell address, quick with the solemn eloquence men had come to expect from him. He wrote to Hamilton and to Madison for advice what he should say, as in the old days—though Hamilton was the arch-Federalist and Madison was turning Democrat — took their phrases for his thought where they seemed better than his own, and then put the address forth as his mature and last counsel to the little nation he loved. "It was designed," he said, "in a more especial manner for the yeomanry of the country," and spoke the advice he hoped they might take to heart. The circumstances which had given his services a temporary value, he told them, were passed; they had now a unified and national government which might serve them for great ends. He exhorted them to preserve it intact, and not to degrade it in the using; to put down party spirit, make religion, education, and good faith the guides and safeguards of their government, and keep it national and their own by excluding foreign influences and entanglements. 'Twas a noble document. No thoughtful man could read it without emotion, knowing how it spoke in all its solemn sentences the great character of the man whose career was ended. When the day came on which he should resign his office to John Adams, the eminent civilian who was to succeed him, there was a scene which left no one in doubt—not even Washington himself—what the people thought of the great leader they had trusted these twenty years. A vast crowd was assembled to see the simple ceremonies of the inauguration, as on that April day in New York eight years ago; but few in the throng watched Adams. All eyes were bent upon that noble figure in black velvet, with a light sword slung at his side. No one stirred till he had left the room to follow and



New-York, December 21.

Columbia Mourns

DIED

IT is with the deepeſt grief that we announce to the public the death of our *moſt diſtinguiſhed* fellow-citizen *Lieut. General George Waſhington*. He died at Mount Vernon on Saturday evening, the 13th inſt. of an inflammatory affection of the throat, which put a period to his exiſtence in 23 hours.

The grief which we ſuffer on this truly mournful occaſion, would be in ſome degree aleviated, if we poſſeſſed abilities to do juſtice to the merits of this *illuſtrious benefactor of mankind*; but, conſcious of our inferiority, we ſhrink from the ſublimity of the ſubject. To the impartial and eloquent hiſtorian, therefore, we conſign the high and grateful office of exhibiting the life of *George Waſhington* to the preſent age, and to generations yet unborn, as a perfect model of all that is *virtuous*, *noble*, *great*, and *dignified* in man. Our feelings, however, will not permit us to forbear obſerving, that the very diſintereſt d and important ſervices rendered by *George Waſhington* to theſe United States, both in the Field and in the Cabinet, have erected in the hearts of his countrymen, monuments of ſincere and unbounded gratitude, which the mouldering hand of Time cannot deface; and that in every quarter of the Globe, where a free Government is ranked amongſt the choiceſt bleſſings of Providence, and *virtue*, *morality*, *religion*, and *patriotiſm* are reſpected, THE NAME of WASHINGTON WILL BE HELD IN *veneration*.

pay his respects to the new President. Then they and all the crowd in the streets moved after him, an immense company, going as one man, "in total silence," his escort all the way. He turned upon the threshold of the President's lodgings and looked, as if for the last time, upon this multitude of nameless friends. "No man ever saw him so moved." The tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks; and when at last he went within, a great smothered common voice went through the stirred throng, as if they sobbed to see their hero go from their sight forever.

It had been noted how cheerful he looked, at thought of his release, as he entered the hall of the Representatives, where Mr. Adams was to take the oath. As soon as possible he was at his beloved Mount Vernon once more, to pick up such threads as he might of the old life again. "I begin my diurnal course with the sun," he wrote, in grave playfulness, to a friend; "if my hirelings are not in their places by that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; the more they are probed, the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; by the time I have accomplished these matters breakfast (a little after seven o'clock, about the time, I presume, that you are taking leave of Mrs. McHenry) is ready; this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner. .... The usual time of sitting at the table, a walk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candle-light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received; when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes, and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded that you will not require a second edition of it." He had kept his overseers under his hand all the time he was President, had not forgotten to write to Dr. Young upon methods of cultivation, had shown the same passion as ever for speeding and putting at its best every detail of his private business,

NOTE.—The announcement of the death of Washington reproduced here was printed originally as the leading editorial in the *New York Gazette and General Advertiser* of Saturday, December 21, 1799. This daily newspaper was published by John Lang, Franklin Head, No. 116 Pearl Street.



THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.



THE OLD TOMB, MOUNT VERNON.

but matters had gone ill for lack of his personal supervision. He was obliged to sell no less than fifty thousand dollars' worth of his lands in the course of four or five years to defray the great expenses he was put to in the Presidency and the cost of bringing his estate into solvent shape again. He did not try to begin things anew; he only set them in order, and kept his days serene.

A spark of war was kindled by the new administration's dealings with France, and Washington was called once more to prepare for command, should the fighting leave the sea and come ashore. But formal war did not come. The flurry only kept him a little nearer the movements of politics than he cared to be. He was the more uneasy to see how the Democrats bore themselves in the presence of the moment's peril; doubted the expediency of assigning men of that party to places of command in the army; approved the laws passed against aliens and against those who should utter seditious libels against the government; showed again and without reserve how deeply his affections were engaged on the side of the institutions he had so labored to set up and protect; was intolerant towards all who sought to touch or question at any point their new authority—imperious as of old in questions of action. But it was his home that chiefly held his thought now. He had not changed towards his friends through all the years of public care and engrossing business. An old comrade, who had come in his rough frontier dress all the way from far Kentucky to Philadelphia to see the President, had been told "that Washington had become puffed up with the importance of his station, and was too much of an aristocrat to welcome him in that garb." But the old soldier was not daunted, and went back to tell his friends how the President and his lady had both seen him and recognized him from the window, and had rushed to the door to draw him cordially in. "I never was better treated," he said. "I had not believed a word against him, and I found that he was 'Old Hoss' still." 'Twas the same with his neighbors, and with strangers too. He was the simple gentleman of the old days. A strolling actor, riding Mount Vernon way on a day in July, stopped to help a man and woman who had been thrown from their chaise, and did not recognize the stalwart man who galloped up to his assistance till the overturned vehicle had been set up again, they had dusted each the other's coats, and the stately stranger, saying he had had the pleasure of seeing him play in Philadelphia, had bidden him come to the house yonder and be refreshed. "Have I the honor of addressing General Washington?" exclaimed the astonished player. "An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard," smiled the heated soldier; "but I am pleased to find you can play so active a part in private, and without a prompter."

Those who saw him now at Mount Vernon thought him gentler with little children than Mrs. Washington even, and remembered how he had always shown a like love and tenderness for them, going oftentimes out of his way to warn them of danger, with a kindly pat on the head, when he saw them watching the soldiers in the war days. Now all at Mount Ver-

non looked forward to the evening. That "was the children's hour." He had written sweet Nelly Custis a careful letter of advice upon love matters, half grave, half playful, in the midst of his Presidency, when the troubles with England were beginning to darken; she had always found him a comrade, and had loved him with an intimacy very few could know. Now she was to be married to his own sister's son, and upon his birthday, February 22, 1799. She begged him to wear the "grand embroidered uniform" just made for the French war, at her wedding; but he shook his head, and donned instead the worn buff and blue that had seen real campaigns. Then the delighted girl told him, with her arm about his neck, that she loved him better in that.

The quiet days went by without incident. He served upon a petty jury of the county when summoned, and was more than content to be the simple citizen again, great duties put by, small ones diligently resumed. Once and again his anger flamed at perverse neglects and tasks ill done. Even while he was President he had stormed to find his horses put to the chariot with unpolished hoofs upon a day of ceremony. But old age and the consciousness of a life-work done had added serenity now to his self-control; and at last the end came, when he was ready. On the 12th of December, 1799, he was chilled through by the keen winds and cold rain and sleet that beat upon him as he went his round about the farms. He spent the evening cheerfully, listening to his secretary read, but went to bed with a gathering hoarseness and cold, and woke in the night sharply stricken in his throat. Physicians came almost at dawn, but the disease was already beyond their control. Nothing that they tried could stay it, and by evening the end had come. He was calm the day through, as in a time of battle, knowing what betided, but not fearing it, steady, noble, a warrior figure to the last, dying as those who loved him might have wished to see him die.

The country knew him when he was dead—knew the majesty, the nobility, the unsullied greatness of the man who was gone—and knew not whether to mourn or give praise. He could not serve them any more, but they saw his light shine already upon the future as upon the past, and were glad. They knew him now the Happy Warrior,

"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honor, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

. . . . . .

A soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

. . . . . .

More brave for this, that he hath such to love....
The man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won."





"AMIS, LA MATINÉE EST BELLE."

THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART II.

"Laissons les regrets et les pleurs
À la vieillesse;
Jeunes, il faut cueiller les fleurs
De la jeunesse!"—Baïf.

SOMETIMES we spent the Sunday morning in Paris—Barty and I—in picture-galleries and museums and wax-figure shows, churches and cemeteries, and the Hôtel Cluny and the baths of Julian the Apostate—or the Jardin des Plantes, or the morgue, or the knackers' yards at Montfaucon—or lovely slums. Then a swim at the Bains Deligny. Then lunch at some restaurant on the quai Voltaire, or in the quartier latin. Then to some café on the boulevards, drinking our demi-tasse and our chasse-café, and smoking our cigarettes like men, and picking our teeth like gentlemen of France.

Once after lunch at Vachette's with Berquin (who was seventeen) and Bonneville (the marquis who had got an English mother), we were sitting outside the Café des Variétés, in the midst of a crowd of consommateurs, and tasting to the full the joy of being alive, when a poor woman came up with a guitar, and tried to sing "Le petit mousse noir"—a song Barty knew quite well—but she couldn't sing a bit, and nobody listened.

"Allons, Josselin, chante-nous ça!" said Berquin.

And Bonneville jumped up, and took the woman's guitar from her, and forced it into Josselin's hands, while the crowd became much interested and began to applaud.

Thus encouraged, Barty, who never in all his life knew what it is to be shy, stood up and piped away like a bird; and when he had finished the story of the little black cabin-boy who sings in the main-top halliards, the applause was so tremendous that he had to stand up on a chair and sing another, and yet another.

"Écoute-moi bien, ma Fleurette!" and "Amis, la matinée est belle!" (from *La Muette de Portici*), while the pavement outside the Variétés was rendered quite impassable by the crowd that had gathered round to look and listen—and who all joined in the chorus:

"Conduis ta barque avec prudence,
Pêcheur! parle bas!
Jette tes filets en silence,
Pêcheur! parle bas!
Et le roi des mers ne nous échappera pas! (bis);"

and the applause was deafening.

Meanwhile Bonneville and Berquin went round with the hat and gathered quite a considerable sum, in which there seemed to be almost as much silver as copper—and actually *two five-franc pieces and an English half-sovereign!* The poor woman wept with gratitude at coming into such a fortune, and insisted on kissing Barty's hand. Indeed it was a quite wonderful ovation, considering how unmistakably British was Barty's appearance, and how unpopular we were in France just then!

He had his new shiny black silk chimney-pot hat on, and his Eton jacket, with the wide shirt collar. Berquin, in a tightly fitting double-breasted brown cloth swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, yellow nankin bell-mouthed trousers strapped over varnished boots, butter-colored gloves, a blue satin stock, and a very tall hairy hat with a wide curly brim, looked such an out-and-out young gentleman of France that we were all proud of being seen in his company—especially young de Bonneville, who was still in mourning for his father and wore a crape band round his arm, and a common cloth cap with a leather peak, and thick blucher boots; though he was quite sixteen, and already had a little black mustache like an eyebrow, and inhaled the smoke of his cigarette without coughing and quite naturally, and ordered the waiters about just as if he already wore the uniform of the École St.-Cyr, for which he destined himself (and was not

* Begun in October number, 1896.

disappointed. He should be a marshal of France by now—perhaps he is).

Then we went to the Café Mulhouse on the Boulevard des Italiens (on the "*Boul. des It.*," as we called it, to be in the fashion)—that we might gaze at Señor Joaquin Eliezegui, the Spanish giant, who was eight feet high and a trifle over (or under—I forget which): he told us himself. Barty had a passion for gazing at very tall men; like Frederic the Great (or was it his Majesty's royal father?)

Then we went to the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, where, in a painted wooden shed, a most beautiful Circassian slave, miraculously rescued from some abominable seraglio in Constantinople, sold pen'orths of "galette du gymnase." On her raven hair she wore a silk turban all over sequins, silver and gold, with a yashmak that fell down behind, leaving her adorable face exposed: she had an amber vest of silk, embroidered with pearls as big as walnuts, and Turkish pantalets—what her slippers were we couldn't see, but they must have been lovely, like all the rest of her. Barty had a passion for gazing at very beautiful female faces—like his father before him.

There was a regular queue of postulants to see this heavenly eastern houri and buy her confection, which is very like Scotch butter-cake, but not so digestible; and even more filling at the price. And three of us sat on a bench, while three times running Barty took his place in that procession—soldiers, sailors, workmen, chiffonniers, people of all sorts, women as many as men—all of them hungry for galette, but hungrier still for a good humanizing stare at a beautiful female face; and he made the slow and toilsome journey to the little wooden booth three times—and brought us each a pen'orth on each return journey; and the third time, Katidjah (such was her sweet oriental name) leant forward over her counter and kissed him on both cheeks, and whispered in his ear (in English—and with the accent of Stratford-atte-Bowe):

"You little *duck! your* name is *Brown, I* know!"

And he came away, his face pale with conflicting emotions, and told us!

How excited we were! Bonneville (who spoke English quite well) went for a pen'orth on his own account, and said: "My name's Brown too, Miss Katidjah!" But he didn't get a kiss.

(She soon after married a Mr. —— of ——, the well-known —— of ——shire, in ——land. She may be alive now.)

Then to the Palais Royal, to dine at the "Dîner Européen" with M. Berquin père, a famous engineer; and finally to stalls at the "Français," to see the first two acts of *Le Cid;* and this was rather an anticlimax—for we had too much "Cid" at the Institution F. Brossard already!

And then, at last, to the omnibus station in the rue de Rivoli, whence the "Accélérées" (en correspondence avec les Constantines) started for Passy every ten minutes; and thus, up the gas-lighted Champs Élysées, and by the Arc de Triomphe, to the Rond-point de L'avenue de St.-Cloud; tired out, but happy—happy—happy *comme on ne l'est plus!*

Before the school broke up for the holidays there were very severe examinations—but no "distribution de prix"; we were above that kind of thing at Brossard's, just as we were above wearing a uniform—or taking in day boarders.

Barty didn't come off very well in this competition; but he came off anyhow much better than I, who had failed to be "diligent and attentive"—too much *Monte Cristo*, I'm afraid.

At all events Barty got five marks for English History, because he remembered a good deal about Richard Cœur de Lion, and John, and Friar Tuck, and Robin Hood, and especially one Cedric the Saxon, a historical personage of whom the examiner (a decorated gentleman from the Collége de France) had never even heard!

And then (to the tune of "Au clair de la lune"):

"Vivent les vacances—
Denique tandèm;
Et les pénitences—
Habebunt finèm!
Les pions intraitables,
Vultu Barbarô,
S'en iront aux diables,
Gaudio nostrô."

N.B.—The accent is always on the last syllable in French Latin—and *pion* means an usher.

Barty went to Yorkshire with the Rohans, and I spent most of my holidays with my mother and sister (and the beautiful Miss ——) at Mademoiselle Jalabert's, next door—coming back to school for most of my meals, and at night to sleep,



"TOO MUCH 'MONTE CRISTO,' I'M AFRAID."

with a whole dormitory to myself, and no dreadful bell at five in the morning; and so much time to spare that I never found any leisure for my holiday task, that skeleton at the feast; no more did Jules, the sergeant's son; no more did Caillard, who spent his vacation at Brossard's because his parents lived in Russia, and his "correspondant" in Paris was ill.

The only master who remained behind was Bonzig, who passed his time painting ships and sailors, in oil-colors; it was a passion with him: corvettes, brigantines, British whalers, fishing-smacks, revenue-cutters, feluccas, caïques, even Chinese junks—all was fish that came to his net. He got them all from *La France Maritime*, an illustrated periodical much in vogue at Brossard's; and also his storms and his calms, his rocks and piers and light-houses—for he had never seen the sea he was so fond of. He took us every morning to the Passy swimming-baths, and in the afternoon for long walks in Paris, and all about and around, and especially to the Musée de Marine at the Louvre, that we might gaze with him at the beautiful models of three-deckers.

He evidently pitied our forlorn condition, and told us delightful stories about seafaring life, like Mr. Clark Russell's; and how he, some day, hoped to see the ocean for himself before he died—and with his own eyes.

I really don't know how Jules and Caillard would have got through the hideous *ennui* of that idle September without him. Even I, with my mother and sister and the beautiful Miss —— within such easy reach, found time hang heavily at times. One can't be always reading, even Alexandre Dumas; nor always loafing about, even in Paris, by one's self (Jules and Caillard were not allowed outside the gates without Bonzig); and beautiful English girls of eighteen, like Miss ——s, don't always want a small boy dangling after them, and show it sometimes; which I thought very hard.

It was almost a relief when school began again in October, and the boys came back with their wonderful stories of the good time they had all had (especially some of the big boys, who were "en rhétorique et en philosophie")—and all the game that had fallen to their guns—wild-boars, roebucks, cerfs-dix-cors, and what not; of perilous swims in stormy seas—tremendous adventures in fishing-smacks on moonlight nights (it seemed that the moon had been at the full all through those wonderful six weeks); rides *ventre à terre* on mettlesome Arab steeds through gloomy wolf-haunted forests with charming female cousins; flirtations and "good fortunes" with beautiful but not happily married women in old mediæval castle keeps. Toujours au clair de la lune! They didn't believe each other in the least, these gay young romancers — nor expect to be believed themselves; but it was very exciting all the same; and they listened, and were listened to in turn, without a gesture of incredulity — nor even a smile! And we small boys held our tongues in reverence and awe.

When Josselin came back he had wondrous things to tell too—but so preposterous that they disbelieved him quite openly, and told him so. How in London he had seen a poor woman so tipsy in the street that she had to be carried away by two policemen on a stretcher. How he had seen brewers' dray-horses nearly six feet high at the shoulder—and one or two of them with a heavy cavalry mustache drooping from its upper lip.

How he had been presented to the Lord Mayor of London, and even shaken hands with him, in Leadenhall Market, and that his Lordship was quite plainly dressed; and how English Lord Mayors were not necessarily "hommes du monde," nor always hand in glove with Queen Victoria!

Splendide mendax!

But they forgave him all his mendacity for the sake of a new accomplishment he had brought back with him, and which beat all his others. He could actually turn a somersault backwards with all the ease and finish of a professional acrobat. How he got to do this, I don't know. It must have been natural to him and he never found it out before; he was always good at gymnastics — and all things that required grace and agility more than absolute strength.

Also he brought back with him (from Leadenhall Market, no doubt) a gigantic horned owl, fairly tame—and with eyes that reminded us of Le grand Bonzig's.

School began, and with it the long evenings with an hour's play by lamplight in the warm salle d'études; and the cold lamp-lit ninety minutes' preparation on an empty stomach, after the short perfunctory morning prayer—which didn't differ much from the evening one.

Barty was still *en cinquième*, at the top! and I at the tail of the class immediately above—so near and yet so far! so I did not have many chances of improving my acquaintance with him that term; for he still stuck to Laferté and Bussy-Rabutin—they were inseparable, those three.

At mid-day play-time the weather was too cold for anything but games, which were endless in their variety and excitement; it would take a chapter to describe them.

It is a mistake to think that French school-boys are (or were) worse off than ours in this. I will not say that any one French game is quite so good as cricket or football for a permanency. But I remember a great many that are very nearly so.

Indeed, French rounders (la balle au camp) seems to me the best game that ever was—on account of the quick rush and struggle of the fielders to get home when an inside boy is hit between the bases, lest he should pick the ball up in time to hit one of them with it before the camp is reached; in which case there is a most exciting scrimmage for the ball, etc., etc.

Barty was good at all games, especially la balle au camp. I used to envy the graceful easy way he threw the ball—so quick and straight it seemed to have no

curve at all in its trajectory: and how it bounded off the boy it nearly always hit between the shoulders!

At evening, play in the school-room, besides draughts and chess and backgammon; M. Bonzig, when *de service*, would tell us thrilling stories, with "la suite au prochain numéro" when the bell rang at 7.30; a long series that lasted through the winter of '47-'48. *Le Tueur de Daims*, *Le Lac Ontario*, *Le Dernier des Mohicans*, *Les Pionniers*, *La Prairie* — by one Fénimore Coupère; all of which he had read in M. Defauconpret's admirable translations. I have read some of them in their native American since then, myself. I loved them always—but they seemed to lack some of the terror, the freshness, and the charm his fluent utterance and solemn nasal voice put into them as he sat and smoked his endless cigarettes with his back against the big stone stove, and his eyes dancing sideways through his glasses. Never did that "ding-dang-dong" sound more hateful than when le grand Bonzig was telling the tale of Bas-de-cuir's doings, from his innocent youth to his noble and pathetic death by sunset, with his ever-faithful and still-serviceable but no longer deadly rifle (the friend of sixty years) lying across his knees. I quote from memory; what a gun that was!

Then on Thursdays, long walks, two by two, in Paris, with Bonzig or Dumollard; or else in the Bois to play rounders or prisoners' base in a clearing, or skate on the Mare aux Biches, which was always so hard to find in the dense thicket . . . poor Lord Runswick! *He* found it once too often!

La Mare d'Auteuil was too deep, and too popular with "la flotte de Passy," as we called the Passy voyous, big and small, who came there in their hundreds — to slide and pick up quarrels with well-dressed and respectable school-boys. Liberté — égalité — fraternité! ou la mort! Vive la république! (This, by-the-way, applies to the winter that came *next*.)

So time wore on with us gently; through the short vacation at New-Year's day till the 23d or 24th of February, when the Revolution broke out, and Louis Philippe premier had to fly for his life. It was a very troublous time, and the school for a whole week was in a state of quite heavenly demoralization! Ten times a day, or in the dead of night, the drum would beat *le rappel*, or *la générale*. A warm wet wind was blowing—the most violent wind I can remember that was not an absolute gale. It didn't rain, but the clouds hurried across the sky all day long, and the tops of the trees tried to bend themselves in two; and their leafless boughs and black broken twigs littered the deserted play-ground—for we all sat on the parapet of the terrace by the lingerie; boys and servants, le père et la mère Jaurion, Mlle. Marceline, and the rest, looking towards Paris—all feeling bound to each other by a common danger, like wild beasts in a flood. Dear me! I'm out of breath from sheer pleasure in the remembrance.

One night we had to sleep on the floor for fear of stray bullets; and that was a fearful joy never to be forgotten—it almost kept us awake! Peering out of the school-room windows at dusk we saw great fires, three or four at a time. Suburban retreats of the over-wealthy, in full conflagration; and all day the rattle of distant musketry and the boom of cannon a long way off, near Montmartre and Montfaucon, kept us alive.

Most of the boys went home, and some of them never came back—and from that day the school began to slowly decline. Père Brossard — an ancient "Brigand de la Loire," as the republicans of his youth were called—was elected a representative of his native town at the Chamber of Deputies; and possibly that did the school more harm than good — ne sutor ultra crepidam! as he was so fond of impressing on *us!*

However, we went on pretty much as usual through spring and summer—with occasional alarms (which we loved), and beatings of *le rappel*—till the July insurrection broke out.

My mother and sister had left Mlle. Jalabert's, and now lived with my father near the Boulevard Montmartre. And when the fighting was at its height they came to fetch me home, and invited Barty, for the Rohans were away from Paris. So home we walked, quite leisurely, on a lovely peaceful summer evening while the muskets rattled and the cannons roared round us, but at a proper distance; women picking linen for lint and chatting genially the while at shop doors and porter's lodge gates; and a piquet of soldiers at the corner of every street, who felt us all over for hidden cartridges before they let us through; it was all en-

trancing! The subtle scent of gunpowder was in the air—the most suggestive smell there can be. Even now, here in England, the night of the fifth of November never comes round but I am pleasantly reminded of the days when I was "en pleine révolution" in the streets of Paris with my father and mother, and Barty and my little sister — and genial *pioupious* made such a conscientious examination of our garments. Nothing brings back the past like a sound or a smell—even those of a penny squib!

Every now and then a litter borne by soldiers came by, on which lay a dead or wounded officer. And then one's laugh died suddenly out, and one felt one's self face to face with the horrors that were going on.

Barty shared my bed, and we lay awake talking half the night; dreadful as it all was, one couldn't help being jolly! Every ten minutes the sentinel on duty in the court-yard below would sententiously intone:

"Sentinelles, prenez-garde à vous!" And other sentinels would repeat the cry till it died away in the distance, like an echo.

And all next day, or the day after—or else the day after that, when the long rattle of the musketry had left off—we heard at intervals the "feu de peloton" in a field behind the Church of St.-Vincent de Paul, and knew that at every discharge a dozen poor devils of insurgents, caught red-handed, fell dead in a pool of blood!

I need hardly say that before three days were over, the irrepressible Barty had made a complete conquest of my small family. My sister (I hasten to say this) has loved him as a brother ever since; and as long as my parents lived, and wherever they made their home, that home has ever been his—and he has been their son — almost their eldest born; though he was younger than I by seven months.

Things have been reversed, however, for now thirty years and more; and his has ever been the home for me, and his people have been my people, and ever will be—and the God of his worship mine!

What children and grandchildren of my own could ever be to me as these of Barty Josselin's—

"Ce sacré Josselin—il avait tous les talents!"

And the happiest of these gifts, and not the least important, was the gift he had of imparting to his offspring all that was most brilliant and amiable and attractive in himself, and leaving in them unimpaired all that was strongest and best in the woman I loved as well as he did, and have loved as long—and have grown to look upon as belonging to the highest female type that can be: for doubtless the Creator, in His infinite wisdom, might have created a better and a nicer woman than Mrs. Barty Josselin that was to be, had He thought fit to do so; but doubtless also He never did.

Alas! the worst of us is that the best of us are those that want the longest knowing to find it out.

My kind-hearted but cold-mannered and undemonstrative Scotch father, evangelical, a total abstainer, with a horror of tobacco—surely the austerest dealer in French wines that ever was—a puritanical hater of bar sinisters, and profligacy, and Rome, and rank, and the army, and especially the stage — he always lumped them together more or less—a despiser of all things French, except their wines, which he never drank himself—remained devoted to Barty till the day of his death; and so with my dear genial mother, whose heart yet always yearned towards serious boys who worked hard at school and college, and passed brilliant examinations, and got scholarships and fellowships in England, and state sinecures in France, and married early, and let their mothers choose their wives for them, and train up their children in the way they should go. She had lived so long in France that she was Frencher than the French themselves.

And they both loved good music: Mozart, Bach, Beethoven—and were almost priggish in their contempt for anything of a lighter kind; especially with a lightness English or French! It was only the musical lightness of Germany they could endure at all! But whether in Paris or London, enter Barty Josselin, idle schoolboy, or dandy dissipated guardsman, and fashionable man about town, or bohemian art student; and Bach, lebewohl! good-by, Beethoven! bonsoir le bon Mozart! all was changed: and welcome, instead, the last comic song from the Château des Fleurs, or Evans's in Covent Garden; the latest patriotic or sentimental ditty by Loïsa Puget, or Frédéric Bérat, or Eliza Cook, or Mr. Henry Russell.

And then, what would Barty like for breakfast, dinner, supper after the play, and which of all those burgundies would do Barty good without giving him a headache next morning? and where was Barty to have his smoke?—in the library, of course. "Light the fire in the library, Mary; and Mr. Bob [that was me] can smoke there too, instead of going outside," etc., etc., etc. It is small wonder that he grew a bit selfish at times.

Though I was a little jealous now and then, it is quite without a shadow of bitterness or envy that I write all this. I have lived for fifty years under the charm of that genial, unconscious, irresistible tyranny; and, unlike my dear parents, I have lived to read and know Barty Josselin, nor merely to see and hear and love him for himself alone.

Indeed, it was quite impossible to know Barty at all intimately and not do whatever he wanted you to do. Whatever he wanted, he wanted so intensely, and at once; and he had such a droll and engaging way of expressing that hurry and intensity, and especially of expressing his gratitude and delight when what he wanted was what he got, that you could not for the life of you hold your own! Tout vient à qui ne sait pas attendre!

Besides which, every now and then, if things didn't go quite as he wished, he would fly into comic rages, and become quite violent and intractable for at least five minutes, and for quite five minutes more he would silently sulk. And then, just as suddenly, he would forget all about it, and become once more the genial, affectionate, and caressing creature he always was.

But this is going ahead too fast! revenons. At the examinations this year Barty was almost brilliant, and I was hopeless as usual—my only consolation being that after the holidays we should at last be in the same class together, *en quatrième*, and all through this hopelessness of mine!

Laferté was told by his father that he might invite two of his school-fellows to their country house for the vacation, so he asked Josselin and Bussy-Rabutin. But Bussy couldn't go—and, to my delight, I went instead.

That ride all through the sweet August night, the three of us on the impériale of the five-horsed diligence, just behind the conductor and the driver—and freedom, and a full moon, or nearly so—and a tremendous saucisson de Lyon (à l'ail, bound in silver paper)—and petits pains—and six bottles of bière de Mars—and cigarettes ad libitum, which of course we made ourselves!

The Lafertés lived in the Department of La Sarthe, in a delightful country house, with a large garden sloping down to a transparent stream, which had willows and alders and poplars all along its both banks, and a beautiful country beyond.

Outside the grounds (where there were the old brick walls, all overgrown with peaches and pears and apricots, of some forgotten mediæval convent) was a large farm; and close by, a water-mill that never stopped.

A road, with thick hedge-rows on either side, led to a small and very pretty town called La Tremblaye, three miles off. And hard by the garden gates began the big forest of that name: one heard the stags calling, and the owls hooting, and the fox giving tongue as it hunted the hares at night. There might have been wolves and wild-boars. I like to think so very much.

M. Laferté was a man of about fifty—entre les deux âges; a retired maître de forges, or iron-master, or else the son of one: I forget which. He had a charming wife and two pretty little daughters, Jeanne et Marie, aged fourteen and twelve.

He seldom moved from his country home, which was called "Le Gué des Aulnes," except to go shooting in the forest; for he was a great sportsman and cared for little else. He was of gigantic stature; six foot six or seven, and looked taller still, as he had a very small head and high shoulders: he was not an Adonis, and could only see out of one eye—the other (the left one, fortunately) was fixed as if it were made of glass—perhaps it was—and this gave him a stern and rather forbidding expression of face.

He had just been elected Mayor of La Tremblaye, beating the Comte de la Tremblaye by many votes. The Comte was a royalist and not popular. The republican M. Laferté (who was immensely charitable and very just) was very popular indeed, in spite of a morose and gloomy manner. He could even be violent at times, and then he was terrible to see and hear. Of course his wife and daughters

were gentleness itself, and so was his son, and everybody who came into contact with him. *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, as Père Brossard used to impress upon us.

It was the strangest country household I have ever seen, in France or anywhere else. They were evidently very well off, yet they preferred to eat their mid-day meal in the kitchen, which was immense; and so was the mid-day meal—and of a succulency! . . .

An old wolf-hound always lay by the huge log fire; often with two or three fidgety cats fighting for the soft places on him and making him growl; five or six other dogs, non-sporting, were always about at meal-time.

The servants, three or four peasant women who waited on us, talked all the time; and were *tutoyées* by the family. Farm-laborers came in and discussed agricultural matters, manures, etc., quite informally, squeezing their bonnets de coton in their hands. The postman sat by the fire and drank a glass of cider and smoked his pipe up the chimney while the letters were read—most of them out loud, and were commented upon by everybody in the most friendly spirit; all this made the meal last a long time.

M. Laferté always wore his blouse—except in the evening, and then he wore a brown woollen vareuse, or jersey; unless there were guests, when he wore his Sunday morning best. He nearly always spoke like a peasant, although he was really a decently educated man—or should have been.

His old mother, who was of good family and eighty years of age, lived in a quite humble cottage in a small street in La Tremblaye, with two little peasant girls to wait on her; and the La Tremblayes, with whom M. Laferté was not on speaking terms, were always coming into the village to see her and bring her fruit and flowers and game. She was a most accomplished old lady, and an excellent musician, and had known Monsieur de Lafayette.

We breakfasted with her when we alighted from the diligence at six in the morning; and she took such a fancy to Barty that her own grandson was almost forgotten. He sang to her, and she sang to him, and showed him autograph letters of Lafayette, and a lock of her hair when she was seventeen, and old-fashioned miniatures of her father and mother, Monsieur and Madame de something I've quite forgotten.

M. Laferté kept a pack of bassets (a kind of bow-legged beagle), and went shooting with them every day in the forest, wet or dry; sometimes we three boys with him. He lent us guns—an old single-barrelled flint-lock cavalry musket or carbine fell to my share; and I knew happiness such as I had never known yet.

Barty was evidently not meant for a sportsman. On a very warm August morning, as he and I squatted "à l'affût" at the end of a long straight ditch outside a thicket which the bassets were hunting, we saw a hare running full tilt at us along the ditch, and we both fired together. The hare shrieked, and turned a big summersault and fell on its back, and kicked convulsively—its legs still galloping—and its face and neck were covered with blood; and, to my astonishment, Barty became quite hysterical with grief at what we had done. It's the only time I ever saw him cry.

"*Caïn! Caïn! qu'as-tu fait de ton frère?*" he shrieked again and again, in a high voice, like a small child's—like the hare's!

I calmed him down and promised I wouldn't tell, and he recovered himself and bagged the game—but he never came out shooting with us again! So I inherited his gun, which was double-barrelled.

Barty's accomplishments soon became the principal recreation of the Laferté ladies; and even M. Laferté himself would start for the forest an hour or two later or come back an hour sooner to make Barty go through his bag of tricks. He would have an arm-chair brought out on the lawn after breakfast and light his short black pipe and settle the programme himself.

First, "*le saut périlleux*"—the summersault backwards—over and over again, at intervals of two or three minutes, so as to give himself time for thought and chuckles, while he smoked his pipe in silent stodgy jubilation.

Then, two or three songs—they would be stopped, if M. Laferté didn't like them, after the first verse, and another one started instead; and if it pleased him, it was encored two or three times.

Then, pen and ink and paper were brought, and a small table and a kitchen chair, and Barty had to draw caricatures, of which M. Laferté chose the subject.



LE PÈRE POLYPHÈME.

"Maintenant, fais-moi le profil de mon vieil ami M. Bonzig, que j' n' connais pas, que j' n'ai jamais vu, mais q' j'aime beaucoup." (Now do me the side face of my old friend M. Bonzig, whom I don't know, but am very fond of.)

And so on for twenty minutes.

Then Barty had to be blindfolded and twisted round and round, and point out the north—when he felt up to it.

Then a pause for reflection.

Then: "Dis-moi qué'q' chose en anglais."

"How do you do very well hey diddle-diddle Chichester church in Chichester church-yard!" says Barty.

"Qué'q' ça veut dire?"

"Il s'agit d'une église et d'un cimetière!" says Barty—rather sadly, with a wink at me.

"C'est pas gai! Qué 'vilaine langue, hein? J' suis joliment content que j' sais pas l'anglais, moi!" (It's not lively! What a beastly language, eh? I'm precious glad *I* don't know English.)

Then: "Démontre-moi un problème de géométrie."

Barty would then do a simple problem out of Legendre (the French Euclid), and M. Laferté would look on with deep interest and admiration, but evidently no comprehension whatever. Then he would take the pen himself, and draw a shapeless figure, with A's and B's and C's and D's stuck all over it in impossible places, and quite at hazard, and say:

"Démontre-moi que A+B est plus grand que C+D." It was mere idiotic nonsense, and he didn't know better.

But Barty would manage to demonstrate it all the same, and M. Laferté would sigh deeply, and exclaim, "C'est joliment beau, la géométrie!"

Then: "Danse!"

And Barty danced "la Paladine," and did Scotch reels and Irish jigs and breakdowns of his own invention, amidst roars of laughter from all the family.

Finally the gentlemen of the party went down to the river for a swim—and old Laferté would sit on the bank and smoke his brûle-gueule, and throw carefully selected stones for Barty to dive after—and feel he'd scored off Barty when the proper stone wasn't found, and roar in his triumph. After which he would go and pick the finest peach he could find, and peel it with his pocket-knife very neatly, and when Barty was dressed, present it to him with a kindly look in both eyes at once.

"Mange-moi ça—ça t' fera du bien!"

Then, suddenly:

"Pourquoi q' tu n'aimes pas la chasse? t'as pas peur, j'espère!" (Why don't you like shooting? you're not afraid, I hope!)

"'Sais pas,'" said Josselin; "don't like killing things, I suppose."

So Barty became quite indispensable to the happiness and comfort of Père Polyphème, as he called him, as well as of his amiable family.

On the 1st of September there was a grand breakfast in honor of the partridges (not in the kitchen this time), and many guests were invited; and Barty had to sing and talk and play the fool all through breakfast; and got very tipsy, and had to be put to bed for the rest of the day. It was no fault of his, and Madame Laferté declared that "ces messieurs" ought to be ashamed of themselves, and watched over Barty like a mother. He has often declared he was never quite the same after that debauch—and couldn't feel the north for a month.

The house was soon full of guests, and Barty and I slept in M. Laferté's bedroom—his wife in a room adjoining.

Every morning old Polyphemus would wake us by roaring out:

"Hé! ma femme!"

"Voilà, voilà, mon ami!" from the next room.

"Viens vite panser mon cautère!"

And in came Madame L. in her dressing-gown, and dressed a blister he wore on his big arm.

Then: "Café!"

And coffee came, and he drank it in bed.

Then: "Pipe!"

And his pipe was brought and filled, and he lit it.

Then: "Josselin!"

"Oui, M'sieur Laferté."

"Tire-moi une gamme."

"Dorémifasollasido—Dosilasolfamiré-do!" sang Josselin, up and down, in beautiful tune, with his fresh birdlike soprano.

"Ah! q' ça fait du bien!" says M. L.; then a pause, and puffs of smoke and grunts and sighs of satisfaction.

"Josselin?"

"Oui, M'sieur Laferté!"

"'La brune Thérèse!'"

And Josselin would sing about the dark-haired Theresa—three verses.

"Tu as changé la fin du second couplet —tu as dit '*des comtesses*' au lieu de dire '*des duchesses*' — recommence!" (You changed the end of the second verse—you said "countesses" instead of "duchesses" —begin again.)

And Barty would re-sing it, as desired, and bring in the duchesses.

"Maintenant, 'Colin, disait Lisette!'"

And Barty would sing that charming little song, most charmingly:

"'Colin,' disait Lisette,
'Je voudrais passer l'eau!
Mais je suis trop pauvrette
Pour payer le bateau!'
'Entrez, entrez, ma belle!
Entrez, entrez toujours!
Et vogue la nacelle
Qui porte mes amours!'"

And old L. would smoke and listen with an air of heavenly beatitude almost pathetic.

"Elle était bien gentille, Lisette—n'est-ce pas, petiot?—recommence!" (She was very nice, Lisette; wasn't she, sonny?—begin again!)

"Now both get up and wash and go to breakfast. Come here, Josselin—you see this little silver dagger" (producing it from under his pillow). "It's rather pointy, but not at all dangerous. My mother gave it me when I was just your age—to cut books with; it's for you. Allons, file! [cut along] no thanks!—but look here—are you coming with us à la chasse to-day?"

"Non, M. Laferté."

"Pourquoi?—t'as pas peur, j'espère!"

"Sais pas. J' n'aime pas les choses mortes—ça saigne—et ça n' sent pas bon—ça m' fait mal au cœur." (Don't know. I'm not fond of dead things. They bleed—and they don't smell nice—it makes me sick.)

And two or three times a day would Barty receive some costly token of this queer old giant's affection, till he got quite unhappy about it. He feared he was despoiling the House of Laferté of all its treasures in silver and gold; but he soothed his troubled conscience later on by giving them all away to favorite boys and masters at Brossard's—especially M. Bonzig, who had taken charge of his white mouse (and her family, now quite grown up—children and grandchildren and all) when Mlle. Marceline went for her fortnight's holiday. Indeed, he had made a beautiful cage for them out of wood and wire, with little pasteboard mangers (which they nibbled away).

Well, the men of the party and young Laferté and I would go off with the dogs and keepers into the forest—and Barty would pick filberts and fruit with Jeanne and Marie, and eat them with bread-and-butter and jam and *cernaux* (unripe walnuts mixed with salt and water and verjuice—quite the nicest thing in the world). Then he would find his way into the heart of the forest, which he loved—and where he had scraped up a warm friendship with some charcoal-burners, whose huts were near an old yellow-watered pond, very brackish and stagnant and deep, and full of leeches and water-spiders. It was in the densest part of the forest, where the trees were so tall and leafy that the sun never fell on it, even at noon. The charcoal-burners told him that in '93 a young de la Tremblaye was taken there at sunset to be hanged on a giant oak-tree—but he talked so agreeably and was so pleasant all round that they relented, and sent for bread and wine and cider and made a night of it, and didn't hang him till dawn next day; after which they tied a stone to his ankles and dropped him into the pond, which was called "the pond of the respite" ever since; and his young wife, Claire Élisabeth, drowned herself there the week after, and their bones lie at the bottom to this very day.

And, ghastly to relate, the ringleader in this horrible tragedy was a beautiful young woman, a daughter of the people, it seems—one Séraphine Doucet, whom the young viscount had betrayed before his marriage—le droit du seigneur—and but for whom he would have been let off after that festive night. Ten or fifteen years later, smitten with incurable remorse, she hanged herself on the very branch of the very tree where they had strung up her noble lover; and still walks round the pond at night, wringing her hands and wailing. It's a sad story—let us hope it isn't true.

Barty Josselin evidently had this pond in his mind when he wrote in "Âmes en peine":

Sous la berge hantée
L'eau morne croupit—
Sous la sombre futaie
Le renard glapit,

Et le cerf-dix-cors brame, et les daims viennent boire à l'Étang du Répit.
"Lâchez-moi, Loup-garoux!"

Que sinistre est la mare
Quand tombe la nuit;
La chouette s'effare—
Le blaireau s'enfuit!

L'on y sent que les morts se réveillent—qu'une ombre sans nom vous poursuit.
"Lâchez-moi, Loup-garoux!"

Forêt! forêt! what a magic there is in that little French dissyllable! Morne forêt! Is it the lost "s" (and the heavy "^" that makes up for it) which lend such a mysterious and gloomy fascination?

Forest! that sounds rather tame—almost cheerful! If *we* want a forest dream we have to go so far back for it, and dream of Robin Hood and his merrie men! and even then Epping forces itself into our dream—and even Chingford, where there was never a were-wolf within the memory of man. Give us at least the *virgin* forest, in some far Guyana or Brazil—or even the forest primeval—

"... where the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar"—

that we may dream of scalp-hunting Mingoes, and grizzly-bears, and moose, and buffalo,—and the beloved Bas-de-cuir with that magic rifle of his, that so seldom missed its mark and never got out of repair.

"Prom'nons-nous dans les bois
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas. . . ."

That's the first song I ever heard. Céline used to sing it, my nurse—who was very lovely, though she had a cast in her eye and wore a black cap, and cotton in her ears, and was pitted with the small-pox. It was in Burgundy, which was rich in forests, with plenty of wolves in them, and wild-boars too—and that was only a hundred years ago, when that I was a little tiny boy. It's just an old nursery rhyme to lull children to sleep with, or set them dancing—pas aut' chose—but there's a deal of Old France in it!

There I go again—digressing as usual and quoting poetry and trying to be literary and all that! C'est plus fort que moi. . . .

One beautiful evening after dinner we went, the whole lot of us, fishing for crayfish in the meadows beyond the home farm.

As we sat about waiting for the crayfish to assemble round the bits of dead frog that served for bait and were tied to the wire scales (which were left in the water), a procession of cows came past us from the farm. One of them had a wound in her flank—a large tumor.

"It's the bull who did that," said Marie. "Il est très méchant!"

Presently the bull appeared, following the herd in sulky dignity. We all got up and crossed the stream on a narrow plank—all but Josselin, who remained sitting on a camp-stool.

"Josselin! Josselin! venez donc! il est très mauvais, le taureau!"

Barty didn't move.

The bull came by; and suddenly, seeing him, walked straight to within a yard of him—and stared at him for five minutes at least, lashing its tail. Barty didn't stir. Our hearts were in our mouths!

Then the big brindled brute turned quietly round with a friendly snort and went after the cows—and Barty got up and made it a courtly farewell salute, saying, "Bon voyage—au plaisir!"

After which he joined the rest of us across the stream, and came in for a good scolding and much passionate admiration from the ladies, and huggings and tears of relief from Madame Laferté.

"I knew well he wouldn't be afraid!" said M. Laferté; "they are all like that, those English—le sang-froid du diable! nom d'un Vellington! It is we who were afraid—we are not so brave as the little Josselin! plucky little Josselin! But why did you not come with us? Temerity is not valor, Josselin!"

"Because I wanted to show off [*faire le fanfaron*]!" said Barty, with extreme simplicity.

"Ah, diable! Anyhow, it was brave of you to sit still when he came and looked at you in the white of the eyes! it was just the right thing to do; ces Anglais! je n'en reviens pas! à quatorze ans! hein, ma femme?"

"Pardi!" said Barty, "I was in such a blue funk [j'avais une venette si bleue] that I couldn't have moved a finger to save my life!"

At this, old Polyphemus went into a homeric peal of laughter.



FANFARONNADE.

"Ces Anglais! what originals — they tell you the real truth at any cost [ils vous disent la vraie vérité, coûte que coûte]!" and his affection for Barty seemed to increase, if possible, from that evening.

Now this was Barty all over — all through life. He always gave himself away with a liberality quite uncalled-for —so he ought to have some allowances made for that reckless and impulsive indiscretion which caused him to be so popular in general society, but got him into so many awkward scrapes in after-life, and made him such mean enemies, and gave his friends so much anxiety and distress.

(And here I think it right to apologize for so much translating of such a well-known language as French; I feel quite like another Ollendorff—who must have been a German, by-the-way—but M. Laferté's grammar and accent would sometimes have puzzled Ollendorff himself!)

. . . . . .

Towards the close of September, M. Laferté took it into his head to make a tour of provincial visits *en famille*. He had never done such a thing before, and I really believe it was all to show off Barty to his friends and relations.

It was the happiest time I ever had, and shines out by itself in that already so unforgettably delightful vacation.

We went in a large charabancs drawn by two stout horses, starting at six in the morning, and driving right through the Forest of La Tremblaye; and just ahead of us, to show us the way, M. Laferté driving himself in an old cabriolet, with Josselin (from whom he refused to be parted) by his side, singing or talking, according to order, or cracking jokes; we could hear the big laugh of Polyphemus!

We travelled very leisurely; I forget whether we ever changed horses or not—but we got over a good deal of ground. We put up at the country houses of friends and relations of the Laferté's; and visited old historical castles and mediæval ruins — Châteaudun and others — and fished in beautiful pellucid tributaries of the Loire—shot over "des chiens anglais" —danced half the night with charming people—wandered in lovely parks and woods, and beautiful old formal gardens with fish-ponds, terraces, statues, marble fountains; charmilles, pelouses, quinconces; and all the flowers and all the fruits of France! And the sun shone every day and all day long—and in one's dreams all night.

And the peasants in that happy country of the Loire spoke the most beautiful French, and had the most beautiful manners in the world. They're famous for it.

It all seems like a fairy tale.

If being made much of, and petted and patted and admired and wondered at, make up the sum of human bliss, Barty came in for as full a share of felicity during that festive week as should last an ordinary mortal for a twelvemonth. *Figaro quà, Figaro là*, from morning till night in three departments of France!

But he didn't seem to care very much about it all; he would have been far happier singing and tumbling and romancing away to his charbonniers by the pond in the Forest of La Tremblaye. He declared he was never quite himself unless he could feel the north for at least an hour or two every day, and all night long in his sleep—and that he should never feel the north again—that it was gone forever; that he had drunk it all away at that fatal breakfast — and it made him lonely to wake up in the middle of the night and not know which way he lay! "dépaysé," as he called it—"désorienté —perdu!"

And laughing, he would add, "Ayez pitié d'un pauvre orphelin!"

. . . . . .

Then back to Le Gué des Aulnes. And one evening, after a good supper at Grandmaman Laferté's, the diligence de Paris came jingling and rumbling through the main street of La Tremblaye, flashing right and left its two big lamps, red and blue. And we three boys, after the most grateful and affectionate farewells, packed ourselves into the coupé, which had been retained for us, and rumbled back to Paris through the night.

There was quite a crowd to see us off. Not only Laferté's, but others—all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children—and among them three or four of Barty's charcoal-burning friends; one of whom, an old man with magnificent black eyes and an immense beard, that would have been white if he hadn't been a charcoal-burner, kissed Barty on both cheeks, and gave him a huge bag full of some kind of forest berry that is good to eat; also a young cuckoo (which Barty restored to liberty an hour later); also a

dormouse and a large green lizard; also, in a little pasteboard box, a gigantic pale green caterpillar four inches long and thicker than your thumb, with a row of shiny blue stars in relief all along each side of its back—the most beautiful thing of the kind you ever saw.

"Pioche bien ta géométrie, mon bon petit Josselin! c'est la plus belle science au monde, crois-moi!" said M. Laferté to Barty, and gave him the hug of a grizzly-bear; and to me he gave a terrific hand-squeeze, and a beautiful double-barrelled gun by Lefaucheux, for which I felt too supremely grateful to find suitable thanks. I have it now, but I have long given up killing things with it.

I had grown immensely fond of this colossal old "bourru bienfaisant," as he was called in La Tremblaye, and believe that all his moroseness and brutality were put on, to hide one of the warmest, simplest, and tenderest hearts in the world.

Before dawn Barty woke up with such a start that he woke me.

"Enfin! ça y est! quelle chance!" he exclaimed.

"Quoi, quoi, quoi?" said I, quacking like a duck.

"Le nord—c'est revenu—it's just ahead of us—a little to the left!"

We were nearing Paris.

And thus ended the proudest and happiest time I ever had in my life. Indeed I almost had an adventure on my own account—*une bonne fortune*, as it was called at Brossard's by boys hardly older than myself. I did not brag of it, however, when I got back to school.

It was at "Les Laiteries," or "Les Poteries," or "Les Crucheries," or some such place, the charming abode of Monsieur et Madame Pélisson—only their name wasn't Pélisson, or anything like it. At dinner I sat next to a Miss ——, who was very tall and wore blond side ringlets. I think she must have been the English governess.

We talked very much together, in English; and after dinner we walked in the garden together by starlight arm in arm, and she was so kind and genial to me in English that I felt quite chivalrous and romantic, and ready to do doughty deeds for her sake.

Then, at M. Pélisson's request, all the company assembled in a group for evening prayer, under a spreading chestnut-tree on the lawn: the prayer sounded very much like the morning or evening prayer at Brossard's, except that the Almighty was addressed as "toi" instead of "vous"; it began:

"Notre Père qui es aux cieux—toi dont le regard scrutateur pénètre jusque dans les replis les plus profonds de nos cœurs"—and ended, "Ainsi soit-il!"

The night was very dark, and I stood close to Miss ——, who stood as it seemed with her hands somewhere behind her back. I was so grateful to her for having talked to me so nicely, and so fond of her for being English, that the impulse seized me to steal my hand into hers—and her hand met mine with a gentle squeeze which I returned; but soon the pressure of her hand increased, and by the time M. le Curé had got to "au nom du Père" the pressure of her hand had become an agony—a thing to make one shriek!

"Ainsi soit-il!" said M. le Curé, and the little group broke up, and Miss —— walked quietly in-doors with her arm around Madame Pélisson's waist, and without even wishing me good-night—and my hand was being squeezed worse than ever.

"Ah ha! Lequel de nous deux est volé, petit coquin?" hissed an angry male voice in my ear—(which of us two is sold, you little rascal?).

And I found my hand in that of Monsieur Pélisson, whose name was something else—and I couldn't make it out, nor why he was so angry. It has dawned upon me since that each of us took the other's hand by mistake for that of the English governess!

All this is beastly and cynical and French, and I apologize for it—but it's true.

October!

It was a black Monday for me when school began again after that ideal vacation. The skies they were ashen and sober, and the leaves they were crisped and sere. But anyhow I was still *en quatrième*, and Barty was in it too—and we sat next to each other in "L'étude des grands."

There was only one étude now; only half the boys came back, and the pavillon des petits was shut up, study, classrooms, dormitories, and all—except that two masters slept there still.

Eight or ten small boys were put in a



M. DUROSIER'S CLASSE DE LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE. (MÉROVÉE RINGS THE BELL.)

small school-room in the same house as ours, and had a small dormitory to themselves, with M. Bonzig to superintend them.

I made up my mind that I would no longer be a *cancre* and a *crétin*, but work hard and do my little best, so that I might keep up with Barty and pass into the *troisième* with him, and then into *Rhétorique* (seconde), and then into *Philosophie* (première)—that we might do our humanities and take our degree together—our "*Bachot*," which is short for *Baccalauréat-ès-lettres*. Most especially did I love Monsieur Durosier's class of French Literature—for which Mérovée always rang the bell himself.

My mother and sister were still at Ste.-Adresse, Hâvre, with my father; so I spent my first Sunday that term at the Archibald Rohans, in the rue du Bac.

I had often seen them at Brossard's, when they came to see Barty, but had never been at their house before.

They were very charming people.

Lord Archibald was dressing when we got there that Sunday morning, and we sat with him while he shaved—in an immense dressing-room where there were half a dozen towel-horses with about thirty pairs of newly ironed trousers on them instead of towels, and quite thirty pairs of shiny boots on trees were ranged along the wall. James, an impeccable English valet, waited on "his lordship," and never spoke unless spoken to.

"Hullo, Barty! Who's your friend?"

"Bob Maurice, Uncle Archie."

And Uncle Archie shook hands with me most cordially.

"And how's the north pole this morning?"

"Nicely, thanks, Uncle Archie."

Lord Archibald was a very tall and handsome man, about fifty—very droll and full of anecdote; he had stories to tell about everything in the room.

For instance, how Major Welsh of the 10th Hussars had given him that pair of Wellingtons, which fitted him better than any boots Hoby ever made him to measure; they were too tight for poor Welsh, who was a head shorter than himself.

How Kerlewis made him that frock-coat fifteen years ago, and it wasn't threadbare yet, and fitted him as well as ever—for he hadn't changed his weight for thirty years, etc.

How that pair of braces had been made by "my lady" out of a pair of garters she wore on the day they were married.

And then he told us how to keep trousers from bagging at the knees, and how cloth coats should be ironed, and how often—and how to fold an umbrella.

It suddenly occurs to me that perhaps these little anecdotes may not be so amusing to the general reader as they were to me when he told them, so I won't tell any more. Indeed, I have often noticed that things look sometimes rather dull in print that were so surprisingly witty when said in spontaneous talk a great many years ago!

Then we went to breakfast with my lady and Daphne, their charming little daughter—Barty's sister, as he called her—"m'amour"—and who spoke both French and English equally well.

But we didn't breakfast at once, ravenous as we boys were, for Lady Archibald took a sudden dislike to Lord A.'s cravat, which, it seems, he had never worn before. It was in brown satin, and Lady A. declared that Loulou (so she called him) never looked "*en beauté*" with a brown cravat; and there was quite a little quarrel between husband and wife on the subject—so that he had to go back to his dressing-room and put on a blue one.

At breakfast he talked about French soldiers of the line, and their marching kit (as it would be called now), quite earnestly, and, as it seemed to me, very sensibly—though he went through little mimicries that made his wife scream with laughter, and me too; and in the middle of breakfast Barty sang "Le Chant du Départ"—as well as he could for laughing:

"La victoire en chantant nous ouvre la carrière!
La liberté-é gui-i-de nos pas"....

while Lord A. went through an expressive pantomime of an overladen foot-soldier up and down the room, in time to the music. The only person who didn't laugh was James—which I thought ungenial.

Then Lady A. had *her* innings, and sang "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule de vaves"—and declared it was far more ridiculous really than the "Chant du Départ," and she made it seem so, for she went through a pantomime too. She was a most delightful person, and spoke English quite well when she chose; and seemed as fond of Barty as if he were her own and only son—and so did Lord Archibald. She would say:

"Quel dommage qu'on ne peut pas avoir des crompettes [crumpets]! Barty les aime tant! n'est-ce pas, mon chou, tu aimes bien les crompettes? voici venir du buttered toast—c'est toujours ça!"

And, "Mon Dieu, comme il a bonne mine, ce cher Barty—n'est-ce pas, mon amour, que tu as bonne mine? regarde-toi dans la glace."

And, "Si nous allions à l'Hippodrôme cette après-midi voir la belle écuyère Madame Richard? Barty adore les jolies femmes, comme son oncle! n'est-ce pas, méchant petit Barty, que tu adores les jolies femmes? et tu n'as jamais vu Madame Richard? Tu m'en diras des nouvelles! et vous, mon ami [this to me], est-ce que vous adorez aussi les jolies femmes?"

"Ô oui," says Daphne, "allons voir M'ame Richard; it 'll be *such* fun! oh, bully!"

So after breakfast we went for a walk, and to a café on the Quai d'Orsay, and then to the Hippodrôme, and saw the beautiful écuyère in graceful feats of la haute école, and lost our hearts—especially Lord Archibald, though him she knew; for she kissed her hand to him—and he his to her.

Then we dined at the Palais Royal, and afterwards went to the Café des Aveugles, an underground coffee-house near the Café de la Rotonde, and where blind men made instrumental music—and we had a capital evening.

I have met in my time more intellectual people, perhaps, than the Archibald Rohans—but never people more amiable, or with kinder, simpler manners, or who made one feel more quickly and thoroughly at home—and the more I got to know them, the more I grew to like them; and their fondness for each other and Daphne, and for Barty too, was quite touching; as was his for them. So the winter sped happily till February, when a sad thing happened.

I had spent Sunday with my mother and sister, who now lived on the ground-floor of 108 Champs Élysées.

I slept there that Sunday night, and walked back to school next morning; to my surprise, as I got to a large field through which a diagonal footpath led to Père Jaurion's loge, I saw five or six boys sitting on the terrace parapet with their legs dangling outside. They should have been in class, by rights. They watched me cross the field, but made no sign.

"What on earth *can* be the matter?" thought I.

The cordon was pulled, and I came on a group of boys all stiff and silent.

"Qu'est-ce que vous avez donc, tous?" I asked.

"Le père Brossard est mort!" said de Villars.

Poor M. Brossard had died of apoplexy on the previous afternoon. He had run to catch the Passy omnibus directly after lunch, and had fallen down in a fit and died immediately.

"Il est tombé du haut mal"—as they expressed it.

His son Mérovée and his daughter Madame Germain were distracted. The whole of that day was spent by the boys in a strange unnatural state of *désœuvrement*, and suppressed excitement for which no outlet was possible. The meals, especially, were all but unbearable; one was ashamed of having an appetite, and yet one had—almost keener than usual, if I may judge by myself—and for some undiscovered reason the food was better than on other Mondays!

Next morning we all went up in sorrowful procession to kiss our poor dear head master's cold forehead as he lay dead in his bed, with sprigs of boxwood on his pillow; and above his head a jar of holy water with which we sprinkled him. He looked very serene and majestic; but it was a harrowing ceremony. Mérovée stood by with swollen eyes and deathly pale—incarnate grief.

On Wednesday afternoon M. Brossard was buried in the Cimetière de Passy, a tremendous crowd following the hearse; the boys and masters just behind Mérovée and M. Germain, the chief male mourners. The women walked in another separate procession behind.

Béranger and Alphonse Karr were present among the notabilities, and speeches were made over his open grave, for he was a very distinguished man.

And, tragical to relate, that evening in the study Barty and I fell out, and it led to a stand-up fight next day.

There was no preparation that evening; he and I sat side by side reading out of a book by Châteaubriand—either *Atala et Réné* or *Les Natchez*, I forget which. I have never seen either since.

The study was hushed; M. Dumollard was de service as maître d'études, although there was no attempt to do anything but sadly read improving books.

If I remember aright, Réné, a very sentimental young Frenchman, who had loved the wrong person not wisely, but too well (a very wrong person indeed, in his case), emigrated to North America, and there he met a beautiful Indian maiden, one Atala, of the Natchez tribe, who had rosy heels and was charming, and whose entire skin was probably a warm dark red, although this is not insisted upon. She also had a brother, whose name was Outogamiz.

Well, Réné loved Atala, Atala loved Réné, and they were married; and Outogamiz went through some ceremony besides, which made him blood brother and bosom friend to Réné—a bond which involved certain obligatory rites and duties and self-sacrifices.

Atala died and was buried. Réné died and was buried also; and every day, as in duty bound, poor Outogamiz went and pricked a vein and bled over Réné's tomb, till he died himself of exhaustion before he was many weeks older. I quote entirely from memory.

This simple story was told in very touching and beautiful language, by no means telegraphese, and Barty and I were deeply affected by it.

"I say, Bob!" Barty whispered to me, with a break in his voice, "some day I'll marry your sister, and we'll all go off to America together, and she'll die, and *I*'ll die, and you shall bleed yourself to death on my tomb!"

"No," said I, after a moment's thought. "No—look here! "*I*'ll marry *your* sister, and *I*'ll die, and *you* shall bleed over *my* tomb!"

Then, after a pause:

"I haven't got a sister, as you know quite well—and if I had she wouldn't be for *you!*" says Barty.

"Why not?"

"Because you're not good-looking enough!" says Barty.

At this, just for fun, I gave him a nudge in the wind with my elbow—and he gave me a "twisted pinch" on the arm —and I kicked him on the ankle, but so much harder than I intended that it hurt him, and he gave me a tremendous box on the ear, and we set to fighting like a couple of wild-cats, without even getting up, to the scandal of the whole study and the indignant disgust of M. Dumollard, who separated us, and read us a pretty lecture:

"Voilà bien les Anglais!—rien n'est sacré pour eux, pas même la mort! rien que les chiens et les chevaux." (Nothing, not even death, is sacred to Englishmen —nothing but dogs and horses.)

When we went up to bed, the head boy of the school—a first-rate boy called d'Orthez, and Berquin (another first-rate boy), who had each a bedroom to himself, came into the dormitory and took up the quarrel, and discussed what should be done. Both of us were English—ergo, both of us ought to box away the insult with our fists; so "they set a combat us between, to fecht it in the dawing," that is, just after breakfast, in the school-room.

I went to bed very unhappy, and so, I think, did Barty.

Next morning at six, just after the morning prayer, M. Mérovée came into the school-room and made us a most straightforward, manly, and affecting speech; in which he told us he meant to keep on the school, and thanked us, boys and masters, for our sympathy.

We were all moved to our very depths —and sat at our work solemn and sorrowful, all through that lamp-lit hour and a half; we hardly dared to cough, and never looked up from our desks.

Then 7.30—ding-dang-dong and breakfast. Thursday—bread-and-butter morning!

I felt hungry and greedy and very sad, and disinclined to fight. Barty and I had sat turned away from each other, and made no attempt at reconciliation.

We all went to the réfectoire: it was raining fast. I made my ball of salt and butter, and put it in a hole in my hunk of bread, and ran back to the study, where I locked these treasures in my desk.

The study soon filled with boys: no masters ever came there during that half-hour: they generally smoked and read their newspapers in the gymnastic ground, or else in their own rooms when it was wet outside.

D'Orthez and Berquin moved one or two desks and forms out of the way so as to make a ring—l'arène, as they called it—with comfortable seats all round. Small boys stood on forms and window-sills eating their bread-and-butter with a tremendous relish.

"Dites donc, vous autres," says Bonneville, the wit of the school, who was in very high spirits; "it's like the Roman Empire during the decadence—'*panem et circenses!*'"

"What's that, *circenses?* what does it mean?" says Rapaud, with his mouth full.

"Why, *butter*, you idiot! Didn't you know *that?*" says Bonneville.

Barty and I stood opposite each other; at his sides as seconds were d'Orthez and Berquin; at mine, Jolivet trois (the only Jolivet now left in the school) and big du Tertre-Jouan (the young marquis who wasn't Bonneville).

We began to spar at each other in as knowing and English a way as we knew how—keeping a very respectful distance indeed, and trying to bear ourselves as scientifically as we could, with a keen expression of the eye.

When I looked into Barty's face I felt that nothing on earth would ever make me hit such a face as that—whatever he might do to mine. My blood wasn't up; besides, I was a coarse-grained, thick-set, bullet-headed little chap, with no nerves to speak of, and didn't mind punishment the least bit. No more did Barty, for that matter, though he was the most highly wrought creature that ever lived.

At length they all got impatient, and d'Orthez said:

"Allez donc, godems—ce n'est pas un quadrille! Nous n'sommes pas à La Salle Valentino!"

And Barty was pushed from behind so roughly that he came at me, all his science to the winds and slogging like a French boy; and I, quite without meaning to, in the hurry, hit out just as he fell over me, and we both rolled together over Jolivet's foot—Barty on top (he was taller, though not heavier, than I); and I saw the blood flow from his nose down his lip and chin, and some of it fell on my blouse.

Says Barty to me, in English, as we lay struggling on the dusty floor:

"Look here, it's no good. I *can't* fight to-day; poor Mérovée, you know. Let's make it up!"

"All right!" says I. So up we got and shook hands, Barty saying, with mock dignity,

"Messieurs, le sang a coulé; l'honneur britannique est sauf;" and the combat was over.

"Cristi! J'ai joliment faim!" says Barty, mopping his nose with his handkerchief. "I left my crust on the bench outside the réfectoire. I wish one of you fellows would get it for me."

"Rapaud finished your crust [ta miche] while you were fighting," says Jolivet. "I saw him."

Says Rapaud: "Ah, Dame, it was getting prettily wet, your crust, and I was prettily hungry too; and I thought you didn't want it, naturally."

I then produced *my* crust and cut it in two, butter and all, and gave Barty half, and we sat very happily side by side, and breakfasted together in peace and amity. I never felt happier or hungrier.

"Cristi, comme ils se sont bien battus," says little Vaissière to little Cormenu. "As-tu vu? Josselin a saigné tout plein sur la blouse à Maurice." (How well they fought! Josselin bled all over Maurice's blouse!)

Then says Josselin, in French, turning to me with that delightful jolly smile that always reminded one of the sun breaking through a mist,

"I would sooner bleed on your blouse than on your tomb." (J'aime mieux saigner sur ta blouse que sur ta tombe.)

So ended the only quarrel we ever had.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GOLDSBURY DILEMMA.

BY VICTORIA CLEMENT.

AS you come down the grassy plain with golf flags sticking in it, between lordly banks of cultivated woods, you leave one Goldsbury summer cottage, sufficiently pretentious in an old fashion, upon the main Beverly road, and find another in the most exquisite seclusion and of a refined architectural taste in simple and large style, looking out through its own old pines upon the blue sea. The immense difference in style, in air, in distinction, between the two establishments measures the advance of one generation; and how a dilettante, or dude, as his townsmen pronounced him, accomplished this, incidentally to trebling the size of the old Goldsbury mills and doubling the population of Goldsbury, has been the subject

of much gossip and many fables. I give you the real facts.

Young Goldsbury had, no doubt, been over-educated for the senior Goldsbury's peace of mind. The great mills which the latter had built up from the small ancestral plant were in a bad way of late—like most mills, indeed, for it was a period of general depression. Two problems pressed upon the senior Goldsbury at the present moment—the statement lying on his desk before him of the mills' past six months, and the young man at the other desk turning over some new books which had just arrived by express, and blandly unconscious of the swift decay of the business on which he had been living the life of a gentleman of fortune in Europe for two or three years since his graduation.

"Henri," called his father, after watching this characteristic employment of his son in the morning business hours till patience would stand it no longer, "do you want to know anything about the mills, or *don't* you?"

"Why, of course," said the elegant young man. "What about them?"

"What about them? Look here and see if you can understand what is going on."

Young Goldsbury packed his new books somewhat reluctantly into a drawer, and rising, stepped across the office to his father's side. His well-made light check business suit, rising in faultlessly straight trousers from patent-leather boots, was the one businesslike thing about him.

With hands in his pockets, the young man stood looking over his father's almost bald but alert head, with the scanty yellow locks parted behind and smartly brushed forward to the temples.

"Don't you think it would be worth the trouble of bringing up a chair?" said Mr. Goldsbury, throwing himself back in his chair, and looking up at his son with a visible effort to keep his temper.

"Yes, yes; let me try to get hold of the thing," responded the son, with ready and amicable acquiescence.

This imperturbable placidity was scarcely less annoying to the driving head of the house than downright kicking would have been. But he mastered his vexation, and for two hours, denying all callers at the office, the proprietor and the prospective heir of the Goldsbury mills sounded the shoal waters in which their huge ship was laboring. The goods which the mill produced to best advantage, the staple that had made its fame twenty years since, and a fortune annually ever since, had gone out of fashion and almost out of use. Next to nothing had been done, for the mill had no designers, to bring the fabrics (a class of heavy cotton, decorative stuffs for hangings and furniture) into favor with the newer taste. It was, then, a question of the despised fine arts, young Goldsbury was gratified to perceive, as it vindicated his enthusiastic study of art, and the theory that he often advanced in that theoretical talk of his that his father despised, that art lies at the base of industry.

"If the American people had had the artistic sense cultivated by art in their surroundings, you could have got your designs," argued the dilettante son and heir.

"Bosh!" shouted the mill-owner. "We're not bothering with art or the American people just now. What we have got to look out for is this mill and its business. Where are your orders for next month? What are you going to do with the stacks of unsold ginghams in this building?"

This was a way of putting it that reduced Henri to helpless silence. He had only his stock generalizations to offer—no grip on details to enforce them. His manner of life and habits of thinking did not admit of his going into prices per yard, wages of mill-hands, dealings with selling agents, or advances from commission houses. One shot the young man held in reserve, however, and this he now fired, and at once retreated in good order.

"I have heard it from your own lips, father, that if American mill-managers spent one-tenth part of the energy, ingenuity, time, and money on bringing up American industrial art and design that they do in trying to steal patterns and styles from foreign mills by corrupting employés and agents, there would be a revolution in American industry, a Renaissance on this side of the Atlantic."

"'Renaissance!' Pish! I never used that word in my life!" the father flung after the young man before he had closed the office door. Yet had the elder ever analyzed anything but accounts he would have been conscious of a pride in the son who could use the word and knew all about it.

The same day in Goldsbury a lady and her daughter, driving in their carriage down the main street, were witnesses of a sight that shocked them speechless. It was a young man and a younger woman sauntering along in the manner that does not regard the end of the journey or anything else. The young man was of a graceful, well-bred, travelled, rather foreign, appearance, with an olive complexion and jet-black eyebrows and hair; the young lady was of that type, delicate and elegant, unmistakably American, a V-shaped face, broad in the brows, with a strong nose, inclining to Roman but exquisitely cut, like her short curving upper lip, and an enchanting smile, and a laugh framing the flashing teeth in a most perfect roseate bow, a sight that was a blessing to any beholder! He had just been explaining to her how his name came to be Henri, while his father's was plain Henry—his mother was of the New England Huguenot blue blood, and had insisted on that much of his descent from the De Longuevilles of the Piscataqua.

"But it reminds me," said the young girl, "of 'Ongry, first leftenant of Chassures,' in the Bab Ballads."

And they were both laughing gayly at this when the ladies in the carriage approached. All along the pretty elm-shaded street, with its country stores alternating with well-kept dwellings, other people thought the happy pair a particularly pleasing sight to see in the spring sunshine of that April afternoon. But it happened that the ladies in the carriage with liveried driver were the mother and the sister of the young fellow.

They were the Goldsburys. The young man's eye caught theirs, and he lifted his hat to them jauntily. But the stricken ladies were apparently still so wrapped in wonderment that they forgot to bow. The graceful young man swung his cane gayly, and turned to resume his conversation. But the pretty face of the young woman, only a moment before flashing with high debate and flushed with pleasure, was now white and drawn. She had received the insult of insults—the cut direct—the cut with implications of wrong-doing that stunned her and drove the blood back upon her heart. She could see things about her only as in a palpitating haze, and could hear her companion only as from a distance. He was now talking mechanically but strenuously to cover her confusion, and she was answering but seldom and incoherently. Fortunately they had but a few steps further to go. Arrived at her father's house, with its old-fashioned fluted columns, she rushed, with a great flutter on the stairs of her pretty, fresh summer skirts, to her own little room, and throwing herself face down on her bed, reckless of crumples, gave way to an agony of weeping. It had been her first real flirtation; it was her first touch of shame. How innocent had been her pride in young Goldsbury's seeking her acquaintance, considering that he had made so few acquaintances among the towns-people after his absence in college and in Europe! How naturally, and without contrivance on her part, had he fallen to talking enthusiastically with her over the reproductions of the old masters—for there were few to whom he could so talk—in the little public library, or of her own painting, on the train, for she went to the city daily to her class at the Museum! Why should she have refused to walk up the street with him from the depot? How could she have refused? Would not such an affectation of niceness have put a forced and indeed an unbecoming interpretation on his little attentions? What right, then, had his mother and sister to stare in that shocked way? Had they not known her from a child, and her father and mother, and that they were all as good as themselves, as well educated and as well bred, if not so rich? She jumped up from the bed and stood before the glass. Was she not as ladylike as Hattie Goldsbury, and, barring her now swollen eyes and nose red with crying, many times as good-looking? It was a charmingly regular and thoughtful young face, framed in the blond locks now draggled down on her temples and clinging to her hot cheeks with tears and perspiration, and a gracefully turned and upright little figure. She seemed to gather resolution from this glance at herself. She would *not* be put down; she would take her chances, she thought, as she brushed out her hair and arranged herself in fresh attire for the evening. Her father, John Orcutt, the one bookseller and stationer of the town, had invited the local Shakespeare Reading Club, and Miss Orcutt was always a leading spirit in its proceedings.

Hence, when young Goldsbury had,

with more than customary display of energy, escaped from the maternal cross-examination after dinner, as to when, where, and how he had become so intimate with Sallie Orcutt, and had strolled down from the "big house" through the village street, and found the Orcutts' parlor and piazza full and buzzing with people, he abandoned his purpose to call, and rambled far out along the road into the country. Could his mother have learned, when she heard him let himself softly into the house after midnight, the conviction her son had come to in this balmy spring night's tramp alone, how it had been settled in his mind that nothing in nature or art, not even the perfect night, not all that he dreamed of accomplishing by-and-by in the world, would be anything to him evermore unless a certain blithe spirit in fluttering skirts, with a loose strand or two of yellow hair above intelligent, frank, wide-apart blue eyes, and a broad, thoughtful brow, with a Correggio mouth dropping honey and wit by turns, walked by his side, that ambitious mother in the mansion on the hill would not have slept more than did her son that night. She was (it cannot be too much repeated) of the Huguenot stock that settled around Portsmouth—a De Longueville—and it had been an admitted condescension when she married the prosperous young manufacturer of Goldsbury, though he was sole heir of the great Goldsbury Mills. Her son bore the mark of her French stock in his olive skin and a general exotic distinction of mien and air even before he went to Europe; and it was among the Boston summer villas at the sea-side, half a dozen miles away, that Mrs. Goldsbury intended her son, in due time, to select some fortunate mate, and not among the mill village's maidens.

Down in the village, in the Orcutts' quiet home, another mother, at the same hour, was bending in bewildered anxiety over her strangely ill daughter. Before the Shakespeare Club had eaten its home-made ice-cream and cakes and dispersed, the young lady, who had been saying one thing and thinking another throughout the evening, suddenly fainted away. She was now tossing about in her bed, moaning; and all that the gentle mother could do, whether in hot applications or cold, seemed equally unavailing. The trouble was she could not minister to the mind distraught, that kept repeating, as if in the toils of an alternating electric current devised expressly to torture her, first one question and then another: "Shall I tell mother?" "But what is there to tell?" And underneath all a crying, "Oh, I must tell somebody!"

Driven by the necessity of standing in some sort of good odor with some one in the family, and feeling that his mother was impossible at present, young Goldsbury suddenly developed an interest in the mills that astonished not only his father, but also himself. He was not down to practical detail as yet, and had too much to say about Europe and America for his father's taste; but it was pleasant even to have him generalize on their contrasting climatic conditions when it was in reference to fast colors, and to hear him demonstrate that our heavy dews and hot suns are very trying to all colors in stuffs. It was simply delightful to discover that he knew something about the alizarine dyes, for his father had been in the fight at the opening of the struggle between the artificial and the vegetable dyes, which began with the introduction of alizarine red against madder, although the elder gentleman still remained in the "old school" as against the alizarine violets, greens, blues, browns, maroons, yellows, and other shades. The veteran was almost ready to surrender any of his dearest convictions, and listen to a great deal of nonsense about the education of better taste among the American people, and the profit to manufacturers of improving wages and their purchasing power, if only the young man came to take some interest in his business. The extension of the mills' water-power also engaged the junior's attention. There was a meadow belonging to the estate whose sluggish stream, if dammed, as he pointed out, would double the wheel-power of the mills.

"To be sure it would spoil the loveliest bit of scenery in Goldsbury," sighed the hopefully repentant and reformed young dilettante, "and drive away the artists who come here summers."

"Drive off the artists!" promptly shouted the practical parent. "That's an inducement: art and artists have pretty nearly ruined you for business."

But they planned in a cordial understanding that was something new in their mornings at the office.

All the same, every afternoon the young man took the train for town, presumably, as the father dreaded, to frequent the Public Library or the picture shows and studios. But it was in vain that young Goldsbury timed his return for the train on which he had met Miss Orcutt so often during the past two or three months. He began to consider seriously calling at her house, so great was his necessity to hear of her. But he had no proper conventional pretext for calling, and he was not acquainted with the family. John Orcutt he had known from boyhood as he knew the town clock, but he had no warrant from his daughter to ask his permission to visit her. It was a weary, interminable succession of days of restless longing and bewilderment, tempered only by his feverish and forced activity about the mills, and nights of long tramps that brought but fitful sleep to his pillow.

The strained avoidance and silence between his watchful, worried mother and himself were happily relieved by his father's untiring, enthusiastic discussion of the new projects they now had in common. It was surprising to him how small a portion of his real thought sufficed for the mills' business, for under and over and through all that he gave of himself to his father was one continuous, omnipresent preoccupation, one conviction mastering his mind, one purpose that he must fulfil or all the rest would be empty nothingness. He had ceased the afternoon trips to town, since they resulted only in worse defeat and despair than the wear of the double life he was leading in his artificial and pumped-up diligence in mill schemes.

One bright and balmy May forenoon, when he had become distracted with looking at patterns and samples, and seeing only a dear face as he last saw it, white, wistful, and pained, he found the office simply intolerable. He must have the out-door air, and he would go and look over the site of the proposed new dam and mill-pond.

It was the low land lying back of the buildings and dwellings along the main street. A small stream meandered through the meadow, spanned in two or three places with little rustic bridges built by the villagers from the ends of paths leading from their back yards to the pleasant woods on the rising land on the opposite side of the meadow. He crossed on the bridge furthest up stream and made his way through these woods, estimating with his eye the width and depth of the pond to be created by his dam. The necessity of taking heed to his steps, of now leaping down the bank and again scrambling up through the bushes, had for the first time in weeks banished the haunting vision of Sallie Orcutt from his mind, when, climbing an old stone wall in the woods, and leaping down into a grassy nook open to the broad lower meadow, he found himself face to face with her. She was seated by a great tree, on an artist's camp-stool, wrapped closely in a heavy shawl, and busy on a water-color sketch. Her pale face took on a faint smile, and she leaned heavily back against the tree. The dark complexion of young Goldsbury was become ashen as he stammered: "I beg pardon for startling you so, Miss Orcutt, but I had no idea there was a soul about here. Are you ill? Let me get you some water. May I take this glass?"

"Oh no, thank you, I am all right. My mother thought the air would do me good; she is looking for violets somewhere about."

"You have been ill? I have somehow missed seeing you for a long time."

"I haven't been out before for nearly three weeks," she replied, bending down as if to reach her paint-box, to hide the tears that would well into her eyes, ignoring her feeble resistance. He fell upon the box to lift it for her, and came so near her side that his arm could have supported her as she swayed back upon the tree again, and her weakness would have welcomed his strength. But he stood back and leaned against the tree himself, and, contemplating her picture, said, in his old tone of easy politeness, "What a clever brush you wield!"

"You like it?" she said, reassured by his gracefully blended respect and familiarity, and holding up the sketch.

"Why, it's delicious! What color, yet how true! How do you manage to indicate the different trees in that mass of foliage with those mussy splotches of water? If you can do this when you are sick, what won't you do when you are well?" said he, coming round and standing before her, while thus running on in the old way of talk, echoing as of a happy long ago to both.

"Oh, I am well, now," said the girl, also falling into the old tone. "Do I seem to be such a hopeless case?" and, indeed, the color had come back to her cheeks, and her eyes were bright with the light that had been missing so many days.

"Now you're fishing, instead of painting; and fish don't bite well in such sunshiny weather. You don't know how sunshiny it is for one of 'em."

He bit his lip as he saw the same look of trouble that changed her pretty face that unlucky day mingle with the blush that crept up to her temples and spread across her wide low brow. He had resolved long since that whatever again went on between them should be so scrupulously according to the conventions that his family could not criticise. So he asked, abruptly,

"'Where's your mother?' as the nurse says in Shakespeare."

Sallie's sad face flashed with quick intelligence, then with her enchanting smile, and a hearty, rippling laugh burst from her rosy, open lips. At that very moment her mother came brushing through the bushes, astonished as much by the laugh as by the presence of young Goldsbury.

"Mother, this is Mr. Goldsbury," said she, with the telltale brightness in her eyes and glowing on every feature.

"Mrs. Orcutt, I had no idea of intruding on you and your daughter. I am most happy to make your acquaintance."

"An introduction was hardly necessary," said the mother, an unpretending but well-bred little woman, a schoolteacher in her younger days, "since I have known you from the days when you wore kilted skirts and were the best speller in my school. You don't remember Miss Edwards and the little red school?"

"Why, to be sure, and how I wouldn't go to the new teacher when you went away." And so, with many reminiscences, they picked up the painting-things and wraps, and conducted the invalid across the little bridge over the meadow brook and up through the apple-trees in her back yard, and he promised to call very soon.

The time now came for the Goldsburys' summer removal to their sea-side place at Beverly Farms, and the expected and dreaded happened when Mrs. Goldsbury heard Henri announce that he was going to stay by the mills, and that he had idled long enough, and had now got down to work at last, and would only appear among the dawdlers at the shore on Sundays. His father's warm support of this arrangement soon silenced the protests of mother and sister.

But one night, just before their departure, their smothered protest flamed up into open revolt. Henri had been observed several times to gather up the designs and dyed bits of cotton he and his father had been discussing after dinner, and to leave the house to be gone all the evening. Questioned as to these absences, he replied that he was driving up the work of a designer upon new styles for the fall and winter. It so happened that one night, just before the family's exodus from the mansion, several important last errands in different parts of the village had to be undertaken by Mrs. Goldsbury, and Miss Goldsbury accompanied her in the carriage. A worse shock than the former resulted.

"Turn and drive slowly, Thomas," called Mrs. Goldsbury, as they passed the Orcutts' home.

"Yes, mother, that is Henri. Don't you see it is?"

It was true. Turning over pictures or drawings or something, the truant son sat there side by side with the Orcutt maiden, his dark face and black hair in contrast with the pink and white prettiness of the blond little head very close to his, under a large spreading lamp. As if fascinated with the terrible exposure confirming all her worst suspicions and anxieties, Mrs. Goldsbury passed and repassed several times before she could go home. So this was the end of all her hopes and ambitions for her handsome son, a true De Longueville, worthy of any princess of France! She hushed her daughter's exclamations. It was too dreadful a catastrophe for words. What to do? It had been useless of late to complain to her husband of Henri's conduct in any matter. Whatever he did was nowadays the right thing. It had hitherto been his father who despaired of him and denounced all his ways, and his mother who defended him. The end of it all had been that it was a topic mutually avoided as sure to lead only to unpleasantness. So she must fight her bat-

tle alone, and that she resolved to do this night.

She was waiting for him, seated on the front steps, when at last his straw hat appeared behind the long front-yard hedge; his firm, quick, manly step on the asphalt walk telling of the new energy that had come into his manner, and the song he was alternately whistling and humming revealing the rich, exultant joy in his heart, enriching even this rich June night. All the rest of the world may love a lover, but this mother's heart only sank when this unmistakable, exalted lover stopped blankly before her, startled to find her in wait for him. She rose quickly, and silently taking his arm, led him without a word to the seat built around the great elm in the corner of the lawn furthest from the house. She was the one to break the painful silence with "Henri, do you know what you are doing?"

"I think so, mother."

"And are you willing to break your mother's heart?"

"How break your heart?"

"Oh, I know now why you disappear so often evenings. I saw you this evening where you were. Oh, how could you, Henri?"

"Mother, this tragic tone is outrageous, simply outrageously unjust. One would think I was committing some crime."

"Worse than a crime—a blunder."

"How do you know it is a blunder?"

"I know you might marry very much better; yes, the best in this or any other land. Think what a blunder, what a throwing away of yourself, you who could have your future brilliant, happy, assured, if—"

"Why, what could assure all this, an American millionairess? Thank you, that is much *too* French for me. What can ever assure any man happiness? Certainly not a wife who can patronize him. No; let him trust to his own brains and character, keep free to form his own convictions and free to act. That's the man—"

"Well, well, Henri, have you done it? Have you—"

"No, I have not. I have never yet spoken a word of marriage or engagement to Miss Orcutt. But you can't pretend that you don't know the Orcutts, and that they are not of the salt of the earth, the best type of American self-respecting, independent, plain people, the greatest product of the nineteenth century. I have seen the masses in Europe, such as the De Longuevilles stood on, and sat on, to elevate themselves, and I know what—"

Mrs. Goldsbury was as much in dread of this sort of generalizing as his father had been.

"One thing, Henri, you are not going to stay away from Beverly this summer?" she broke in, standing up to go into the house.

"Mother, do you know the condition of father's business?" As he stood up with a bold assumption of superior devotion to his father and to duty, he was glad that, near as his face was to hers, the darkness covered this flamboyant display of virtue.

"About as well as you do, probably; but I know, too, as well as you do, that that's not what would keep you here."

A silence fell on both. The last remark admitted no denial. But the young man was not shaken till his mother drew forth her handkerchief and began sobbing softly.

"Mother," he pleaded, putting his arm about her shoulders, "this is all unnecessary, all mistaken. It is cruel, unfair, knowing as little as you do, to torture me so and yourself. Mother, I promise you when there is anything to tell, I will tell you all, and first of all."

"Yes, fine comfort that, after the thing is done! Oh! good-night!" she said, in a broken voice, starting up and rapidly retreating to the house, a tragic figure in white passing through the black shadows of the shrubbery.

The midnight air, heavy with dew and June-blossom fragrance, the balmy richness that had an hour ago seemed like some rare and precious ointment expressly poured out for his happiness, now stifled and oppressed him like too strong odors from funeral flowers in a house of mourning, as he sat helpless, but not irresolute, and saw the last lights put out in the mansion.

It was true, young Goldsbury, in his futile attempt to blind his mother, had not exaggerated the desperate outlook for the mills at this season, or his real concern about it, notwithstanding his own private pre-occupation, which was always with him. Other mills were shutting down in all directions on account of depressed markets, and one out of every three orders received had been cancelled.

But what he most dreaded to learn was borne in upon him one day by a selling agent from New York named Jennison, a smart young fellow in fine clothes, smoking a fine cigar into his face, that his father's mills were running under an almost obsolete system, making certain kinds of good, honest fabrics, from season to season with slight changes, whereas the modern ways of commission-houses demanded fresh designs, and even insisted on dictating the choice of these designs themselves. As he had solicited Jennison's call and counsel, he could but listen to him.

"Why, look here, Goldsbury," said Jennison, with the breezy familiarity of his kind; "see what I've got in my bag. There are about five hundred clips of new goods in these books, samples from twenty-five or thirty different commission-houses. These are what the mills get up from ideas given them by the selling houses. You've got to compete in that style."

The elder Goldsbury was leaving many things now to his son's decision, but hearing the latter part of the lecture, he exploded with the outraged dignity of the old-school mill-owner:

"Perhaps you want to fix our prices, sir, as well as choose the fabrics and the designs for us!"

"Certainly," said Jennison.

"Well, we don't do business in that way."

So the up-to-date Jennison and his porter, carrying his big bag, departed, as had several of his tribe before that week, and young Goldsbury felt the smothering sensation of another nail driven into the coffin his father insisted on his getting into along with him.

The season was already advanced, the mill was bare of orders for new product and stuffed with old. It was nothing short of a crisis, and evidently the elder proprietor was too rigid to turn himself quickly enough to meet it. Another six weeks of running on unsaleable goods, with steady outgoes in wages and steady congestion in product, would make an actuality of the financial embarrassment his father had been so long dinning into his ears. He decided that the hour had struck for trying a long-contemplated campaign of his own.

Without a word more to his father he put on his hat, and pursuing Jennison to the depot, was just in time to prevent his boarding the train. In another moment the stylish Jennison, with a fresh and fine cigar, and the porter with his bag, were crowded with the fastidious Henri Goldsbury into the contracted seat and leg room of the country carryall that served as depot hack for the village. The mixed party drew up in a minute or two at the white gate of the Orcutts'. The pretty little person in striped cambric gown, whether school-girl or schoolmarm the city man could not decide at once, who opened the door to them was on the point of saying that Mr. Orcutt (who was town treasurer) could be found at his office in the town hall, when Mr. Goldsbury introduced the magnificent Jennison, and informed her that it was herself they had come to see on business.

The pretty V-shaped young face first flushed scarlet, and a tremulous forced smile played about the lips. All at once it grew white, and the broad brow of thought, the nose of power, and the wide eyes of intelligence composed themselves with a demure settling of the mouth to understand and undertake whatever was required of her.

It had come at last, the moment and the test for which Henri had been secretly schooling her. He had been bringing her nights the sample "swatches" or clips of his own mills' goods, and explaining to her how, by means of checker-board-like cards, a designer lays out his colors and adapts the several weave effects necessary to make an attractive showing and variety of style. Only in the hands of an expert, such as Sallie had rapidly become under his coaching, do these swatches suggest "another story" which the designer is to formulate in different weaves by arranging color combinations and texture effects. Thus it had been really true what Henri had told his family during these weeks of May and June, that, when he left the house after dinner, he was going to see his designer; and true, too, that he had never talked of love and marriage—he simply hadn't had time. But he had, nevertheless, gone deeper and deeper, over his head and ears, in true devotion to the little New-Englander, whom his æsthetically trained eye had at once fallen on as having rare distinction, and as altogether a being of superior clay and cut, with brains and taste and spirit to match.

Jennison proceeded to cover the tables, the chairs, and even the piano with his samples, until the Orcutt parlor resembled a country dry-goods store.

"There," said he, leading Miss Orcutt and Goldsbury from one group of samples to another, "you see you've got to spudge up in your mills, get a move on, don't you see. You haven't anything to show at all up to date. Why, look at this! Your father would keel over in a dead faint at that. But it's what you've got to come to." And he held up a fold of a fabric with a scarlet ground, shot with irregular splotches of yellow, as though the latter had spread like oil spots crossways on the threads. The modern flaring poster could not mix colors more startlingly, in defiance of all conventional laws. As with the colors, so with the designs, the drawing of flowers, figures, or other ornament in the goods the selling agent next descanted upon, with his limited but direct business vocabulary, was all quaintly distorted out of nature for the effect. Sallie thought she began to see; it was the Japanese that all these new goods had been infected with, and she had long been an enthusiast for Japanese art. In an hour's time she said she would try something for Mr. Jennison, and that potent magnate of the market allowed the girl to select a bunch of the swatches that seemed to her most suggestive.

"By Jove, she's a quick one!" said he to Goldsbury on the sidewalk. "That's the cream of the pack. But mind, you haven't more than two weeks before I must see your lay-out."

Goldsbury returned to Sallie Orcutt to carry this warning, and to say, "I don't want to pile too much on your little shoulders, but you can't realize, Miss Sallie, all that depends on this," and he held her hand a moment with a bit of a lingering pressure as if he had something more to say, but he did not say it.

Returning to the mills' office, young Goldsbury was surprised and alarmed at his father's state of mind. His spirited outburst of offended dignity at Jennison seemed to have left him exhausted and utterly dejected; the wonted alertness in his manner was gone; the reflections on his management and judgment by the young commission agent not only rankled but unnerved him. He was going through the list of "Bills Payable" with the head bookkeeper, and to the deferential questions or suggestions what to do about this and that, he answered, dispiritedly, "I don't know," or "I don't care." Presently dismissing the bookkeeper, he leaned back in his chair, and remarked to his son, "I feel as though I had received notice to quit."

"What! from that youth—that fellow with a peddler's pack?" And his secret negotiations with Jennison smote on his filial conscience.

"Oh, the fight is for the young! I understand that I am getting old and stiff in my ideas. It is time for me to get out of your way."

"Look here, father," said Henri, rising and going over to him at his desk, "don't talk like that. What do I know about this business compared with you?"

"Oh, you have picked up in it remarkably well; and it's lucky too, for I have got to have a rest, and right off, *now!*" And the hitherto smart and shining bald head was bowed between his hands over his desk like that of a weary school-boy, and a tear or two dropped resoundingly in the silence on the papers crumpled under his elbows. Ruin stared the old Goldsbury mills in the face with a single month more of the present outlook.

"I'll tell you," said the father, staggering to his feet and pressing the tears away from his eyes with his little fingers. "Call Jennison back. Do what he wants, if you can, with our looms. I am going down to the shore with your mother to-morrow. I'm worse than nothing here."

"Father, there's no need of feeling like this. I can see—"

"You haven't seen the books this month. Do you know what 'worse than nothing' means in bookkeeping? Well, that's where we are to-day."

"But wait till we get our new styles."

"Well, I'll wait—down at the shore." And calling his man he drove home, and as firm to obstinacy as always in his sudden resolution, departed with wife and daughter the next morning without coming again to the mills.

Henri spent every evening at the Orcutts', but it was work, happy work for the two heads bent over the patterns—and not a word of love. There seemed to be an understanding, clear and complete, that they were so sure of it now,

they could save that to crown their joy in working together—the deepest delight either had ever known, the keen and pure ecstasy of achievement.

One afternoon, clad in another remarkable new spring suit of clothes, and heralded by his fresh Havana, Jennison, prompt to his date, appeared and seated himself by her side on the piazza. The designs were inquired after, but as they were for Mr. Goldsbury and were not completed, Miss Orcutt did not offer to produce them. It soon appeared, however, that Mr. Jennison had called not professionally, but from a personal interest in the young designer; he had, he said, run over from New York, and being so near, thought he would drop in; he proposed a drive if there was a livery-stable in town. Miss Orcutt was little experienced in the ways of business men, but instinct and intelligence at once bade her freeze Mr. Jennison with a perfect New England east wind of distance and dignity, and she suggested point-blank an appointment for ten o'clock in the morning, when, in Mr. Goldsbury's presence, the designs would be exhibited.

"Probably that's right," said the light-hearted young agent, a bit crestfallen, "but I had a bet with myself. I pride myself on seeing styles ahead of their coming out—feeling them in the air—ahead of everybody, including myself. Do you see how it is?"

"I must say I don't, Mr. Jennison," said Sallie, demurely.

"Well, at ten sharp. Good evening." And having lighted a fresh cigar *de luxe* as he spoke, he strolled towards the depot.

By ten in the morning the Orcutt parlor had become, with Henri Goldsbury's assistance, a brilliant water-color exhibition. Jennison, on his entrance, gave a general look around, and turning to Miss Orcutt, murmured, "I've won that bet with myself—that you would do. I did see it ahead of seeing your stuff—see? That's what I pride myself on."

The great young man could not repress his delight and his astonishment; the "perfect up-to-date quirk," as he called it, of next season's goods, was too much for him. There were a score or more of the fresh, daring, beautiful things, such as the dull blue background with a swish of white wings streaming tip to tip diagonally across; the pale green background with the tiniest of yellow blossoms scattered at wide distance, and the blue-green ground almost buried in deep red and purple buds and blooms of fantastic forms. Mr. Jennison was perspiring with excitement, and at last called out: "Say, Goldsbury, get down to work. Miss Orcutt, will you excuse me if I remove my coat?" and in his immaculate shirt sleeves he settled down with Goldsbury over a table to make out a scheme of weights, weaving draughts, and stocks, with a list of orders and estimates. At this Sallie made her escape up stairs, and in her mother's lap at once dissolved in happy tears and mingled hysterical sobs and ripples of merriment as she told of Mr. Jennison's strange but forcible expressions and undoubted conquest. Late in the afternoon, resting in the delicious exhaustion of triumph in her favorite old East-Indian chair on the vine-clad piazza with a book that she had not opened, she was surprised by another call from Mr. Jennison. This time, he said, he had come on business. Would she consider an offer to come to New York? Her salary she could name herself, and if she needed advice, influence, protection, he was in a position to guard her interests, and much more that the young girl listened to in a dream of rapture, with another and a very different young man for the centre of the picture. But she thanked Mr. Jennison, bade him adieu, and promised to reply by letter.

It was almost dusk when Henri Goldsbury clicked the latch of the Orcutts' low front gate, whose trick he now knew familiarly, and was told that Sallie had gone down to the meadow bridge to see the sunset. He followed the grassy path that led by the side of the house down through the white clouds of the apple-trees in the back lot, through the hawthorn hedge that fenced the yard, and out upon the little home-made bridge. The broad western horizon was one deep red, and all the shallow pools of the open meadow were gorgeous with its brightest reflection. Against the rich black clumps of trees fire-flies pricked through the falling shadows. The loud spring chorus of the happy frogs and the distant bell-like baying of a hunting-hound across the meadow made the silence intense. Goldsbury's step, the moment he had cleared the Orcutts' hedge, roused Sallie

from her raptured feast of color, and the little figure came fluttering down the creaking bridge to meet him.

"Don't go in just yet; I want to see where you get your colors," said he, blocking the bridge.

"Oh, yes, I must! It is growing damp, and the show is really over."

"Well, you mustn't get cold, for you are getting to be too precious, Miss Sallie."

"Mr. Goldsbury!"

"Couldn't you call me 'Henri', Miss Sallie?"

"Oh, I must go in, please. I am really shivering." Her voice was certainly shaking.

"Why, so you are," he said, and drew her with his strong arm under his summer flannel coat, walking back towards the opening in the hedge. Once inside that shelter, he found the old settee he had taken note of on his way down, and seating Sallie, trembling and silent, he took his arm away, but murmured rapidly close to her ear, "Ever since my mother cut you in the street that day, I have had my mind made up that when I spoke, when I told you what you must know—of course you know it—you dear little brave, patient, plucky, precious martyr, you knew it then, didn't you? You know you did—then and there I made up my mind to this, that before I brought you to her, and before I asked you to come with me, I would prove you to be the superior of any being in this town or anywhere else. I suppose that my mother might be brought—after a struggle—to contemplate her precious De Longueville condescending to bestow himself on the simple village maiden. But I was determined to have none of that *de haut en bas* business; not the least bit of it. I have waited till the most stupid can see what I saw at first glance, that it is you who make the concessions. It is you, your talent, your application, your character, that is to save our mills and our family glory, money, De Longueville, and all, if anything can do it."

"Oh, no; it was your plan!" whispered Sallie.

"But you suggested it."

"I? How? When?"

"By being valedictorian at the high-school, by being organist of the Unitarian church, by making that water-color the day I found you over the meadow, by being a perfect little Italian gem of womanhood, a true bit of old Verona exquisiteness, wonderfully cast down here among Yankees; by being yourself, by being the one thing only and ever in my mind by day or night! How could I ever have put my mind and heart into my poor father's business if you had not been in it, the central figure? Never, Sallie, a moment I have looked at a pattern that I have not thought of your judgment on it—never a thought or an act without thinking of what you would say."

He had taken possession of her two hands with one of his, and his other arm about her shoulders drew her close to him. Her silent, unresisting nestling there, while tears of a joy too deep, too sacred for speech, soaked her little handkerchief, was answer enough for him.

By another month the cretonne mill was running night and day on the orders from Jennison. Its double tier of brilliant lights made the little town, that had been sinking into slumber, wide-awake and gay again. Before another month had gone the demands from Jennison's belated competitors required that the looms of the great gingham mills, the portion that had been the special triumph of the elder Goldsbury when he succeeded his father thirty years before, be changed for machinery to produce the new goods, the rage of the market. The new prosperity flowed into every little shop and home in Goldsbury, and watered the whole region round about.

If Goldsbury was gay in September, when the Goldsburys returned, with a busy life that had been a stranger to it for years, in late December (for the wedding of young Goldsbury with "John Orcutt's girl" had been set for Christmas eve) the town was as near like a carnival as a quiet Puritan town could ever be.

Mr. Goldsbury senior made up his chronic quarrel with John Orcutt over that functionary's stiff assessment of taxes on the mills, as he could now well afford to do, and Mrs. Goldsbury's carriage stood at the Orcutts' front gate by the hour. The new lease of life of Goldsbury, the trebling of the Goldsbury mills' product, were the talk of manufacturing circles for years, but few know, as we do, the real facts, that it was all the love of a dilettante for an Italian face with American brains above it.

THE LITERARY LANDMARKS OF FLORENCE.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

FLORENCE is still illumined by the reflected lights of its four great fixèd stars: Dante, who rose here; Boccaccio, who blazed here; Savonarola, who suffered here his cruel eclipse; and Galileo, who here peacefully set. Other planets have shone, and still shine, in its firmament, but towards these four great stellar bodies do the guides and the guide-books direct their telescopes chiefly to-day. If they were not literary lights in the strictest sense of the words, they were unquestionably instrumental in casting much and lasting light upon the literature of science, humanity, and the beautiful.

Mr. Howells, in the delightful chapter entitled "A Florentine Mosaic," which opens his *Tuscan Cities*, says so much about Dante, in his house and out of it, that he has left—as is a way of his—little which is new or pertinent for those who come after him to say. He goes to the house, not far from Dante's, in which, according to tradition, lived Dante's wife, and to the house, "just across the way," where, according to this same tradition, lived Dante's first and youthful love; he carries us to the neighboring church of S. Martino, in which tradition says that Dante was married; and everywhere he discourses most entertainingly and most instructively concerning what Dante did and hoped and suffered.

Dante was born in 1265; and a modernized house in the Via S. Martino, called "La Casa Dante," still bears a tablet to that effect. At the end of the Fifteenth Century this mansion is said to have been converted into a wine-shop, much frequented, then and later, by men like Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, perhaps for Dante's sake, perhaps for the sake of its Chianti; but a few years ago it was restored out of all decency, and now there is nothing left of what Dante knew and loved there, but the sky above it and the earth beneath. Mr. Howells believes "that the back of Dante's house was not smartened up into Nineteenth-Century Mediævalism" as was its front, but the weight of antiquarian evidence in this respect seems to be against him.

It is not an easy matter for the stranger in Florence to find his way to the Casa Dante, even though he be equipped with the clearest of guide-books. It is in the heart of the city, and not very far from the Cathedral; but it is out of the beaten track of tourists; and the policemen in cocked hats, and the cab-drivers in hats of all sorts, do not always know where it is. Taking the broad Via Calzajoli—that is, broad for Florence—from the Duomo, and turning to the left into the narrow Via Tavolini, a continuation of the Via S. Martino, now called the Via Dante Alighieri, a step or two beyond the little Piazza S. Martino, you will come upon it; a tall, thin, commonplace house—No. 2—with an inscription over the door stating that here the Divine Poet was born, and an inscription on the door stating that the door is open to strangers on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from ten in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. The door itself, according to Dr. J. Marcotti, is placed where was no door in Dante's time; and even during the few hours of the week in which the latch-string hangs out, the doorway is not worth entering. A flight of new stone steps conducts one to two small rooms, in the first of which Dante could not possibly have been born, unless he were born some six centuries after the accepted date of his birth, and in the second of which are a few very doubtful relics of the poet, some more than doubtful portraits of him, and a cast of his dead face which claims to be, and is not, the original mask.

Dr. Marcotti, usually reliable, inclines to doubt that Dante was married in the little church of S. Martino at all, notwithstanding the solemn allegations of the present custodian, and despite the fact that an ancient fresco there is said, by this very custodian, to represent the very wedding in question. As Dante was undoubtedly born somewhere, so was he unquestionably married somewhere, and to somebody; and if he was not married in this particular church, we have no authority for believing that he was married anywhere else.

"There are stories that Dante was unhappy with his wife," writes Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, in his *Life of Dante*—

edition of 1892, page 149—"but they start with Boccaccio, who was a story-telling gossip. He insinuates more than he asserts concerning Dante's domestic infelicity, and concludes a vague declaration about the miseries of married life with the words—'Truly I do not affirm that these things happened to Dante, for I do not know'!"

This same story-telling gossip is responsible for many other stories concerning Dante which have since been accepted as true, and concerning which nobody knows to this day. At all events, Dante's wife does not seem to have been a very comforting or a very comfortable lady to have lived with. She was the mother of four of his children, who were all of them homely, according to the traditional testimony of their father himself; and one of them was certainly named Beatrice. After Dante's expulsion from Florence his wife is said to have saved certain of his manuscripts from destruction; and the story runs that she sent the first seven cantos of *The Inferno* after him into his exile. This was not a little to her credit; and it is almost a pity that she never saw her husband again.

Dante's Beatrice, whom Boccaccio believed to have been a member of the Portinari family—which may or may not be the case—and who at the mature age of eight excited the tender passion in the bosom of Dante, then a mature youth of nine, lived with her father, according to the guide-books, on the site of the Palazzo Salviati, on the corner of the Via del Corso and the Via del Proconsolo; and—still according to the guide-books—in the court-yard of the present building there remains, to this day, a stone seat, in a niche in the wall, upon which, tradition says, the blossoming poet was wont to sit and gaze in rapture upon the nursery windows of the object of his adoration. They saw each other—still according to tradition—in the court-yard of her father's house, wherever it may have stood, at a May-day festival; and at first sight they were mutually attracted. No sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved.

Dante has put on record the impression she made upon him then. He tells how she appeared, and what she wore; and he adds—the translation is by Mr. Norton—"Though her image, which staid constantly with me, gave assurance to Love to hold lordship over me, yet it was of such noble virtue that it never suffered Love to rule me without the faithful consul of the reason in those matters in which it were useful to hear such consul." This must have been pleasant reading for the woman whom Dante married; and if it were found among the manuscripts which she preserved from fire by her care and devotion, it would prove that Dante was himself not entirely blameless for the incompatibility of temper which is said to have existed between them.

Signorina Portinari was married to somebody else before she was twenty-four; and Dante's Beatrice died in 1290. She was probably not the woman Dante imagined her to be; and it would have been a great deal better for Dante, and for all concerned, if he had not set the fashion of falling in love with, and rhapsodizing over, an ideal creature, which has since been followed *ad nauseam* by other poets not quite so divine.

The whole question of the status and condition of the Casa Dante is involved in mystery and conjecture, which is not relieved by the widely varying statements of the local guides. His family certainly lived in its neighborhood, their domicile having not only an entrance upon the Piazza S. Martino, but also one upon the Via Margherita, which runs by the side of what is now called the "Dante House," from No. 1 Via Dante Alighieri to No. 3 Via del Corso. But exactly where the domicile stood, and how much of it is now left, no person living can say; and all the doctors differ. Professor Cesare Calvi, of Florence, an enthusiastic and learnèd student of Dante and of his times, has devoted much care and thought to this portion of his subject; and to him I am indebted for the following hitherto unpublished attempt to unravel the tangle of words and of facts.

"The present House of Dante," he says, "has been rebuilt upon the site of a portion of the old house, which extended around to the Piazzetta della S. Margherita. The Donati had several houses, in one of which lived Gemma Donati, whom Dante married. These houses looked out upon the back of the present Piazza della Rena, which, in those days, was called the Donati Court-yard. They had one house, also, on the Corso, opposite the Church of



VILLA PALMIERI.

S. Maria dei Ricci. Beatrice Portinari lived in a palace on the Corso, afterwards called the Palazzo Cepparello, where now the Fathers Scolopi have their school." The site of this house of the Portinari is No. 4 Via del Corso, some fifty or sixty paces from the Via Proconsolo, and some twenty-five paces from the little Via S. Margherita. It possesses a court-yard, but if it contains a stone seat or a niche in the wall, where the juvenile lover of the Thirteenth Century could have sat and mooned, such a niche and such a seat are not visible to the naked eye or through the spectacles of the Literary Pilgrim of the Nineteenth Century.

Beyond the Porta S. Gallo is a meadow, or grove, which once belonged to Dante, and was a favorite spot of his in summer evenings, where he walked and pondered, and made *anni* rhyme with *sganni* and *posse* with *grosse*, without any interference on the part of his wife. It now forms a portion of the garden of the Villa Bondi, formerly the Villa Camerata, standing on the Via della Piazzola, just beyond the small Dominican Convent on the right as one goes towards Fiesole. It is very close to the Villa Palmieri, or Villa Crawford, so intimately associated by tradition with Boccaccio.

"Dante's Stone," upon which, according to tradition, the poet sat and gazed upon the Cathedral, then in course of construction, is itself of traditional authenticity, because little more than the lowest foundations of the Duomo had been built in Dante's time. The stone is still preserved, however, and, for safe-keeping, it has been placed in the wall of the house numbered 30 Piazza del Duomo, on the south side of the square. It is a few feet above the street-level, and when the present chronicler last saw it, or tried to see it, it was entirely covered by election posters,—showing the power of politics over poetry even in Florence at the end of the prosaic Nineteenth Century.

We are hardly inclined to think of Dante as a Path-Master or Street Commissioner; nevertheless, recently discovered documents show that in 1301, just after he had served his term as Prior, a petition was presented to the six officials who had charge of the public roads, squares, bridges, etc., of Florence, requesting that a certain thoroughfare should be widened and extended, and that Dante was appointed to oversee the whole matter.

The most interesting relic of Dante in Florence, except of course the famous al-

leged cast of his dead face in the Uffizi Gallery, is Giotto's mural portrait in what was once the chapel of the Bargello. For many generations it was covered by repeated coatings of the whitewash which the Italians are so fond of using in the wrong places, and it only saw the light again through the zeal and enthusiasm of Mr. R. H. Wilde and other American and English antiquaries, forty or fifty years ago. It is said to have been painted in 1302, when Dante was in his prime; and, although it has been sadly abused, it is very precious in the eyes of all lovers of the lover of Beatrice.

Mr. Hare points out a number of the Landmarks of Boccaccio here: the site of "the darksome, sad, and silent house" in which he was born [?]; the Church of S. Stefano, between the Via Porta S. Maria and the Uffizi Palace, where he once lectured upon Dante's *Divine Comedy;* the Via della Morta, behind the Misericordia, which is the scene of a *Romeo and Juliet* sort of a tale by Boccaccio; the old tower of the Palazzo Manelli on the corner of the Ponte Vecchio (No. 1) and the Via de' Bardi, just at the end of the bridge, where he spent many happy hours with his friend Francesco de' Amanetti, who is said to have made a copy of the *Decameron* from the original manuscript. But, curiously enough, Mr. Hare does not allude to Boccaccio's association with the Villa Palmieri near Fiesole, where a choice party of ladies and gentlemen are said to have spent some time, during the plague of 1348, in the telling of choice stories for each others' amusement. This fine old country-seat, now called the Villa Crawford, and a favorite Florentine residence of the present English Queen, is on the Via Boccaccio, on the right-hand side, and about half-way up the hill, as one goes, by the Porta S. Gallo, towards Fiesole. It has many terraces; and is guarded by ancient statues of Italian gentlemen and ladies of Boccaccio's day, who strike one, as they struck Mr. Howells, as being plastic representations of the very members of high life who so long ago narrated Boccaccio's tales of deep and lasting love. They are far away from the electric cars, which run to and from Florence and Fiesole—in Boston style. And the prosaic Nineteenth Century has not yet succeeded in robbing them of any of their Fourteenth Century charm.

The Villa Gherardo, or Villa Ross, on the Via Settignanese, and about half-way up the hill towards the little village of Settignano, just at the outskirts of Florence, also lays claim to the *Decameron.* It is a fine old château, of large size and with beautiful gardens. It dates back to the Tenth Century, it has a terrace of its own, and it is approached by a long, winding avenue, thickly hedged by bushes of luxuriant roses. It is now occupied by Mr. Ross, an English gentleman, who has made horticulture his particular and very successful study, and by Mrs. Janet Ross, his wife, equally distinguished in the study of letters. Here Mr. Mark Twain, their near neighbor in the winter of 1892–93, entertained, more than once, a select company of ladies and gentlemen with the stories of *Jim Woolf* and *Huckleberry Finn*, while the influenza, in a mild form, was raging in the city at their feet. Mr. and Mrs. Ross prove very conclusively, from local tradition, and from Boccaccio's own description of the Villa Gherardo in the Introduction to the *Decameron*, that theirs is the "stately palace, with a grand and beautiful court in the middle, upon a little eminence, remote from any great road, amid trees and shrubs of an agreeable verdure, and two short miles from Florence," to which the story-tellers repaired on the now famous Wednesday, by break of day. The galleries and fine apartments are still "elegantly fitted up and adorned with the curious paintings" of which Boccaccio spoke; and around it are still "its fine meadows and most delightful gardens, with fountains of the best and purest water"; while "the rooms are graced with the flowers of the season, to the great satisfaction of all who see them," even at the present time.

It will be remembered that at the end of the second day, which was Thursday, Neifile, the new Queen of the Feast, proposed an adjournment to another time and to another place; and that on the Monday morning early, "conducted by the music of the nightingales and other tuneful birds," they went "full west" by a little path, little frequented, to another beautiful palace, situated also on an eminence and on a large plain. Here were "broad, straight walks, filled with vines; and in the middle of the garden was a plot of ground like a meadow; and in the centre of the meadow was a fountain of white marble." And so came they to the



VILLA ROSS.

Villa Palmieri; and Signor Filostrato began the First Novel of the Third Day. The story is still extant, thanks, perhaps, to Amanetti's copy of the original manuscript, and is written in very choice Italian, hardly fit to be translated into the vitiated English of the end of the Nineteenth Century.

The association of these two houses with the *Decameron* is further established by Baldelli in his *Life of Boccaccio*. He wrote that the poet owned a small villa in the parish of Maiano, and that he was fond of describing the surrounding country, particularly the smiling slopes and rich valleys of the Fiesolean hills, which overshadowed his modest dwelling. "Thus," continues the biographer, "from the poetical picture which he draws of the first halting-place of the gay company we recognize the Villa Gherardo, while from the description of the sumptuous palace to which they afterwards went, in order not to be annoyed by tiresome visitors, [do we recognize] the beautiful Villa Palmieri."

The confusion and the misinformation contained in the guide-books to Florence, of all languages and in all times, are too profound and too ingenious to be altogether accidental. When we are told that the site of the house in which Boccaccio first saw the light is now marked by an old fountain on the corner of the Via Guicciardini and the Via Toscanella, we consider the matter very simple; but when we find that the Via Toscanella and the Via Guicciardini run in parallel lines, and cannot have a corner, and when we discover no sign of a fountain in either street, we sit down in some ancient doorway in utter despair. We are forced to conjecture that the fountain on the Borgo S. Jacopo, just around the corner from the Via Guicciardini, and some steps away from the Via Toscanella, may perhaps be upon the sacred spot from which the author of the *Decameron* set out upon his illustrious career, until, after further research, we learn, upon excellent authority, that Boccaccio was not born in Florence at all!

Boccaccio certainly lived, and died, and was buried—for a time—in the otherwise uninteresting little town of Certaldo, about thirty-five miles from Florence, and on the road to Siena. His house, very much restored, and marked with a tablet, is still in existence there; and his fellow-townsmen, although they scattered his bones and broke his monument a century or so ago, still assert, and with proper pride, that he was born in their midst; mainly upon the strength of the fact that he called himself "Boccaccio of Certaldo."

That Boccaccio, the son of a Parisian mother, was born in Paris and brought by an Italian father to Florence at an early age, is, however, the generally accepted theory of the place and conditions of his birth. And this is the conclusion reached by Dr. Marcus Landau, a German biographer of Boccaccio, and a careful and conscientious student of his subject. He bases his belief upon circumstantial evidence, as well as upon Boccaccio's *Ameto*, which is, unquestionably, a slightly veiled account of the story of the poet's mother as told in later years by the poet himself. Nevertheless, Roberto Gherardo (Lord of Gherardo) left an interesting, and very prolix, manuscript account, written in 1740, of the house near his own estate, and called Villeggiatura di Maiano. He said—the translation is furnished me by Mrs. Ross—"in a small villa near Corbignano, now owned by Signor Ottavio Ruggeri, and which in ancient times belonged to Boccaccio di Chellino, and where he lived after he left Certaldo, his birthplace, to come to Florence, was born our Maestro Giovanni, whose birthplace, till now, it has been impossible to discover. I am the more convinced that our Maestro was born in this villa because it lies about a mile distant from the valley of Ameto, where he describes himself, under the name of Ameto, as often visiting the Fairies and the Dryads who inhabited these forests, he being the child of the adjacent hills." This may have been convincing to the Lord of the Villa Gherardo, in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, but I do not give it as convincing to a lord of a high-stoop brick house in Thirty-fourth Street, New York, at the end of the Nineteenth Century; and where Boccaccio was born, so long as he was not born in Florence, leaving a Literary Landmark here, on that account, it is not the purpose of this paper to discuss. That the Gherardi bought Pelagio del Poggio—"the House on the Slope"—in the year of our Lord 1342, and held it in their family until it came into the possession of Mr. Ross, a few years ago, it may not be out of place to mention here, as showing that the Italians do not, as a rule, "move" on the first day of every May.

Mr. Howells has not only foreclosed all literary mortgages upon the Meadow of Dante in Florence, but he has ploughed and harrowed the Landmarks of Savonarola here, and has sown and reaped a rich harvest. The gleaner of the after-math can only say that Savonarola sprouted, and blossomed, and bore his fruit, in the hard rough field of Florentine tares which ultimately crushed his body and set his great spirit free.

He entered the Convent of S. Marco here as a young man, when he created no particular impression either by his words or by his deeds; but when, some years later, he was appointed Prior of the Convent, he at once made himself heard and felt. He exhorted and scolded clergy as well as laity; and he preached purity of political as well as of personal conduct. And the more he was ordered by his superiors to be silent, the more he talked. He was hissed and hooted, and pelted with curses and with stones. He was stretched, in the Bargello, upon the rack which tortured his body as cruelly as persecution had tortured his soul. He saw his two faithful monks slaughtered before his eyes; he was hung up by the neck on the scaffold; and his body was consumed by fire while life was still in it; and still he preached. And still he preaches to all the world. "My sons," he said, in the Library of S. Marco—"my sons, in the presence of God, standing before the sacred host, and with my enemies already in the Convent, I now confirm my doctrine. What I have said came to me from God, and He is my witness in Heaven that what I say is true.... My last admonition to you is this—Let your arms be faith, patience, and prayer. ....I know not whether my enemies will take my life; but of this I am certain, that dead, I shall be able to do more for you in Heaven, than living, I have ever had power to do on earth."

Pope Pius VII., many years after Savonarola's death, is reported to have said:

—"I shall learn in the next world the mystery of that man. War raged around Savonarola in his lifetime; it has never ceased since his death. Saint, schismatic, or heretic, ignorant vandal or Christian martyr, prophet or charlatan, champion of the Roman Church, or apostle of emancipated Italy—which was Savonarola?"

Whether he was saint or heretic, prophet or charlatan, Savonarola and his memory are still honored in Florence; and his relics are never profaned even by political posters. The crucifix before which he is said to have knelt in prayer is still cherished in the Church of S. Michele; his portrait is still religiously kept in the Convent of S. Marco, where one still sees now and then, on the priests in its cloisters, the white Dominican gowns similar to that in which he preached; and in the cells in the Convent occupied by him in later life are carefully preserved not only this portrait, attributed to Fra Bartolommeo—and the best of him ever taken—but some of his manuscripts, portions of his wardrobe, his rosary, and a bit of charred wood, plucked from the fire upon which his body was consumed.

It was hoped that this might prove a memorial of Florence unique in its way, because of no occurrence of the name of Medici. But as Mr. Dick could not resist the mention of Charles I., so can I not help a passing allusion or two to the family which for years forced themselves into every event connected with the history of the city. Ferdinand II. of that tribe, as will be seen, attempted to patronize Galileo; and Lorenzo the Magnificent, on his death-bed, was, according to tradition, severely snubbed by Savonarola. Dying in his villa at Careggi, the Magnificent Medici sent for the Fighting Prior of S. Marco, to whom he confessed as many of his greater sins as he could remember in so short a time. Absolution was promised on three conditions. First, that he should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God. This was easy enough. Second, that he should restore all things he had unjustly possessed himself of. This was harder, but it could be done. Third, that he should restore liberty to the people of Florence. This was too much to ask, even of a dying man, and even in view of so glorious a reward. And the magnificent monk left the miserable Medici to go, unforgiven of priest, before the Final Judge.

It is only proper to observe here that considerable doubt has been expressed in regard to this story, which is based mainly on the statements of Savonarola's friends. Poliziano, who was with Lorenzo, says, simply, that Savonarola confessed the Medici, but retired without volunteering the blessing.

The beautiful Villa di Careggi lies outside of the Barrier Ponte Rosso, on the left. It is reached by the Via Vittorio Emanuele and the Via Macerelli. The name is on the gate; and not very much but the name is left of what Savonarola and the Medici knew of it.

Savonarola was imprisoned in the Alberghettino—or little hotel, and an uncomfortable little hotel it must have been for him—a small chamber in the Tower of the Palazzo Vecchio; and he spent the last night of his mortal life in the great hall of the Consiglio, or, as it is sometimes called, the Sala dei Cinquecento, erected by himself for the meetings of the Council established by his advice. He is said to have slept peacefully on the stone floor of this room, with his head pillowed on the knees of a faithful attendant; and on the morning of his execution he received the last sacrament in the Chapel of S. Bernardo, a beautiful little sanctuary well worthy of a visit for its own beautiful sake.

The scene of Savonarola's death, according to tradition, and to the local guide-books, is on the site of the great Fountain of Neptune, by the side of the Palazzo Vecchio, in the Piazza della Signoria. But the execution would seem to have taken place nearer the centre of the square, if any reliance can be placed upon an old and obviously incorrect representation of the event which is preserved in the inner of Savonarola's two cells in the Convent of S. Marco. The picture is not dated, but it was painted before the erection of the Uffizi Palace, in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, and it shows a long platform stretching from the corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, where the fountain now stands, but many yards further towards the north, and about the site of the great glaring electric light of which Mr. Ruskin so justly complains. It should be mentioned here that most of the modern maps and plans of Florence are constructed with an eye for the picturesque, and without any regard to the natural and accepted points of the compass, the

North and the South being rarely, if ever, on the top or the bottom of the documents.

Savonarola's ashes were gathered together at nightfall, after the execution, and were cast into the Arno. Like the ashes of Wiclif which were thrown into the river Swift, they have gone "into narrow seas, and thence into the broad ocean, and thus become the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

Notwithstanding the pride of Florentines in the possession of the bones of Galileo, he did in reality very little for Florence, except to come here to die. The oscillations of a hanging-lamp in the Cathedral at Pisa gave him the first idea of the pendulum; and he first turned his attention to the thermometer, the telescope, and the microscope at Padua. When he was punished by the Inquisition because he said that the world moved, he sought refuge in Florence; and from here he went, peacefully and willingly, in 1642, to join the stars which he had brought so much nearer to the moving earth.

The Casa Galileo (on the south side of the Arno), No. 13 Costa S. Giorgio, in which Galileo lived for some years, is a long house on a sharp incline; two stories in height up the hill, three stories in height below. It is defaced by ugly modern frescoes, and by a libellous portrait of its illustrious occupant. A military barrack is just beneath it, and crowds of children beg coppers of the Landmarker who sits him down in front of it to record his impressions; while their seniors look over his shoulder at the little book in which, to their great surprise, he is making notes and not a picturesque sketch.

The tablet on this house of Galileo seems to have been placed there, not to record the great fact that it *was* Galileo's house, but rather to record the utterly unimportant fact that once a certain member of the Medici family condescended to call upon Galileo here. And on the tablet on Galileo's house at Arcetri, near the famous Tower, there is no hint given to the world that a greater than any of the Medici, one John Milton, a young English poet, destined soon to lose the sight of his eyes, came, in 1638, to visit the great Italian astronomer, grown blind already by weight of years and of sorrow.

Although one of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* was that between Galileo and Milton on this occasion, neither Galileo nor Milton recorded, unfortunately, what was then said or done. It was unquestionably talk too good to have gone up the chimney or out of the window; and it is very hard for us, even with Landor's aid, to imagine it.

Galileo's Tower at Arcetri is well worthy of a visit, because of the view to be obtained from its top, if for no other reason. It is situated upon a commanding eminence, six or seven hundred feet above the Valley of the Arno; and it is reached by the Porta Romana, along the broad Viale di Poggio Imperiale, lined with its tall cypress-trees. Here are still preserved, in the study he occupied for many years, Galileo's microscope, many of his astronomical instruments, his portrait from life, in pen and ink, it is supposed by Guido Reni, one of his autograph letters, the mask of his dead face, and other interesting relics. And by the rough wooden steps by which he himself climbed towards the sky, one can now ascend to the square roof, to see the stars by night; and to see, by day, a vista almost unparalleled for beauty in all this revolving world in which we live.

Galileo's Tower forms a wing of a long, narrow mansion, beautiful and comfortable and cheerful enough, no doubt, in the summer months, but cold and carpetless and dreary in the bleak winter weather of Sunny Italy. It contains old and picturesque furniture, and frescoes, and a few rare pictures, notably a portrait of Michael Angelo, attributed to himself, and a pencil sketch, by Canova, of the Mother of all the Buona-partés; a family which, not being content with having taken possession of almost all the rest of the world, still claims to have been indigenous to this soil.

The Villa Galileo, in which Galileo lived in Arcetri, while using the Tower as his work-shop by night and by day, and in which he died, is now numbered 23 Via del Piano di Giullari. It stands behind and below the Tower, only a short distance away, and it is on the first turn to the right as one ascends to the Porta Romana. The house on the street side is commonplace enough, except for a baddish modern bust of Galileo, and for a tablet bearing the dates of his birth and his death. The "back of the house," as one of the guide-books expresses it, "fronts

on a beautiful garden, and commands a most lovely view." His life here was saddened by domestic as well as by public trials, and was only occasionally cheered by such expressions of sympathy as men like John Milton could bring to him. The house does not seem to have been altered since Galileo died—in the year in which Newton was born. But as it is not "a show place," and as permission to enter it is only granted by the courtesy of the present proprietor, a private gentleman, the present chronicler can only speak of it as he saw it from the little street; and he can only thank Galileo for having lived in it, and for having lived at all.

Both the house and the Tower of Galileo, at Arcetri, are now easily reached from Florence by the prosaic horse-car, which, like the Buona-partés of three-quarters of a century ago, has taken possession of all lands; and which is called, in all languages except in the language which originally gave it a name—"the tram."

Galileo's body now lies in a magnificent monument in the nave of the Church of S. Croce. According to the Misses Susan and Joanna Horner, as set down in their admirable *Walks in Florence*, when Galileo's bones were removed here, in 1757, from an adjoining chapel, a titled and enthusiastic idiot cut off and carried away the forefinger and thumb of the right hand of the Master, in order "to possess the instruments with which Galileo had written his great works." Another finger, removed by another vandal, is said to be preserved in the room dedicated to Galileo at the Museum of Natural History here. Happily the head of Galileo, which directed these "instruments," was undisturbed, and now rests with what was left of his terrestrial body.

Many years ago Leigh Hunt wrote:—"Above all, I know not whether the most interesting sight in Florence is not a little mysterious bit of something looking like parchment, which is shown you under a glass case in the principal public library. It stands pointing toward Heaven, and is one of the fingers of Galileo. The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to torture by the Inquisi-



GALILEO'S HOUSE IN ARCETRI.

tion, for ascribing motion to the Earth; and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion. After this let no suffering reformer's pen misgive him. If his cause be good, justice will be done it some day."

Milton came to Florence in the autumn of 1638, and he seems to have made many friends here, and to have been hospitably entertained. "In the private academies of Italy, whither I was favored to resort," he wrote, "some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, met with an acceptance above what I had looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomium which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps." Again he said:—"There it was that I found and visited Galileo, grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition, for thinking, in Astronomy, otherwise than the Franciscan and the Dominican licensers thought."

Milton came back to Florence in the spring of 1639, when, according to his own account, he was received with no less eagerness than if the return had been to his native country and his friends at home. He remained here two months on the second visit, and Masson believes that he saw Galileo again, and probably more than once.

While Amerigo Vespucci has no especial claims to Landmarks that are Literary except as the writer of voluminous and excellent letters, the literature of a great nation owes to him at least a name; and some of its makers and its readers on that account, if on no other, will perhaps care to know, when they come to Florence, just where he was born and lived. The site of his house on the Borgo Ognissanti—No. 18—and near the Via dei Fossi, is now occupied by a hospital founded by him. Here he wrote the letter which Waldseemüller quoted in his *Cosmographiæ Introductio* in 1507, with the remark:—"Now a fourth part of the World has been found by Amerigo Vespucci, and I do not see why we should be prevented from calling it Ameriga or America." And thus did the local habitation which Columbus is credited with discovering for us get its name. A stone in the floor of a chapel in the adjoining Church of Ognissanti bears the legend, in Latin, that it was once the property of Vespucci; and the broad avenue on the banks of the river, from the Ponte alla Carraia to the Piazza degli Zuavi, is called Lung' Arno Amerigo Vespucci to this day,—with no one to object.

Niccolo Macchiavelli is chiefly interesting to the students of English literature as having contributed two important words to the language. As Macaulay said, out of the surname of Macchiavelli we have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the devil, and as *Hudibras* Butler put it,—

> "Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
> Tho' he gave his name to our Old Nick."

Whether the Devil, in this case, has got more, or less, than his due, it is not my place, or my purpose, or in my power, here to say.

The house in which Macchiavelli lived, and died, at No. 16 Via Guicciardini, and a stone's-throw from the Ponte Vecchio, on the south side of the river, has no less than two tablets to mark these facts, the later and larger one having been placed there in 1869, the four-hundredth anniversary of the great man's birth. The mansion has been cruelly done over, during the last decade or two; and its beautiful door was carried to the Tower of Galileo, where it is still preserved. The house, as it now appears, is commonplace and homely, but it is still a good enough house to have lived and died in, and its occupant no doubt found it so, after an experience worse than death in a Florentine jail.

Macchiavelli, poet, philosopher, critic, historian, orator, diplomat, was locked up for many months, and among the lowest criminals, in the Stinche, an ancient prison which has since disappeared, and the site of which is now occupied by the Accademia Filarmonica and the Teatro Pagliano, in the Via del Fosso, near the Piazza S. Croce.

Macchiavelli was buried in the Church of S. Croce. His monument, erected by public subscription, many years after his death, was a tardy recognition of what he certainly did for his town and his country.

The Misses Horner tell a pretty story of a flying visit made by Tasso once to the architect Bernardo Buontalenti. The poet, living at Ferrara, had heard of the production on the Florentine stage of his pastoral of *Aminta*, and that the suc-

cess which it had met here was due, in a great measure, to the scenery painted for the occasion by Buontalenti. Elaborate settings have saved many a doubtful play since those days, a fact which dramatists are slow to recognize; but Tasso, nobler than some of the men who have come after him, rode all the way to Florence to thank the artist, whom he embraced and kissed upon the forehead; and he then left as suddenly and as unexpectedly as he had arrived. When playwrights embrace scene-painters in our day we can hail the dramatic millennium as having come again.



GALILEO'S TOWER.

Buontalenti's house still stands on the corner of the Via Maggio—No. 37—and the little Via Marsili, on the left-hand side as one passes along the latter street from the Ponte S. Trinita towards the Piazza S. Felicita. But if the frescoes of Poccetti, of which the guide-books speak, were on the outer walls of the building, they have been stuccoed and kalsomined out of all existence by later owners.

Montaigne visited Florence in 1580, staying at the Angel Inn, where the charges were seven reals a day for man and horse, Florence being considered the dearest city in Italy. A real is a Spanish coin worth at the present time about five American cents.

At a festival on St. John's Day here he had an opportunity of seeing all the women, old and young, and he was obliged to confess that the amount of beauty at Florence appeared to him to be very limited. He remarks upon a Florentine custom of cooling wine by putting snow in the glass, which liked him not; and he recorded his having bought eleven plays and some other pieces, and the fact that he saw here a copy of Boccaccio's will, with a discourse on the *Decameron*, the will being printed *verbatim* from the original, which was written on a ragged bit of parchment.

John Evelyn records in his *Diary* that he arrived in Florence on the 22d October, 1644, being recommended to the house of Signor Baritiere, in the Piazza Spirito Santo, where he was exceeding well treated. His life here was that of the ordinary observant tourist of the present day.

Thomas Gray and Horace Walpole were

together in Florence for some fifteen months in 1739–40, and were the guests of Horace Mann, although they do not say where. They went to Rome and probably to Venice together, but no particulars of these visits are to be found in Gray's *Letters*, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, nor in the published correspondence of Walpole.

Smollett came to Florence in January, 1765, and "lodged at the Widow Vinini's, an English house delightfully situated on the bank of the Arno." The landlady, who was a native of England, he found very obliging; the rooms were comfortable, and the entertainment good and reasonable. He gave no account of his personal experiences here, and he hinted not at the exact, or the approximate, site of the Widow Vinini's hostelry. He saw a large number of fashionable persons in Florence, he spoke of its "tolerable" opera, and he dwelt at length upon the habits of the aristocrats of Florence in entering into partnership with the shopkeepers, even selling their own wine by retail. And he thought it "pretty extraordinary that it should not be deemed disparagement in a nobleman to sell half a pound of figs, or a palm of ribbon or tape, or to take money for a flask of sour wine, and yet be counted infamous to match his daughter to the family of a person who has distinguished himself in any of the learned professions."

Alfieri lived and died in the Palazzo Masetti, on the Lung' Arno Corsini, No. 2, facing the river, and a few steps west of the Ponte S. Trinita, the tablet informing the passer-by that here "the Prince of Tragedy wrote for the glory and the regeneration of Italy." The younger Dumas, who made a pious pilgrimage to this house a few years ago, described Alfieri's apartments as being upon the second floor; and Alfieri said in his *Memoirs* that he took possession of them in 1793. He told the story of his own life here—"the air, the view, the comfort, exciting his intellectual faculties to the utmost." The Countess of Albany was his constant companion in this mansion; and he died, in 1803, with his hand in hers. In his final delirium he repeated one hundred verses of Hesiod, which he had read but once, and that in his youth. He went out of the world in the midst of his work and in complete harness. Alfieri's monument, by Canova, in the Church of S. Croce, was erected in 1810 by the Countess of Albany, who herself lies in the same church under a beautiful tomb of white marble. She survived him twenty-one years.

The authorities of Florence have been very liberal in their tablets to their illustrious dead, and unusually generous in their engraved testimonials to the illustrious strangers who have lived and died in their midst. These tablets are in all quarters of the town, and upon buildings of all sorts and conditions. They are almost as thick as were the autumnal leaves which strewed the brooks in Vallombrosa, when Milton saw it in 1638, and generally they execute their purposes with a fair show of truth. They are, however, often very confusing to the blind pilgrims, led by blind guide-books, and sometimes they force him to stagger from side to side of the little thoroughfares, with his head in the air and his feet in the mud, which is sometimes deep in Florence. He cannot afford to let one of them escape him, and while he is searching in vain for the house in which Byron lodged or Hawthorne studied, he will stumble, perhaps, unexpectedly and much to his satisfaction upon the house in which Mrs. Browning or Mrs. Trollope died; and he will thank the authorities for giving him so much help as that, although he will, in the mean time, have wasted many precious minutes in trying to decipher the name of some Giovanni Somebody of whom he never heard, and for whom he does not care.

Byron spent but a day in Florence on his first visit, in 1817. He went to the two galleries and to the Medici Chapel, which he described "as fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones, to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses. It is unfinished and will remain so." In 1821 he was here again with Samuel Rogers, but only for a short time, and he has left no footprints in Florence at all.

Shelley was in Florence for a few months in the winter of 1819–20. Florentine art and literature seem to have impressed him less than the natural beauties of the surrounding country; and of its inhabitants, native and foreign, he saw but little, living here, as elsewhere, almost entirely within himself.

Leigh Hunt came to Florence in the summer of 1823. In his *Autobiography* he wrote:—"The night of our arrival we put up at a hotel in a very public street,

and were kept awake by songs and guitars. . . . From the hotel we went to a lodging in the Street of Beautiful Women—Via delle Belle Donne—a name which it is a sort of tune to pronounce. We there heard one night a concert in the street; and looking out, saw music-stands, books, etc., in regular order, and amateurs performing as in a room. Opposite our lodgings was an inscription on a house, purporting that it was the hospital of the Monks of Vallombrosa. From the Via delle Belle Donne we went to live in the Piazza S. Croce, in the corner house on the left side of it, next to the church of that name. . . . We lodged in the house of a Greek, who came from the Island of Andros, and was called Dionysius; a name which has existed there, perhaps, ever since the god who bore it. Our host was a proper Bacchanalian, always drunk, and he spoke faster than I ever heard. He had a 'fair Andrian' for his mother, old and ugly, whose name was Bella."



TOMB OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A little later the Hunts went to Maiano, a village on the slope of the Fiesolean hills, where he found the manners of the hamlet very pleasant and cheerful; and he said that the greatest comfort he experienced in Italy (next to writing a book) was living in that neighborhood, and thinking of Boccaccio as he went about. He speaks of the tradition that Boccaccio's father had a house at Maiano, and that the poet was fond of the place. Out of his windows Hunt could see the Villa Gherardo, the *Decameron* Valley of Ladies, a villa belonging to the family of Macchiavelli, and Settignano, where Michael Angelo was born; and he has often told with what pleasure he looked back upon it all in later life. Here he had the society of Kirkup, Landor, and Charles Armitage Brown. And Hazlitt, who came once to see him here, described him as "moulting." "My last day in Italy," he wrote, "was jovial. I had a proper Bacchanalian parting with Florence. A stranger and I cracked a bottle together in high style. He ran against me with a flask of wine in his hand, and divided it gloriously between us. My white waistcoat was drenched into rose-color. It was impossible to be angry with his good-humored face; so we complimented one another on our joviality, and we parted on the most jovial terms."

In 1828 Longfellow took up his abode in a house upon the Piazza S. Maria Novella, close to the Church of S. Maria Novella,

where, as he remembered, Boccaccio placed the opening scene of the *Decameron*. In November, 1868, he wrote to Lowell:—"We are in the Hotel Arno; we are sumptuously lodged in a palace on the Lung' Arno, within a stone's-throw of the Ponte Vecchio. My bedroom, looking over the river, is thirty-three feet by thirty, and high in proportion. I feel as if I were sleeping in some public square—that of the Gran Duca, for instance, with David and the Perseus looking at me. I was there this morning before breakfast; so that I fairly woke up there, and rubbed my eyes and wondered if I were awake or dreaming."

In January, 1869, Longfellow wrote:—"Florence was charming. We were there only three weeks, but we are going back again. We had a beautiful apartment close by the Ponte Vecchio, and right in the heart of the mediæval town. Close by, too, was the little church of S. Stefano, where Boccaccio read his comment on Dante; and the Uffizi and the Palazzo Vecchio, and Giotto's tower and *il mio bel* S. Giovanni. It was delightful to be there."

The Villa Landor stands on the road to Fiesole, a mile or so beyond the Porta Gallo and on the Via delle Fontanelle. The property, bought by Landor in 1829, has lately come into the possession of Professor Willard Fiske, who has enlarged and almost rebuilt the house, although certain of Landor's favorite apartments, notably the dining-room, the drawing-room, and Landor's bedroom, have been carefully preserved. Here he held his famous *Conversations*, imaginary and real, and from his windows he enjoyed that fair Florentine prospect which age cannot wither and custom cannot stale. Mr. Fiske has had a series of fine photographs made of the house as it was in Landor's day, a set of which he has presented to the British Museum. It was out of one of the windows of this dining-room, by-the-way, that Landor once, in a fit of rash impetuosity, threw his cook; a deed he always regretted, because, as he expressed it, if he had selected the other window, he would not have demolished a bed of tulips of which he was very fond! Landor's guests here were all the distinguished men of letters who came to Florence in his day.

On the 2d April, 1845, Dickens wrote to Forster:—"I went up to the Convent [at Fiesole], which is on a height, and was leaning over a dwarf wall, basking in the noble view over a vast range of hill and valley, when a little peasant girl came up and began to point out the localities. '*Ecco la villa Landora!*' was one of the first half-dozen sentences she spoke. My heart swelled, as Landor's would have done, when I looked down upon it, nestling among its olive-trees and vines.... I plucked a leaf of ivy from the Convent garden as I looked; and here it is for Landor, with my love."

Landor died, in 1864, in the Via della Nunziatina, now Via della Chiesa—No. 93—a poverty-stricken, shabby little street, which was never genteel. It is on what is here called "the other side of the river," and it runs from nothing to nowhere. It is peopled by wheelwrights and venders of vegetables, as poor as is the street itself; it has no prospect of anything that is not commonplace, and it is far away from everything that Landor could have loved, or that could have made life to him worth living. No. 93 is one of the few respectable residences in the street. It overlooks, from the upper windows, and despite the high wall, the gardens of S. Maria Carmine, which are not particularly cheerful; and it has no tablet but the tin sign of the insurance company which protects it from fire.

Landor lies under a flat white marble stone in the English Cemetery here, on the left of and not very far from the entrance. The inscription simply bears his name and records the fact that it is The Last Sad Tribute of his Wife and Children.

Charles Lever came to Florence in 1847, and he lived for several years in the Villa S. Leonardo, on the Via S. Leonardo and near the old Church of S. Leonardo, beyond the Porta S. Giorgio. Here he wrote, among other novels, *The Martins of Cro Martin*, *Roland Cashel*, and *The Dodd Family Abroad*.

Mrs. Jameson made many visits to Florence, and spent, at different times, many months here. But the only hint she gives as to her address is in a letter to Mr. Longman, written in 1857 from No. 1902 Via Maggio. She went then, and earlier and later, to Mrs. Trollope's, who, a devoted whist-player, was bitterly disappointed at finding that Mrs. Jameson did not know one card from another. She permitted herself to be lionized, which in her very

LANDOR'S VILLA.

heart she hated; but in other respects her days here were very happily and very usefully passed.

Just at the top of the Piazza de' Pitti, as one goes from the Arno, and on the Piazza S. Felicita—No. 9—where it is entered by Via Maggio, is the Casa Guidi, in which Mr. and Mrs. Browning lived for many years, and where, in 1861, Mrs. Browning died. It is a four-storied edifice, perfectly plain in its exterior.

The tablet on the Browning house bears the following inscription, roughly translated: "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in whose womanly heart were united profound learning and poetic genius; and who by her verse wove a golden wreath between Italy and England. Florence, in gratitude, placed this memorial here in 1861."

In 1848 Mrs. Browning wrote:—"In fact.... we have planted ourselves in the Guidi Palace, in the favorite suite of the last Count (his arms are on the floor of my bedroom). Though we have six beautiful rooms and a kitchen, three of them quite palace rooms, and opening on a terrace, and though such furniture as comes by slow degrees into them is antique and worthy of the place, we yet shall have saved money by the end of the year.... A stone's-throw, too, it is from the Pitti, and really in my present mind I would hardly exchange with the Grand-Duke himself. By-the-bye, as to street, we have no spectators in windows, just the gray wall of a church called S. Felice for good omen."

George S. Hillard, in his *Six Months in Italy*, spoke of the pleasure he had in meeting the Brownings in their own house in Florence in the winter of 1847–48, and he said that a happier home and a more perfect union than theirs it is not easy to imagine. Browning's conversation he found like the poetry of Chaucer, or like Browning's own poetry simplified and made transparent. He spoke of the marks of pain stamped upon Mrs. Browning's person and manner, of her slight figure, of her countenance expressive of genuine sensibility, and of "her tremulous voice fluttering over her words like the flame of a dying candle over the wick."



MRS. BROWNING'S TOMB.

Here on the 9th of March, 1849, their son was born, and here, a few days later, Browning heard of the death of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached.

In Florence Mrs. Browning wrote *The Casa Guidi Windows* and *Aurora Leigh.* To Mr. Milsand, Browning wrote from this house in 1858:—"My wife will add a few lines about ourselves; she is suffering a little from the cold, which has come late, not very severely either, but enough to influence her more than I could wish. We live wholly alone here; I have not left the house one evening since our return. I am writing—a first step toward popularity for me—lyrics with more music and more painting than before, so as to get people to hear and see."

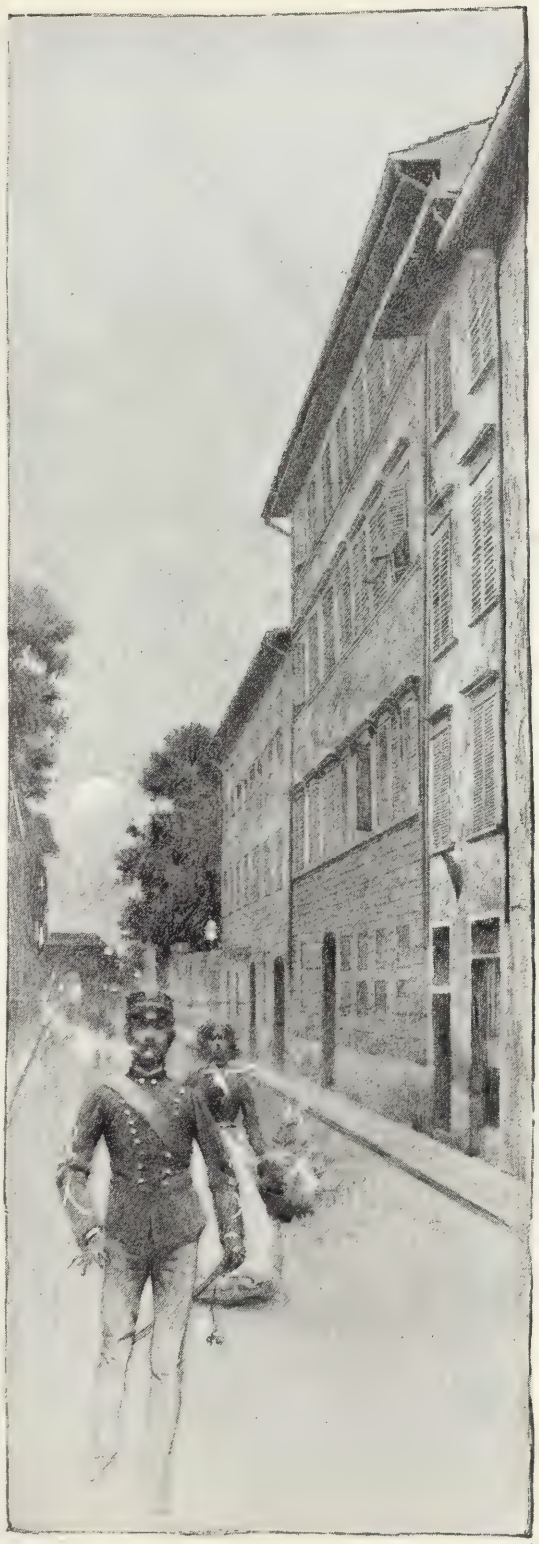
"Mrs. Browning," said Hawthorne, "met us at the door of the drawing-room, and greeted us most kindly—a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all; at any rate only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill yet sweet voice. She is a good and kind fairy, however, and sweetly disposed towards the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world; and her black ringlets cluster down her neck and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion."

The story of Mrs. Browning's death in this house in 1861 has been given in the *Life of Robert Browning.* It is one of sad yet tender and even cheerful courage and sweetness, and need not be repeated here.

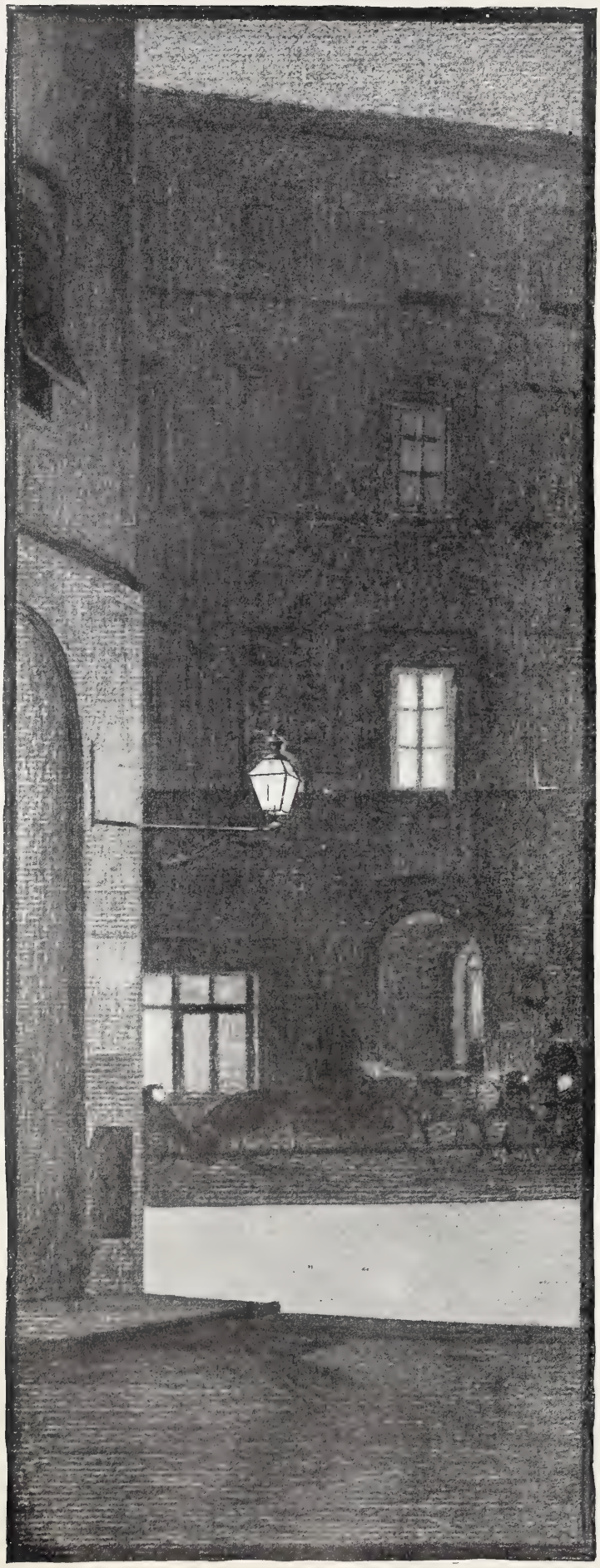
Mrs. Browning rests on the left of the main path as one enters the gate of the English Cemetery here. The monument is elaborate, but the inscription is simple enough—"E. B. B."

When Lowell was living in the Casa Guidi, or under what circumstance, or who were his neighbors, is not recorded; but he wrote, in 1874, from the "Albergo del Norte, Firenze," of the deep chord touched by the sight of "those old lodgings in the Casa Guidi, of the balcony Mabel used to play upon, and the windows we used to look out at, so long ago."

The Hawthornes came to Florence in May, 1858. In his *Life* of his father, Mr. Julian Hawthorne writes:—"The Casa Bella, a floor of which we occupied from the date of our arrival until the first of August, was a fresh and bright looking edifice handsomely furnished and fitted, built round a court full of flowers, trees, and turf. A terrace, protected from the sun by a rustic roof built over it, extended along one side of the exterior, and low windows or glass doors opened upon it. The house was all light and grace, and well deserved its title: a room giving



CASA BELLA.



HOUSE IN WHICH MRS. BROWNING DIED.

upon the garden was used by Hawthorne as his study; and there, when not wandering about the genial, broad-flagged streets, or in the galleries and churches and public gardens, he used to sit and sketch out his romance—the English romance, I think, not the Italian one. He did not write very much as yet, however; the weather would have made it difficult to stay in-doors in the daytime, even had the other attractions to go forth not been so alluring; and in the evenings [Hiram] Powers or some other friend was apt to come in, or he visited Powers's studio, or went to Casa Guidi, near by, where the Brownings were."

Elsewhere Mr. Julian Hawthorne writes:—"Such friends as Powers and Mr. and Mrs. Browning afforded all that nature and art could not supply; and the freedom from all present labor and all anxiety for the morrow gave an inward pleasantness to every moment. I believe this to have been upon the whole the happiest period of Hawthorne's life."

"The Casa Bella," wrote Hawthorne himself, "is a palace of three pianos;....to me has been assigned the pleasantest room for my study, and when I like I can overflow into the summer-house or an arbor, and sit there dreaming of a story." The Casa Bella is now numbered 124 Via dè Serragli. It is on the left-hand side of the street, two doors beyond the Torrigiani Gardens, as one goes from the Porta Romana.

In August the heat of Florence drove the Hawthornes out of the city; and they took the Villa Montaüto, "the villa on a hill called Bello Sguardo, about a mile beyond the Porta Romana." "Near at hand," says the son, "across the gray groves of olives, was the tower to which Mrs. Browning had attached her poem of *Aurora*

Leigh, and Galileo's Tower was also visible from our battlements.... The Villa Montaüto was, as readers of Hawthorne know, the prototype of that of Monte Beni; though the latter is placed in another region." It was in this mouldering stronghold that Hawthorne wrote the first sketch of the *Marble Faun.*

Hawthorne has put on record that he saw Bryant here, at the Hotel New York, in 1858.

As Venice is the resort of German brides, so is Florence the paradise of spinsters of all ages and all climes. At five of the clock, of almost every afternoon of the year, the rattle of teaspoons is heard in every *pension* in the town, from Paoli's to the Villa Trollope; and there is consumed daily, at that hour, enough thin bread-and-butter to shingle the roof of Vieusseux's Scientific and Literary Reading-Room, on the Via Tornabuoni.

Mary Ann Evans, better known to the world as "George Eliot," when she first came to Florence was a Spinster—as she herself acknowledged in probating the will of Mr. Lewes many years later—and without question she was the greatest of all the spinsters who were ever cheered in Florence by the non-inebriating cup.

George Eliot and Lewes arrived in Florence in May, 1860. "We took up our quarters in the Pension Suisse," she wrote in her *Journal*, "and on the first evening we took the most agreeable drive to be had round Florence, the drive to Fiesole." This probably was the Hôtel de Londres et Pension Suisse, No. 13 Via Tornabuoni.

A few days later she wrote to John Blackwood: — "We are at the quietest hotel in Florence, having sought it out for the sake of getting clear of the stream of English and Americans."

"Dear Florence was lovelier than ever on this second view," wrote George Eliot in her *Journal*, May 5, 1861, "and ill health was the only deduction from perfect enjoyment. We had comfortable quarters at the Albergo della Vittoria, on the Arno; and we had the best news from England about the success of *Silas Marner*.... We arrived in Florence on the 4th May, and left it on the 7th June—thirty-four days of precious time spent there. Will it be all in vain? Our morning hours were spent in looking at streets, buildings, and pictures, in hunting up old books at shops or stalls, or in reading at the Magliabecchiana Library." This is a portion of the National Library in the Uffizi.

There is a tradition in Florence that she wrote *Romola* in the Villa Trollope, in the Piazza Indipendenza, now a well-known *pension;* and her rooms are still pointed out to the inmates, and still bear her name. The windows, one flight up, look towards the south; and when there is any sun in Sunny Italy it shines in all its Italian glory upon them. These rooms have since been occupied by Mr. Thomas Hardy—as is most fitting—and it would be pleasant to think of *Romola* and *Tess* as sitting down there in harmony together; but while George Eliot certainly called upon the Trollopes in this house, neither does she nor Mr. Trollope hint anywhere as to her having been their guest there, even for a night. And *Romola* was written, and finished, entirely in London in 1861, 1862, and 1863.

Trollope wrote, in *What I Remember:* —"I had much talk with George Eliot during the time—very short, at Florence —when she was maturing her Italian novel, *Romola.*" And later he said:— "In 1869–70 George Eliot and Mr. Lewes visited Italy for the fourth time. I had since the date of their former visit quitted my house in Florence, and established myself in a villa and small *podere* at Ricorboli, a commune outside the Florentine Porta S. Niccolo. And there I had the great pleasure of receiving them under my roof... Their visit all too short a one—less than a week, I think."

Thomas Adolphus Trollope and his mother came to live in Florence in 1843. "After some little time and trouble," the son wrote, "we found an apartment in the Palazzo Berti, in the ominously named Via dei Malcontenti. Our house was the one next to the east end of the Church of S. Croce. Our rooms looked on to a large garden and were pleasant enough." After his marriage to his first wife, Theodosia Garrow, in 1848, he moved into the mansion which still bears his name, and where his mother died in 1863, and his wife two years later.

The Villa Trollope stands on the corner of the great Piazza Indipendenza and the little Via Vincenzo Salvagnoli, once the Via del Podere. It is a plain, three-storied edifice, bearing a tablet stating that in this house on the 15th April, 1865, died Theodosia Garrow Trollope, who

"with the soul of an Italian wrote, in English, of the struggle and triumph of Liberty."

After the death of the first Mrs. Trollope her husband sold this house, and moved into the Villa Emelia, No. 41 Via del Ponte A Ema and beyond the Porta S. Niccolo.

At the elder Mrs. Trollope's weekly reunions appeared every one of any note in Florence, and many of no note whatever; but all were most kindly and most hospitably received, the lion-hunters no doubt, as is their way, often driving the lions themselves out into the jungle of their own domestic privacy.

Two low, simple, white marble stones, facing each other, in the centre of the English Cemetery, and on a narrow winding path to the left of the main path, as one enters the grounds, mark the graves of Frances and Eleanor Trollope. Latin inscriptions record their virtues, their names, and their ages; and they lie but a few feet from Landor, and almost immediately behind Mrs. Browning. Arthur Hugh Clough, Theodore Parker, and James Lorimer Graham, Jun., are their neighbors; and within that little cemetery's walls are contained the most sacred and the most realistic of all the Literary Landmarks of Florence to-day.

THE NEMESIS OF PERKINS.

A POLITICAL ANECDOTE, FOR THE MOST PART TRUE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT was a pleasant night in the spring of 189–.

The residents of Phillipseburg were enjoying an early spring, and suffering from the demoralizing influences of a municipal election. Incidentally Mr. Thaddeus Perkins, candidate, was beginning to feel very much like Moses when he saw the promised land afar. The promised land was now in plain sight; but whether or not the name of Perkins should be inscribed in one of its high places depended upon the voters who on the morrow were to let their ballots express their choice as to who should preside over the interests of the city and hold in check the fiery untamed aldermen of Phillipseburg.

The candidate was tired, very tired, and was trying to gain a few hours' rest before plunging again and for the last time into the whirlpool of vote-getting; and as he sat enjoying a few moments of blissful ease behind the close-drawn portières of his library there came the much-dreaded sound of heavy feet upon the porch without, and the door-bell rang.

"Norah!" cried the candidate, in an agonized stage-whisper, as the maid approached in answer to the summons, "tell them I'm out, unless it's some one of my personal friends."

"Yis, sorr," was the answer. "Oi will."

And the door was opened.

"Is Misther Perkins in?" came a deep, unmistakably "voting" voice from without.

"Oi dun'no'. Are yees a personal friend of Misther Perkins?" was the response, and the heart of Perkins sought his boots.

"Oi am not, but—" said the deep voice.

"Will, he isn't in," said Norah, positively.

"When 'll he be back?" asked the visitor.

"Ye say ye niver met him?" demanded Norah.

"Oi told ye oi hadn't," said the visitor, a trifle irritably. "But—"

"Thin he'll niver be back," put in the glorious Norah, and she shut the door with considerable force and retired.

For a moment the candidate was overcome; first he paled, but then catching Mrs. Perkins's eye and noting a twinkle of amusement therein, he yielded to his emotions and roared with laughter. What if Norah's manner was unconventional? Had she not carried out instructions?

"My dear," said the candidate to Mrs. Perkins, as the shuffling feet on the porch shuffled off into the night, "what wages do you pay Norah?"

"Sixteen dollars, Thaddeus," was the answer. "Why?"

"Make it twenty hereafter," replied the candidate. "She is an emerald beyond price. If I had only let her meet the nominating committee when they entered our little Eden three weeks ago, I should

not now be involved in this wretched game of politics."

"Well, I sincerely wish she had," Mrs. Perkins observed, heartily. "This affair has made a very different man of you, and as for your family, they hardly see you any more. You are neglecting every single household duty for your horrid old politics."

"Well, now, my dear—" began the candidate.

"The pipes in the laundry have been leaking for four days now, and yet you won't send for a plumber, or even let me send for one," continued Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, Bessie dear, how can I? The race is awfully close. It wouldn't surprise me if the majority either way was less than a hundred."

"There you go again, Thaddeus. What on earth has the leak in the laundry pipes to do with the political situation?" asked the puzzled woman.

The candidate showed that in spite of his recent affiliations he still retained some remnants of his former self-respect, for he blushed as he thought of the explanation; but he tried nevertheless to shuffle out of it.

"Of course you can't understand," he said, with a cowardly resolve to shirk the issue. "That's because you are a woman, Bess. Women don't understand great political questions. And what I have particularly liked about you is that you never pretended that you did."

"Well, I'd like to now," persisted Mrs. Perkins. "I want to be of as much assistance to my husband in his work as I can, and if public questions are hereafter to be the problems of your life, they must become my problems too. Besides, my curiosity is really aroused in this especial case, and I'd love to know what bearing our calling a plumber has upon the tariff, or the money question, or any other thing in politics."

The candidate hesitated. He was cornered, and he did not exactly like the prospect.

"Well—" he began. "You see, I'm standing as the representative of a great party, and we—we naturally wish to win. If I am defeated, every one will say that it is a rebuke to the administration at Washington; and so, you see, we'd better let those leaks leak until day after tomorrow, when the voting will all be over."

Mrs. Perkins looked at her husband narrowly.

"I think I'll have to call the doctor," was her comment. "Either for you or for myself, Teddy. One of us is gone—wholly gone, mentally. There's no question about it, either you are rambling in your speech, or I have entirely lost all comprehension of the English language."

"I don't see—" began Perkins.

"Neither do I," interrupted Mrs. Perkins; "and I hardly hope to. You've explained and explained, but how a plumber's calling here to fix a laundry leak is to rebuke the administration at Washington is still far beyond me."

"But the plumbers are said to hold the balance of power!" cried the candidate. "There are a hundred of them here in Phillipseburg, and each one controls at least five assistants, which makes six hundred voters in all. If I call in one, he and his five workers will vote for me, but the other five hundred and ninety-four will vote for Haskins; and if they do, the administration might as well go out of business. Can't you see? It's the same way with the dandelions. These spring elections are perfect—ah—Gehenna for a candidate if it happens to be an early spring like this."

Perkins's voice had the suggestion of a wail in it as he spoke of the dandelions, and his wife's alarm grew upon her. She understood now about the plumber, but his interjection of the dandelions had brought a fearful doubt into her heart. Surely he was losing his mind.

"Dandelions, Thaddeus?" she echoed, aghast.

"Yes, dandelions," retorted the candidate, forcibly. "They've queered me as much as anything. The neighbors say I'm not a good neighbor because I don't have them pulled. Mike's been so thoroughly alcoholic all through the fight, looking after my interests, that he can't pull them; and if I hire two men to come and do the work, seven hundred other men will want to know why they didn't get a chance."

"But why not employ boys?" demanded Mrs. Perkins.

"And be set down as an advocate of cheap child labor? Not I!" cried Perkins.

"Then the dandelion-pullers are another balance of power, are they?" asked Mrs. Perkins, beginning to grow somewhat

easier in her mind as to her husband's sanity.

"Precisely; you have a very remarkable gift of insight, Bess," answered the candidate.

"And how many balances of power are there?" demanded the lady.

"The Lord only knows," sighed Perkins. "I've made about eighty of 'em solid already, but as soon as one balance is fixed a thousand others rise up like Banquo's ghost, and will not down. I haven't a doubt that it was a balance of power that Norah just turned away from the front door. They strike you everywhere. Why, even Bobbie ruined me with one of them in the Eighth Ward the other day—one solidified balance wiped out in a moment by my interesting son."

"Bobbie?" cried Mrs. Perkins. "A six-year-old boy?"

"Exactly — Bobbie, the six-year-old boy. I wish you'd keep the children in the house until this infernal business is over. The Eighth Ward would have elected me; but Bobbie ruined that," said Perkins, ruefully.

"But how?" cried Mrs. Perkins. "Have our children been out making campaign speeches for the other side?"

"They have," assented Perkins. "They have indeed. You remember that man Jorrigan?"

"The striker?" queried Mrs. Perkins, calling to mind a burly combination of red hair and bad manners who had made himself very conspicuous of late.

"Precisely. That's just the point," retorted Perkins. "The striker. That's what he is, and it's what you call him."

"But you said he was a striker at breakfast last Wednesday," said Mrs. Perkins. "We simply take your word for it."

"I know I did. He's also a balance of power, my dear. Jorrigan controls the Eighth Ward. That's the only reason I've let him in the house," said Thaddeus.

"You've been very chummy with him, I must say," sniffed Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, I've had to be," said the candidate. "That man is a power, and he knows it."

"What's his business?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Interference between capital and labor," replied Perkins. "So I've cultivated him."

"He never struck me as being a very cultivated person," smiled Mrs. Perkins. "He has a suggestion of alcohol about him that is very oppressive."

"I know—he has a very intoxicating presence," said the candidate, joining in the smile. "But we are rid of his presence now and forever, thanks to Bobbie. I got the news last night. He and his followers have declared for Haskins, in spite of all his promises to me, and we can attribute our personal good fortune and our political loss to Bobbie. Bobbie met him on the street the other day."

"I know he did," said Mrs. Perkins. "He told me so, and he said that the horrid man wanted to kiss him."

"It's true," said Perkins. "He did, and Bobbie wouldn't let him."

"Well, a man isn't going back on you because he can't kiss your whole family, is he?" asked Mrs. Perkins, apprehensively. "If that's the situation, I shall go to New York to-morrow."

Perkins laughed heartily. "No, my dear," he said. "You're safe enough from that. But Jorrigan, when Bobbie refused, said, 'Well, young feller, I guess you don't know who I am?' 'Yes, I do,' said Bobbie. 'You are Mr. Jorrigan,' and Jorrigan was overjoyed; but Bobbie destroyed his good work by adding, 'Jorrigan the striker,' and the striker's joy vanished. 'Who told you that?' said he. 'Pop—and he knows,' said Bobbie. That night," continued Perkins, with a droll expression of mingled mirth and annoyance, "the amalgamated mortar-mixers of the Eighth Ward decided that consideration for their country's welfare should rise above partisan politics, and that when it came to real statesmanship Haskins could give me points. A ward wiped out in a night, and another highly interesting, very thirsty balance of power gone over to the other side."

"I should think you'd give up, then," said Mrs. Perkins, despairfully. She wanted her husband to win—not because she had any ambition to shine as "Lady-Mayor," but because she did not wish Thaddeus to incur disappointment or undergo the chagrin of a public rebuke. "You seem to be losing balances of power right and left."

"Why should I give it up?" queried Perkins. "You don't suppose I am having any better luck than Mr. Haskins, do you?"

"Is he losing them too?" asked Mrs. Perkins, hopefully.

"I judge so from what he tells me," said Perkins. "We took dinner together at the Centurion in New York the other night, and he's a prince of good fellows, Bess. He has just as much trouble as I have, and when I met him on the train the other day he was as blue as I about the future."

"You and the captain dining together?" ejaculated Mrs. Perkins.

"Certainly," said Perkins. "Why not? Our hatred is merely political, and we can meet on a level of good-fellowship anywhere outside of Phillipseburg."

Mrs. Perkins laughed outright. "Isn't it funny!" she said.

"Why, Haskins is one of my best friends, generally," continued Perkins. "I don't see anything funny about it. Just because we both happen to be dragged into politics on opposite sides at the same moment is no reason why we should begin cutting each other's throats, my dear. In fact, with balances of power springing up all over town like mushrooms, we have become companions in misery."

"Well, I don't see why you can't get together, then, and tell these balances to go to—to grass," suggested Mrs. Perkins.

"Grass is too mild, my love," remarked the candidate, smiling quietly. "They wouldn't go there, even if we told them to, so it would be simply a waste of breath. We've got to grin and bear them until the polls close, and then we can pitch in and tell 'em what we think of them."

"Just the same," continued Mrs. Perkins, "an agreement between Mr. Haskins and you to ignore these people utterly, instead of taking them into your family, would stop the whole abuse."

"That's a woman's idea," said Perkins, bravely, though in the innermost recesses of his heart he wished he had thought of it before. "It isn't practical politics, my love. You might as well say that two opposing generals in a war could save thousands of lives by avoiding each other's armies and keeping out of a fight."

"Well, I do say that," replied Mrs. Perkins, positively. "That's exactly my view of what generals ought to do."

"And what would become of the war?" queried the candidate.

"There wouldn't be any," said the good little woman.

"Precisely," retorted Perkins. "Precisely. And if Haskins and I did what you want us to do, there would be no more politics."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Mrs. Perkins. "Are politics the salvation of the country? It's as bad as war."

"Humph!" grunted Perkins. "It is difficult to please women. You hate war because, to settle a question of right, people go out into the field of battle and mow each other down with cannon; you cry for arbitration. Let all questions, all differences of opinion, be settled by a resort to reason, say you—which is beautiful, and undoubtedly proper. But when we try to settle our differences by a bloodless warfare, in which the ballot is one's ammunition, you cry down with politics. A political contest is nothing but a bit of supreme arbitration, for which you peace people are always clamoring, by the court of last resort, the people."

Mrs. Perkins smiled sweetly, and taking her husband's hand in hers, stroked it softly.

"Teddy dear, you mustn't be so politic with me," she said; "I'm not a campaign club. I know that sentiment you have just expressed is lofty and noble, and ought to be true, and I know we used to think it was true—three weeks ago I believed it when you said it; but this is now, dear. This is to-night, not three weeks ago, and I have changed my mind."

"Well," began the candidate, hesitatingly, "I don't know but what I am weakening a trifle myself."

"I know," interposed Mrs. Perkins, "you are weakening. You know as well as I do that the hard work you are doing is not in appealing to the reason of the supreme court of arbitration, the people. You are appealing, as you have said yourself, to a large and interesting variety of balances of power, that do not want your views or your opinions or your arguments, but they do want your money to buy cigars and beer with. They want you to buy their good-will; and even if you bought it, I doubt if they would concede to you a controlling interest in it if Mr. Haskins should happen to want some of it, and I don't doubt he does."

"You don't know anything—" the candidate ventured.

"Yes I do, too," returned Mrs. Perkins, with the self-satisfied nod which the average new woman gives when she thinks she is right, though Mrs. Perkins had no pretensions in that direction, happily for

her family. "I know all that you have told me. I know that when you were to dine at Colonel Buckley's on Wednesday night you wore your evening dress, and that when leaving there early to go to the city and address the Mohawk Independent Club you asked your manager if you could go dressed as you were, and his answer was, 'Not on your life,' and you went home and put on your business suit. You told me that yourself, and yet you talk about the supreme court of arbitration, the people!"

"But, Bess, the Mohawks are a powerful organization," pleaded Perkins. "I couldn't afford to offend them."

"No. It was the first balance of power that turned up. I remember it well. It was to be convinced by arguments. You were going down there to discuss principles, but you couldn't appeal to their judicial minds or reach their reason unless you changed your clothes; and when you got there as their guest, and ventured to ask for a glass of Vichy before you spoke, do you remember what they brought you?" demanded Mrs. Perkins, warming up to her subject.

The candidate smiled faintly. "Yes," he answered. "Beer."

"Exactly; and when he gave you the beer, that MacHenty man whispered in your ear, 'Drink that; it 'll go better wid the byes.'"

"He did," said Thaddeus, meekly.

"And yet you talk about this appeal to a reasonable balance of power! Really, Teddy, you are becoming demoralized. Politics, as I see it, is an appeal to thirst, and nothing else."

"'You never miss the voter till the keg runs dry,'" sang the candidate, with a more or less successful attempt at gayety, as he rose up and kissed his wife tenderly. "Never mind, Bess. I've had enough, and if I'm beaten this time I'll never do it again. So don't worry; and, after all, this is only a municipal election. The difference between a grand inspiring massive war for principle and a street riot. The supreme court of arbitration, the people, can be relied on to do the right thing in the end. They are sane. They are honest. They are not all thirsty, and in this as in all contests the blatant attract the most attention. The barker at the door of the side show to the circus makes more noise than the eight-headed boy that makes the mare go."

"You're a trifle mixed in your metaphors, Teddy," said Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, who wouldn't be, after a three weeks' appeal to an arid waste of voters?"

"A waste of arid voters," amended Mrs. Perkins.

"The amendment is accepted," laughed Thaddeus. And at that moment a telephone call from headquarters summoned him abroad.

"Good-night, Bess," he said, kissing his wife affectionately. "This is the last night."

"Good-night, Teddy; I hope it is. And next time when they ask you to run—"

"You shall be the balance of power, sweetheart, and decide the question for me," said the candidate, as, with sorrow in his heart, he left his home to seek out what he called "the branch office of Hades," political headquarters, where were gathered some fifty persons, most of whom began life in other countries, under different skies, and to whom the national anthem "America" meant less and aroused fewer sentiments worth having than that attractive two-step "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and who were yet sufficiently powerful with the various "balances" of the town to hold its political destinies in their itching palms.

Two months after this discussion the late Honorable Thaddeus Perkins, ex-candidate, and Mayor of Phillipseburg only by courtesy of those who honor defeated candidates with titles for which they have striven unsuccessfully, was strolling through the country along the line of the Croton Aqueduct, trying to disentangle, with the aid of the fresh sweet air of an early summer afternoon, an idea for a sonnet from the mazes of his brain. Stopping for a moment to look down upon the glorious Hudson, stretching its shimmering length like a bimetallic serpent to the north and south, he suddenly became conscious of a pair of very sharp eyes resting upon him, which a closer inspection showed belonged to a laborer of seemingly diminutive stature, who was engaged in carrying earth in a wheelbarrow from one dirt-pile to another. As Thaddeus caught his eye the laborer assumed towering proportions. He rose up quite two feet higher in the air and bowed.

"How do you do?" said Perkins, re-

turning the salutation courteously, wondering the while as to what might be the cause of this sudden change of height.

"Oi'm well—which is nothin' new to me," replied the other. "Ut sheems to me," he continued, "thot youse resimbles thot smart young felly Perkins, the Mayor of Phillipseburg—not!"

Perkins laughed. The sting of defeat had lost its power to annoy, and his experience had become merely one of a thousand other nightmares of the past.

"Do I?" he replied, resolving not to confess his identity, for the moment at least.

"Only thinner," chuckled the laborer, shrinking up again; and Perkins now saw that the legs of his new acquaintance were of an abnormally unequal length, which forced him every time he shifted his weight from one foot to the other to change his apparent height to a startling degree. "An' a gude dale thinner," he repeated. "There's nothin' loike polithical exersoize to take off th' flesh, parthicularly when ye miss ut."

"I fancy you are right," said Perkins. "I never met Mr. Perkins—that is, face to face—myself. Do you know him?"

The Irishman threw his head back and laughed.

"Well," he said, "oi'm not wân uv his pershonal fri'nds. But oi know um when oi see um," and he looked Thaddeus straight in the eye as he grew tall again.

"I'm sure it is Perkins's loss," returned Thaddeus, "that you are not a personal friend of his."

"It was," said the Irishman. "My name is Finn," he added, with an air which seemed to assume that Perkins would begin to tremble at the dreaded word; but Perkins did not tremble. He merely replied,

"A very good name, Mr. Finn."

"Oi t'ink so," assented Mr. Finn. "Ut's better nor Dinnis, me young fri'nd."

Perkins assented to this proposition as though it was merely general, and had no particular application to the affairs of the moment. "I suppose, Mr. Finn," he observed, shortly, "that you were one of the earnest workers in the late campaign for Mr. Perkins?"

"Was he elicted?" asked Finn, scornfully.

"I believe not," began Thaddeus. "But—"

"Thot's me answer to your quistion, sorr," said Finn, with dignity. "He'd 'a' had lamps befoor his house now, sorr, if he hadn't been gay wid his front dure."

"Oh—he was gay with his front door, was he?" asked Perkins.

"He was thot, an' not ony too careful uv his windy-shades," replied Finn.

Perkins looked at him inquiringly.

"Givin' me, Mike Finn, song an' dance about not bein' home, wid me fri'nds outside on the lawn watchin' him troo de windy, laffin' loike a hayeny."

"Excuse me—like a what?" said Thaddeus.

"A hayeny," repeated Mr. Finn. "Wan o' thim woild bastes as laffs at nothin' much. 'Is he home?' sez oi. 'Are yees a pershonal fri'nd?' says the gurl. 'Oi'm not,' sez oi. 'He ain't home,' says the gurl. 'Whin 'll he be back?' says oi. 'Niver,' says she, shlammin' the dure in me face; and Mike Finn wid a certifikut uv election for um in his pocket!"

"A certificate of election?" cried Perkins. "And he wouldn't see you?"

"He would not."

"You were to an extent the balance of power, then?"

"That's what oi was," said Finn, enjoying what he thought was Perkins's dismay; for he knew well enough to whom he was talking. "Oi was the rale bonyfiday balance uv power. Oi've got foive sons, sorr, and ivery wan o' thim byes is conthracthors, or, what's as good, bosses uv gangs on public an' proivate works. There ain't wan uv thim foive byes as don't conthrol twinty-foive votes, an' there ain't wan uv 'em as don't moind what the ould mon says to um. Not wan, sorr. An' they resints the turnin' down uv their father."

"That's as it should be," said Perkins.

"An' ut's as ut was, me young fri'nd. Whin oi wint home to me pershonal fri'nds at th' Finn Club, Misther Perkins had losht me. Wan gone. Whin oi tould the Finn Club, wan hundred sthrong, he losht thim. Wan hundred and wan gone. Whin oi tould th' byes, he losht thim. Wan hundred an' six gone. An' whin they tould their twinty-foive apiece, ivery twinty-foive o' thim wint. Wan hundred an' six plus wan hundred an' twinty-foive makes two hundred an' thirty-wan votes losht at the shlammin' uv the front dure. An' whin two hundred an' thirty-wan votes laves wan soide minus an' the other soide plus, th' gineral

result is a difference uv twoice two hundred an' thirty-wan, or foor hundred an' sixty-two. D'ye mind thot, sorr?"

"I see," said Perkins. "And as this—ah—this particular candidate was beaten by a bare majority of two or three hundred votes—"

"It was *me* as done it!" put in the balance of power, shaking his finger at Perkins impressively. "Me—Mike Finn!"

"Well, I hope Mr. Perkins hears of it, Mr. Finn," put in Thaddeus. "I am told that he is wondering yet what hit him, and having put the affront upon you, and through that inexcusable act lost the election, he ought to know that you were his Nemesis."

"His what?" queried the real balance.

"His Nemesis. Nemesis is the name of a Greek goddess," explained Perkins.

"Oi'm no Greek, nor no goddess," retorted Finn, "but I give him the throw-down."

"That's what I meant," explained Thaddeus. "The word has become part of the English language. Nemesis was the Goddess of the Throw-down, and the word is used to signify that."

"Oh, oi see," said Finn, scratching his head reflectively. Perkins took his revelation a trifle too calmly. "You say you don't know this Perkins?" he asked.

"Well, I never met him," said the ex-candidate, smiling. "But I know him."

Finn laughed again. "Oi'll bet ye do; an' oi guiss ye've seen his fa-ace long about shavin'-toime in the mornin' in the lukin'-glash—eh?"

"Well, yes," smiled Perkins. "I confess I'm the man, Mr. Finn; but now we are—personal friends—eh? I was fagged out that night, and—you didn't send in your card, you know—and I didn't know it was you." The balance of power cast down his eyes, and rubbing his hand on his overalls as if to clean it, stretched it out. Perkins grasped it, and Finn gave a slight gulp. He wasn't quite happy. The proffered friendship of the man he had injured rather upset him; but he was equal to the occasion.

"Niver moind, sorr," he said, when he had quite recovered. "You're young yit. They've shoved yees out this toime, but wait awhoile. Yees 'll be back."

"No, Mr. Finn," replied Perkins, handing Finn a cigar. "Thanks to you, I got out of a tight hole, and as our maid said to you that night, I'll 'niver be back.' But if you happen down my way again, I'll be glad to see you—at any time. Good-by."

The two parted, and Thaddeus walked home, thinking deeply of the far-reaching effect in this life of little things; and as for Finn, he bit off half the cigar Perkins had given him, and as he chewed upon it, sitting on the edge of his barrow, he remarked, "Well, oi'll be da-amned!"

THE INTERRUPTION.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

WHO is that knocking at the door?
My own, who is it knocks to-night?
In this wild storm, dear heart—why should one come?
You hear! You hear! Ah, love, wrap close your arms!
Love, kiss me, kiss me, kiss!
Turn toward my soul the splendor of your own!
My eyes are yearning for the light of yours
Like frightened wanderers yearning for the dawn.
Love, hear the knocking! Hold me close!
Oh, will the door give way—be battered in?
Who dare knock so at this sweet House of Love?
Dear, closer, closer yet! The lights are going out!
Your lips—have they grown cold? Your eyes—
Why, even they cannot dispel this dark!
So cold and dark—the rain sweeps at our house.
The wind tears at our roof—and if it goes
We shall have nothing 'twixt us and the Black.
The knocking still! Hark! Hark!
The door gives way! The winds of God are in the house.
The dark! Oh, love, love, love!
Silence! The door is down.



THE MAKING OF A PESSIMIST.

BY E. A. ALEXANDER.

"L'art conduirait il à l'endurcissement?"
—Villiers de L'Isle-Adam.

THERE were four of them in the studio, all four middle-aged, rather unattractive, but enthusiastic. Their host exhibited his work lingeringly, and let them gush together, keeping as far away as possible from the restless group. They had arrived shortly after two o'clock, and were prolonging their visit indefinitely, although it was now long past three.

Miss Metler, the tallest and thinnest of the party, was the most voluble; Miss Kennedy, the youngest and frowziest, was silent with appreciation, and the two other attendant satellites, whose names Burril had failed to catch, exchanged rapturous glances whenever anything particularly struck their fancy.

"Do show us what you are doing for the Salon," begged Miss Metler.

Burril, who had shown them everything he had, was nonplussed.

"I am sure Mr. Burril is reserving some great surprise for us," said Miss Metler, turning to her companions.

"Indeed you have seen every blessed thing," Burril assured her. He had been quite pleased with his winter's work before they came, but now felt his heart sink.

"Of course I understand perfectly that you don't care to show your best things to everybody"—she was reproachful now; "but we made a special effort to come here this afternoon, because we have watched your success with so much interest, and we simply dote on your work—don't we, Emma?" This remark was addressed to Miss Kennedy, who smiled acquiescence.

"It's awfully kind of you," answered Burril, limply. "I assure you if I had anything more I would bring it out at once."

Miss Metler, somewhat mollified, shook a reproving finger at him playfully, intending no doubt to express a jocular disbelief of his last statement; then she changed the subject.

"I am doing a picture that I should like you to see," she remarked, complacently. "When do you think you could come over and look at it? Now really, when you see it, I want you to say frankly just exactly what you think. I'm not a bit sensitive, and you must promise to say precisely what you feel."

"It's hard for me to get off just now," said Burril—Miss Metler lived quite at the other end of Paris, and her studio could only be reached by an hour's fast driving. "I have to send in next week. Could I wait until after that?"

"Oh, can't you come before? That would be too late. I am going to send mine in too. I only wanted you to confirm my opinion about it. I really feel so nervous about it, although it's decidedly the best thing I have ever done. Isn't it, girls?"

"Well, perhaps I can manage to drop in late—"

"Oh, not late, Mr. Burril, for you wouldn't find me. I leave my place at four. You see, we have a class in anatomy from five to six, and in the evening we draw from the antique at Miss Kennedy's. We don't lose a minute, I can assure you, and I have the greatest trouble to find time for even Julian's. We simply have to slave to show people we are in earnest. You have no idea of the prejudice against women in art. We have to fight every inch of the way to show them we are really serious; but it's worth the struggle—isn't it, girls? Why, we are just as thorough—here I've been doing legs for five weeks, until yesterday, when I began backs. Of course if it's worth doing at all it's worth doing well. Now there's Emma Kennedy, she's wearing herself to the bone. She only has two more months over here, and she must finish what she came over for. When I think of her industry I simply despair, for I feel so idle. Now don't say a word, Emma; you know what you accomplish is gigantic—she never rests a minute while there is daylight. Only the temptation of seeing your work could have induced her to come out with us this afternoon. Now you really will come over before the time for sending in, won't you?"

"I'll try my best to drop in some day soon," he said, shaking four outstretched hands and bowing them out.

Then, as they scuttled down the staircase, he remembered that he had forgotten to offer them any tea, and wondered if they thought him not only incompetent to paint pictures worthy of a place in the exhibition, but rude into the bargain. The tea had been plainly visible, laid out on a small table; for, success in his profession having given him some prominence socially, he had found it necessary to have a reception-day in order to avoid constant interruptions from stray visitors.

He was just preparing to close his outer door after the departing guests when he became aware of a heavy step ascending the stairway, and the sound of panting and labored breathing floated up from below. When the visitor finally did arrive it was several minutes before she had breath enough to address him, and Burril had ample time to note her shortness and great breadth of person, and to satisfy himself that she was an utter stranger. She did not seem in the least troubled by the uncomfortable silence that reigned while she struggled to regain her composure, and she spent this embarrassing interval in looking the young man over, beginning at his feet and slowly reaching his head, speaking just as he became desperate and was on the point of saying something himself to relieve the awkwardness.

"Mr. Burril, I believe?" she began, in a stifled voice; for she had not altogether overcome the effect of her ascent.

Burril "owned the soft impeachment."

"How very fortunate I find you alone!" she said, briskly whipping a large notebook from her pocket. "Now I needn't lose an instant, and can finish you up in a jiffy."

"Won't you come in and sit down!" asked Burril, politely.

"No, thank you; I really haven't time this afternoon, and it's quite unnecessary, for I shall only detain you a moment. I am only in search of facts; please allow me to proceed." She evidently almost resented his civil interruption. "I am writing a book, to be called *Our Artists in Foreign Climes*, and I should like to include you and an account of your work among those I mention. You can certainly have no objection to giving me the few necessary details."

And before he had time to reply, she began her questioning.

"Your Christian name, or names, if you please?"

Burril found himself answering with docility; her sudden onslaught was paralyzing, and he made no attempt to resist.

"Where you were born, and the date? That is more delicate than asking you bluntly your age, is it not?" she said, squinting up at him. "Where have you studied, and under what masters, and where did you make your first success?"

Burril was a modest man, and made a faint protest at this, but she interrupted him impatiently, saying:

"I shall not misconstrue any information you may choose to give me, but I beg you to be brief, not to digress, and to

simply answer my questions as I put them to you. Every minute of my time is precious, as I have several hundred names on my list, and only a week in which to see all these people and collect all my information. Are you married? If not, why not? Will you kindly tell me where I can procure a photograph of yourself and your principal works; and will you give me a list of your most prominent achievements? There; I believe that is all."

"The truth is," said Burril, who had had time during this long address to collect his wits and recover from his first astonishment and the shock of her sudden attack, "I should like to know something about your book, and what you intend to say before I allow you to mention my name. If you will kindly step in we can talk the matter over quietly, and I may be of some assistance to you, but really out here—"

"I will come in, of course, if you insist upon it," she said, severely, "although it seems to me a quite unnecessary waste of time, as I only wait for the answers to my last few questions. Couldn't we remain here?" pointing to two chairs in the antechamber, as Burril prepared to lead her into the studio.

"Certainly, if you prefer it," he answered, obligingly, and they seated themselves, the fat little woman with an expression of protesting resignation exhibited in all the folds of her stout countenance.

"I thought you might care to see some of my work, as you are to write about it," he explained, apologetically.

"Not in the least necessary," she said, wagging her pencil impatiently. "Of course I know all about it. Landscapes of the Barbizon school, I believe."

"No," said Burril, "I don't paint landscapes."

"Of course not," said his visitor, not in the least ruffled by her mistake. "Figures, certainly—a mere slip of the tongue. Shall we go on? What medals have—"

But here Burril interrupted her. He felt it was his turn to ask a few questions, and he began at once, blandly ignoring her annoyance.

"Who are your publishers?" he inquired.

"I haven't thought of such a thing yet," she said, indignantly. "Isn't that question a little premature, when the book isn't even commenced? I have only just begun to collect my facts."

"Where do your writings usually appear? and have you ever done anything of this kind before?" continued Burril, relentlessly.

"I am a lady, Mr. Burril," said the fat woman, with some asperity — she had great difficulty in reaching the floor with the tips of her feet, but she made a desperate effort to rise as she spoke—"and I am not used to inquisitorial remarks of this kind. I know I am a stranger, but I have undertaken this task with the purest motives, in the interest of what is best in art, and with no sordid thought. My family and extraction, Mr. Burril, are all that the most fastidious could desire, and my natural disposition for literature has received the most thorough cultivation. I cannot believe that any one more fitted for this especial work could be found, and I consider that I am conferring, and not incurring, an obligation when I ask you for information; but I clearly see that you regard my visit as an intrusion, and I will leave at once." She had finally managed to rise, and was hastily making her way to the door.

"I can assure you," she said, turning as she reached the doorway, "that the rudeness of your reception, and your evident mistrust of my ability, will in no way affect my judgment of your work," and with this heaping of parting coals of fire she trotted down stairs with great rapidity.

Burril closed the door after her and retired to the studio. He was an optimist by nature, and the disheartening impressions left by his early visitors soon wore off. He smoked a cigarette, sampled some of the sweets on his tea table, and had almost determined to make some tea by himself, when his door-bell jangled, and there entered a tall stout woman, followed by a seemingly endless procession of young and giggling girls.

The stout woman advanced, smiling, a huge feather boa swinging loosely over the projection of her portly figure, and she introduced herself, saying,

"You don't remember me, Mr. Burril." She held out a hand reproachfully. "I am Mrs. Bleakersville. I came to see you several years ago, when you were painting my friend Mrs. McKessel. In those days we little thought how famous you were going to be. Famous people,

Mr. Burril, you know, are public property, so I have taken the liberty of bringing a few young friends with me this afternoon to see your work."

Burril racked his brains to remember something about her; and failing, looked a beaming welcome he did not feel, and tried to seat the party comfortably. It was a difficult task, for the studio boasted very few seats. Mrs. Bleakersville meanwhile laboriously introduced the girls, mentioning each name distinctly and impressively, and Burril was relieved to find that they were not all her daughters, as he had imagined on their first entrance.

By crowding several of his visitors—including the stately Mrs. Bleakersville herself—on a divan, he managed to accommodate them all. The young women said nothing, but stared at him very hard, confusing him, and interfering with his attention to Mrs. Bleakersville's remarks, that since her entrance had flowed on unceasingly.

"These dear girls," she said, waving her hand comprehensively, "are all studying art in some form or other, and several of them have remarkable talent. Would you be kind enough to show them some of your work?" She produced a lorgnette as she said this, without waiting for his answer.

Burril went reluctantly to pull out his things for the second time that afternoon. It was an ordeal to exhibit his pictures to the watchful unswerving gaze of all these expectant eyes, and his ardor for showing them had left him since his first discouraging experience. He fitted the picture he intended to show in its frame, and stepped back to leave the view free for his audience.

"Lovely," breathed Mrs. Bleakersville, nodding a purple bonnet trimmed with gilt spangles. "How poetic! Now, my dears, I want you to appreciate how delicately poetic that is."

Candidly Burril did not think either "delicate" or "poetic" exactly the right word to describe his rather hasty sketch of two onions, a tin dipper, and a section of orange pumpkin. He showed it because he was rather pleased with the color scheme, which he thought original.

"I know," said Mrs. Bleakersville, after several seconds of silent contemplation, "that we outsiders are not expected to be quite frank in expressing our opinions in a studio; but don't you think, Mr. Burril, that your color in this is a trifle pronounced and unnatural? I wouldn't criticise for the world, but really it is so unusual."

Burril could not agree with her; he liked the color, and thought it particularly successful; so he removed the sketch and put up something else.

"What a strange face! Is it a portrait?" asked Mrs. Bleakersville, dubiously. "Who is it?—if I may be allowed to ask."

Burril mentioned the name, and, after a long pause, Mrs. Bleakersville said, slowly,

"Does she look like that?"

"I have tried to make it as like as possible," said Burril.

"Is she considered pretty?" went on Mrs. Bleakersville, still more dubiously. "I suppose that gown is really very handsome; but how strange of her to wear such a thing to be painted in! Was it just that color? You young men like to be a little sensational, I think, and you have such a queer flat way of painting. Now I had a portrait painted of my father about a year ago, and I was so afraid it would look flat that I just went to the artist and told him frankly that I was perfectly willing to pay for all the paint he chose to use. 'Don't skimp a bit,' I said; 'just let it stick out;' and it does. It looks as if he was going to step right out of the frame. You must come and see it some day; it's a remarkable work of art."

Exhausted, Burril suggested tea to relieve himself from showing anything more, and was happy to have his suggestion met with general approval.

Mrs. Bleakersville, at his request, undertook the brewing, remarking, as she took off her gloves,

"What a pleasure it must be for you to show your work, Mr. Burril!"

By this time the girls, who had been rather shy at first, began to feel more at home. They wandered around the room examining the bric-à-brac and handling everything within reach; they even turned over the canvases that were faced to the wall, and they fingered valuable prints carelessly and fumbled over delicate drawings, seemingly quite oblivious to the fact that friction from gloved hands might be damaging to these treasures.

Mrs. Bleakersville kept handing out



"FINGERED VALUABLE PRINTS CARELESSLY."

cups to the inspectors, and the danger of spilled tea was added to their original recklessness. They swept the table clear of everything edible, and then Mrs. Bleakersville marshalled them out of the studio, bidding Burril an encouraging farewell by saying,

"You have improved so much."

A ten minutes' collapse followed this call; then the bell rang again—this time rather timidly.

A young girl of apparently seventeen or eighteen, clad in a striped garment and a pork-pie turban, came in, with a canvas under each arm, and a large portfolio swung by a strap over her shoulder.

She was rather pretty in an untidy way, had a quantity of frowzy blond hair twisted up under her peculiar hat, and her rather widely open brown eyes gave her face an expression of confiding innocence and candor. She stepped into the studio, peered about to see if there were other visitors, and finding there were none, seemed greatly relieved.

"Oh, Mr. Burril," she said, nervously, "I am so glad to find you alone, for I have brought some of my work, and I thought perhaps you might be kind enough to give me some criticisms. Please tell me if it bores you to do it now, and I can come again just as well as not."

Burril was ready to do anything but show his own pictures again, so his reception of Miss Gambrill and her work was warm.

They stood her two pictures up by an easel, and the girl seated herself, with the portfolio in her lap.

Burril thought her studies very creditable, although they showed no remarkable ability. He felt in a conscientious mood, and proceeded to give Miss Gambrill the benefit of his best advice.

"That head," he said, "is very good indeed; only you ought to try for a little more freedom."

"More like Franz Hals?" said Miss Gambrill, inquiringly.

"Yes, like Franz Hals," answered Burril, opening his eyes and staring.

"I feel your color is a trifle muddy in places—and a little more decision in the shadows would be an immense improvement," he went on.

"More like Rembrandt?" she asked.

"Oh—er—er—er—why, yes, you might do it like Rembrandt."

"I have a few things here that I want you to see," she said, untying the strings of her portfolio.

Burril meanwhile was looking at the second painting.

"You could improve this immensely by studying the hands more carefully," he said, turning to examine the drawings.

"I quite understand—you mean delicately, like Vandyck," she murmured, musingly.

"These are really very nice indeed," he said, quite sincerely, about the drawings.

But just at this moment the bell rang again, and Miss Gambrill hastily gathered her belongings together and beat a retreat, passing the incoming visitors on her way out.

They were two young men, and Burril let them go into the studio alone, politely escorting Miss Gambrill to the head of the stairs.

"Good-by," he said, cordially. "What you must look out for is to get more breadth in your work, try to see things more comprehensively, and you will be all right."

"Like Velasquez," she said, pensively, as she went slowly down stairs.

Every nerve in Burril's body was jumping by this time, and he felt his head fairly whirling. At any rate, he was now going back to comparatively congenial people, for the men who were waiting for him within were both painters. He did not care especially for Dodson's way of painting, which he considered mistaken in method and uninteresting, and he remembered that he was apt to uphold his reactionary views with a somewhat noisy and quarrelsome style of argument, but, after all that could be said against his work and his manner of defending it, he was a good fellow, and Burril was pleased to have him drop in with the other man, who was one of his particular chums, and welcome at all times.

"I say, Burril," said Dodson, as the painter returned to the studio, "that's the best thing you have done for a long while!"

Burril looked up expectantly, and there, leaning against the easel, was the larger of Miss Gambrill's two pictures. In her hurry to leave she had forgotten it. His patience was exhausted.

"If that's one of your beastly jokes,

Dodson, I must say I consider it in very bad taste," said Burril, snappishly.

Dodson was up in arms in an instant. He had red hair, and was easily roused to combat.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, fiercely. "I honestly admire it a thousand times more than those stupid impressionistic things you have taken to lately."

Burril lay down on the divan, buried his head in the cushions, and groaned aloud.

"Do stop talking shop!" said the other man, anxiously. "I have come here for tea and peace. This is about the only studio in Paris where the combination is sometimes found. Look here, Burril, you've eaten all the cake; and, by Jove, the tea is all gone! We'll have to go elsewhere for refreshment if this goes on."

Burril did not answer; he sat up and glared at Dodson, who hovered about Miss Gambrill's picture.

"Come out of that, Dodson," he said, jumping up and turning the canvas to the wall. "You know perfectly well it's not mine."

But Dodson assumed a mighty air of superiority.

"Do you mean to say you didn't paint it?" he said, throwing up his head and quite ready for a fray. "Well, all I can say is, more's the pity, for it's a mighty good thing."

"Be calm, do be calm, Burril. Dodson admires Bouguereau," said the other man, soothingly. "Remember that, Burril, and restrain your wrath. Can't we have some fresh tea?"

But Burril and Dodson were in the midst of a hot discussion, and paid no attention, so he poured out a cup of the dregs that remained in the cold teapot, and drank it, saying, as he did so:

"Poison, deadly poison. You fellows will be responsible for my death if anything happens to me."

The fight was growing fast and furious; the hair on Dodson's red head was erect, and he ran his hands through it continually and gesticulated. Burril was more quiet, but he looked dangerous.

"Oh, you fellows tire me very much," said the other man, rising and getting between the combatants. "Do shut up, Dodson. Let's be happy. Burril, trot out your latest things; I'll admire them. Peace at any price is my motto."



"HE HAD RED HAIR, AND WAS EASILY ROUSED."

But Burril and Dodson absolutely refused to be quieted, and in the midst of their discussion the door-bell rang again, and Mrs. Shuster appeared, bringing a little whirl of rustling silken skirts and a strong scent of violets into the stormy air of the studio.

She was short, smartly dressed, and gave an instantaneous impression of be-



MRS. SHUSTER.

ing somebody very important in her own circle, and quite unaware that anything outside of that circle could possibly exist.

A very small portion of Burril's work was standing where it could be seen, but Mrs. Shuster planted herself deliberately in a chair with her back to it, while she greeted its author with effusion.

Dodson was visibly impressed by her fashionable appearance, and smoothed down his ruffled hair.

Burril presented his friends, and Mrs. Shuster was not at all averse to entertaining them. Three men all to herself quite delighted her; she was in her element, and perfectly equal to the occasion.

In a few minutes the servant was called in, the tea table cleared of its débris of crumbs and dirty china, and fresh cups and cakes replaced on a cloth, a little splashed, to be sure, but not otherwise unpleasantly damaged. It was easier to procure fresh tea than fresh linen in this bachelor establishment. Mrs. Shuster was dainty in the way she put things to rights on the disorderly tray. Mrs. Bleakersville's administration had been one of devastation and slipshod plenty; the new reign was all neatness and comfort. Not a drop was spilled, not a spoon allowed to clink, during this tea-brewing.

After tea Dodson and Mrs. Shuster did all the talking; the other man and Burril lay back on the divan and listened. It was curious to note how completely Mrs. Shuster seemed to lose sight of Burril's presence and his position as host; she was totally absorbed by Dodson, who held forth on various subjects that fastened her attention, and finally this new friendship was permanently cemented by their happy discovery of a mutual fondness for truffles, and they forthwith and at great length discussed cookery, in connection with these delicate fungi, in all its varied ramifications.

Mrs. Shuster graciously accorded permission for the young men to smoke, and the big room was soon full of feathery whirls that kept mounting upward, helping to dim the waning light of the late afternoon, that was now verging on evening.

She paid not the slightest attention to any one but Dodson. No mention was made of Burril or his pictures, nor did she include him, even indirectly, in their discussion about truffles. She prattled on happily about the latest scandals, in a gently humorous way that robbed them of half their offensiveness; she laughingly told several good racy stories about some of her dearest friends, and described a function which she had attended the night before, expressing great astonishment when Dodson, helplessly cornered by her persistent questioning, owned that he had not been invited.

"Why, everybody was asked!" she cried. "There must have been some mistake."

Dodson was not quite sure whether he ought to be pleased or offended, but he decided to be flattered, and beaming from under his red locks, ventured to slightly broaden his A's, and handled his teacup with an airy grace that threatened to deposit its contents suddenly and unexpectedly on the floor.

He grew bolder, and as he was quite familiar with the names of the people she mentioned, he could almost fancy himself one of her favored and fashionable coterie. He mentioned several bits of gossip that he had picked up, and Mrs. Shuster kindly enlarged them by telling details that could only be had from one of the initiated.

All this time Burril and his friend smoked silently on the divan, to the rattling accompaniment of this conversation, and absolutely ignored by its participants.

At last the servant came in with a lamp, and reminded by this of the lateness of the hour, Mrs. Shuster rose to go.

"I suppose it is far too dark to ask to see the pictures, Mr. Burril?" she asked, lightly, as she was going; but she was half-way to the door before he could answer.

"I simply love to come here," she remarked, pausing for an instant on the threshold. "Tea in a studio;" she vaguely looked about to include the room and its occupants in her eulogy. "I do adore artistic surroundings; and the atmosphere —why, it makes one feel artistic one's self. Don't you think so, Mr. Dodson? Art is a passion with me; it's part of my real life; and it's so good of you, Mr. Burril, to let me come and refresh myself here once in a while. Good-by; or rather 'Au revoir,' for I always look forward to coming again soon;" and followed by Dodson, who was all gallantry, and insisted upon taking her down to her carriage, she left the studio.

"Now do get out at once, there's a good fellow," said Burril to the other man, as the door closed on the still chattering pair. "And as you go by, just tell the 'concierge' that I am not at home to anybody."

The other man, who was sympathetic, did as he was asked.





The Cuckoos & the Outwitted Cow-bird

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

HOW has that "blessed bird" and "sweet messenger of spring," the "cuckoo," imposed upon the poetic sensibilities of its native land!

And what *is* this cuckoo which has thus bewitched all the poets? What is the personality behind that "wandering voice"? What the distinguishing trait which has made this wily attendant on the spring notorious from the times of Aristotle and Pliny? Think of "following the cuckoo," as Logan longed to do, in its "annual visit around the globe," a voluntary witness and accessory to the blighting curse of its vagrant, almost unnatural life! No, my indiscriminate bards; on this occasion we must part company. I cannot "follow" your cuckoo

—except with a gun, forsooth—nor welcome your "darling of the spring," even though he were never so captivating as a songster.

The song and the singer are here identical and inseparable, to my prosaic and rational senses; for does not that "blithe new-comer," as Tennyson says, "tell his name to all the hills"—"*Cuckoo*!" "*Cuckoo*!"

The poet of romance is prompted to draw on his imagination for his facts, but the poet of nature must first of all be true, and incidentally as beautiful and good as may be; and a half-truth or a truth with a reservation may be as dangerous as falsehood. The poet who should so paint the velvety beauty of a rattlesnake as to make you long to coddle it would hardly be considered a safe character to be at large. Likewise an ode to the nettle or to the autumn splendor of the poison-sumac which ignored its venom would scarcely be a wise botanical guide for indiscriminate circulation among the innocents. Think, then, of a poetic eulogium on a bird of which the observant Gilbert could have written:

"This proceeding of the cuckoo, of dropping its eggs as it were by chance, is such a monstrous outrage on maternal affection, one of the first great dictates of nature, and such a violence on instinct, that had it only been related of a bird in the Brazils or Peru, it would never have merited our belief. . . . She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers. . . . 'Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath He imparted to her understanding.'"

America is spared the infliction of this notorious "cuckoo." Its nearest congeners, our yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoos, while suggesting their foreign ally in shape and somewhat in song, have mended their ways, and though it is true they make a bad mess of it, they at least try to build their own nest, and rear their own young with tender solicitude. The nest is usually so sparse and flimsy an affair that you can see through its coarse mesh of sticks from below, the fledglings lying as on a gridiron or toaster; and it is, moreover, occasionally so much higher in the centre than at the sides that the chicks tumble out of bed and perish. Still, it *is* a beginning in the right direction.

Yes, it would appear that our American cuckoo is endeavoring to make amends for the sins of its ancestors; but, what is less to its credit, it has apparently found a scapegoat, to which it would ever appear anxious to call our attention, as it stammers forth, in accents of warning, "c, c, cow, cow, cow! cowow, cowow!" It never gets any further than this; but doubtless in due process of vocal evolution we shall yet hear the "bunting," or "blackbird," which is evidently what he is trying to say.

Owing to the onomatopoetic quality of the "kow, kow, kow!" of the bird, it is known in some sections as the "kow-bird," and is thus confounded with the *real* cow-bird, and gets the credit of her mischief, even as in other parts of the country, under the correct name of "cuckoo," it bears the odium of its foreign relative.

For though we have no disreputable cuckoo, ornithologically speaking, let us not congratulate ourselves too hastily. We have his counterpart in a black sheep of featherdom which vies with his European rival in deeds of cunning and cruelty, and which has not even a song to recommend him—no vocal accomplishment which by the greatest of license could prompt a poet to exclaim,

"I hear thee and rejoice,"

without having his sanity called in question.

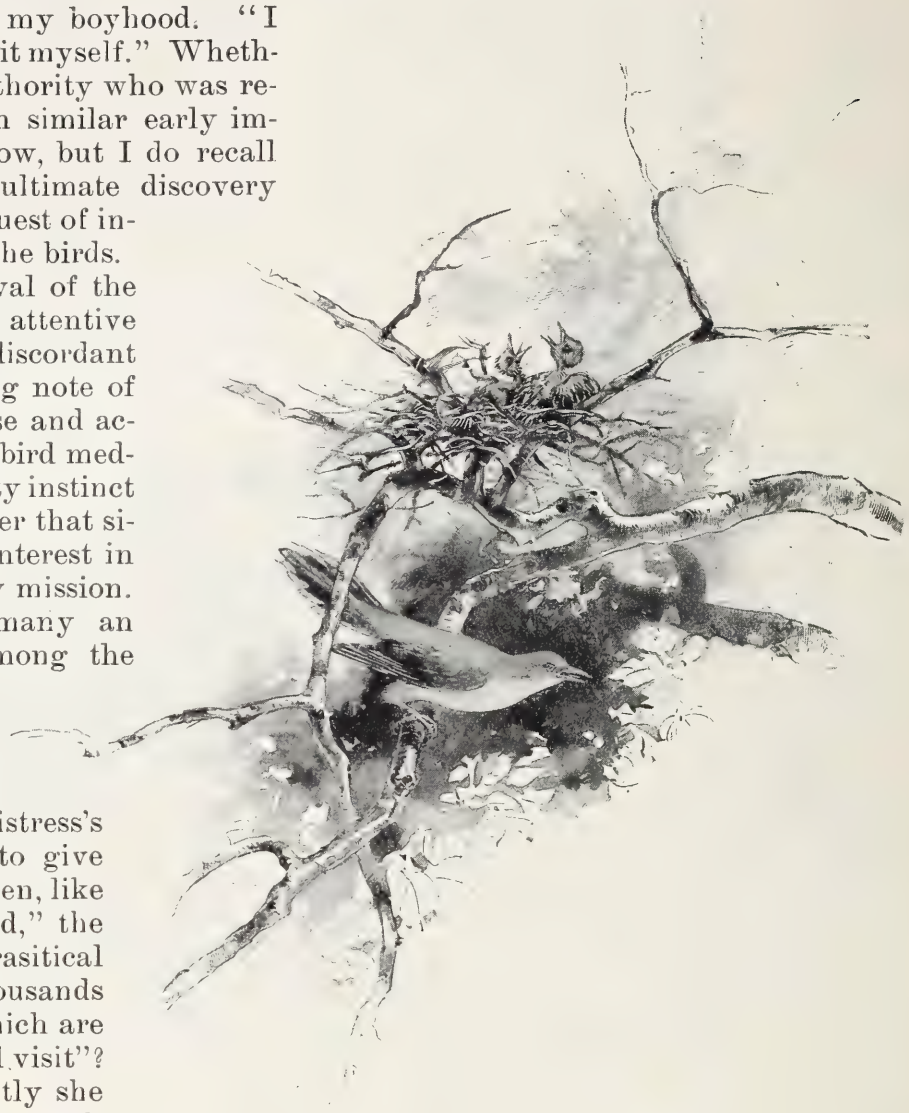
The cow-blackbird, it is true, executes a certain guttural performance with its throat—though apparently emanating from a gastric source—which some ornithologists dignify by the name of "song." But it is safe to affirm that with this vocal resource alone to recommend him he or his kind would scarcely have been known to fame. The bird has yet another lay, however, which has made it notorious. Where is the nest of song-sparrow, or Maryland yellow-throat, or yellow warbler, or chippy, that is safe from the curse of the cow-bird's blighting visit?

And yet how few of us have ever seen the bird to recognize it, unless perchance in the occasional flock clustering about the noses and feet of browsing kine and sheep, or perhaps perched upon their backs, the glossy black plumage of the males glistening with iridescent sheen in the sunshine.

"Haow them blackbirds doos love the smell o' thet caow's breath!" said an old

dame to me once in my boyhood. "I don't blame um: I like it myself." Whether it was this same authority who was responsible for my own similar early impression I do not know, but I do recall the surprise at my ultimate discovery that it was alone the quest of insects which attracted the birds.

Upon the first arrival of the bird in the spring an attentive ear might detect its discordant voice, or the chuckling note of his mischievous spouse and accomplice, in the great bird medley; but later her crafty instinct would seem to warn her that silence is more to her interest in the pursuit of her wily mission. In June, when so many an ecstatic love-song among the birds has modulated from accents of ardent love to those of glad fruition, when the sonnet to his "mistress's eyebrow" is shortly to give place to the lullaby, then, like the "worm i' the bud," the cow-bird begins her parasitical career. How many thousands are the bird homes which are blasted in her "annual visit"?



THE YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO.

Stealthily and silently she pries among the thickets, following up the trail of warbler, sparrow, or thrush like a sleuth-hound. Yonder a tiny yellow-bird with a jet-black cheek flits hither with a wisp of dry grass in her beak, and disappears in the branches of a small tree close to my studio door. Like the shadow of fate the cow-bird suddenly appears, and has doubtless soon ferreted out her cradle.

In a certain grassy bank not far from where I am writing, at the foot of an unsuspecting fern, a song-sparrow has built her nest. It lies in a hollow among the dried leaves and grass, and is so artfully merged with its immediate surroundings that even though you know its precise location it still eludes you. Only yesterday the last finishing-touches were made upon the nest, and this morning, as I might have anticipated from the excess of lisp and twitter of the mother bird, I find the first pretty brown-spotted egg.

Surely our cow-bird has missed this secret haunt on her rounds. Be not deceived! Within a half-hour after this egg was laid the sparrow and its mate, returning from a brief absence to view their prize, discover two eggs where they had been responsible for but one. The prowling foe had already discovered their secret; for she too is "an attendant on the spring," and had been simply biding her time. The parent birds once out of sight, she had stolen slyly upon the nest, and after a very brief interval as slyly retreated, leaving her questionable compliments, presumably with a self-satisfied chuckle. The intruded egg is so like its fellow as to be hardly distinguishable except in its slightly larger size. It is doubtful whether the sparrow, in particular, owing to this similarity, ever realizes the deception. Indeed, the event is possibly considered a cause for self-congratulation rather than otherwise —at least until her eyes are opened by the fateful *dénouement* of a few weeks later.

And thus the American cow-bird outcuckoos the cuckoo as an "attendant on the spring," taking her pick among the nurseries of featherdom, now victimizing the oriole by a brief sojourn in the swinging hammock in the elm, here stopping a moment to leave her charge to the care of an indigo-bird, to-morrow creeping through the grass to the secreted nest of the Maryland yellow-throat, or Wilson's thrush, or chewink. And, unaccountable as it would appear, here we find the same deadly token safely lodged in the dainty cobweb nest of the vireo, a fragile pendent fabric hung in the fork of a slender branch which in itself would barely appear sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of a cow-bird without emptying the nest.

Indeed, the presence of this intruded egg, like that of the European cuckoo in similar fragile nests, has given rise to the popular belief that the bird must resort to exceptional means in these instances. Sir William Jardine, for instance, in an editorial foot-note in one of Gilbert White's pages, remarks:

"It is a curious fact, and one, I believe, not hitherto noticed by naturalists, that the cuckoo deposits its egg in the nests of the titlark, robin, and wagtail by means of its foot. If the bird sat on the nest while the egg was laid, the weight of its body would crush the nest and cause it to be forsaken, and thus one of the ends of Providence would be defeated. I have found the eggs of the cuckoo in the nest of a white-throat, built in so small a hole in a garden wall that it was absolutely impossible for the cuckoo to have got into it."

In the absence of substantiation, this, at best presumptive evidence, is discounted by the well-attested fact that the cuckoo has frequently been shot in the act of carrying a cuckoo's egg in its mouth, and there is on record an authentic account of a cuckoo which was observed through a telescope to lay her egg on a bank, and then take it in her *bill* and deposit it in the nest of a wagtail.

There is no evidence to warrant a similar resource in our cow-bird, though the inference would often appear irresistible, did we not know that Wilson actually saw the cow-bird in the act of laying in the diminutive nest of a red-eyed vireo, and also in that of the bluebird.

And what is the almost certain doom of the bird home thus contaminated by the cow-bird? The egg is always laid betimes, and is usually the first to hatch, the period of incubation being a day or two less than that of the eggs of the foster-parent. And woe be to the fledglings whom fate has associated with a young cow-bird! He is the "early bird that gets the worm." His is the clamoring red mouth which takes the provender of the entire family. It is all "grist into his mill," and everything he eats seems to go to appetite—his bedfellows, if not thus starved to death, being at length crushed by his comparatively ponderous bulk, or ejected from the nest to die. It is a pretty well established fact that the cuckoo of Europe deliberately ousts its companion fledglings—a fact first noted by the famous Dr. Jenner. And Darwin has even asserted that the process of anatomical evolution has especially equipped the young cuckoo for such an accomplishment—a practice in which some accommodating philosophic minds detect the act of "divine beneficence," in that "the young cuckoo is thus insured sufficient food, and that its foster-brothers thus perish before they have acquired much feeling."

The following account, written by an eye-witness, bears the stamp of authenticity, and is furthermore re-enforced by a careful and most graphic drawing made on the spot, which I here reproduce, and fully substantiates the previous statement by Dr. Jenner. The scene of the tragedy was the nest of a pipit, or titlark, on the ground beneath a heather bush. When first discovered it contained two pipit's eggs and the egg of a cuckoo.

"At the next visit, after an interval of forty-eight hours," writes Mrs. Blackburn, "we found the young cuckoo alone in the nest, and both the young pipits lying down the bank, about ten inches from the margin of the nest, but quite lively after being warmed in the hand. They were replaced in the nest beside the cuckoo, which struggled about till it got its back under one of them, when it climbed backwards directly up the open side of the nest and pitched the pipit from its back on to the edge. It then stood quite upright on its legs, which were straddled wide apart, with the claws firmly fixed half-way down the inside of the nest, and stretching its wings apart and backwards, it elbowed the pipit fairly over the margin, so far that its struggles took it down



A BLIGHTED HOME.

the bank instead of back into the nest. After this the cuckoo stood a minute or two feeling back with its wings, as if to make sure that the pipit was fairly overboard, and then subsided into the bottom of the nest.

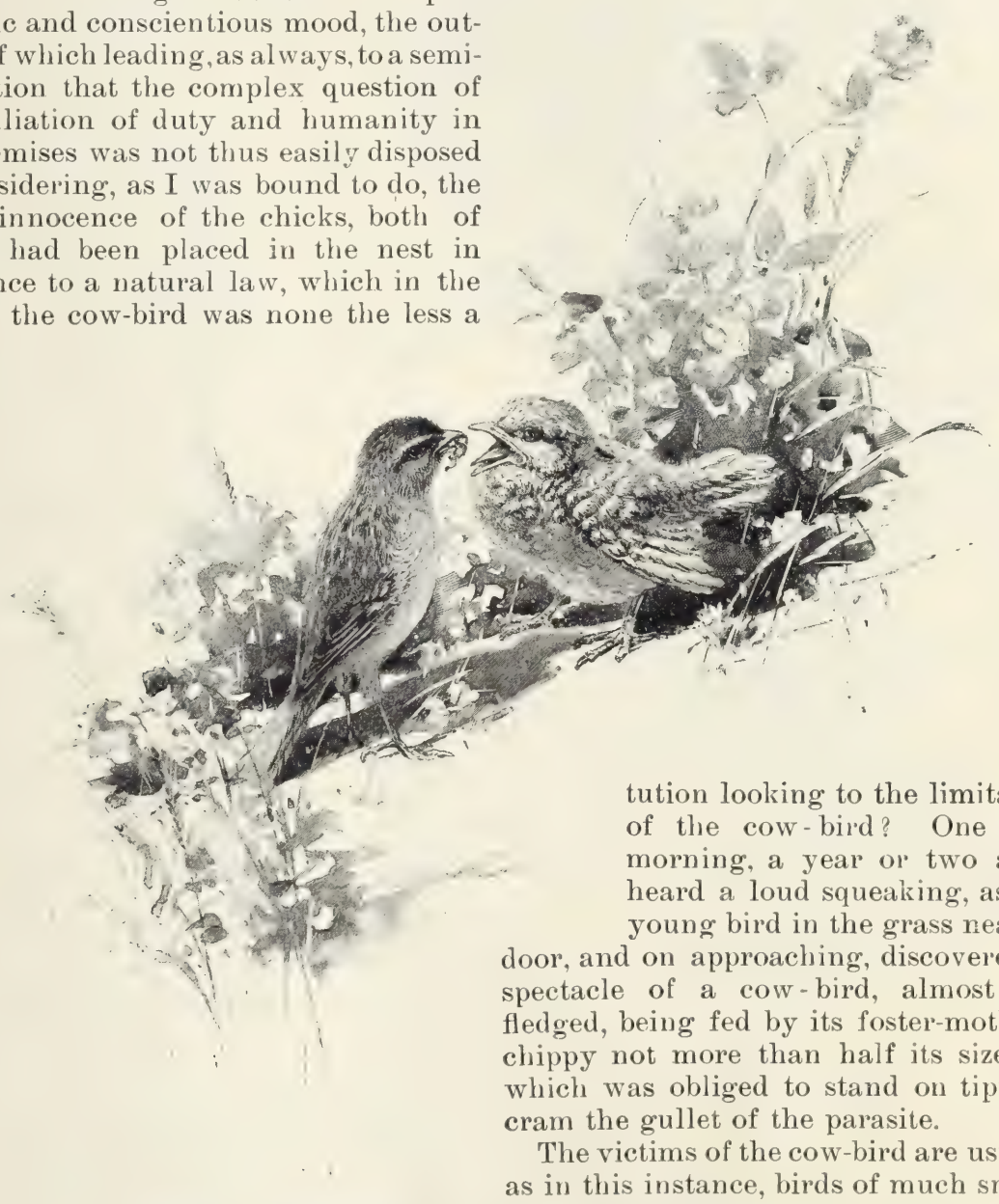
"I replaced the ejected one and went home. On returning the next day, both nestlings were found dead and cold out of the nest. . . . But what struck me most was this: the cuckoo was perfectly naked, without a vestige of a feather, or even a hint of future feathers; its eyes were not yet opened, and its neck seemed too weak to support the weight of the head. The pipit had well-developed quills on the wings and back, and had bright eyes, partially open, yet they seemed quite helpless under the manipulations of the cuckoo, which looked a much less developed creature. The cuckoo's legs, however, seemed very muscular; and it appeared to feel about with its wings, which were absolutely featherless, as with hands, the spurious wing (unusually large in proportion) looking like a spread-out thumb."

Considering how rarely we see the cow-bird in our walks, her merciless ubiquity is astonishing. It occasionally happens that almost every nest I meet in a day's walk will show the ominous speckled egg. In a single stroll in the country I have removed eight of these foreboding tokens of misery. Only last summer I discovered the nest of a wood-sparrow in a hazel bush, my attention being attracted thither by the parent bird bearing food in her beak. I found the nest occupied, appropriated, monopolized, by a cow-bird fledgling—a great fat clamoring lubber, completely filling the cavity of the nest, the one diminutive puny remnant of the sparrow's offspring being jammed against the side of the nest, and a skeleton of a previous victim hanging among the branches below, with doubtless others lost in the grass somewhere in the near neighborhood, where they had been removed by the bereaved mother. The ravenous young parasite, though not half grown, was yet bigger by nearly double than the foster-mother. What a monster this! The "Black Douglass" of the bird home; a blot on Nature's page!

As in previous instances, observing that the interloper had a voice fully capable of making his wants known, I gave the comfortable little beast ample room to spread himself on the ground, and let the lone little starveling survivor of the

rightful brood have his cot all to himself.

And yet, as I left the spot, I confess to a certain misgiving, as the pleading chirrup of the ousted fledgling followed me faintly and more faintly up the hill, recalling, too, the many previous similar acts of mine—and one in particular, when I had slaughtered in cold blood two of these irresponsibles found in a single nest. But sober second thought evoked a more philosophic and conscientious mood, the outcome of which leading, as always, to a semi-conviction that the complex question of reconciliation of duty and humanity in the premises was not thus easily disposed of, considering, as I was bound to do, the equal innocence of the chicks, both of which had been placed in the nest in obedience to a natural law, which in the case of the cow-bird was none the less a



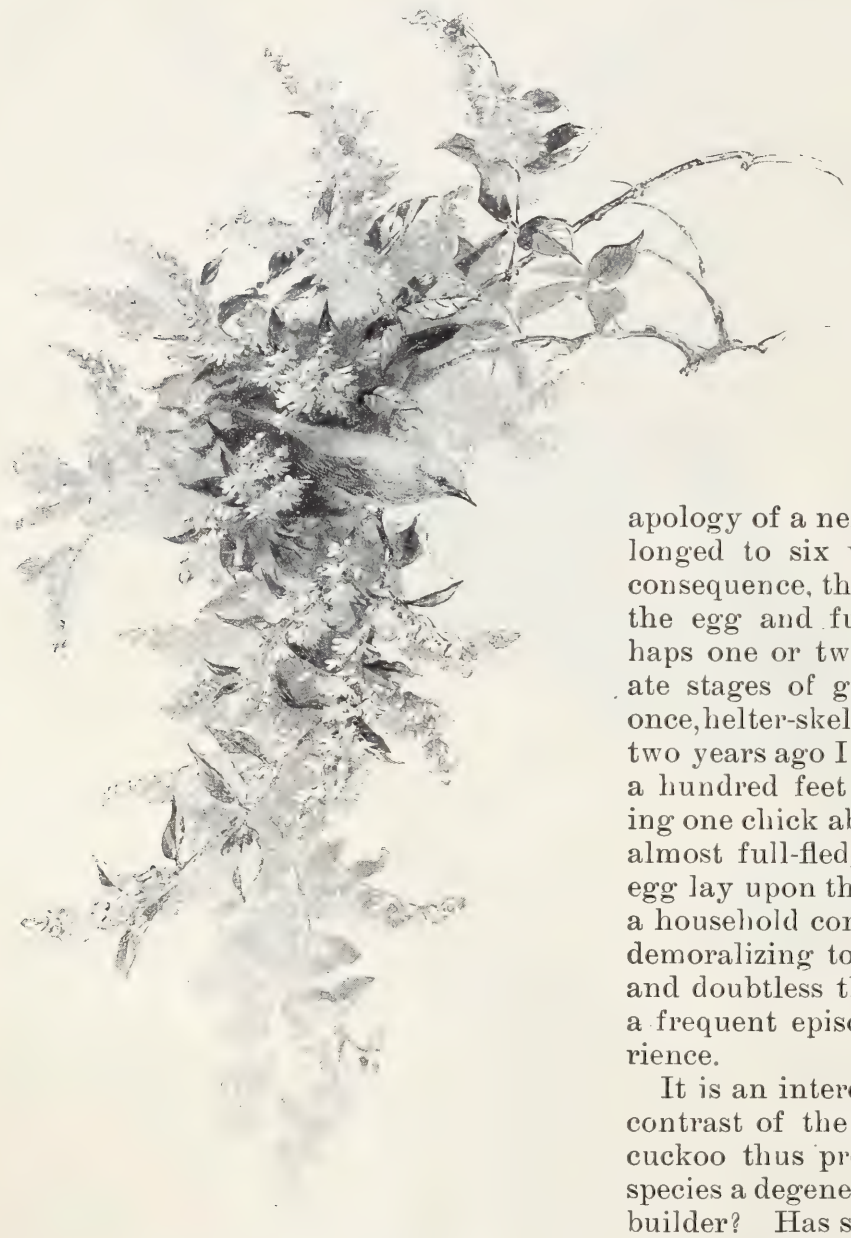
A GREEDY FOSTER-CHILD.

divine institution because I failed to understand it. Such is the inevitable, somewhat penitent conclusion which I always arrive at on the cow-bird question; and yet my next cow-bird fledgling will doubtless follow the fate of all its predecessors, the reminiscent qualms of conscience finding a ready philosophy equal to the emergency; for if, indeed, this parasite of the bird home *be* a factor in the divine plan of Nature's equilibrium, looking toward the survival of the fittest and the regulation of the sparrow and small-bird population, which we must admit, how am I to know but that this righteous impulse of the human animal is not equally a divine, as it is certainly a natural institution looking to the limitations of the cow-bird? One June morning, a year or two ago, I heard a loud squeaking, as of a young bird in the grass near my door, and on approaching, discovered the spectacle of a cow-bird, almost full-fledged, being fed by its foster-mother, a chippy not more than half its size, and which was obliged to stand on tiptoe to cram the gullet of the parasite.

The victims of the cow-bird are usually, as in this instance, birds of much smaller size, the flycatchers, the sparrows, warblers, and vireos, though she occasionally imposes on larger species, such as the orioles and the thrushes. The following are among its most frequent dupes, given somewhat in the order of the bird's apparent choice: song-sparrow, field-sparrow, yellow warbler, chipping-sparrow, other sparrows, Maryland yellow-throat, yellow-breasted chat, vireos, worm-eating warbler, indigo-bird, least-flycatcher,

bluebird, Acadian flycatcher, Canada flycatcher, oven-bird, kingbird, cat-bird, phœbe, Wilson's thrush, chewink, and wood-thrush.

But one egg is usually deposited in a single nest; the presence of two eggs probably indicates, as in the case of the European cuckoo, the visits of two cow-birds rather than a second visit from the same

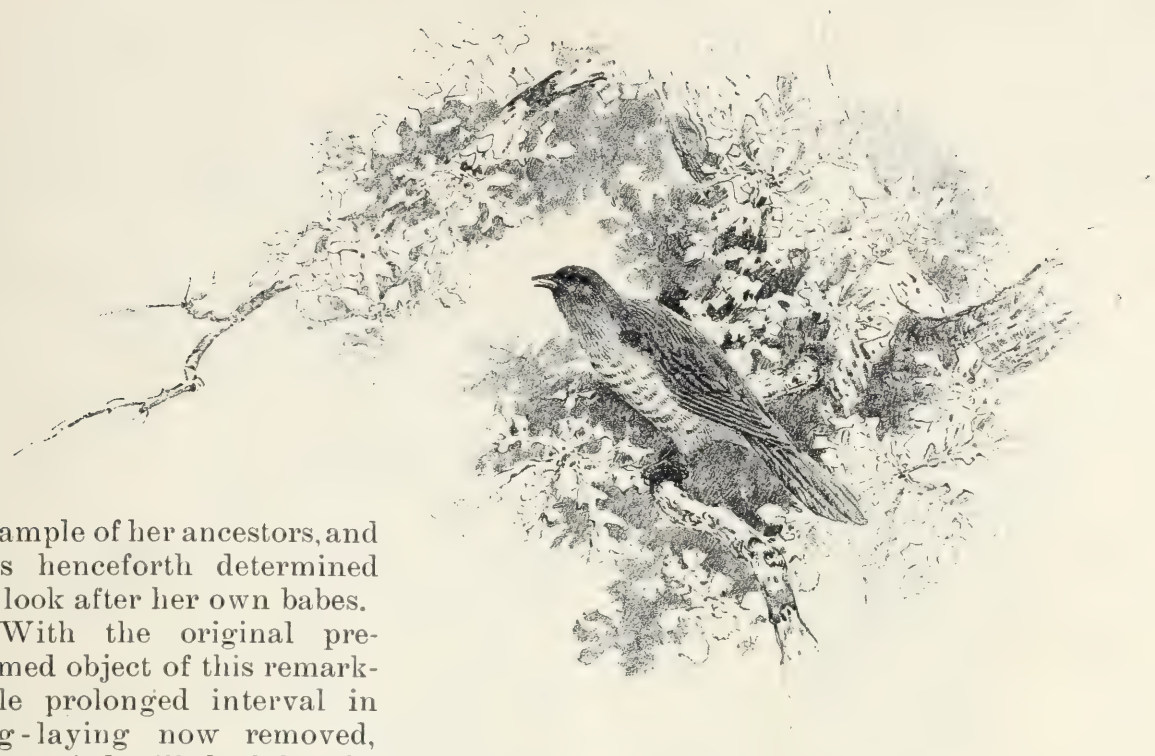


THE YELLOW WARBLER.

individual—the presence of two cow-bird chicks of equal size being rather a proof of this than otherwise, in that kind Nature would seem to have accommodated the bird with an exceptional physiological resource, which matures its eggs at intervals of three or more days, as against the daily oviposition of its dupes, thus giving it plenty of time to make its search and take its pick among the bird homes. Whether the process of evolution has similarly equipped our cow-bird I am not aware; but the vicious habits of the two birds are so identical that the same accommodating functional conditions might reasonably be expected. It is, indeed, an interesting fact well known to ornithologists that our own American cuckoos, both the yellow-billed and black-billed, although rudimentary nest-builders, still retain the same exceptional interval in their egg-laying as do their foreign namesake. The eggs are laid from four days to a week apart, instead of daily, as with most birds, their period of perilous nidification on that haphazard apology of a nest being thus possibly prolonged to six weeks. Thus we find, in consequence, the anomalous spectacle of the egg and full-grown chick, and perhaps one or two fledglings of intermediate stages of growth, scattered about at once, helter-skelter, in the same nest. Only two years ago I discovered such a nest not a hundred feet from my house, containing one chick about two days old, another almost full-fledged, while a fresh-broken egg lay upon the ground beneath. Such a household condition would seem rather demoralizing to the cares of incubation, and doubtless the addled or ousted egg is a frequent episode in our cuckoo's experience.

It is an interesting question which the contrast of the American and European cuckoo thus presents. Is the American species a degenerate or a progressive nest-builder? Has she advanced in process of evolution from a parasitical progenitor building no nest, or is the bird gradually retrograding to the evil ways of her notorious namesake?

The evidence of this generic physiological peculiarity in the intervals of oviposition, taken in consideration with the fact of the rudimentary nest, would seem to indicate the retention of a now useless physiological function, and that the bird is thus a reformer who has repudiated the



THE EUROPEAN CUCKOO.

example of her ancestors, and has henceforth determined to look after her own babes.

With the original presumed object of this remarkable prolonged interval in egg-laying now removed, the period will doubtless be reduced through gradual evolution to accommodate itself to the newly adopted conditions. The week's interval, taken in connection with the makeshift nest or platform of sticks, is now a disastrous element in the life of the bird. Such of the cuckoos, therefore, as build the more perfect nests, or lay at shortest intervals, will have a distinct advantage over their less provident fellows, and the law of heredity will thus insure the continual survival of the fittest.

The cuckoo is not alone among British birds in its intrusion on other nests. Many other species are occasionally addicted to the same practice, though such acts are apparently accidental rather than deliberate, so far as parasitical intent is concerned. The lapse is especially noticeable among such birds as build in hollow trees and boxes, as the woodpeckers and wagtails. Thus the English starling will occasionally impose upon and dispossess the green woodpecker. In the process of nature in such cases the stronger of the two birds would retain the nest, and thus assume the duties of foster-parent. Starting from this reasonable premise concerning the prehistoric cuckoo, it is not difficult to see how natural selection, working through ages of evolution by heredity, might have developed the habitual resignation of the evicted bird, perhaps to the ultimate entire abandonment of the function of incubation. Inasmuch as "we have no experience in the creation of worlds," we can only presume.

Indeed, the similarities and contrasts afforded by a comparison of the habits of all these birds—European cuckoo, American cuckoo, and cow-bird—afford an interesting theme for the student of evolution. What is to be the ultimate outcome of it all? for the murderous cuckoo must be considered merely as an innocent factor in the great scheme of Nature's equilibrium, in which the devourer and the parasite would seem to play the all-important parts, the present example being especially emphasized because of its conspicuousness and its violence to purely human sentiment. The parasite would often seem to hold the balance of power.

Jonathan Swift's epitome of the subject, if not specifically true, is at least correct in its general application:

> "A flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
> And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

Even the tiny egg of a butterfly has its ichneumon parasite, a microscopic wasp, which lays its own egg within the larger one, which ultimately hatches a wasp instead of the baby caterpillar.

But who ever heard of anything but

good luck falling to the lot of cow-bird or cuckoo, except as its blighting course is occasionally arrested by the outraged human? They always find a feathered nest.

In this connection it is interesting to note certain developments in bird life upon the lines of which evolution might



THE NORMAL NEST OF THE YELLOW WARBLER.

work with revolutionary effect. Most of our birds are helpless and generally resigned victims to the cow-bird, but there are indications of occasional effective protest among them. Thus the little Maryland yellow-throat, according to various authorities, often ousts the intruded egg, and its broken remains are also occasionally seen on the ground beneath the nests of the cat-bird and the oriole. The red-eyed vireo, on the other hand, though having apparently an easier task than the latter, in the lesser depth of her pensile nest, commonly abandons it altogether to the unwelcome speckled ovum—always, I believe, if the cow-bird has anticipated her own first egg.

But we have a more remarkable example of opposition in the resource of the little yellow warbler, which I have noted as one of the favorite dupes of the cow-bird—a deliberate, intelligent, courageous defiance and frequent victory which are unique in bird history, and which, if through evolutionary process they became the fashion in featherdom, would put the cow-bird's mischief greatly at a discount. The identity of this pretty little warbler is certainly familiar to most observant country dwellers, even if unknown by name, though its golden-yellow plumage faintly streaked with dusky brown upon the breast would naturally suggest its popular title of "summer yellow-bird." It is one of the commonest of the *mniotiltidæ*, or wood-warblers, though more properly a bird of the copse and shrubbery than of the woods.

This nest is a beautiful piece of bird architecture. In a walk in search of one only a day or two ago I procured one, which is now before me. It was built in the fork of an elder bush, to which it was moored by strips of fine bark and cob-web, its downy bulk being composed by a fitted mass of fine grass, willow cotton, fern wood, and other similar ingredients. It is about three inches in depth, outside measurement. But this depth greatly varies in different specimens. Our next specimen may afford quite a contrast, for the yellow warbler occasionally finds it to her interest to extend the elevation of her dwelling to a remarkable height. On page 944 is shown one of these nests, snugly moored in the fork of a scrub apple-tree. Its depth from the rim to the base, viewed from the outside, is about five inches, at least two inches longer than necessity would seem to require, and apparently with a great waste of material in the lower portion, as the hollow with the pretty spotted eggs is of only the ordinary depth of about two inches, thus hardly reaching half-way to the base. Let us examine it closely. There certainly is a suspicious line or division across its upper portion, about an inch below the rim, and extending more or less distinctly completely around the nest. By a very little persuasion with our finger-tip the division readily yields, and we discover the summit of the nest to be a mere rim—a top story, as it were—with a full-sized nest beneath it as a foundation. Has our warbler, then, come back to his last year's home and fitted it up anew for this summer's brood? Such would be a natural supposition, did we not see that the foundation is as fresh in material as the summit. Perhaps, then, the bird has already raised her first spring brood, and has simply extended her May domicile, and provided a new nursery for a second family. But either supposition is quickly dispelled as we further examine the nest; for in separating the upper compartment we have just caught a glimpse of what was, perhaps only yesterday, the



THE YELLOW WARBLER AT HOME.

hollow of a perfect nest; and, what is more to the point of my story, the hollow contains an egg—perhaps two, in which case they will be very dissimilar, one of delicate white with faint spots of brown on its larger end, the putting of the warbler, the other much larger, with its greenish surface entirely speckled with brown, and which, if we have had any experience in birdnesting, we immediately recognize as the mischievous token of the cow-bird. We have discovered a most interesting curiosity for our natural-history cabinet —the embodiment of a presumably new form of intelligence in the divine plan looking to the survival of the fittest. It is not known how many years or centuries it has taken the little warbler to develop this clever resource to outwit the cow-bird. It is certain, however, that the little mother has got tired of being thus imposed upon, and is the first of her kind



A SUSPICIOUS NEST OF THE YELLOW WARBLER.

on record which has taken these peculiar measures for rising above her besetting trouble.

Who can tell what the future may develop in the nests of other birds whose homes are similarly invaded? I doubt not that this crying cow-bird and cuckoo evil comes up as a matter of consideration in bird councils. The two-storied nest may yet become the fashion in featherdom, in which case the cow-bird and European cuckoo would be forced to build nests of their own or perish.

But have we fully examined this nest of our yellow warbler? Even now the lower section seems more bulky than the normal nest should be. Can we not trace still another faint outline of a transverse division in the fabric, about an inch below the one already separated? Yes; it parts easily with a little disentangling of the fibres, and another spotted egg is seen within. A three-storied nest! A nest full of stories—certainly. I recently read of a specimen containing four stories, upon the top of which downy pile the little warbler sat like Patience on a monument, presumably smiling at the discomfiture of the outwitted cow-bird parasite, who had thus exhausted her powers of mischief for the season, and doubtless convinced herself of the folly of "putting all her eggs in one basket."

When we consider the life of the cow-bird, how suggestive is this spectacle which we may see every year in September in the chuckling flocks massing for their migration, occasionally fairly blackening the trees as with a mildew, each one the visible witness of a double or quadruple cold-blooded murder, each the grim substitute for a whole annihilated singing family of song-sparrow, warbler, or thrush! What a blessing, at least humanly speaking, could the epicurean population *en route* in the annual Southern passage of this dark throng only learn what a surpassing substitute they would prove—on toast—for the bobolinks which as "reed-birds" are sacrificed by the thousands to the delectable satisfaction of those "fine-mouthed and daintie wantons who set such store by their tooth"!

And what the cow-bird is, so is the Continental "cuckoo." Shall we not discriminate in our employment of the superlative? What of the throstle and the lark? Shall we still sing—all together:

> "O cuckoo! I hear thee and rejoice!
> Thrice welcome darling of the spring."



THE NEST SEPARATED.

THE NEXT ROOM.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

IT was as much the mystery as the horror that made the case of Margaret Clark (commonly known as Old Twenty-percent) of such burning interest to the six daily journals of the town. I have been told that the feet of tireless young reporters wore a separate path up the bluff to the site of old Margaret's abode; but this I question, because there were already two paths made for them by the feet of old Margaret's customers—the winding path up the grassy slope, and the steps hewn out of the sheer yellow bluff-side, sliced down to make a backing for the street. These are the facts that, whichever the path taken, they were able to glean: Miss Margaret lived on the bluff in the western part of town. The street below crosses at right angles the street running to the river, which is of the kind the French term an "impasse." It is a street of varied fortunes, beginning humbly in a wide and treeless plain, where jimson, dock, and mustard weed have their will with the grass, passing a number of houses, each in its own tiny yard, creeping up the hill and the social scale at the same time, until it is bordered by velvety boulevards and terraces and lawns that glow in the evening light, and pretty houses often painted; then dropping again to a lonely gully, with the flaming kilns of the brick-yard on one side, and the huge dark bulk of the brewery on the other, reaching at last the bustle and roar of the busiest street in town. The great arc-light swung a dazzling white porcupine above the brewery vats every night (when the moon did not shine), and hung level with the crest of the opposite bluff. By day or night one could see the trim old-fashioned garden and the close-cropped lawn and the tall bur-oaks that shaded the two-story brown cottage in which for fifteen years Margaret Clark had lived. Here she was living at the time of these events, with no protector except her bull-dog, the Colonel (who, to be sure, understood his business, and I cannot deny him a personal pronoun), and no companion except Esquire Clark, her cat. She did not keep fowls—judging it right and necessary to slay them on occasion, but never having the heart to kill anything for which she had cared and which she had taught to know her. Therefore she bought her eggs and her "frying chickens" of George Washington, a worthy colored man who lived below the hill, and who kept Margaret's garden in order. Although he had worked for her (satisfactory service given for satisfactory wage) during all these fifteen years, he knew as little about her, he declared, as the first week he came. Nor did the wizened little Irish woman who climbed the clay stairway three times a week to wash and scrub know any more. But she stoutly maintained "the old lady was a rale lady, and the saints would be good to her." One reporter, more curious, discovered that Margaret several times had helped this woman over a rough pass.

The only other person (outside of her customers) who kept so much as a speaking acquaintance with Margaret was the sheriff, Amos Wickliff. And what he knew of her he was able to keep even from the press. As for the customers, her malicious nickname explains her business. Margaret was an irregular money-lender. She loaned money for short periods on personal security or otherwise. It should speak well for her shrewdness that she rarely made a bad debt. Yet she was not unpopular; on the contrary, she had the name of giving the poor a long day, and, for one of her trade, was esteemed lenient. Shortly after her accident, also (she had the ill hap to fall down her cellarway, injuring her spine), she had remitted a number of debts to her poorest debtors.

The accident occurred of a Wednesday morning; Wednesday afternoon her nephew called on her, having, he said, but just discovered her whereabouts. The reporters discovered that this nephew, Archibald Cary Allerton by name, was not an invited and far from a welcome guest, although he gave out that his mother and he were his aunt's sole living kindred. She would not speak to him when he visited her, turning her head to the wall, moaning and muttering, so that it was but kindness to leave her. The nurse (Mrs. Raker, the jailer's wife, had come up from the jail) said that he seemed distressed. He called again during the

evening, after Wickliff, who spent most of the evening with her alone, was gone, but he had no better success; she would not or could not speak to him. Thursday morning she saw Amos Wickliff. She seemed brighter, and gave Amos, in the presence of the nurse, the notes and mortgages that she desired released. Thursday evening, about eight o'clock, Amos returned to report how he had done his commissions. He found the house flaming from roof-tree to sills! There was no question of his saving the sick woman. Even as he panted up the hill-side the roof fell in with a crash. Amos screamed to the crowd about the flames: "Where is she? Did you save her?" And the Irish char-woman's wail answered him: "I wint in—I wint in whin it was all afire, and the fire jumped at me, so I run; me eyebrows is gone, and I didn't see a sign of her!" Then Amos betook himself to Mrs. Raker, whom he found only after much searching; nor did her story reassure him. She was violently agitated between pity and shock, but, as usual, she kept her head on her shoulders and her wits on duty. She was not in the house when the catastrophe happened. Allerton had come to see his aunt. He told the nurse that she might go to her sister, her sister's child being ill, and that he would stay with his aunt. Wickliff was expected every moment. And the patient had added her word, "Do go, Mrs. Raker; it's only a step; and take a jar of my plum jelly to Sammy to take his medicine in!" So Mrs. Raker went. She saw the fire first, and that not half an hour from the time she left the house. She saw it flickering in the lower windows. It was she sent her brother-in-law to give the alarm, while she ran swiftly to the house. The whole lower story was ablaze when she got up the hill. To enter was impossible. But Mrs. O'Shea, the char-woman, and she did find a ladder, and put it against the wall and the window of Miss Clark's chamber, which window was wide open, and Mrs. Raker held the ladder while Mrs. O'Shea, who was of a more agile and slimmer build, clambered up the rounds to look through the smoke, already mixed with flame. And the room was empty. Amos at once had the neighborhood searched, hoping that Allerton had conveyed his aunt to a place of safety. There was no trace of either aunt or nephew. But Amos found a boy who confessed (after some pressure, for there were grape stains on his fingers and his clothes) that he had been in Miss Margaret's yard, in the vineyard facing her room. He had been startled by a kind of rattling noise and a scream. Involuntarily he cowered behind the vines and peered through at the house. The windows of Miss Clark's room were closed, or maybe one was open very slightly; but suddenly this window was pushed up and Allerton leaned out. He knew it was Allerton by the square shoulders. He did not say anything, only turned his head, looking every way. The boy thought it time to run. He was clear of the yard and beginning to descend the bluff, when he looked back and saw Allerton running very swiftly through the circle of light cast by the electric lamp. All the reporters examined the lad, but he never altered his tale. "Mr. Allerton looked frightened—he looked awful frightened," he said.

Amos was on the point of sending to the police, when Allerton himself appeared. The incredible story which he told only thickened the suspicions beginning to gather about him.

He said that he had found his aunt disinclined to talk. She told him to go into the other room, for she wished to go to sleep; and although he had matters of serious import to discuss with her, he could not force his presence on a lady, and he obeyed her. He went into the adjoining room, and there he sat in a chair before the door. The door was the sole means of exit from the bedchamber. The two rooms opened into each other by the door; and the second room, in which Allerton sat, had a door into a small hall, from which the staircase led down stairs. Allerton was ready to swear to his story, which was that he had sat in the chair before the door until he heard a singular muffled scream from the other room. Instantly he sprang up, opened the door, and ran into the other room. The bed was opposite the door. To his terror and amazement the bed was empty, the room was empty. He ran frantically round the room, and then flung up the window, looking out; but there was nothing to be seen. Moreover, the room was twenty feet from the ground, nor was there so much as a vine or a lightning-rod to help a climber. It was past believing that a decrepit old woman, who could not turn in bed alone, should have climbed out of

a window and dropped twenty feet to the ground. Besides, there was the boy watching that side of the house all the time. He had seen nothing. But where was Margaret Clark? The chief of police took the responsibility of arresting Allerton. Perhaps he was swayed to this decisive step by the boy's testimony being in a measure corroborated by a woman of unimpeachable character living in the neighborhood, who heard screams as of something in mortal pain or fear, at about the time mentioned by the boy. She looked up to the house and was half minded to climb the steps; but the sounds ceased, the peaceful lights in the house on the hill were not disturbed, and chiding her own ears, she passed on.

The fire broke out a little later, hardly a quarter of an hour after Allerton went away. This was established by the fact that the boy, who ran at the top of his speed, had barely reached home before he heard the alarm-bells. The flames seemed to envelop the whole structure in a flash, which was not so much a matter of marvel as other things, since the house was of wood, and dry as tinder from a long drought.

It was possible that Allerton was lying, and that while he and the boy were gone the old woman had discovered the fire and painfully crawled down stairs and out of the burning house; but, in that case, where was she? How could a feeble old woman thus vanish off the face of the earth? The next day the police explored the ruins. They half expected to find the bones of the unfortunate creature. They did not find a shred of anything that resembled bones. If Allerton had murdered his aunt, he had so contrived his crime as to destroy every vestige of the body; and granting him a motive to do such an atrocious deed, why should so venturesome and ingenious a murderer jeopard everything by a wild fairy tale? The reporters found themselves before a blank wall.

"Maybe it *ain't* a fairy tale," Amos Wickliff suggested one day, two days after the mystery. He was giving "the boys" a kind word on the court-house steps.

"It's to be hoped it is a true story," said the youngest and naturally most hardened reporter, "since then he'll die with a better conscience!"

"They never can convict him on the evidence," interrupted another man. "I don't see how they can even hold him."

"That's why folks are mad," said the youngest reporter, with a pitying smile.

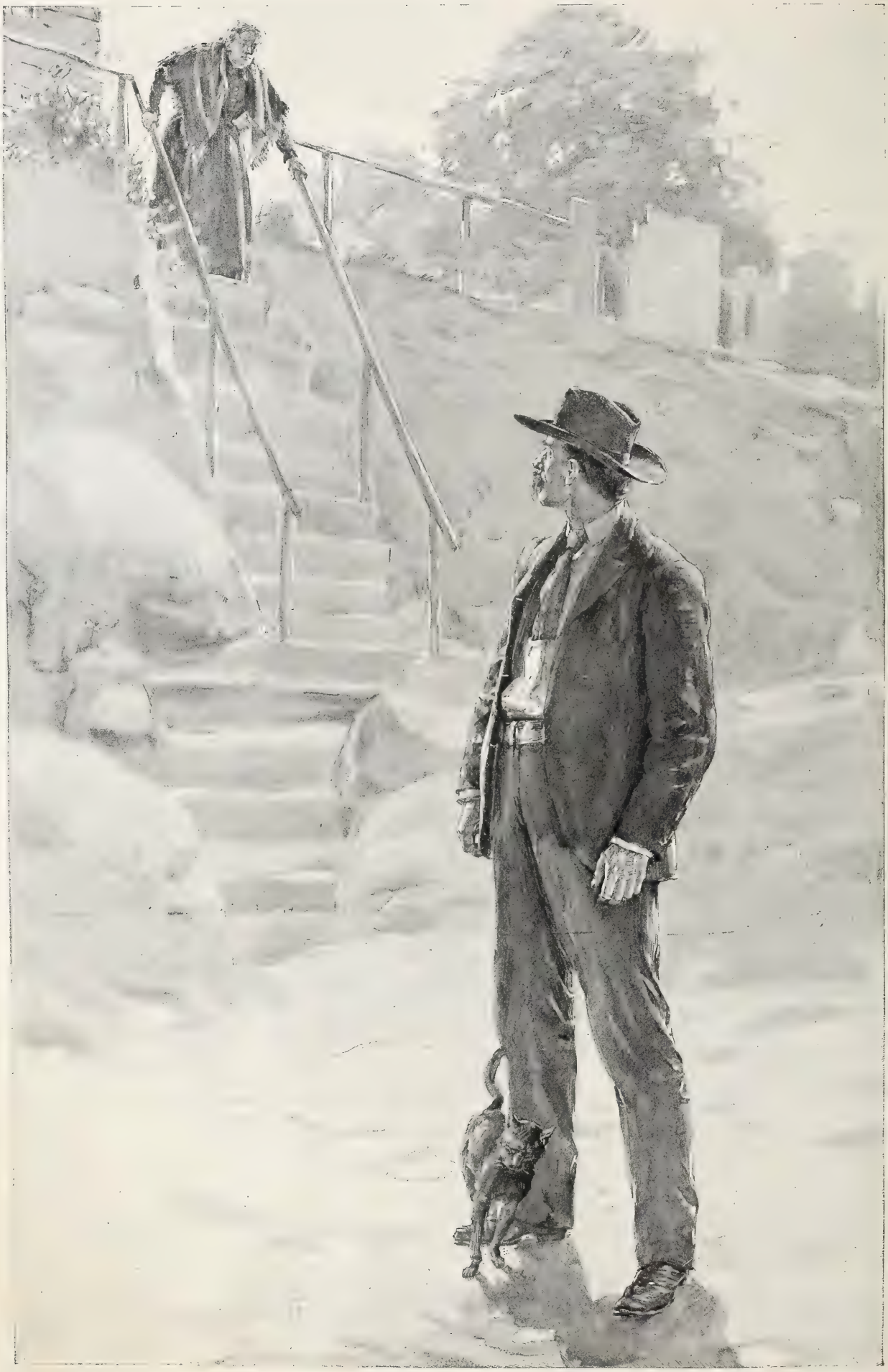
"There's something in the talk, then?" said Amos, shifting his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

"*Are* they going to lynch that feller?" asked another reporter.

"Say so," the first young man remarked, placidly; "a lot of the old lady's chums are howling about stringing him up. They've the notion that she was burned alive, and they're hot over it."

"That's *your* paper, old man; you had 'most two columns, and made it out Mrs. Kerby heard squealing *after* the boy did; and pictured the horrible situation of the poor old helpless woman writhing in anguish, and the fire eating nearer and nearer. Great Scott! it made *me* crawl to read it; and I saw a crowd downtown in the park, and if one fellow wasn't reading your blasted blood-curdler out loud; and one woman was crying and telling about the old party lending her money to buy her husband's coffin, and then letting her off paying. That made the crowd rabid. At every sentence they let off a howl. You needn't be grinning like a wild-cat; it ain't funny to that feller in jail, I bet. Is it, Amos?"

"You boys better call off your dogs, if you can get 'em," was all the sheriff deigned to answer, and he rose as he spoke. He did not look disturbed, but his placid mask belied him. Better than most men he knew what stormy petrels "the newspaper boys" were. And better than any man he knew what an eggshell was his jail. "I'd almost like to have 'em bust that fool door, though," he grimly reflected, "just to show the supervisors I knew what I was talking about. I'll get a new jail out of those old roosters, or they'll have to get a new sheriff. But meanwhile—" He fell into a perplexed and gloomy reverie, through which his five years' acquaintance with the lost woman drifted pensively, as a moving car will pass, slowly revealing first one familiar face and then another. "I suppose I'm what the lawyers would call her next friend — hereabouts, anyhow," he mused, "and yet you might say it was quite by accident we started in to know each other, poor old lady!" The cause of the first acquaintance was as simple as a starved cat which a jury of small boys were preparing to hang just under the bluff. Amos cut down the cat, and



"I'LL GIVE THE KITTY SOMETHING TO EAT."

almost in the same rhythm, as the disciples of Delsarte would say, cuffed the nearest executioner, while the others fled. Amos hated cats, but this one, as if recognizing his good-will (and perhaps finding some sweet drop in the bitter existence of peril and starvation that he knew, and therefore loath to yield it), clung to Amos's knees and essayed a feeble purr of gratitude. "Well, pussy," said Amos, "good-by!" But the cat did not stir, except to rub feebly again. It was a black cat, very large, ghastly thin, with the rough coat of neglect, and a pair of burning eyes that might have reminded Amos of Poe's ghastly conceit were he not protected against such fancies by the best of protectors. He could not remember disagreeably that which he had never read. "Pussy, you're about starved," said Amos. "I believe I've got to give you a stomachful before I turn you loose."

"*I'll* give the kitty something to eat," said a voice in the air.

Amos stared at the clouds; then he whirled on his heel and recognized both the voice, which had a different accent and quality of tone from the voices that he was used to hear, and the little, shabby, gray-headed woman who was scrambling down to him.

"*Will* you?" exclaimed Amos, in relief, for he knew her by repute, though they had never looked each other in the face before. "Well, that's very nice of you, Miss Clark."

"I'll keep him with pleasure, sir," said the old woman. "I've had a bereavement lately. My cat died. She was 'most at the allotted term, I expect, but so spry and so intelligent I couldn't realize it. I couldn't somehow feel myself attracted to any other cat. But this poor fugitive— Come here, sir!"

To Amos's surprise, the cat summoned all its forces, and after one futile stagger, leaped into her arms. A strange little shape she looked to him, as she stood, with her head too large for her emaciated little body, which was arrayed in a coarse black serge suit plainly flotsam and jetsam of the bargain counter, planned for a woman of larger frame. Yet uncouth as the woman looked, she was perfectly neat.

"I'm obliged to you for saving the poor creature," she said.

"I'm obliged to you, ma'am, for taking it off my hands," said Amos. He bowed; she returned his bow—not at all in the manner or with the carriage to be expected of such a plain and ill-clad presence. Amos considered the incident concluded. But a few days later she stopped him on the street, nervously smiling. "That cat, sir," she began in her abrupt way—she never seemed to open a conversation; she dived into it with a shiver, as a timid swimmer plunges into the water—"that cat," said she, "that cat, sir, is a right intelligent animal, and he has pleased the Colonel. He's so fastidious I was afraid, though I didn't mention it; but they are very congenial."

"I'm glad they're friendly," says Amos; "the Colonel would make mince-meat of an uncongenial cat. What do you call the cat?"

"I couldn't, on account of circumstances, you know, call him after my last cat, Miss Margaret Clark, so I call him Esquire Clark. He knows his name already. I thank you again, sir, for saving him. I just stopped you so as to tell you I had a lot of ripe gooseberries I'd be glad to have you send and pick."

"Why, that's good of you," said Amos. "I guess the boys at the jail would like a little gooseberry sauce."

She nodded and turned round; the words came over her shoulder: "Say, sir, I expect you wouldn't give them jam? It's a great deal better than sauce, and—*I* don't mind letting you have the extra sugar." Amos was more bewildered than he showed, but he thanked her, and did, in fact, come that afternoon with a buggy. The first object to greet him was the large white head and the large black jaws of the Colonel, chained to a huge post. Amos, who is the friend of all dogs, and sometimes has an uninvited following of stray curs, gave the snarling figure-head a nod and a careless greeting: "All right, young feller. Don't disturb yourself. I'm here, all proper and legal. How are you?" The redoubtable Colonel began to wag his tail; and as Amos came up to him he actually fawned on him with manifestations of pleasure.

"I guess he's safe to unloose, ma'am," said Amos.

Old Twentypercent was looking on with a strange expression. "He likes you, sir; I never saw him like a stranger before."

"Well, most dogs like me," said Amos; "I guess they understand I like them."

"I reckon you're a good man," said Old Twentypercent, solemnly. From this auspicious beginning the acquaintance slowly but steadily waxed into a queer kind of semi-friendship. Amos always bowed to the old woman when he met her on the street. She sent the prisoners in the jail fruit every Sunday during the season; and Amos, not to be churlish, returned the courtesy with a flowering plant, now and then, in winter. But he never carried his gifts himself, esteeming that such conduct would be an intrusion on a lady who preferred a retired life. Esquire Clark, however, was of a social turn. He visited the jail often. The first time he came Amos sent him back. The messenger, Mrs. Raker, was received at the door, thanked warmly, sent away loaded with fruit and flowers, but not asked over the threshold, which made Amos the surer he was right in not going himself. Nevertheless, he did go to see Miss Clark, but hardly on his own errand. A carpenter in the town, a good sort of thriftless though industrious creature, came to Amos to borrow some money. He explained that he needed it to pay interest on a debt, and that his tools were pledged for security. The interest, he mourned, was high, and the debt of long standing. The creditor was Old Twentypercent.

"It's a shame I 'ain't paid it off before, and that's a fact," he concluded; "but a feller with nine children can't pay nothing—not even the debt of nature—for he's 'fraid to die and leave them. And the blamed thing's been a-runnin' and a-runnin' like a ringworm, and a-eatin' me up. Though my wife she says we've more'n paid her up in interest." Amos had an old kindness for the man, and after a visit to his wife—he holding the youngest two of the nine (twins) on his knees and keeping the peace with candy—he told the pair he would ask Miss Clark to allow a third extension, on the payment of the interest.

"Well, but I don't know's he's even got that," said the wife, anxiously. "We'd a lot of expenses; I don't s'pose we'd orter had the twins' photographs taken this month, but they was so delicate I was 'fraid we wouldn't raise 'em; and Mamie really couldn't go to school without new shoes. Children's a blessing, I s'pose, but it's a blessing poor folks had got to pay for in advance!"

"*So!*" says Amos. "Well, we'll have to see to that much, I guess. I'll go this night." He betook himself to his errand in a frame of mind only half distasteful. The other half was curious. His visit fell on a summer night, a Sunday night, when the air was soft and still and sweet with the tiny hum of insects and the smell of drying grass and the mellow resonance of the church-bells. Amos climbed the clay stairs. The white porcupine blazed above the bluffs. It gave light enough to see the color of the grass and flowers; yet not a real color, only the ghost of scarlet and green and white, and only a ghost of the violet sky, while all about the devouring shadows sank form and color alike in their olive blacks. The stars were out in the sky and the south wind in the trees. Amos stepped across the lawn—he was a light walker although a heavy weight—and stopped before the front door, which had long windows on either side. He had his arm outstretched to knock; but he did not knock; he stood and watched the green holland shade that screened the window rise gradually. He could see the room, a large room, uncarpeted, whereby the steps of the inmate echoed on the boards. He could see a writing-desk, a table, and four or five chairs. These chairs were entirely different from anything else in the room, they were of pretty shape and extremely comfortable. Immediately the curtain descended at a run, and the old woman's voice called, "You're a *bad* cat; don't you do that again!" The voice went on, as if to some one present: "Did you ever see such a trying beast? Why, he's almost human! Now, you watch; the minute I turn away from that window, that cat will pull up the shade!" It appeared that she was right, for the curtain instantly rolled up again. "No, honey," said Miss Clark, "you mustn't encourage the kitty to be naughty. 'Squire, if I let that curtain stay a minute, will you behave?" A dog's growl emphasized this gentle reproof. "You see the Colonel disapproves. Don't pull the dog's tail, honey. Oh, mercy! '*Squire!*" Amos heard a crash, and in an instant a flame shot up in a cone; and he, with one blow dislodging the screen from the open window, plunged into the smoke. The cat had tipped over the lamp, and the table was in a blaze. Amos's quick eye caught sight of the box which served Esquire for

a bed. He huddled feather pillow and rug on the floor to invert the box over the blaze. The fire was out in a moment, and Margaret had brought another lamp from the kitchen. Then Amos had leisure to look about him. There was no one in the room. Yet that was not the most pungent matter for thought. Old Margaret, whom he had considered one of the plainest women in the world, as devoid of taste as of beauty, was standing before him in a black silk gown. A fine black silk, he pronounced it. She had soft lace about her withered throat, and a cap with pink ribbons on her gray hair, which looked silvery soft. Her skin, too, seemed fairer and finer; and there were rings that flashed and glowed on her thin fingers. It was not Old Twentypercent; it was a stately little gentlewoman that stood before him. "How did you happen to come, sir?"—she spoke with coldness.

"I came on an errand, and I was just at the door when the curtain flew up and the cat jumped across the table." She involuntarily caught her breath, like one relieved; then she smiled. "You mustn't be too hard on 'Squire; he's of a nervous temperament; I think he sees things—things outside our ken."

Meanwhile Amos was unable not to see that there had been on the table a tumbler full of some kind of shrub, four glasses, and a decanter of wine. And there had been wine in all the glasses. But where were the drinkers? There were four or five plates on the table, and a segment of plum-cake was trodden under foot on the floor. Before she did anything else, old Margaret carefully, almost scrupulously, gathered up the crumbs and carried them away. When she returned she carried a plate of cake and a glass of wine. This refreshment was proffered to Amos.

"It's a domestic port," she said, "but well recommended. I should be right glad to have you sit down and have a glass of wine with me, Mr. Sheriff."

"Perhaps you mayn't be so glad when you hear my errand," said Amos.

She went white in a second, and her fingers curved inward like the fingers of the dying; she was opening and shutting her mouth without making a sound. He had seen a man hanged once, and that face had worn the same ghastly stare of expectation.

"If you knew I was come to beg off one of your debtors, for instance," he went on; "that's my errand, if you want to know."

Her face changed. "It will go better after a glass of wine," said she, again proffering the wine by a gesture—she didn't trust her hand to pass the tray.

Amos was a little undecided as to the proper formula to be used, never having taken wine with a lady before; he felt that the usual salutations among "the boys," such as "Here's how!" or "Happy days!" or "Well, better luck next time!" savored of levity if not disrespect; so he grew a little red, and the best he could do was to mumble, "Here's my respects to you, madam!" in a serious tone, with a bow.

But old Margaret smiled. "It's a long while," said she, "since I have taken wine with a—a gentleman outside my own kin."

"Is that so?" Amos murmured, politely. "Well, it's the first time I have had that pleasure with a lady." He was conscious that he was pleasing her, and that she was smiling about her, for all the world (he said to himself) as if she were exchanging glances with some one. A new idea came to him, and he looked at her compassionately while he ate his cake, breaking off bits and eating it delicately, exactly as she ate.

She offered him no explanation for the wineglasses or for the conversation that he had overheard. He did not hear a sound of any other life in the house than their own. The doors were open, and he could see into the bedroom on one side and into the kitchen on the other. She had lighted another lamp, enabling him to distinguish every object in the kitchen. There was not a carpet in the house, and it seemed impossible that any one could be concealed so quickly without making a sound.

Amos shook his head solemnly. "Poor lady!" said he.

But she, now her mysterious fright was passed, had rallied her spirits. Of her own motion she introduced the subject of his errand. "You spoke of a debtor; what's the man's name?"

Amos gave her the truth of the tale, and with some humor described the twins.

"Well, I reckon he has more than paid it," she said at the end. "What do you want? Were you going to lend him the money?"

"Well, only the interest money; he's a good fellow, and he has nine children."

"Who have to be paid for in advance?" She actually tittered a feeble, surprised little laugh, as she rose up and stepped (on her toes, in the prim manner once taught young gentlewomen) across the room to the desk. She came back with a red-lined paper in her meagre, blue-veined hand. She handed the paper to Amos. "That is a present to you."

"Not the whole note?"

"Yes, sir. Because you asked me. You tell Foley that. And if he's got a dog or a cat or a horse, you tell him to be good to it." This had been a year ago; and Amos was sure that Foley's gratitude would take the form of a clamor for revenge. Mrs. Foley dated their present prosperity entirely from that day; she had superadded a personal attachment to an impersonal gratitude; she sold Miss Clark eggs, and little Mamie had the reversion of the usurer's shoes. Amos sighed. "Well, I can't blame 'em," he muttered. From that day had dated his own closer acquaintance.

He now occasionally paid a visit at the old gentlewoman's home. Once she asked him to tea. And Raker went about for days in a broad grin at the image of Amos, who, indeed, made a very careful toilet with his new blue sack-coat, white duck trousers, and tan-colored shoes. He told Raker that he had a delightful supper. Mrs. O'Shea, the char-woman, was without at the kitchen stove, and little Mamie Foley brought in the hot waffles and jam. Esquire Clark showed his gifts by vaulting over the grape-arbor, trying to enter through the wire screen, bent on joining the company, and the Colonel wept audibly outside, until Amos begged for their admission. Safely on their respective seats, their behavior, in general, was beyond criticism. Only once the Colonel, feeling that the frying chicken was unconscionably long in coming his way, gave a low howl of irrepressible feeling; and Esquire Clark (no doubt from sympathy) leaped after Mamie and the dish.

"'Squire, I'm ashamed of you!" cried Miss Clark; "Archie, *you* know better!" Amos paid no visible attention to the change of name; but she must have noticed her own slip, for she said: "I never told you the Colonel's whole name, did I? It's Colonel Archibald Cary. I'd like you never to mention it, though. And 'Squire Clark is named after an uncle of mine who raised me, for my parents died when I was a little girl. Clark Byng was his name, and I called the cat by the first part of it."

Amos did not know whether interest would be considered impertinent, so he contented himself with remarking that they were "both pretty names."

"Uncle was a good man," said Miss Clark. "He was only five feet four in height, but very fond of muscular games, and a great admirer of tall men. Colonel Cary was six feet two. I reckon that's about your height?"

"Exactly, ma'am," said Amos.

She sighed slightly; then turned the conversation to Amos's own affairs.

An instinct of delicacy kept him from ever questioning her, and she vouchsafed him no information. Once she asked him to come and see her when he wanted anything that she could give him. "I'm at home to you every day, except the third of the month," said she. On reflection Amos remembered that it was on the third that he had paid his first visit to Miss Clark.

"Well, ma," he remarked, walking up and down in front of his mother's portrait in his office, as his habit was, "it is a queer case, ain't it? But I'm not employed to run the poor old lady to cover, and I sha'n't let any one else if I can help it."

Had Amos been vain, he would have remarked the change in his singular friend since their friendship had begun. Old Margaret wore the decent black gown and bonnet becoming an elderly gentlewoman. She carried a silk umbrella. The neighbors began to address her as "Miss Clark." Amos, however, was not vain, and all he told his mother's picture was that the old lady was quality, and no mistake.

By this time, on divers occasions, she had spoken to Amos of her South Carolina home. Once she told him (in a few words, and her voice was quiet, but her hands trembled) of the yellow-fever time on the lonely plantation in the pine woods, and how in one week her uncle, her brother and his wife, and her little niece had died, and she with her own hands had helped to bury them. "It was no wonder I didn't see things all right after that," she said. Another time she showed him a locket containing the old-

fashioned yellow photograph of a man in a soldier's uniform. "He was considered very handsome," said she. Amos found it a handsome face. He would have found it so under the appeal of those piteous eyes had it been as ugly as the Colonel's. "He was killed in the war," she said; "shot while he was on a visit to us to see my sister. He ran out of the house, and the Yan—your soldiers shot him. It was the fortune of war. I have no right to blame them. But if he hadn't visited our fatal roof he might be living now; for it was in the very last year of the war. I saw it. I fell down as if shot myself—better if I had been."

"Well, I call that awful hard," said Amos; "I should think you would have gone crazy!"

"Oh no, sir, no!" she interrupted, eagerly. "My mind was perfectly clear."

"But how you must have suffered!"

"Yes, I suffered," said she. "I never thought to speak of it."

A week after this conversation her nephew came. The day was September 3. Nevertheless, on that Wednesday night she summoned Amos. He had been out in the country; but Mrs. Raker had heard through little Mamie Foley, who came for some crab-apples and found Miss Clark moaning on the cellar floor. The jail being but a few blocks away, Mrs. Raker was on the scene almost as soon as George Washington. By the time Amos arrived the two doctors had gone and Miss Clark was in bed, and the white bedspread or the white pillows under her head were hardly whiter than her face.

"Mrs. Raker's making some gruel," said she, feebly, "and if you'll stay here I have something to say. It's an odd thing, you'll think," she added, wistfully, when he was in the arm-chair by her bed (it was one of the chairs from the other room, he noticed)—"an odd thing for a miserable old woman with no kin and no friends to be loath to leave; but I'm like a cat, I reckon. It near tore my soul up by the roots to leave the old place, and now it's as bad here."

"Don't you talk such nonsense as leaving, Miss Clark," Amos tried to console her. But she shook her head. And Amos, recalling what the doctors said, felt his words of denial slipping back into his throat. He essayed another tack. "Don't you talk of having no friends here either. Why, poor Mrs. O'Shea has blued all my shirts that she was washing, so they're a sight to see—all for grief; and little Mamie Foley ran crying all the way down the street."

"The poor child!"

"And why are you leaving *me* out?"

"I don't want to leave you out, Mr. Sheriff—"

"Oh, say Amos when you're sick, Miss Clark," he cried, impulsively; she seemed so little, so feeble, and so alone.

"You're a kind man, Amos Wickliff," said she. "Now first tell me, would you give the Colonel and 'Squire a home as long as they need it?"

Amos gave an inward gasp; but it may be imputed to him for righteousness some day that there was only an imperceptible pause before he answered, "Yes, ma'am, I will; and take good care of them, too."

"Here's something for you, then; take it now." She handed him a large envelope, sealed. "It's for any expenses, you know. And—I'll send 'em over to-morrow."

He took the package rather awkwardly. "Now you know you have a nephew—" he began.

"I know, and I know why he's here, too. And in that paper is my will; but don't you open it till I'm dead a month, will you?"

Amos promised in spite of a secret misgiving.

"And now," she went on, in her nervous way, "I want you to do something right kind for me—not now—when Mrs. Raker goes; she's a good soul, and I hope you'll give her the envelope I've marked for her. Yes, sir, I want you to do something for me when she's gone. Move in the four chairs from downstairs—the pretty ones—all the rest are plain, so you can tell; and fetch me the tray with the wine-glasses and the decanter and the bottle of shrub—you'll find the tray in the buffet with the red curtains downstairs in my office. Then you go into the kitchen—I feel so sorry to have to ask a gentleman to do such things, but I do want them—and you'll see a round brown box with Cake marked on it in curly gilt letters, and you'll find a frosted cake in there wrapped up in tissue-paper; and you take it out, and get a knife out of the drawer, and fetch all those things up to me. And then, Amos Wickliff, all the friend I've got in the world, you go and stay outside

—it ain't cold or I wouldn't ask it of you —you stay until you hear my bell. Will you?"

Amos took the thin hand, involuntarily outstretched, and patted it soothingly between both his strong brown hands.

"Of course I will," he promised. And after Mrs. Raker's departure he did her bidding, saying often to himself, "Poor lady!"

When the bell rang, and he came back, the wineglasses and the decanter were empty, and the cake was half gone. He made no comment, she gave him no explanation. Until Mrs. Raker returned she talked about releasing some of her debtors.

The following morning he came again.

"I declare," said Amos, "when I think of that morning, and how much brighter she looked, it makes me sick to think of her as dead. She had been doing a lot of things on the sly, helping folks. It was her has been sending the money for the jail dinner Christmas, and the ice-cream on the Fourth, and books, too. 'It's so terrible to be a prisoner,' says she. Wonder, didn't she know? I declare I *hate* her to be dead! Ain't it possible— Lord! wouldn't that be a go!" He did not express even to himself his sudden flash of light on the mystery. But he went his ways to the armory of the militia company, the office of the chief of police (which was the very next building), and to the fire department. At one of these places he wrote out an advertisement, which the reporters read in the evening papers, and found so exciting that they all flocked together to discuss it.

All this did not take an hour's time. It was to be observed that at every place which he visited he first stepped to the telephone and called up the jail. "Are you all right there, Raker?" he asked. Then he told where he was going. "If you need, you can telephone me there," he said.

"I guess Amos isn't taking any chances on this," the youngest reporter, who encountered him on his way, remarked to the chief of police.

The chief replied that Amos was a careful man; he wished some others would be as careful, and as sure they were right before they went ahead; a good deal of trouble would be avoided then.

"That's right," said the reporter, blithely, and went his lightsome way, while the chief scowled.

Amos returned to the jail. He found the street clear, but little knots of men were gathering and then dispersing in the street facing the jail. Amos thought that he saw Foley's face in the crowd, but it vanished as he tried to distinguish it. "No doubt he's egging them on," muttered Amos. He was rather taken aback when Raker (to whom he offered his suspicions) assured him on ear evidence that Foley was preaching peace and obedience to the law. "He's an Irishman, too," muttered Amos; "that's awful queer." He spent a long time in a grim reverie, out of which he roused himself to despatch a boy for the evening papers. "And you mark that advertisement, and take half a dozen copies to Foley"—thus ran his directions—"tell him I sent them; and if he knows anybody would like to read that ad, to send a paper to *them.* Understand?"

"Maybe it's a prowl after a will-o'-wisp," Amos sighed, after the boy was gone, "but it's worth a try. Now for our young man!"

Allerton was sitting in his cell, and his attitude of dejection would have been a grateful sight to the crowd outside. He was a slim-waisted, broad-shouldered, gentle-mannered young fellow, whose dark eyes were very bright, and whose dark hair was curly, and longer than hair is usually worn by Northerners not studying football at the universities. He had a mildly Roman profile and a frank smile. His clothes seemed almost shabby to Amos, who never grudged a dollar of his tailor's bills, but the little Southern village whence he came was used to admire that glossy linen and that short-skirted black frock-coat.

At Amos's greeting he ran forward excitedly.

"Are they coming?" he cried. "Say, sheriff, you'll give me back my pistol if they come; you'll give me a show for my life?"

II.

Amos shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Your life's all right," said he; "it's how to keep from hurting the other fellows I'm after. The fire department will turn out and sozzle 'em well, and if that won't do, they will have to face the soldiers; but I hope to the Lord your aunt won't let it come to that."

"Do you think my aunt is living?"

"I don't see how she could be burned up so completely. But see here, Mr. Allerton, was there no trap-door in the room?"

"No, sir; there was no carpet on the floor: she hadn't a carpet in the house. Besides, how could she, sick as she was, get down through a trap-door and shut it after her? And you could *see* the boards, and there was no opening in them."

"So Mrs. O'Shea says too," mused the sheriff; "but let's go back. Had your aunt any motive for trying to escape you?"

"I'm afraid she thought she had," said the young man, gravely.

"Mind telling me?"

"No, sir. I reckon you don't know my aunt was crazy?"

"I've had some such notion. She lost her mind when they all died of yellow fever—or was it when Colonel Cary was killed?"

"I don't know precisely. I imagine that she was queer after his death, and all the family dying later, that finished the wreck. There were some painful circumstances connected with the colonel's death—"

"I've heard them."

"Yes, sir. Well, sir, my mother was not to blame—not so much to blame as you may think. She was almost a stranger to her sister, raised in another State; and she had never seen her or Colonel Cary, her betrothed; and when she did see him—well, sir, my mother was a beautiful, daring, brilliant girl, and poor Aunt Margaret timid and awkward. *She* broke the engagement, not Cary."

"It was to see your mother he came to the plantation?"

"Yes, sir. And he was killed. Poor Aunt Margaret saw it. She came back to the house riding in a miserable dump-cart, holding his head in her lap. She wouldn't let my mother come near him. 'Now he knows which loved him best,' she said. 'He's *mine!*' And it didn't soften her when my mother married my father. She seemed to think that proved she hadn't cared for Colonel Cary. Then the yellow fever came, and they all went. Her mind broke down completely then; she used to think that on the day Colonel Cary was shot they all came back for a while, and she would set chairs for them and offer them wine and cake—as if they were visiting her. And after they left she would pour the wine in the glasses into the grate and burn the cake. She said that they enjoyed it, and ate really, but they left a semblance. She got hold of some queer books, I reckon, for she had the strangest notions; and she spent no end of money on some spiritual mediums; poor creatures they were, too, but greedy harpies that got a heap of money out of her. My father and mother had come to Cary Hall, then, to live, and of course they didn't like it. The great trouble, my mother often said to me, was that though they were sisters, they were raised apart, and were as much strangers as—we are. You can imagine how they felt to see the property being squandered. Ten thousand dollars, sir, went in one year—"

"Are you sure it did go?" said the sheriff.

"Well, the property was sold, and we never saw anything afterward of the money. And the estate wasn't a bottomless well. It isn't so strange, sir, that—that they had poor Aunt Margaret cared for."

"At an insane asylum?"

"Yes, sir, for five years. I confess," said the young man, jumping up and pacing the room, "I confess I think it was a horrible place, horrible. But they didn't know. It was only after she recovered her senses and was released that we began to understand what she suffered. Not so much then, for she was shy of us all. She was so scared, poor thing! And then—we began to suspect that she was not cured of her delusions. Maybe there *were* consultations and talk about her, though indeed, sir, my mother has assured me many times that there was no intention of sending her back. But she is very shrewd, and she would notice how doors would be shut and the conversation would be changed when she entered a room, and her suspicions were aroused. She managed to raise some money on a mortgage, and she ran away, leaving not a trace behind her. My mother has reproached herself ever since. And we've tried to find her. It has preyed upon my mother's mind that she might be living somewhere, poor and lonely and neglected. We are not rich people," said the young man, lifting his head proudly, "but we have enough. I

come to offer Aunt Margaret money, not to ask it. We've kept up the place, and bit by bit paid off the mortgage, though it has come hard sometimes. And it was awkward the title being in that kind of shape, and ma wouldn't for a long time get it quieted."

"But how did you ever find out she was *here?*"

The young Southerner smiled. "I reckon I owe being in this scrape at all to your gentlemen of the press. One of them wrote a kind of character-sketch about her, describing her—"

"I know. He's the youngest man on the list, and an awful liar, but he does write a mighty readable story."

"He did this time," said Allerton, dryly; "so readable it was copied in the papers all over, I expect; anyhow, it was copied in our local sheet—inside, where they have the patent insides, you know. It was entitled 'A Usurer, but Merciful!' I showed it to my mother, and she was sure it was Aunt Margaret. Even the name was right, for her whole name is Margaret Clark Cary. She hadn't the heart to cast the name away, and she thought Clark being a common name she wouldn't be discovered."

Amos, who had sat down, was nursing his ankle. "Do you suppose," said he, slowly—"do you suppose that taking it to be the case she wasn't so much hurt as the doctors supposed, that *then* she could get out of the room?"

"I don't see how she could. She was in the room, in the bed, when I went out. I sat down before the door. She couldn't pass me. I heard a screech, after a while, a mighty sound, and I ran in. Sir, I give you my word of honor. The bed was empty! The room was empty!"

"How was the room lighted?"

"By a large lamp with a Rochester burner, and some fancy of hers had made her keep it turned up at full blaze. Oh, you could see every inch of the room at a glance! And then, too, I ran all round it before I ran to the window, pushed it up, and looked out. I would be willing to take my oath that the room was empty."

"You looked under the bed?"

"Of course. And in the closet. I tell you, sir, there was no one in the room." Amos sat for the space of five minutes it seemed to the young man, really perhaps for a full minute, thinking deeply.

Then, "I can't make it out," said he, "but I believe you are telling the truth." He stood up; the young man also rose. In the silence wherein the younger man tried to formulate something of his gratitude, and yet keep his lip from quivering (for he had been sore beset by homesickness and divers ugly fears during the last day), the roar of the crowd without beat through the bars, swelling ominously. And now, all of an instant, the jail was penetrated by a din of its own making. The prisoners lost their heads. They began to scream inquiries, to shriek at each other. Two women whose drunken disorder had gone beyond the station-house restraints, and who were spending a week in jail, burst into deafening wails, partly from fright, partly from pity, and largely from the general craving of their condition to make a noise.

"Never mind," said Amos, laying a kindly hand on young Allerton's shoulder, "the Company B boys are all in the yard. But I guess you will feel easier if you go down stairs. Parole of honor you won't skip off?"

"Oh, God bless you, sir!" cried Allerton. "I couldn't bear to die this way; it would kill my mother! Yes, yes, of course I give my word. Only let me have a chance to fight and die fighting—"

"No dying in the case," Amos interrupted; "but what in thunder are the cusses cheering for? Come on; this needs looking into. *Cheering!*"

He hurried down the heavy stairs into the hall, where Raker, a little paler, and Mrs. Raker, a little more flushed than usual, were examining the bolts of the great door.

Amos flung a glare of scorn at it, and he snorted under his breath: "Locks! No need of locking *you!* I could bust you with the hose!"

As if in answer, the cheering burst forth anew, and now it was coupled with his name: "Wickliff! Amos! *Amos!*"

"Let me out!" commanded Wickliff, and he slipped back the bolts. He stepped under the light of the door-lamp outside, tall and strong, and cool as if he had a Gatling gun beside him.

A cheer rolled up from the crowd—yes, not only from the crowd, but from the blue-coated ranks massed to one side, and the young faces behind the bayonets.

Amos stared. He looked fiercely from the mob to the guardians of the law.

Then, amid a roar of laughter, for the crowd perfectly understood his gesture of despair and anger, Foley's voice bellowed, "All right, sheriff, we've got her safe!"

They tell to this day how the iron sheriff, whose composure had been proof against every test brought against it, and whom no man had ever before seen to quail, actually staggered against the door. Then he gave them a broad grin of his own, and shouted with the rest, for there in the heart of the rush jailward, lifted up on a chair, loaned, as afterward appeared (when it came to the time for returning), from Hans Obermann's "Place," sat enthroned old Margaret Clark; and she was looking as if she liked it!

They got her to the jail porch; Amos pacified the crowd with free beer at Obermann's, and carried her over the threshold in his arms.

He put her down in the big arm-chair in his office, opposite the portraits of his parents, and Esquire Clark slid into the room and purred at her feet, while Mrs. Raker fanned her. It was rather a chilly evening, the heat having given place to cold in the sudden fashion of the climate, but good Mrs. Raker knew what was due to a person in a faint or likely to faint; and she did not permit the weather to disturb her rules. Calmly she began to fan, saying meanwhile, in a soothing tone, "There, there, don't *you* worry! it's all right!"

Raker stood by, waiting for orders and smiling feebly. And young Allerton simply gasped.

"You were at Foley's, then?" Amos was the first to speak—apart from Mrs. Raker's crooning, which, indeed, was so far automatic that it can hardly be called speech; it was merely a vocal exercise intended to quiet the mind. "You *were* at Foley's, then?" says Amos.

"Yes, sir," very calmly; but her hands were clinching the arms of the chair.

"And you saw my advertisement in this evening's paper?"

"Yes, sir; Foley read it out to me. You begged M.C.C. to come back and help you because you were in great embarrassment and trouble—and you promised me nobody should harm me."

"No more nobody shall!" returned Amos.

"But maybe you can't help it. Never mind. When I heard about how they were talking about lynching him"—she indicated her nephew—"I felt terrible; the sin of blood-guiltiness seemed to be resting on my soul; but I couldn't help it. Mr. Sheriff, you don't know I—I was once in—in an insane asylum. I was!"

"That's all right," said Amos. "I know all about that."

"There, there, there!" murmured Mrs. Raker, "don't think of it!"

"It wasn't that they were cruel to me—they weren't that. They never struck or starved me; they just gave me awful drugs to keep me quiet; and they made me sit all day, every day, week in, week out, month in, month out, on a bench with other poor creatures, who had enough company in their horrible dreams. If I lifted my hands, there was some one to put them down to my side and say in a soft voice, 'Hush, be quiet!' That was their theory—absolute rest! They thought I was crazy because I could see more than they, because I had visitors from the spirit-land—"

"I know," interrupted Amos. "I was there one night. But I—"

"You couldn't see them. It was only I. They came to *me*. It was more than a year after they all died, and I was so lonely—oh, nobody knows how desolate and lonely I was!—and then a medium came. She taught me how to summon them. At first, though I made all the preparations, though I put out the whist cards for uncle and Ralph and Sadie, and the toys for little Ro, I couldn't seem to think they were there; but I kept on acting as if I knew they were there, and having faith; and at last they did come. But they wouldn't come in the asylum, because the conditions weren't right. So at last I felt I couldn't bear it any longer. I felt like I was false to the heavenly vision; but I couldn't stand it, and so I pretended I didn't see them and I never had seen them; and whatever they said I ought to feel I pretended to feel, and I said how wonderful it was that I should be cured; and that made them right pleased; and they felt that I was quite a credit to them, and they wrote my sister that I was cured. I went home, but only to be suspected again, and so I ran away. I had put aside money before, thousands of dollars, that they thought that I spent. They thought I gave a heap of it to that medium and her husband; I truly only

gave them five hundred dollars. So I went forth. I hid myself here. I was happy here, where *they* could come, until—until I saw Archibald Allerton on the street and overheard him inquiring for me. I was dreadfully upset. But I decided in a minute to flee again. So I drew some money out of the bank, and I bought a blue calico and a sun-bonnet not to look like myself; and I went home and wrote that letter I gave you, Mr. Sheriff, with my will and the money."

"The parcel is unopened still," said Amos. "I gave you my word, you know."

"Yes, I know. I knew you would keep your word. And it was just after I wrote you I slipped down the cellar stairs. It came of being in a hurry. I made sure I never *would* get on my feet again, but very soon I discovered that I was more scared than hurt. And I saw then there might be a chance of keeping him off his guard if he thought I was like to die, and that thus I might escape the readier. It was not hard to fool the doctors. I did just the same with them I did with the asylum folks. I said yes whenever I thought they expected it, and though I had some contradictory symptoms, they made out a bad state of things with the spine, and gave mighty little hope of my recovery. But what I hadn't counted on was that my *friends* would take such good care of me. I didn't know I had friends. It pleased me so I was wanting to cry for joy; yet it frightened me so I didn't know which way to turn."

"But, great heavens! Aunt Margaret," the young Southerner burst out, unable to restrain himself longer, "you had no need to be so afraid of *me!*"

The old woman looked at him, more in suspicion than in hope, but she went on, not answering: "The night I did escape it was by accident. I never would say one word to him hardly, though he tried again and again to start a talk; but I would seem too ill; and he's a Cary, anyhow, and couldn't be rude to a lady. That night he went into the other room. He was so quiet I reckoned he was asleep, and thinking that here might be a chance for me, I slipped out of bed, soft as soft, and slipped over to the crack of the door—it just wasn't closed!—and I peeked in on him—"

"And you were behind the door when he heard the noise?" exclaimed Amos. "But what made the noise?"

"Oh, I reckon just 'Squire jumping out of the window; he gave a kind of screech."

"But I don't understand," cried Allerton. "I went into the room, and it was empty."

"No, sir," said Miss Cary, plucking up more spirit in the presence of Wickliff—"no, sir; I was behind the door. You didn't push it shut."

"But I ran all round the room."

"No, sir; not till you looked out of the window. While you were looking out of the window I slipped out of the door; and I was so scared lest you should see me in that dress that I wasn't afraid of anything else; and I got down stairs while you were looking in the closet, and found my clothes there, and so got out."

"But I was *sure* I went round the room first," cried Allerton.

"Very likely; but you see you didn't," remarked Amos.

"It was because I remembered stubbing my toe"—Allerton was painfully ploughing up his memories—"I am *certain* I stubbed my toe, and it must have been going round the—no; by—I beg your pardon—I stubbed it against the bed, going to the window. I was all wrong."

"Just so," agreed Amos, cheerfully. "And then *you* went to Foley, Miss Cary. Trust an Irishman for hiding anybody in trouble! But how did the house catch fire? Did you—"

But old Margaret protested vehemently that here at least she was sackless; and Mrs. Raker unexpectedly came to the rescue.

"I guess I can tell that much," said she. "'Squire came back, and he's got burns all over him, and he's cut with glass bad! I guess he jumped back into the house and upset a lamp once too often!"

"I see it all," said Amos. "And then you came back to rescue your nephew—"

"No, sir," cried Margaret Cary; "I came back because they said you were in trouble. It's wicked, but I couldn't bear the thought he'd take me back to the crazies. I'm an old woman; and when you're old you want to live in a house of your own, in your own way, and not be crowded. And it's so awful to be crowded by crazies! I couldn't bear it. I said he must take his chance; and I wouldn't read the papers for fear they would shake

my resolution. It was Foley read your advertisement to me. And then I knew if you were in danger, whatever happened to me, I would have to go."

Amos wheeled round on young Allerton. "Now, young feller," said he, "speak out. Tell your aunt you won't touch a hair of her head; and she may have her little invisible family gatherings all she likes."

Allerton, smiling, came forward and took his aunt's trembling hand. "You shall stay here or go home to your sister, who loves you, whichever you choose; and you shall be as safe and free there as here," said he.

And looking into his dark eyes—the Cary eyes—she believed him.

The youngest reporter never heard the details of the Clark mystery, but no doubt he made quite as good a story as if he had known the truth.

OUTWARD BOUND.

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY.

OH Homeward Bound's a welcome sound,
But Outward Bound are we,
With swelling gale, and rending sail,
And rush of roaring sea.

We leave behind the chasing wind,
We leave behind the shore,
And roof and tree sink in the sea,
Perhaps to rise no more.

We said farewell, and tears that fell
Were quickly brushed away;
But Homeward Bound who hears the sound
Of children at their play,

And song of wife above the strife
Of breakers on the lee,
May find a grave beneath the wave,
And not his family.

Ay, Outward Bound's a noble sound;
The sea's a noble host;
And they who hear his bluffest cheer
Are they who love him most.

We tread the deck, and little reck
The wild cloud in the sky:
Whate'er may call, whate'er befall,
We're here to do and die.

We never shrink, though heaven be ink,
And ocean's waste be snow;
With good sea-room we court the gloom,
And all the gales that blow.

Our sails we set in shine and wet;
Our hearts from grief we keep;
Like gulls we roam from foam to foam,
Our home the homeless deep.

Oh Homeward Bound's a welcome sound,
But Outward Bound are we,
Till, voyaging o'er, we touch the shore
Of Death's uncharted sea.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THEY were talking in the smoking-room of the Pullman, recalling recollections of old neighbors and acquaintances. Among the talkers were elderly men, pioneers in Western life in the days of Lincoln's law practice. The chat ran upon one Jim Hardy (that was not his name), deceased, who had left considerable money behind. Jim was spoken of with a certain consideration, though every speaker contributed some disparaging touch to the pictures of the departed. It was curious about Jim. You wouldn't have expected such a man, a man so mean as he was and with so little ability, to amount to anything. But he went into the war, and got to be paymaster, and he made something out of that. After the war he went into politics, and he made something out of that. Nobody, it seemed, would have trusted Jim with a beefsteak, cooked or uncooked, but somehow he was lucky, and he did first rate, and he "got there." I waited to hear of some good trait or quality in Jim, but none of his acquaintances brought forward any.

"Well," remarked the Judge, with the slow deliberation of one summing up the whole case, "Jim Hardy made a success of it. I never thought he would."

This was accepted as a just verdict. The man was successful. And yet I could not but think that if Jim Hardy could have heard what these acquaintances said of him, and have realized what sort of reputation he had left behind, he would have doubted whether his life had been a success. From what I heard of him it seemed to me that Jim in his mortal life of success had been kept pretty busy in dodging the law. This train of thought led me to try to understand what this particular American idea of "success" is, which seemed to the Pullman-car jury to round out a career with some applause. As near as I can make it out, it is the ability to keep out of jail.

This ability, which is no mean one, accounts for some of the big fortunes made in this country. The unscrupulous men who have made these successes, however, should not have all the credit for them. In most cases they would have got into difficulties if they had not had able counsel. But they have been wise enough to hire keen lawyers who could tell them just how far they could go and keep within the statute law. There is safety in this. A burglar has no such aid. No lawyer can or will tell him how he can crack a safe legally and not run the risk of jail. But if a man has a mind to steal a railroad, or to wreck some corporation, some bank or insurance company, and "reorganize" the substance out of them, he must usually go to a lawyer to contrive for him how he can do it and not commit a felony. Or if he has got into an "operation" that begins to look as if it would involve him in personal danger, he needs the aid of a lawyer who understands the intricacies of judicial procedure. For all moralists agree that an operation, however big and brilliant it is, that lands a man in State prison, does not make him a "successful" man. No; it is as clear as print that the sort of success which is common, and which dazzles the eyes of multitudes, and apologizes in private talk and in the newspapers for so much, consists in getting a lot of money and keeping out of jail. Leaving a good reputation does not enter into the calculation.

It is amazing, when you think of it, how this idea of success got around in the world. Jim Hardy must know now, if he knows anything, and the other Jims who were much more successful than he, that their lives were failures. There are no real mourners for such men, except the few whose income may be impaired by their departure. I knew a man who never made any money beyond a decent salary, who was a teacher, and a great moral and cheerful force in the community, whose death was mourned by the whole city, and is still regretted after the lapse of many years. His life is still an inspiration to honorable endeavor and right living, and yet I never heard that he was successful. Only this, everybody respected and loved him. I sometimes wonder if these men who have got great fortunes and high political positions by smartness and trickery and betrayal of friends, whose names are always in the newspapers, whose every movement is

chronicled, and whose every saying is quoted far and wide, know how little real respect is felt for them. But this reminiscence of travel is rising into a sermon, and my only apology for it is that it was begot by the sympathy of a stranger for the fate of Jim Hardy.

II.

How do people "make up their minds?" How many people do make up their minds? The process is an interesting one in individuals, but still more when we study what is called the public mind—that is, the attitude which determines the settlement of any public question. People talk a great deal about making up their minds, but I think the process is much rarer than is generally supposed. We admit, for the sake of argument, that most people have minds, and that many of them are capable of that process of reasoning which is called "making up." But how often are the acts of an individual the result of a logical process of weighing evidence and reasons and striking a balance which determines action? Of course people every day make choices and act, but I think it would be found on investigation that the action is apt to be from impulse, or from some contagion of the action of others, or from some influence that is not in the mind itself. There are always, fortunately, leaders in the world who think about things, who think things out to a conclusion, and their conclusions are accepted. Many of these, who are informed of the facts and are capable of logical reasoning, nevertheless act from what is called "opportunism," a shifty adaptation of means to an immediate object in view.

It would be interesting to get a census of the people who have ever made up their own minds about the religion they profess, or about the policy of the party they belong to. I fancy that as to religion the mass of men follow, without any mental process of investigation, the thinking of some one else. And it is so in politics, evidently. I wish some of the philosophers would investigate what is called the public mind. We are running this country, or letting it run, on universal suffrage, on the theory that the mass of men are better capable of judging what is best for civilization and the conduct of life than any specially educated and trained few; and there is no doubt that the whole world is gradually getting upon that basis. The hopeful thing in this state of affairs is that there are an increasing number of men who are capable of thinking and of reasoning. Skill in the mechanic arts induces logical thought in all directions. A body of skilled workmen cannot be so easily stampeded by a fad or be as readily deluded by a dangerous leader as a body of unskilled workmen. What beneficent energies for the world has the medical profession developed since its escape from the trammels of tradition! But who can affirm that a considerable portion of the public are not still under the delusions of mediæval quackery, or that the majority of political voters act upon reasons made up in their own minds? We had this year what was called a campaign of education on economic questions, involving basic principles of private and public honesty. This was good. It is an excellent thing for people to try to understand money and its function, the effect of tariffs, the commercial laws of the world, and supply and demand. These are problems of the highest statesmanship. Thinking men do not agree on them. And how many men in the United States are capable of forming by the process called making up their minds intelligent conclusions on them? Can the rush with which the public mind goes one way or the other be called a making up of the mind? Affairs go a good deal by a "cry": log cabins and hard cider, hickory poles, roast beef and a dollar a day, three acres and a mule, more money, greenbacks, free silver, bloated bondholders, bimetallism—anything for a cry. How many people who go one way or another on these cries reason out their action? Many voters never make up their minds because they are already made up by their party; many waver along and then go with what seems to be a prevailing current or craze; and some—it is one of the disgraceful dangers of our system—never make up their minds how they will vote until they see which side will pay them most.

How many people do really make up their own minds, either in what used to be called a "revival," or in the great wave of a political campaign? What is observable is that certain phrases and felicitous catches get lodged in people's minds, and take for them the place of argument and reason. Demagogues always resort to

phrases. It was noticeable in the French Revolution, and it is seen in all the attempts at revolutionary movements in this republic. Many of the glibbest and most specious are in regard to the hostility of capital to the toiling masses. Of course a little thought shows that there can be no civilization without accumulation of capital. The Western man is beginning to understand that he cannot have irrigation without reservoirs of water in the mountains. Without reservoirs of money there could be no schools, no great universities, hospitals, great charity organizations, or working of mines, or any large enterprises. The attack on wealth is generally an attack on thrift and industry. And this is not to be confounded with the legitimate discontent with wealth acquired by fraud and unwisely used. I heard once an exceedingly clever and well-educated physician inveighing bitterly in a socialistic strain about the unequal distribution of property, but I ventured to ask her how under heaven she could have been able to get an education but for the accumulation of money which endowed and equipped a medical college. And yet I know that there is an honest delusion spread abroad about equality, meaning that no one should have any more money or any more education than any one else, and that incapacity and unthrift should fare as well as capacity and thrift; that muscle has as high a value as brains. I cannot trace this delusion to any logical process of what could be called making up the public mind. Still, one does not like to cut his fingers with an edged phrase, and it may be that it is a delusion that there is such a thing as the making up of the mind, and that "the voice of the people is the voice of God" in a way we cannot understand.

III.

A lady wants to know what has become of all that sort of ability, at least in the East, which used to go to the making of sea-captains and other adventurers on the ocean. It is suggested that it has gone to the making of railway conductors. I wish some competent authority would follow out this idea. With the vast industrial development of the last half-century there has been a great shifting of abilities in the United States, and to the detriment of our development of statesmanship, of able political leaders. To look alone at the railway service, we see how much of the masterful ability of the race it has absorbed. Among the great captains of modern industry the railway men are pre-eminent. The force and the energy that in mediæval times developed robber barons and condottieri find a field now in the great industrial enterprises. The great railway now calls for a contriving brain, an executive hand, and cool courage of the highest order. Mere technical skill does not suffice. To conduct such an enterprise properly there is needed the invention, the foresight, the resourcefulness, the knowledge of men and of the world, that are required by a general in a campaign and a high officer in the State. Indeed, the management of all the departments of a great railway system requires more ability and more varieties of ability than the management of a State, and the responsibility is greater. The State is run on certain lines and laws and traditions, and the taxable resources of the people are behind it. The creator and manipulator of a great railway plant has no such resources to fall back on. The prizes are as great as the responsibilities, and naturally ambitious talent is attracted to this field rather than to politics. The task would be difficult enough if he had only to deal with the world of finance and the world of mechanics. But besides this he is in the thick of the rivalries and schemes of our competitive society, and he has to face the people in their individual capacity, and again in their collective legislative capacity. And he never comes to any finality of arrangement. Any improvement he makes in the way of facility or luxury of travel or speed is only a call for more improvement. And then the new discoveries of science and the new inventions never let him rest. The epithet "railway king" is sometimes used derisively, but it is fairly descriptive, for many a king and many a president has less power than a railway potentate, and wears his crown less uneasily.

To return to the conductors. The huge development of the railways has elevated their position. In times not remote, when travel by rail was small, when all the lines were short, and the conductor had command for a brief run only, his position was very like that of a present horse-car or trolley-line conductor. But the management of one of our long trains,

run at high speed, with its wealth of baggage and express treasure and its hundreds of passengers, is an affair of much greater responsibility. It requires a good head, quickness of decision, constant watchfulness, and much executive ability. For the time being the position is not unlike that of the commander of a ship at sea. This service has called more and more for competent men. And it is matter of observation that the railway service has vastly improved in its *personnel* within the last twenty years. I am told that ambitious young men in the country who used to seek sea service or other adventure now go into the railway. They begin as train-hands and brakemen, and from faithfulness and knowledge of the business become conductors —freight conductors—and then are put in charge of the great passenger trains. The roads have their "civil service" and regular promotions. This applies as well to the engineers as to the conductors. It is also matter of observation that the service has greatly improved in civility and good manners. I have in mind a certain old school of bustling and oppressive conductors, who dressed like flashy boodle politicians, and were offensive by an assumption of authority, often brutally exercised. They have pretty much disappeared. One surface reason for this change is that the railway employees have generally been put in uniform, which gives them a sort of official position, and tends to good discipline. Another is that the responsibility is greater, and better men have been required for the leading positions. Another is that the vastness of the business has necessitated better organization and more thorough discipline. At any rate, it is true that the railway conductors generally and the train-hands are civil and obliging, and attentive to all the wants of the travelling public, while they have not lost promptness or firmness in their duties and in the despatch of business. I am willing to compare our railway men, in point of ability and civility, with those I have seen in any part of the world. If the traveller still encounters impertinence and no disposition to oblige or to give proper information, he may be pretty sure that the offender is an exception—perhaps a newcomer, who has not yet got fitted into the discipline. For on all the leading railways now it is a part of the system for all employees to be courteous and civil.

This is one illustration of what modern industrial training is doing to civilize manners and make life agreeable. The skilled workman in all industries is not only better able to think for himself than the unskilled, but he is an elevator of popular manners. This is only another way of saying that the man who respects himself is respectful to other people. In a democracy we do not want subservience, but we have a right to expect courtesy.

IV.

New ideas always make trouble. We have had no quiet in the world as a sphere. It was different in the early Christian and mediæval days, when the earth was a flat parallelogram, roofed over by a solid firmament supported by pillars resting on the four corners of the world, with windows in it, which were opened to let in the rain—when there were no antipodes, no people dwelling on the under side, and the planet which was created in six ordinary days was the known fixed centre of the universe, round which the sun and other wandering bodies revolved. And now, as a result of having antipodes and a spherical earth, here turns up from the other side a menacing portent of change called Li Hung-Chang. This visitor is of gigantic build, a man of might, a sort of Bismarck of the underworld, come to weigh and judge us. We have been in the habit for some time of sending missionaries to the other side, but we have sent none of the size and importance of the one just received. And the provoking thing is that he comes from an older civilization, and represents hundreds of millions of people, and comes to inspect this recent plant of civilization which has been making so much noise in the world lately. He is from the long-ignored and much-despised antipodes, and he is furnished with a conceit and an ancient superciliousness that even exceed ours. He is evidently on a tour of judgment as well as inspection. We speak of him as an "enlightened Chinaman," but this sarcastic arrow glances off harmless from his antique mail. His mission is to inspect our enlightenment, and to try it by the standards of a civilization that was old when we were barbarians. Our affectation of superiority will not affect his serenity. We need not flatter ourselves

that Li Hung-Chang and the four hundred millions behind him are about to adopt our ethical, economical, and moral ideas. The representative of the antipodes is looking about the modern world to see if it is worth the while of China to take a hand in the great industrial game. If this ambassador were a younger man, and should decide to move China to join the game of universal competition, his visit would be considered a serious affair. But China is fixed in traditions, and Li Hung-Chang is old, and when he returns he may have no more effect on his country than our missionaries have had.

It is instructive to observe the expectations aroused in the various nations he has visited. It seems by the English newspapers that the English, who treated him with greater show of official courtesy than we did, were mainly interested in the question whether he was going to buy anything of them. His disposition to purchase ships and armaments and weapons of war was shrewdly studied. In the United States, where he was treated with as much consideration as is consistent with our violent anti-Chinese legislation, no effort seems to have been made to sell him anything. What he will have learned here we cannot yet tell. It is believed that the Chinese official life is about the most corrupt in the world, but it will be strange if this veteran has not learned some new wrinkles in regard to municipal government, and perhaps in political manœuvres. But it is evident from some remarks he let drop that he could not run for office here with any chance of success, for he says that we can never really prosper till we reduce the rate of wages.

There is, however, a melancholy side to this visit, if reports are true. For it is said that his attention is mainly directed to making China a fighting power, and that what he will carry away from our civilization is not the best of it, our industrial and charitable and educational advance, but the machinery we have invented for killing people. It is pitiful that China, in its awakening to modern life, should be eager to take our worst products instead of our best, and more eager to win the victories of war than the victories of peace.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR Record is closed September 14, 1896.—The week ending August 15 was marked by an unprecedented number of deaths from heat, the number reported in New York city being 651.

A Sound-money Democratic National Convention assembled in Indianapolis September 2, adopted a platform declaring for the gold standard and a tariff for revenue only, and nominated for President John M. Palmer, of Illinois, and for Vice-President Simon M. Buckner, of Kentucky.

State elections were held in Vermont September 2, resulting in a Republican plurality of 39,000, the largest on record; in Arkansas, September 7, where the Democratic plurality was 40,000; and in Maine, September 14, where the Republicans won by 50,000, exceeding the plurality of 1892 by 37,500.

Li Hung-Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, reached New York August 28 as the guest of the nation.

R. D. Wrenn won the national tennis championship at Newport August 25.

Dr. Fridthof Nansen arrived at Vardöe, Norway, August 13, after a three years' arctic journey, during which he reached 86° 14′ north latitude.

The troubles in Crete continued. The Cretan Reform Committee reported that since November, 1895, 6000 Christians have been butchered.

An earthquake in Japan August 31 destroyed several thousand lives.

The Czar and Czarina left St. Petersburg on August 25 on a visit to the sovereigns of Austria, Germany, Denmark, and Great Britain, and to the French people. They were received with great cordiality by the German Emperor at Breslau.

OBITUARY.

August 12.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Hubert A. Newton, Professor of Mathematics in Yale University, aged sixty-six years.

August 13.—At London, Sir John Millais, the painter, President of the Royal Academy, aged sixty-seven years.

August 17.—At Hamilton, Massachusetts, Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), the writer, aged sixty-six years.

August 30.—Near Kiev, Russia, Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, aged seventy-one years.—At New York, Charles Stanley Reinhart, the artist, aged fifty-two years.

September 6.—At Washington, Professor George Browne Goode, of the Smithsonian Institution, aged forty-five years.

September 7.—At London, Sir Joseph Archer Crowe, author and diplomat, aged seventy-one years.

September 9.—At Cleveland, ex-United States Senator Henry B. Payne, aged eighty-six years.

September 10.—At Rome, Luigi Palmieri, the meteorologist, aged eighty-nine years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

UNCLE 'LEBENTEEN'S CONTERBUSHUN TO DE CHU'CH.

BY EVERETT STANTON BEALL.

AT the close of the late war Uncle 'Lebenteen found himself in the city of Natchez, Mississippi, a free man, and, owing to the generosity of his old master, the possessor of a horse and the family carriage, which latter vehicle was designated by Uncle 'Lebenteen as his "hack." Conveying passengers from one part of Natchez to another was an industry at that time almost exclusively in the hands of colored men, and a spirited rivalry existed between them for any business that could be picked up, and especially was this so between Uncle 'Lebenteen and a whilom friend known as Uncle Ichabod, both of whom possessed great aptitude for this kind of business.

Uncle Ichabod, besides attending to the duties involved in being the owner and driver of a vehicle similar to 'Lebenteen's, found time to officiate as minister in the local colored church of the Baptist denomination. Uncle 'Lebenteen's religious preferences were for the Methodist Church, but his admiration for Uncle Ichabod had induced him to worship at the latter's shrine; and after the incident hereinafter referred to, Uncle 'Lebenteen's feelings of rivalry were so intense that he permitted them to predominate even when he attended divine service, and he had a lively satisfaction in occupying a conspicuous position right under Pastor Ichabod's eye, much to the confusion of the reverend old man, whose discomfort was greatly enjoyed by Uncle 'Lebenteen.

But the aspect of affairs in church was not always, however, favorable to Uncle 'Leben-



"DIS HYAR NOTE CALLS FER ONE DOLLAR."

teen. Uncle Ichabod would, during the week, store in his memory some reprehensible action on the part of his rival, and on the following Sunday would make it the text for some sarcastic remarks, which he hurled at the intractable 'Lebenteen with immeasurable scorn. On these exciting occasions Uncle 'Lebenteen would convey into his countenance a look of unforced cheerfulness, in violent contrast to the preacher's vehemence.

One beautiful day in May I engaged Uncle 'Lebenteen's vehicle ostensibly for a ride about town, but with the single purpose of enjoying listening to him. I had sought one pretext after another to loosen his tongue, without success, but we shortly passed the equipage owned and being driven by Uncle Ichabod. I noticed that these two old men drove by each other without any token of recognition. I remarked the coolness, and inquired:

"How is it, Uncle 'Lebenteen, that you do not speak to your pastor when you meet him? You were his most intimate friend some time ago. Is it altogether Christian-like that you should fail to speak to Uncle Ichabod when you meet him?"

Uncle 'Lebenteen subdued the movements of his steed to a walk, and responded:

"Marse 'Gene, does you 'member Marse Tom Clay?"

"Why, certainly," I said. "I remember Mr. Clay very well, and entertained a very high regard for him. He was a very nice gentleman."

"Dat he was, Marse 'Gene; he was de bes' man in Nashez, I b'l'eve; doan 'cep' none; an' I was 'is boy. He rizzed Uncle 'Lebenteen, did Marse Tom, an' I allus waited on 'im an' 'ten'ed ter 'is wants. But Marse Tom had jes one fault: he was de mos' s'pishus man I ev' heerd tell on. I 'stinc'ly reckerlecs one 'casion in p'tic'lar 'bout dis habit o' 'is bein' s'pishus. Marse Tom was out wid some fr'en's de night 'foh, an' was 'speshly fretful an' cross de nex' mohnin'. I was 'gaged in my uz'al way 'bout 'is room, a-cleanin' an' a-fixin' things hyar an' thar, in an' out, an' he kep' a-watchin' me like as do he was mekin' up 'is min' to somep'n. He 'pear'd ter be 'sturb'd 'bout somep'n. 'Tlas' he sez ter me, sez Marse Tom:

"'''Lebenteen, whar am de change dat I lef' on de buro las' night?'

"I sez: ''Foh de Lord, Marse Tom, I doesn' know nuthin' 'bout no change.'

"He sez: ''Tain't got no wings like a bug; didn' fly 'way, 'Lebenteen. You knows dat I nev' tol'rates nobody 'sides you in dese rooms, an' nobody's be'n in dis hyar room 'sides you an' me. *I* hasn' tech'd de change; *you* mus' 'a' tuk dat change, 'Lebenteen.'

"I sez: ''Deed an' 'deed, Marse Tom, you mus'n' 'cuse me; I 'clar's ter goodness I didn' tech no change.'

"Dis jes sorter mek 'im mad, an' he sez, 'You kentemperb'l rasc'l, you 'spute my wu'd!'

"I jes shet muh mouf, 'kase 'twasn' no useter argify wid Marse Tom. He hol' me 'sponsibl' fo' de missin' change jes de same. An' he kep' a-lukin' at me as I move in an' out, so I jes git th'u' wid meh wuk as quick's 'Lebenteen c'u'd, ter git 'way an' lef' 'im a-thinkin' 'bout 'is missin' change. I tuk out ev'ything he 'quired, linen fo' de gemlen, fix'd 'is bahf, shaved 'im, an' fix'd 'im up jes 's nice 's only 'Lebenteen, fum y'ars o' 'speryence wid Marse Tom, know'd howter do, a-hopin' each time I don' somep'n nice fo' 'im dat he'd sorter compl'ment 'Lebenteen an' fergit 'bout de missin' change. But yo' knows Marse Tom, he nev' fergits nothin', as I has ev'y reasing ter s'spec'. Well, arter Marse Tom was all fix'd up, I jes lef' 'im an' tuk meh basket ter do de marketin'. Marse Tom den ups an' axes me:

"'''Hol' on a minute, 'Lebenteen, I hez a com'n'cation fo' yo' ter tuk ter Cap'n Nels'n.'

"An he sot down an' rit a note, an' w'en he was th'u' he han's me de note lik' 'twasn' no 'po'tance, an' sez ter me, sez Marse Tom:

"'''Lebenteen, yo' tuk dis hyar note 'long wid yo' as yo' go to de market, an' han' it ter Cap'n Nels'n, an' he'll gin yo' a ans'er.'

"I tuk dat note, Marse 'Gene, an' started fo' de market; an' ez I was gwine 'long I kin' o' s'spected dat dere was somep'n in dat note dat wasn' 'tirely ben'fishul ter 'Lebenteen ef I d'liv'd de note ter Cap'n Nels'n, 'kase Cap'n Nels'n, yo' 'member, was in charge o' de calerboose. Well, ez I was gwine 'long ter de market, a-walkin' slower 'n I ev' don' 'foh, who sh'u'd I spy but our preacher, Ichabod. Sez I to Ichabod: 'Good-mohnin', Ichabod.'

"'Good-mohnin', 'Lebenteen.'

"Den he ups an' sez: ''Lebenteen, I's glad ter see yo'. Hyar yo' is, fat, greazy, de ve'y pickchur o' he'lth, a-livin' offn de fat o' de lan'; hyar's me, poh, lean, an' thin, an' hawngree. How does yo' spect de chu'ch ter git 'long an' lib widout we kin git some money?'

"An' I sez ter Ichabod, sez I: 'Ichabod, I's got a note hyar fer Cap'n Nels'n down at de calerboose. Dis hyar note calls fer one dollar. I cyan't gin de chu'ch de whole o' de dollar, but I tell yo' what 'll do. Yo' jes tuk dis note an' yo' go down to Cap'n Nels'n an' kerlects de money, an' yo' keeps foh bits fo' de chu'ch, and fotch de balance ter me.'

"Ichabod goes an' he tuk de note ter Cap'n Nels'n, an' fum dat day ter dis he doan speak ter 'Lebenteen."

I paused till Uncle 'Lebenteen's mirth, probably suggested by thoughts of Uncle Ichabod's experience, had somewhat subsided, when I inquired: "Uncle 'Lebenteen, what were the contents of the note—what did it say? Did you find out?"

"Marse 'Gene," replied Uncle 'Lebenteen, "de note was ve'y sho't; jes dis: '*Gin de b'arer fifty.*' Does yo' 'member Cap'n Nels'n? He was in chahge o' de whippin'-pos' too, right nex' de calerboose. Ter mek sho' o' what I was doin', w'en I gin de note ter Ichabod I follo'd 'long at a safe dis'ance ter see what he git fer a ans'er ter de note. An' dey jes



A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

ETHEL. "George, we've hardly a cent left now, and Mr. Earnwell wanted you to call to-day about the position he offered you."

GEORGE. "But, my dear, I can't go to-day. You wouldn't have me miss the football match, would you?"

h'isted Ichabod up, an', Marse 'Gene, yo' w'u'd'n' 'a' know'd dat poh ol' cullud man fer weeks arter'uds. I lef' Uncle Ichabod h'isted high, an' done meh marketin', an' didn't see Marse Tom till de nex' mohnin'.

"'''Lebenteen, did yo' d'liv' dat note ter Cap'n Nels'n?' sez Marse Tom.

"I sez, 'Yassar, th'u' de han's o' a fr'en.' I den tol' Marse Tom 'bout meh conterbushion ter de chu'ch, an' Marse Tom luk at me, an' he sez:

"'Yo' black scoun'l, I'll git even wid yo' nex' Chris'mas fo' dis!' and he laf till he cry.

"An' sho' 'nuff, Marse Tom did git ev'n wid me by persentin' me wid dis hyar watch an' chain."

And drawing from his vest pocket a silver watch about the size of a turnip, and a massive silver chain, he exhibited them to me as what he had received from Marse Tom for the contribution to the church.

THE PLAGUE OF AERONAUTS.

"I UNDERSTAND there is some scenery worth seeing away back in the Allegash Hills, and that, as you have just returned from that region, you will be able to tell me all about it," said the city man, who was spending the summer at the tavern at South Squam, to a commercial traveller sitting near at hand.

"Well, yes," replied the veracious purveyor of washing-machines; "and then again, no. The scenery is plentiful there, and it used to be worth seeing, but it isn't so any more. I make a trip through that section as often as once in about six months. The scenery used to fill me with something of the same feeling of admiration for nature's sublimity that was to be found in the old Fifth Reader of our school-days, only not quite so much so; for I am not a poet, but the agent for a labor-saving utensil which ought to be in every household in the land—and every fellow to his trade, you know. But for some time the scenery out there has been growing worse and worse, till now it fills me with disgust instead of admiration and awe."

"Ah, I see! You have grown accustomed to it, and familiarity has bred contempt?" said the city man.

"No, not exactly. Those blamed flying-machine men have spoiled its appearance," was the answer.

"I don't understand you. Flying-machine men?"

"Yep. For the last two years they have had a regular plague of 'em out in that region. In the first place, an ingenious scoundrel invented a contrivance which flew quite well, and a circus-manager bought the machine and gave the inventor a good salary for operating it. And thus the craze was started. Everybody who was cursed with any mechanical skill whatever went to inventing flying-machines. The gentleman who was starring with the circus perished miserably, early in the second week of his engagement, with his head thrust through the roof of a young ladies' seminary, but the sad news did not in the least discourage the inventors at home. And when they heard later that some society or other was offering a large sum of money to the person who would render aerial navigation possible and pleasant, the craze speedily developed into a mania.

"They have been at it ever since, and the plague seems to be increasing in virulence all the time. It is a very poor family indeed which hasn't at least one inventor in it, or an empty chair which was erstwhile warmed by a flying-machine crank. The inventors who have gone before all perished miserably at the hands of their own inventions, so to speak, but with many variations. You cannot ride far in any direction through that region without seeing one or more formerly picturesque chunks of scenery now mussed up with all that was mortal of some defunct inventor. There is hardly a bowlder of any size which has not been defaced with the brains of an over-confident aeronaut, nor a lone tree with a broken limb available for that purpose which has not at some time ripped the life out of a flying-machine man.

"Sometimes an aeronaut is discovered perched on top of the court-house, with a lightning-rod peeping out through his back; and here and there may be seen the holes where geniuses have been driven head-foremost into the bosom of the earth. There are more hysterical women in that region than in any other locality I have ever visited. It is very trying on feminine nerves for a housewife to be peacefully hanging out the washing on a pleasant Monday morning and, when her back is turned for a moment, to have a wild-eyed gentleman with wings swoop down and, without stopping to beg pardon, impale himself on the clothes-pole.

"I had the pleasure, during my last visit, of witnessing the combined début and demise of the most ambitious aeronaut in the county. This gentleman, whose name was Bosanko, had rigged up a contrivance on what he believed to be the architectural plan of an albatross. On the day of trial he ascended to the top of a high hill, accompanied by the band and a large concourse of admiring friends, intending to sail majestically across the valley and land on the opposite hill.

"The band played 'Annie Laurie' as he kissed his hand to the cheering multitude and hopped off from the top of the hill. When he was half-way across the valley the machine broke, and down he fell toward the little church in the dell. He did his best to prevent a *contretemps* by shouting for 'em to move the church in a hurry if they didn't want it all mussed up. But unfortunately they did not have the required time, and so, uttering a fiendish yell, he impaled himself on the weather-vane of the steeple. His friends were engaged in splicing ladders together to use in unhooking him when I left, and I understood that it cost the congregation about forty dollars to repaint the steeple.

"The next trip I make out that way I am going to carry a wagon-load of signs for sale, with such legends as these painted on 'em: 'Five Dollars Fine for dashing your Brains out on this Rock!' 'Please keep off from this Lightning-Rod!' and so forth. Well, I must be going home; we are going to have the minister to tea this evening, and it is getting along toward that time now. Glad I met you. So long, sir."

And the veracious purveyor of a household necessity sauntered onward, leaving the gentleman from the city, who was a prominent real-estate agent in his own bailiwick, gazing after him with admiration and envy in his look.

TOM P. MORGAN.

MY PIPE.

O give me a pipe with a touch of perique,
And I will feel gayer than Latin or Greek,
In days when the Latins and Greeks were the thing,
When poets outranked both the Queen and the King.

O give me a pipe with a sweet amber tip;
I ask not for wine, nor for spirits to sip;
I ask not for music, I ask not for song,
As long as my brier is not over-strong.

And while I am lying upon my divan,
Forget you're a woman or critical man;
Permit me, like Pat from the old Dublin town,
To smoke on my pipe with the pipe upside down.

For the ashes drop out when you smoke in that way
In flakes and in dust that cannot dismay
The daintiest housewife, the Frenchiest maid—
The latter not easily phazed or dismayed.

And the 'baccy you're smoking gives out its perfumes
In fashion to make sweet the sweetest of rooms,
In fashion to send forth the smoke on the air
In clouds that are curling—aye, curling to—where?

Come, friends of my heart, who are with me to-night,
Come join me in this, dropping envy and spite—
Come help me in thinking that all joy is ripe,
And share in the bliss of a brier-wood pipe.

CARLYLE SMITH.

A PALPABLE HIT.

A CLEVER young teacher of a class of children, between the ages of ten and fourteen, varied the monotony of their studies by little talks on the best books and their authors. Then, to finish the work of the term, and find what the children had really "marked, learned, and inwardly digested" of her subject-matter, she planned for a certain day a discussion by the class of whom they considered the greater author, Scott or Dickens.

The children at first were a little backward in expressing their views, but gradually warmed to the discussion. Dickens's greatness grew to colossal proportions, owing to the quick-wittedness and appreciation of a small admirer with a ready tongue, and consequently the stanchness of Scott's adherents began to waver, till, in a burst of contagious enthusiasm, one small maid sprang to the rescue. "But, Miss Anthony, Dickens can't be, for, don't you know, men always say, 'Great Scott!' and never 'Great Dickens!' —there!!"



AMONG FRIENDS.

HICKS. "I don't get any pleasure reading these papers."
HAWLEY. "Why do you read them, then?"
HICKS. "There isn't a soul to talk to."

SEEING THE IMPROVEMENTS.

FOLKS have more time to make it pleasant for one another in small towns than they have in cities. If the court requires any expert evidence on this point, a subpœna may be issued for Mr. S—— of Cleveland. Says he:

"I made a little visit recently to the town where I was born. Everybody there knows me, and they all call me 'Charlie,' and slap me on the back, and that sort of thing. I got there in the evening, and the first thing the next morning dropped around to Judge Pingtree's office. He got up from his desk and paralyzed my hand with his grasp; then, without asking me to sit down, he said: 'I'm sorry, Charlie, but I've got a lot of mail to look over, and must attend to it; but Jim Doolittle is in the next room—you remember Jim—and you just walk out with him and see the improvements on the west side of town.' So he called Jim in, and we started out.

"Jim was a good walker, and he took me to the farthest edge of town. I failed to see many improvements, though there was no lack of signs of decay; but I enjoyed the walk, which must have been over two miles in length, out and back. When we entered the office the Judge was deep in a confidential talk with a client, but after a moment he looked up, and said, 'Oh, hello! back, are you?' Then he lowered his voice, and continued: 'Sorry, old boy, but a deucedly important case has just come in, and I can't give you a second now. But it won't make any difference, because you want to see the improvements on the east side of town, of course, and Joe Easy—you remember Joe—was just saying that he'd like to take you over.' At this Joe came up, and we started out.

"The east side of town seemed to show less improvement than the west; but again, on account of old associations, I enjoyed the walk, though it was somewhat longer than the other, and I was beginning to feel a bit tired when we got back. We met the telegraph operator at the office door, and found the Judge intently reading a despatch. 'Hello!' he cried again. 'Well, here it goes once more—important telegram that needs immediate attention. But after that I *will* be free; and in the mean time you go up and see the improvements on the north side. Here's Tom Dodgetoil—you remember Tom—and he'll go with you. You know, I'm interested in the north side. See you later!' came cheerfully as I went off with Tom. On this trip I walked three miles, and saw the shabbiest part of town which had yet presented itself. I was beginning to be suspicious, but the Judge had seemed so innocent, and the others had worked so hard to interest me, that I couldn't doubt their sincerity.

"But I was genuinely tired when we got back to the office. This time the Judge met me with radiant face. 'Well, I'm free at last,' he exclaimed. Visions of an easy-chair and a familiar chat came to me; but he went on: 'Now you just come with me and see the improvements in our best part of town—the south side; you won't know it now.' He took my arm and we started out. On the threshold an excited man met us, seized the Judge by the lapel, and led him into a remote corner of his office. After a moment the Judge approached me, his face the picture of woe. 'This man's liberty and perhaps his life depend on my giving him half an hour now. It's most unfortunate — but no matter,' he added, hurriedly, as he saw me advancing toward a chair; 'here's Uncle Asa Pokeabout—you remember Uncle Asa—he'll just take you down and show you the south side as well as I could do it myself—or better.' Uncle Asa grasped my hand with a cackling laugh, and then hopped away along the sidewalk with his cane, calling on me to come. The Judge rushed back to his client. There was nothing to do but to follow the old inhabitant, though I was beginning to feel morally certain that the whole thing was a put-up job. I was more than ever convinced of it when I saw that the entire south side had tumbled into doddering decay. You might better have looked in Pompeii for improvements. But Uncle Asa toddled resolutely onward, talking to me of incidents which happened before I was born, as if of course I remembered all about them, and I could only follow. Finally we came to the last house, and I paused, expecting he would turn back. Not he; he begged of me that I would go a half-mile out into the country to see Hen Podsworthy's new barn. I was desperate, and went. The structure was about fifteen by twenty, unpainted, and standing on blocks, like a stove in a railroad waiting-room. After I had duly gushed over it we started back; and though Uncle Asa appeared to have been born some time in the last century, he steamed along at the rate of about five knots an hour, while I struggled behind. I was tired enough to drop when we got back to the office, and somewhat excited too. That scoundrel of a Judge met me with the blandest smile I ever saw. 'I *hope* you enjoyed seeing the advances that the old south side has made,' he said. Then he went on: 'Now here is Bill Shirker—you remember Bill—I want you to go with Bill up on the northwest side to see the—'

"'You dastardly wretch!' I shouted. 'I won't do it! You've shot me about this town as if I was a croquet ball as much as you are going to!' There was a roar of laughter which shook the windows, and the whole male population of the place crowded in from an adjoining room, while the Judge collapsed in his chair, and Uncle Asa choked till the doctor had to pound him on the back. The upshot of it was that it cost me four dollars and eighty-five cents to buy cider and cigars for that crowd; but I guess I enjoyed it as much as any of them when I recovered my equilibrium. After all, it's in these small towns that they enjoy life." H. C.



A PROPER SELECTION.

A bat was caught out in a storm, and very badly fared;
So an umbrella-man he sought, and had himself repaired.

MR. McCARTHY'S FAMOUS SPEECH.

It was in the Harrison and Cleveland campaign of 1888. Dennis McCarthy of the First Ward in the city of —— had exhausted the possibilities of his career in becoming the trusted leader of its Cleveland cohorts.

The "kid gloves" of the Seventh Ward had secured a rather ornate club-room in their district, and were branching out towards the dimensions of a semi-social as well as an entirely political club, which was to become, in their minds, the centre of "civic purity" and the organ of an "aroused public conscience."
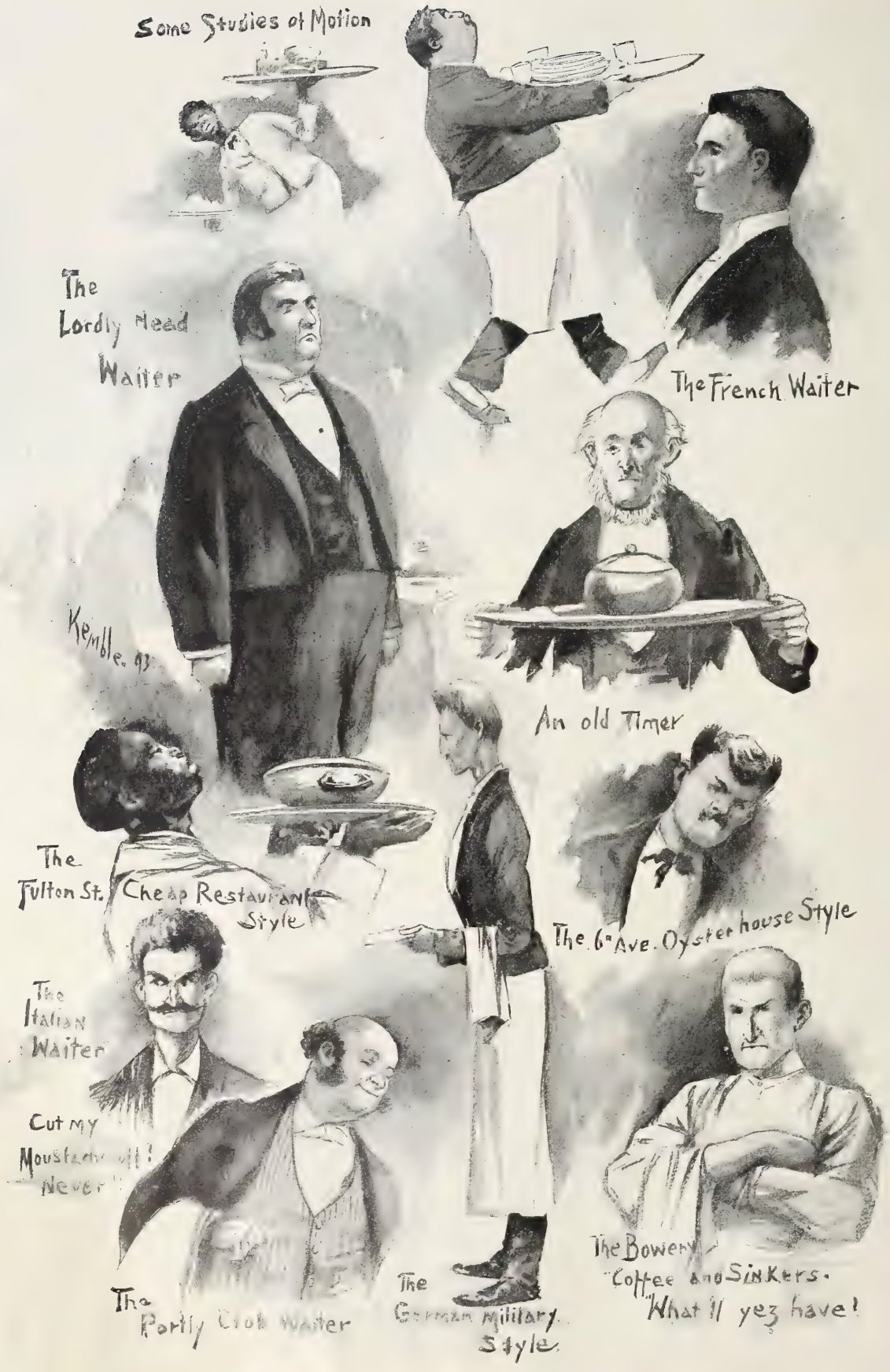
They had already gone outside of their own ward to secure eminent representatives of the noble party of the great people. Generally these eminent representatives had something more than a political pull in their own districts. They had influence. Here was Dennis's opportunity to enlarge the horizon of his hopes. To become a trusted adviser, or perhaps more, in the Cleveland Reform Club of the Seventh Ward was now his sole aim.

One serious obstacle intervened. Dennis's acquaintance with his step-mother tongue was abundantly equal to the exigencies of the "famous First," but it was not entirely adapted to the verbal requirements of the "kid-glove Seventh." However, Dennis was resourceful, and finally succeeded. The members of the "Cleveland Reformed" were not altogether without curiosity as to what Dennis's—or rather, since his election, the Honorable Mr. McCarthy's—maiden speech would be. They felt, however, that somehow he would fill the bill. He did, speaking as follows:

"Misther Prisidint and gintlemin,—I thank yez for this great honurr, and oi think it the best to ixpose me gratichude by comin' down to bizness, which oi do know somethin' av, and droppin' off fine wurruds. Mr. Prisidint, oi noticed ye were discussin' the quistion av havin' a torch-light percession, and that the expinse of it flured yez. Now, Mr. Prisidint, as ye all know, oi'm strong on torch-light percessions and on expinse. Oi was towld by one of yez that yez had been palaverin' about it, and so, Mr. Prisidint, I remove yez, sorr, that we have that percession. In the furrst place, we moight boy thim owld Blaine and Logan torches of the last campaign chayp; but, gintlemin, who wants to marrch unther thim things? Oi'm ag'inst it, sorr! In the sicond place, oi can get chayper wans; for, sorr, as oi wuz comin' down the main avenoo, oi saw the followin' advertoisement: '*Blank's Bronkile Torches, twinty-foive cints the box.*' [Applause.] Now, sorr, oi doan't know what sort av ile Bronkile is [cheers], but oi do know that oi saw the advertoisement in a dhrug-store av the furrst wather, and no doubt thim torches is good. Oi remove yez, Mr. Prisidint, that we boy twilve dozen av thim."

Twelve years have since past, but Dennis never has a sore throat that he is not reminded of the healing virtues of Blank's Bronchial Troches at twenty-five cents the box.

W. M. Hughes.



SOME NEW YORK WAITERS.